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## Books and Character

A writer on household economics, who is also a bit of a sociologist, recently said that the character of the dwellers in a house might be revealed to a stranger by the books on shelves or centre table. The statement seems plausible at first, but it will not bear close examination.

There are on the shelves stately rows of books that are never read. They show no individual taste in the selection. J. P. Croesus, Esq., said to the interior decorator after the order for walls, furniture, fixtures was given, "By the way, order me the books I ought to have." There they stand, brilliantly bound, not free from dust, reminding one of Burns's lines on a copy of Shakespeare found in a nobleman's library:

"Through and through the inspired leaves  
Ye maggots take your windings;  
But oh respect his lordship's taste  
And spare the golden bindings."

(We quote from memory.)

The old gift books, "Tokens," "Keepsakes," "Women of the Bible," an illustrated edition of Tennyson, these and the like are not now seen ostentatiously displayed on the table. They have disappeared. The once annual "gift book" may be found in a second-hand book shop valued for a story contributed by Hawthorne; possibly a bristol board cross-stitched book mark is within. Today the table groans under magazines and novels known as "best sellers." Judge not the dwellers by the magazines whether they be collections of "snappy stories" or reviews of world proceedings. A man may not have a fine literary taste or a noble nature even if he reads the Atlantic from cover to cover, giving especial thought to the advertisements. A man is not necessarily light-headed if he reads the Saturday Evening Post; on the contrary he learns from the current number that the courteous King of

Italy told Mr. Richard Washburn Child to keep his hat on when the two were chatting amicably. Whether the hat was a "silker" or a "bowler" ("melon" in France) is not told, not even in a footnote.

Examining the inmates one might find out that the books on the table were those recommended by a book clerk or by friends shrieking: "You must read it; everybody is talking about it." The books that are really read and enjoyed are not always displayed. There may be fear of idle chatter about them from callers, remarks that might wound as if a close friend were abused.

The instinct of a book lover adventuring in a strange house for the first time is to read the titles of the volumes on table or shelves. He turns quickly away from complete sets of the highly respectable writers, and does not seek intimate relations with the family, unless there is animated praise of some detective story. If looking at the shelves he sees the sumptuous Marco Polo, edited by Yule, next a row of tattered French novels, Rabelais jostling St. Augustine's "City of God," Peacock and Sir Thomas Browne arm in arm, smiling on Proust and Melville, he says to himself: "I must know this family better."

Mr. Gustav Blum, the Morning Telegraph tells us, has been hunting "local color" on Cape Cod so that "his new production, 'My Son,' will be the last word in atmosphere."

If Mr. Blum really wishes to obtain "atmosphere" on the Cape he should not fail to call on Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has not only "atmosphere," but an "aura."

The Morning Telegraph says that

this hunt on the Cape will not be "hazardous." That depends on where Mr. Blum goes and whether he is obliged to purchase supplies. The bandits on the Cape, with long or bobbed hair, are now managing tea houses or shops where antique furniture, having been manufactured near by, tempts the ignorant. As a glass of stickless lemonade costs 50 cents, we hope that Mr. Blum went to the "hams" and the "uits" well hipped.

We do not think that Mr. Blum will introduce Mr. Johnson in his play, though he might serve as a pathetically comic character, for our friend the eminent sociologist has his humorous side; but Mr. Johnson can assume a dignity that would prevent even a man of the theatre from taking liberties with him.

### THE CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS (By the Long Shot) (1944. Concluded)

In the days, dear children, when Green River denoted a liquor and not merely a liquid, your grandfather's voice could be heard caroling through the stillly night as he staggered along in the starlight. Down the deserted street his joyous words went winging: "I wuz floatin down zee ole Green River—." Draped around a distant lamp-post, another adventurer of the night took up the refrain: "On zee good ship Roc' an' Rye—."

Ah, what beautiful harmony, what rapturous understanding these two souls knew then as they bayed to the spinning moon! Kindred souls they were, answering with one accord the call of the boiled.

Rock and Rye was truly the sweetest of all beverages. A small glass was poured on a spoonful of rock candy sirup. Or, if the mixer had the time, he lowered into the glass a string of rock candy itself and toyed with it, the rye whiskey through the pure crystal looking like molten bronze slipping over a chain of diamonds. This—this—

Dear children—forgive me—I can—say no more. I—I lived in those dim, far-off pre-Volsteadian days—this memory of—Rock and Rye—is breaking my heart—I cannot—go on—I—  
(The professor has fainted! Is there a doctor in the audience?)

### IN MSS.

As the World Wags:

I am enclosing a manuscript found under an empty bottle.

Its authorship is unknown to me, but a friend who has read it says that it is an "ungathered Leaf of Grass," basing his opinion apparently on the last line.

On the other hand, the first line is clearly from the Imagist school. I had thought that the author was in error in reducing our nearest celestial neighbor to the size of a half-dollar, but listen to this:

"His resistless word split asunder the orb of the moon: the obedient planet stooped from her station in the sky, accomplished the seven revolutions round the Caaba, saluted Mahomet in the Arabian tongue, and, suddenly contracting her dimensions, entered at the collar and issued forth through the sleeve, of his shirt.—Gagner, Vie de Mahomet, tom. I., pp. 183-234.

Possibly Mr. Charles-Edward Aab, whose knowledge of esoteric incunabula is truly remarkable, might be able to throw some light on the matter.

It may be a free translation of an Egyptian inscription; poker was certainly known in Egypt, for it is written that the inhabitants of Bubastis paid tribute to the kitty. Bulbul IV.

The moon is a poker chip,  
Thin edged, dyed with age,  
Flung from the earth's gaming table.  
When the mighty forces stacked  
Mountain on mountain,  
In the turmoil, hubbub and riot,  
It was never missed  
Until I espied it glittering,  
Distant, out of reach on the floor of  
heaven.

O Moor, when you return  
And settle in your bed,  
Blotting out Hawaii, Japan,  
And the islands of the Pacific ocean,  
You will cause the tide to swell  
And overflow the earth, that day,  
And the dead of a hundred centuries  
Will be shaken in their graves.  
Better to keep out of the game  
And let these poor mortals  
Use your feeble light to save kerosene;

That's my advice, old Sky Pileot

### THE YEARNERS' CLUB

As the World Wags:

I enter with a savage growl to propose the names of the Misses Rose Williams as life members of the Yearners' Club, or shall we say the Earners Club?—yearn and earn, y'know.

There have been celebrated yearners, have there not? There was Mr. J. J. Rousseau, for instance. He was the most passionate of them all. And I was always attracted by that Mr. Yeats who wrote "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." I

picture him rising firmly from his armchair at the first line with the mellow fire of serene resolve beaming from his eye, and sinking back again with a sigh at the last, realizing that his laundry was not back from the wash, and he would have to put it off until next week.

But the value of yearning as a mild and innocent recreation and as a stimulant of graceful lyrics is, I think, not universally appreciated. Let us hope that Rose Williams has started a revival of this gentle and poetic art which, with the advent of the motor car and the baleful eye of H. L. Mencken, has threatened to languish and decline.  
Andover. E. J. T.

### THE MEMBER FROM SEATTLE

E. L. M., reading the Wenatchee (Wash.) Daily World, proposes for our Hall of Fame a gentleman mentioned in a local column:

"T. Stoopentakit of Seattle was registered at the Elman Wednesday."

### We Won't Care Much About Golf Then—But How Far Is It to a Race Track?

(A display ad in the Chicago Tribune)

WATCH FOR THE OPENING  
OF  
MOUNT EMBLEM CEMETERY  
Devoted Exclusively to  
Masons and Their Families  
LOCATED BETWEEN TWO GOLF  
COURSES, WITH FOUR MAIN  
HIGHWAYS AND EXCELLENT  
TRANSPORTATION TO THE  
GROUNDS.

C. R. W.

As the World Wags:

That laughably ignorant spelling of lawn mowers noted in your column reminds me of the humorously misspelled "lorgnette," so familiar to opticians, viz., "lawn-yet." A Boylston street optometrist showed me recently a letter written by the wife of a war-profiteer in which she very distinctly spelled the name of the fashionable eyeglass, "lawn-yets."

F. A. W.

July 3 1924

"Mr. Milne composes little comedies of mannerism in which he satirizes very gently the foibles of comfortable folk whose genteel entry into life has put their minds into the press along with their trousers."—Manchester Guardian.

Some of the English composers are as desperately humorous in giving fantastic titles to their compositions as Erik Satie or any one of "The Six" (now "Five"; or have they disbanded?) The Chesterian for June announced the publication of a song by Lord Berners, "Dialogue Between Tom Filuter and His Man, by Ned the Dog Stealer," also Gerrard Williams's piano pieces, "Propriety," "Prunes," and "Prisms."

Mr. R. F. Dibble in his excellent article, "Champion of Champions" (John L. Sullivan), published in the American Mercury of July, says: "In the heyday of his popularity, Sullivan had toured America, England and Australia in a melodrama about which nothing is known now except the title, 'Honest Hands and Willing Hearts.'"

We saw John L. in this play at the Howard Athenaeum. Was not the title "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"? The title, however, was immaterial; nor was the play "the thing"; there was John L., the hero, and that was enough. When he spoke in schoolboy fashion a line inculcating gentleness towards women in general and a man's duty toward his mother in particular, there were husky shouts from pit to gallery: "Good boy, John."

We are afraid that Mr. Dibble did not fully appreciate the histrionic art of John L. "As a hero on the boards he could not register the proper emotion when the heroine told him she could not be his. He was told by eminent counsel that the most artistic way to perform in this scene was to clap his hands over his eyes and take three steps backward, as if stunned; but, in spite of this excellent advice, he persisted in looking around as if for ropes to cling to and a man with a pail, a bottle and a sponge."

The Daily Telegraph of London sounds the hewgag and beats the tomtom over Maria Ivoguen of the Chicago Opera Company singing as Gilda in London. Listen to this:

"Who that heard that wondrously lovely artist, Miss Maria Ivoguen, as Gilda could fall to see and hear here the inevitable Gilda? Here was no mere prima donna out for a brilliant show. Here, indeed, was a woman in love who used the medium of expression, which convinced one was most natural to her.

For once the trills and turns and all the paraphernalia of a marvelous coloratura were the means of expression of a woman, not the pyrotechnics of an automaton. Miss Ivoguen is a singer and an artist whose like has not been seen here (in such a role) in many a weary year."

We once heard Miss Ivoguen in Chicago. She sang pretty well.

D. H. Lawrence supplies the text and the drawing for "The Dance of the Sprouting Corn," an account of a Pueblo ritual, which is a feature of the Theatre Arts Monthly for this month. The magazine also contains in full an unusual and interesting play by Jacques Copeau, director of the Vieux Colombier, called "The House Into Which We Are Born." This is Copeau's first play; it created a stir in Paris this spring. The illustrations for the issue range from character portraits of Nelson Keys and Beatrice Lillie, designs by Boris Anisfeld, Robert Edmond Jones and Emil Pirchan, to a full set of character portraits and stage designs illustrating Max Reinhardt's newest venture at the Theatre in der Josefstadt.

The London Daily Chronicle has something to say of Mr. Lynnwood Farnam, who, for a time organist of Emmanuel Church in Boston, went to New York. The Daily Chronicle says that, in order to give a recital at St. Peter's, Brockley, "he intends to spend 15 hours in mastering the organ's technicalities." The statement is also made that wherever he is his practice schedule occupies 10 hours a day.

It is not the number of hours one practises; it is the manner in which one practises. It is doubtful whether any practice over three hours well employed is beneficial.

To quote the Daily Chronicle again: "An English friend of Mr. Farnam, who has a great horror of 'stunt' and 'freak' playing, once heard that a storm piece was to be played at a certain recital. He took his umbrella and opened it in the hall as the piece began. He and his umbrella were ejected. Mr. Farnam is far above these trick performances, and umbrellas will not be required inside the building."

In the seventies a young organist named Willis Shelton used to play in New Haven, Ct. He had an enthusiastic father, who built for him a hall and provided it with a large organ. The father used to talk to the audience between the pieces; he told how many pedals were struck by his boy's feet in an hour and he related other marvelous exploits. One of young Shelton's crack pieces was a thunder storm. While he was playing it the father would every now and then light a gas jet to imitate lightning.

It seems that Mr. Rudolph Valentino has been accused in Paris of Francophobia. M. Jacques Hebertot has come gallantly to his defence. He says that he knows the cinema's hero well; that he has summered and wintered with him and been through him with a dark lantern—or words to that effect—and he swears that it is Rudolph's fond desire to live in France. M. Hebertot, in a fine burst, concludes:

"It is here that he purchases his motor cars, his cravats and his dogs; he adores our country for its scenery, its customs and the gentleness of the life. One of the provinces is especially dear to him, Normandy (and I am proud to say it, for it is my province); and in Normandy he loathes Deauville and its American bars."

### Notes and Lines:

M. Coquelin would have agreed with your correspondent, S. L. Ball of Cambridge. Some 30 years ago the great French actor spoke in practically the same way, and, in illustration, said that on one occasion in Paris he had to represent a sleeping man on a couch. Being very tired, he actually fell asleep, thus giving a "perfect" presentation of the part. But the next day several Paris papers criticized his work of the preceding night, declaring that it was overdone, exaggerated, etc. H. E. H.

Mr. William Seymour writes to us from South Duxbury: "Milton Nobles acted in 'She Stoops to Conquer' on Thursday, June 12, was unable to play Friday night and died Saturday at 2 A. M. following. In harness, if ever an actor did."

"I saw 'Under the Gaslight' on the occasion of its original production at the New York Theatre, Broadway, New York, in 1867. J. K. Mortimer was the Snorkey and J. B. Studley, Byke. When it was produced at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, that winter and G. Vining Eowers played Snorkey and W. E. Sheridan played Byke, I played Peanut and was the understudy for Bermudas, the part C. T. Parsloe originated. Do you recall when 'After Dark' was produced at the Grand Opera



House, Boston, with William A. Brady as Old Tom? I saw it then.  
"Was it not Harry Kernell who sang 'Muldoon, the Solid Man,' as well as Ed. Harrigan?"

### Cleaning up

More than one actor, writing his memoirs, has noticed the improvement in the character of burlesque. There was a time, and it is within the memory of the older generation, when variety and burlesque shows were as a rule vulgar if not positively indecent, and no man thought for a moment of taking his family with him to theatres where these shows were playing. They were practically "for men only." There were exceptions: Tony Pastor's entertainments, excellent of their kind, were clean, whether they were in New York, their home, or on the road.

The founder of Keith's theatre worked a revolution. The policy he adopted at the beginning has been followed by his successors. Other managers of variety theatres have also been scrupulous about the character of their shows, but comedians in certain burlesque companies have sought to excite laughter by gross and stupid indecency in dialogue or gesture.

Now comes Mr. Sam A. Scribner, who has sent out a remarkable letter to all Columbia managers and producers. He first puts the ban on certain words and phrases. Not to hear "damn," "hell" or the name of the Deity uttered carelessly on the stage will be a relief. These pet words will hereafter be the exclusive property, as far as the theatre is concerned, of actors in crook, mystery and emotional plays, and they will excite as before the wild laughter of the supposedly more refined audiences. But does not Mr. Scribner go too far in his zeal? He forbids the phrases "Son-of-a-gun," and "cocked-eyed liar." And is "By heck" no longer to enliven the dialogue of stage rustics?

Shimmy dancing is to be confined to the shoulders, for there are to be anatomical limitations in the terpsichorean art. "Thumbing the nose is out." Dear, dear! "Taking a grinder," as thumbing the nose is known in merry England, is a phrase formed in stories by Dickens and other highly moral writers.

A woman must not be handled or pawed on the Columbian wheel, and there must be no comments favorable or unfavorable on her figure. The audience is left to judge for itself, and thus a burlesque may justly be described as educational.

But why should "sticking a duster or anything else between the comedian's legs" be "out for all time"? To see anyone made ridiculous by the act of another, or by falling on ice or chasing a hat in a crowded street has always been considered as a legitimate cause for laughter. Bergson, Sully, and Baudelaire before them, have expatiated on this fact.

Mr. Scribner is to be heartily commended in his zeal for cleanliness, yet what will Uncle Amos, arriving in the city, do without his "By heck," and will no mirth-provoking liberties be taken with a favorite comedian that he may appear the funnier?

Vermont, ah, there's a conservative state. We are indebted to G. E. W. for a clipping from the Rutland Daily Herald. It seems that last month there was a terrific thunder storm at East Arlington. Lightning struck a "Mammoth" e'm near the farmhouse of Mr. and Mrs. William Twitchell. Heavy limbs were scattered like so many

straws. The bolt then hit the woodshed, tore off a corner of the building, smashed 62 panes of glass, ripped off slate from the farmhouse and knocked a clock off a shelf. Window sashes were blown rods away from the building. "The house was filled with a dense blue smoke which gave off a sulphurous smell." And so in the good old days of witchcraft did Satan after he had performed his little tricks in the dwelling houses of the godly.

But Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell, where, oh, where, were they?

"Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell, who were asleep on a feather bed, were not injured, though badly frightened."

Fuss without and saving feathers. And so Mr. Herkimer Johnson, when a tempest rages on the Cape, having no feather bed in the house, and without a thunder storm proof cellar, puts on sneakers with rubber soles and stands erect with a well-forged air of defiance in the middle of the room.

And so Vermonters still sleep on feather beds even in summer. A conservative and hardy race.

### HOT STUFF

As the World Wags:

You may know the King of the Black Isles and Snowshoe Al, but I know Croix de Guerre. What has he written? Much and frequent, but his most famous is the "Hot Door Knob," wherein a desperate criminal, closely pursued by the police, shuts himself into a room only to find that there is no key in the door. Things look pretty black for our hero, until he produces his trusty blow torch from his pocket and applies it to the door knob, which immediately turns red hot. Of course the police dare not take hold of the knob, and so are not able to capture their quarry. FRITZ.

### SHE'LL MAKE 'EM SMART

(From the Chicago Examiner)

Visit of Mrs. Oliver Wallop Lends Touch of British Nobility to Smart Set Here

### CLUB NOTES

The Methodist Ladies' Society at Bethlehem, N. H., spent a delightful day at the house of a prominent member. "At the noon hour a bountiful dinner was served. The menu included mashed potatoes, stewed onions, salad, pickles, rolls, boiled ham, doughnuts, pies, and coffee. A light luncheon was served late in the afternoon." Nothing is said about what they had for supper.

### THE SHROPSHIRE LAD'S COUSIN

(By Samuel Hoffenstein)

#### III

Along the street as I came by  
A cinder hit me in the eye;  
When I went walking in the field  
I stepped upon a snake concealed,  
When in the woods I took a stroll  
A she-bear nipped my arm off whole;  
When I went swimming in the creek  
A porpoise bit me in the cheek,  
And so it goes from dawn to dusk:  
There's never corn; there's only husk.

When famished, I sit down to eat,  
The cook has always burned the meat;  
When I would rest my weary head  
A score of mice are in my bed;  
When cheerful friends I do desire,  
Their houses ever are on fire;  
There's nothing good, there's only ill:  
In winter, hot; in summer, chill;  
And when my time is come to die  
There will not be a grave to buy.

### A STRAIGHT TIP

Two enormous men of the horse horsey entered the race train. One had his face battered and his gigantic nose, which was strapped up, stood at an angle of 45 degrees sideways. He explained, in response to the other giant's queries, that a horse had kicked him. Presently, in the inevitable discussion of Derby chances, the injured man confided to his compartment, "I had the straight tip this morning." And nobody cared to explain to the puzzled martyr why they all looked him in the face and smiled.—London Daily Chronicle.

### BUGLES IN THE WIND

Do you hear them, do you hear them?  
Down the wind and far away?  
Faint as fairy bugles blowing—  
Bugles blowing taps today?  
Strange that over toil and tumult,  
Strange that over traffic dinned  
One should hear far bugles blowing—  
Bugles blowing in the wind!

"Love, goodnight! Must you go?  
When the night and my heart need you  
so?  
Fare you well! Rest you well!  
Love, goodnight!"

Have you heard them, have you heard them  
Brazenly where banners wave?  
Have you heard them sob in silver—  
Silver tears above a grave?

Ah, but strange across the city  
When no glory rules and wraps,  
Have you heard far bugles wailing—  
Windy bugles wailing taps?

"Love, goodnight! Must you go?  
When the night and my heart need  
you so?  
Fare you well! Rest you well!  
Love, goodnight!"

—The King of the Black Isles.

As the World Wags.

That laughably ignorant spelling of lawn mowers noted in your columns reminds me of the humorously misspelled "lorgnette," so familiar to opticians, viz., "lawn-yet." A Boylston street optometrist showed me recently a letter written by the wife of a war-profiteer in which she very distinctly spelled the name of the fashionable eyeglass, "lawn-yets." F. A. W.

### A NOVELIST'S SMOCK FROCKS

As the World Wags:

On page 15 of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1871, Henry Holt & Co.), Gabriel Oak bought a shepherd's crook for two shillings and "as the crook had absorbed most of Gabriel's money, he attempted, and carried out, an exchange of his overcoat for a shepherd's regulation smock-frock."

And on page 89: "Some were, as usual, in snow-white smock-frocks of Russian duck, and some in whitey-brown ones of drabnet—marked on the wrists, breasts, backs and sleeves with honeycomb work."

But what is the rest of the song the shepherd played on the flute, "jerkling out unconcernedly, with the ghastly grimace required by the instrument, the chorus of 'Dame Durden':  
"Twas Moll and Bet and Doll and Kate  
And Dorothy Draggie Tail."

—ACBREY KLITCH.

A good deal of contemporary writing which is supposed to be critical strikes me as stupidly rude. It is no crime to write a poor book, though it may be a sin to applaud it. One frequently sees references to the great men of an earlier generation in very much the tone that a blackguard uses when he speaks of a woman who has lost her youth.—A. W. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

### Concerning Spats

It is a common saying, and it is an erroneous one, that the English have no sense of humor. It is brought up against them that they do not understand American jokes; that they demand an explanation, and having mastered at last the joke, retelling it miss the point in a most absurd manner.

It depends somewhat on the definition of humor. When Artemus Ward's Uncle William, "a low cuss, filled his coat pocket with pies and biled eggs at his wedding breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discovering it got into a rage and denounced him, Uncle Willym said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer."

Yes, even in their most serious moments, the English are humorous. Here is a London journalist gravely proclaiming that as a nation the English may be roughly divided into two great camps—the Spats and the Anti-Spats. A Mr. Douglas Newton wrote a letter to the Daily Chronicle championing the Antis, whereupon "H. H." replied: "Mr. Newton seems to me to be utterly blind to the real uses of spats! Upon their decorative purposes there may be differences of opinion,

but to their use as helps to keep the wearer's feet dry this summer and warm in winter, there cannot, in my opinion, be more than one candid verdict." "H. H." is 90 years old, yet is his sense of humor unabated. This is indisputable, for the Daily Chronicle speaks of this reply as "witty." H. H. is probably a regular contributor to Punch.

Spats on the theatre stage were in the good old days one of the insignia of rank. The villain in the melodrama coming from Drury Lane—he was usually a baronet—was known on his entrance, and with anticipation of his vile conduct, by

his spats as well as by the cut of his coat, his "silker," and his cigarette. The old gentleman who gave his blessing in the last act wore spats.

"Spatterdashes" is the nobler word; "spats" unavoidably suggests vulgarity, and the singular may be confounded with the similar word denoting the spawn of a shell-fish. One is inclined to associate the gaiter itself with elderly gentlemen and gold-headed canes. Still, younger men, preferring low shoes even in the dead of winter, wear them. There should be no incongruity between the shoes and the spats. There would be a wild enormity in sporting white spats with tan shoes, and after the roaring forties are past all self-respecting men should choose a sober color.

An executioner named Krautz, who killed himself not long ago at Erkner, a village of Prussia, was the third of his profession to commit suicide in Germany within three months. He had cut off 125 heads, while his two colleagues, Messrs. Schwietz and Spaethe, had cut off, respectively, 123 and 48.

It is said that Krautz in his last years wandered about Prussian villages telling stories about the prisoners he had beheaded. He was obsessed by delusions. He was unable to sleep well unless he had his official axe at his head. "He and Schwietz regarded Jules Delbler, the Parisian executioner, as the great master of their craft and exchanged letters with him."

Will not these letters be published? When one of these executioners had a vacation did he spend it by going to see executions by other masters of the art?

We are far from large libraries and are unable to consult the bibliography of the scaffold. At least one, and a famous one, wrote his memoirs or those of his family of executioners. Sanson of the Reign of Terror, the Sansons, father, son and grandson. Were these eight stout volumes written or dictated by a Sanson, or were they the speculation of a publisher, hiring some hack-writer?

The most famous of the Sansons was a sensitive soul. Like Krautz, he saw visions and was melancholy. He was haunted by the heads of the King, the queen, the Girondises, Mme. Roland, Danton and Robespierre. He would shut himself up behind closed blinds. He would beg Lays of the Opera to sing to him some soothing air of Lull's, that he might be comforted, as Saul by David's harp. When James Rousseau, who invented the interview before interviews were known by that name, called on Sanson he found him holding a little girl on his knees, his daughter, and he was reading Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma chambre."

Unfortunately, we know little about the private life of English executioners. Richard Brandon, who is supposed to have beheaded Charles I. If a contemporary tract, "The Confessions of the Hangman," is to be believed, received £30 in half-crowns for this execution, and he had an orange stuck full of cloves and a handkerchief out of the King's pocket. He sold the orange for 10 shillings.

Brandon succeeded his father, whose predecessor was one Derrick, the man that gave his name to the crane now used, for in old times a derrick meant a hangman, or a gallows. After Brandon came Dunn, who is mentioned in "Hudibras," and then came John Ketch, "whose name," as Macaulay said, "has during a century and a half been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him (in London) in his odious office."

Deibler, whose name has been mentioned, died 20 years ago. His death brought with it long articles in the Parisian press. Jules Claretie recalled a story by Edmond About about a dinner at the wedding of a son of an executioner in a French province, a patriarchal dinner, to which the relatives, among them many executioners, were invited. They waxed sentimental and at dessert sang romances that wet their eyes. Claretie told of executioners coming from their provinces to Paris and talking together the night of an execution. There was no talk of their trade; they discussed investments in Spanish railways or potted plants for their homes. When the time came for the execution the Parisian artist, the one that was "to work," replied to a colleague, who said, "You still have a few minutes": "No." (He pulled out his watch, a chronometer.) "It's high time. My watch goes with that of the Stock Exchange." And Claretie added:



Cablegrams have informed Americans about the appearance in London of Madeline Keltie in "Madama Butterfly" and of Mary Lewis in "Tales of Hoffmann." Bostonians were naturally interested in Miss Keltie, for she studied here in her early years. Newspapers of London, which have recently arrived, give fuller information about her.

The Times began in its review by saying that to make a first appearance at Covent Garden as Madama Butterfly was a considerable ordeal as well as a great opportunity for a young singer.

"Miss Keltie was at first rather too conscious of the ordeal to rise to the opportunity. It is not only that the opera throughout is singularly dependent for its effects on the presentation of the principal character, but also her entrance with a trying vocal passage tests the singer's control immediately. One can hardly blame a young singer for not showing her best at that moment, and the first impression which Miss Keltie gave was that of a singer with a rather reedy voice too much given to vibrato, and of an actress conscientiously determined to be Japanese, while we did not feel confident of the authenticity of her studied movements. Presently, however, as she became absorbed in her part, she enabled us to forget the movements (perhaps she forgot them herself) and well before the end of the first act her vivacity and readiness of expression made her a sympathetic representative of the part. In the second act she went farther . . . but the singing still seemed the least impressive part of her performance, and the control of the voice (not altogether an attractive one) was a little uncertain. Still, she improved so much in the course of the two acts in which we heard her that it seemed more than likely that the defects were attributable to the natural nervousness of a first appearance, and the virtues were sufficient to make us look forward to her second."

The Daily Telegraph said that Miss Keltie's performance "betokened considerably more than a nodding acquaintance with the footlights."

"It is extremely likely that the newcomer did herself something less than justice, so that we had a Butterfly whose tones were too consistently tremulous and by no means always of an ingratiating quality." The Telegraph noted that her singing improved as the opera went its way. "In any case she made an excellent impression on the purely dramatic side of the account . . . although she seemed sometimes to be rather too conscious of her audience."

"One cannot commend so singular a disregard of artistic propriety as that which prompted the protagonist, after her exit previously with Suzuki at the close of 'Un bel di,' to return to the stage and bow to the audience. And it is at least questionable whether even the most excitable Cio-Cio-San should try to kick the spiteful Goro."

Miss Lewis made her first appearance at Her Majesty's by taking Maggie Teyte's place as Antonia in Offenbach's opera. The Times said that she was "an attractive young singer. . . . Generally her singing was true and she had the right air of naivete for the part."

Maggie Teyte, by the way, was warmly praised for her Madama Butterfly at His Majesty's Theatre in London last month. "Whenever the music rose to genuine emotion Miss Teyte was more than equal to it and at times touched something akin to greatness. But when Puccini's inspiration fails him the extraordinary cleverness of the singer acted like a danger signal—it was an obvious attempt on her part to build something without either bricks or mortar. Hers is not the voice—nor, for that matter, the temperament—that can accept with equal thanks worthless twaddle and inspired lyricism."

Covent Garden was sold out when Louise Edvina reappeared as Tosca after a long absence. "The passing years," said the Daily Telegraph, "have wrought but little change in that silvery voice and have only given an added intensity of expression to her impersonation." The critic found her in the first act a little too modern to fit into the Napoleonic period, "but always attractive, always very feminine." The Times wished she had not sung the opening phrase of "Vissi d'arte" with her face buried in the sofa cushions. "We could not feel that the game of Blindman's Buff which she and Scarpia play round the furniture was the right way of enforcing the dramatic situation, though it is the traditional one. Signor Formichi can do so much with a look and she with a gesture that we wish they would leave these violent physical exercises to less accomplished artists."

Louise Edvina; Maggie Teyte—how these names bring back the glorious years of the Boston Opera Company.

We spoke not long ago about Adelaide Philipps's benefit at the Boston Museum when she danced and acted and also sang to a guitar accompaniment played by her. We then concluded that the date of this benefit was Wednesday, July 14, 1847. We asked about J. J. Anguera, who was billed as her teacher, and inquired whether he taught singing or the guitar.

Mr. P. M. Jenness writes from Greenville, S. C.: "I would point out that according to Herschel's perpetual calendar, Wednesday, July 14, fell in 1847, also 1841 and 1852. The assumption of 1847 as the year of her benefit seems well founded." The play bill gave only Wednesday, July 14. The year was not stated.

Miss M. J. Watts of Thomaston, Me., wrote as follows to the Courier-Gazette of Rockland, Me., having quoted The Herald's article about Miss Philipps's benefit:

"I very well remember a concert in Thomaston when Adelaide Philipps sang 'The Blue Juniata.' Her hair was curled in her neck; her dress was not very long. The time must have been early in the '50s. Signor Jose d'Anguera was a teacher of the guitar in Charlestown. My sister and I had lessons from him about the years 1860-62."

Adelaide Philipps left Boston in 1852 to study singing in Europe.

Jean Cocteau, writing to Paris Journal, says that his new pantomime-ballet is a "portrait; it is not at all a frivolous work, it is a statue of frivolity."

Singers heard in London for the first time were Eide Norena of Christiania, as Gilda—"a beautiful voice and a pure style of singing." Fedora Roselli as Carmen—"voice not sufficiently resonant for the part. We perceived few signs of the necessary personality or vocal equipment. Her acting was good on conventional lines; opera goers must have known exactly what she would do the next minute."

Lady Gregory's play, "Spreading the News," was translated into Italian, acted in Italy; now retranslated into English it serves as the libretto for Hubert Bath's opera, "Bubbles," which was produced by the Carl Rosa company in London last month. Yet neither the author's nor the translator's name was printed on the program. The music "glides along quickly and easily on nimble Irish jigs and other fluent tunes, with well marked Irish characteristics."

Bram Stoker, Henry Irving's man Friday, is well remembered in Boston. If applause languished or died in the course of a performance. Bram's hands, and they were large and sonorous, were actively at work in the back of the theatre. Stoker was a well informed man who wrote novels as well as biographies. One of his novels, "Dracula," is a peculiarly hair-raising story about a vampire. It has been dramatized, and it was produced last month in an English small town with disastrous results, if the London correspondent of Variety is to be believed. "Women fainted, and men urged the actors to desist from their blood-thirsty conduct." The correspondent adds:

"The future fate of the dramatization is not known." Cannot Mr. Henry Jewett secure the rights of performance for his opening at the Arlington Theatre this fall? We should like to see Mr. Clive as the vampire, and the audience swooning or uttering mad cries, shaken from its customary well-bred composure.

Joseph Harker, scene painter, enthusiastically praised by Bernard Shaw, has told some of his experiences in a book, "Studio and Stage." There is a symposium about scenic art to which actors, managers, authors and artists have contributed. There are also many anecdotes. One about Macready we do not remember to have read. As Pizarro he was bearing across "a raging torrent" an infant, who, though Macready did not know it, was a dwarf nearly 40 years old. Making his way through the raging torrent, Macready stumbled, whereupon the dwarf's cockney voice rasped in his ear: "For Gawd's sike, cully, don't you go an' drop us!"

Charles Hawtrey's Memoirs, "The Truth at Last," edited by Somerset Maugham, has been published in London by Thornton Butterworth (21s. net.) We shall speak of this book next Sunday.

"One is always astonished by these extraordinarily simple words in the mouths of persons who by our imagination assume grandeur."

In the old days of France the executioner was dressed in red. Deibler's son, who succeeded his illustrious father, wore a tall hat and a frock coat. And not a few executioners have found pleasure in caring for their flower gardens.

We have read that the implements of the executioner have made their way into heraldry: that a Spanish grandee bore in his coat of arms a ladder with a gibbet; that the wheel, the block, the axe, the rack and other instruments of torture are borne by some German families of high rank; that the Scottish family of Dalziel bears sable a hanged man with his arms extended argent; formerly, "they carried him hanging on a gallows."

There have been tales in different languages about hangmen and their sons and daughters; how this or that daughter was betrothed to one that did not know the father's calling; how a daughter, to support the family after the father's death, would succeed him in his office. There is that grim story of Balzac, "El Verdugo," in which a young Spaniard of high degree is forced by French invading troops to kill members of his family. There is that unspeakably vile novel, "Le Jardin des Supplices," by Octave Mirbeau, which justly enraged the Chinese and all foreigners that had sojourned in China.

This reminds us that there is more than one illustrated book about tortures and executions; one folio, as we remember, is devoted to Chinese punishments alone.

Does any one read Ainsworth's "Tower of London" today? George Cruikshank illustrated it. Some of his pictures are not for squeamish eyes: Nightgall dragging Cicely down the secret stairs; the burning of Edward Underhill; the fate of Nightgall; the night before the execution of Lady Jane Grey. Perhaps the picture of Mauger sharpening his axe is the one that is chiefly to be remembered. He is trying the edge with his thumb. "His dress," says Ainsworth, "consisted of a doublet of red serge with tight black sleeves, and hose of the same color. His brow was lowering and wrinkled—the summit of his head perfectly bald, but the sides were garnished with long black locks, which together with his immense grizzled mustaches, bristling like the whiskers of a cat-a-mountain, and ragged beard, imparted a wild and forbidding look to his physiognomy." Truly a most unpleasant person.

"The Tower of London" is worth

owning if only for Cruikshank's plates. There are many of his woodcuts. And here is a novel with an index of 15 large octavo pages, closely printed in double columns!

July 6, 1924

## It's Haunted

M. Flammarion, who is fairly well acquainted with the inhabitants of Mars and is on speaking terms with several reputable ghosts, has published a compilation of stories about haunted houses; not tales by novelists, tales calculated to make the flesh creep, as Bulwer Lytton's masterpiece in that line, "The Hound and the Haunters" (otherwise known as "The House and the Brain"), but reports of houses in which spirits of the dead disport themselves to the surprise and annoyance of mere mortals. It is needless to say that the stories told by Frank Stockton and Oscar Wilde, which are of an amusing nature, are not included in this volume, nor does M. Flammarion probably know that terrible story by Fitz James O'Brien, nor is it likely that he refers to Maupassant's "Horla." The French astronomer has given only short descriptions of haunted houses—if reviews in Parisian journals treat him fairly—he has been reproached for not narrating investigations made in a scientific spirit; for not arriving at satisfactory conclusions.

Injustice has thus been done him. In this material, grossly commercial and industrial age, it is pleasant, and it may be profitable, to learn that there are houses that are of interest to others than antiquarians and real estate dealers. No doubt the haunting in some instances has been done by mischievous persons with a mistaken sense of humor; but beyond doubt and peradventure there are houses that in the spiritual meaning of the word are haunted. It is not necessary that a spectre should actually be seen there by earthly eyes; the unseen, the vague feeling of dread, of something supernatural, the conviction that years ago something mysteri-



4  
ous or horrible occurred within the walls is enough to shake the souls of present and timid inmates. And so in Thomas Hood's remarkable

ses no conventional, no traditional ghost roams the chambers of that haunted house.

There are families that take a pride in the haunting of their house, whether it be an old castle in England or Scotland, the mansion on a Virginian plantation, or a dwelling house inhabited for generations by God-fearing men and women in Old Hadley of the famous broad street and noble elms. These dwellers of today do not court investigations; they would not welcome prying, sceptical members of a psychical society; they know that the house is haunted. They hear strange footfalls; they are conscious of unearthly companionship.

### "Female"

When the London Observer recently spoke of "the system of female education" the adjective surprised, if it did not shock many of the readers. The adjective was for many years in good repute, though taken from the French who in turn had taken it from the Latin. Chaucer brought the word into English in the form of "femelle." Shakespeare used it occasionally. Much later it was thought eminently respectable. Samuel Richardson, the novelist, his friends and successors, gave it a high standing. Frances Burney, who was dear to Dr. Johnson—it's a pity that her diary written when she was Mme. D'Arblay is not so spontaneous and delightful as her early diary, annotated with knowledge, freedom and good humor by Annie Raine Ellis—this Frances spoke of the Princess Royal as "the second female in the Kingdom." (What if Mrs. Coolidge were now characterized by the snobs as "the first female in the country?") Mrs. Browning spoke of Tennyson's "Princess" as dealing with "a university of females." Today women in the United States, as in England, fume if they are called females and will not have the adjective. So one finds "woman suffrage," a vile compound.

What is there in "female," adjective or noun, that is so irritating to woman? In England the genteel insist on "lady," which really means a woman belonging to or fitted by manners, habits and sentiments, for the upper classes. (The word is often pronounced "loidy" in London, a comparatively low term. They are all ladies, these members of the dominant—one would not say oppressing sex. Lady, woman, female, person—this is the grading of the social thermometer. Even English writers of good repute and taste speak of a sales lady, a lady typist. The barmaid is fortunate; she is still a barmaid.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Have the latest revisers of the King James versions changed "female" to woman?

Not many years ago one might read on the page of any hotel register: "Mr. J. Fortescue Buggs and lady." This was before the Mann act and the clerks gladly accepted the lady as Mrs. Buggs. If her gallant husband exulted in the fact that she was a lady there was perhaps no harm in thus publishing the fact, but suppose Mrs. Buggs was only a female, or what was more shameful, a person. And so there are correspondents who address a business firm as "Gentlemen," though they may never have seen the members of the firm and are wholly unacquainted with their views and manners.

We quoted John Galsworthy saying at a dinner in London. "Critics, you know, are very like mosquitoes—they will have your blood; and I know a lady who, after an operation, came to with the words: 'I don't want to be a self-supporting, independent, economic agent, I want to be loved.'"

The following letter has been received by The Herald. "I think many, many women are like Mr. Galsworthy's lady. They don't want to be 'self-supporting, independent economic agents' and they want to be loved (perhaps one could be all that and loved), but fate has decreed otherwise, and so they go on being the best 'self-supporting independent economic agents' they can be, which is, after all, rather fine, isn't it?"

### A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELIST

Paul Morand's latest novel "Lewis et Irene," which has already reached the 100,000th edition, opens with Lewis, the hero, if he can be called heroic, playing the game of beaver, counting from 15 to 40. M. Morand on the third page gives his delightful account of the sport, "a society game practised that summer in England and imported into France by Lewis, an Anglomaniac." At each board encountered, M. Morand says, points are counted as at tennis. To win, one must have been the first to see the most beards. "The game is played at Ascot, at the Temple, at the House of Lords, in the omnibuses. There's such a craze for it that at an official garden party, Lewis noticed guests so carried away by the game that they lost respect due sovereign rulers and in making obeisance inscribed mentally the royal beard. Certain champions with well trained eyes sum up with incredible swiftness even among crowds apparently shaven. What then to say of a Sunday, round a hand stand in our provinces of the Mid., where hears a la vervain and a la tobacco juice are still cultivated; where, at one blow, on certain benches, one could win whole games?"

This novel was written in 1922-23, and published in 1924. M. Morand has been justly called a "cosmopolitan novelist." Is "beaver" still played in England? We have not heard the joyous shout at the sight of whiskerage for many months.

### SCRUPULOUS "AL"

As the World Wags:

Will you please tell me where the followin' quotation is from? I want ter use it in the neer future an' naturally I wish ter credit the rite author. As I recall it, it goes like this: "A score an' 20 yrs ago, under a spreading walnut tree, I stood on a bridge at midnite, with a jug of wine, a lofe er bred an' thou. This was the forest primeval, where inter the mouth uv hell rode the 600. Gimme liberty or gimme deth. A horse a horse my kingdom for a horse."

P. S.—I think it wuz Patrick Keenote Harrison but I want ter be sure.  
SNOWSHOE AL.

### DAVIS AND DOUGHBOYS

As the World Wags:

I have observed some discussion of doughboys in the World's Waggishness as it appears from day to day in The Herald. The following may have escaped the eagle eyes of you or your readers.

In William Beebe's recently published book, "Galapagos," there occurs on page 105 a quotation from William Dampier's collection of voyages, which was published in 1729. In this Dampier refers to Capt. Davis who, in 1685, visited the Galapagos Islands and for a considerable period of time fed his men on the meat of the huge turtles which he there found in abundance. Beyond

meeting the immediate hunger requirements of his crew Davis reported that he saved 60 barrels of oil which "served instead of butter to eat with doughboys or dumplings." I do not wish to draw any inference from this quotation, but merely to offer it as it stands.

HOMER EATON KEYES

### THE SHROPSHIRE LAD'S COUSIN

(By Samuel Hoppenstein)

#### VIII

"Terrence, this is fearful rot,  
Putting poison in the pot;  
All your song is measles, mumps,  
Cramps and colic and the dumps;  
Terence, you are rather frayed—  
Go and have your teeth X-rayed."

Go ahead, my lad, and talk.  
While your legs are fit to walk.  
While your hair is on your head:  
You'll not talk when you are dead.  
Scorn, at will, my gloomy stuff,  
You'll regret it soon enough.  
Wait a year or two and see  
What a sorry sight you'll be;  
Your liver and your eyes will fail,  
You'll be languishing in jail;

You'll be run over by a cart  
And get a lesion on your heart;  
Stir not till I have my say:  
The girl you love will run away.  
But she'll not stay away for good  
And leave you to your solitude;  
To her lad she'll not be true—  
She'll come back and marry you.  
And the kind of life you'll lead  
Will make your bones and marrow bleed.  
Wait a minute, I'm not through  
With the things in store for you:  
All you'll get to eat will be  
Lettuce, nuts and hominy;  
This much, too, I can foretell:  
You'll get ill and won't get well;  
Neither will you die, my lad;  
Worse for you, and that's but bad;  
You'll not die of mortal ache;  
They will hang you by mistake;  
They'll discover it too late,  
Which is just the usual fate.  
So I sing this doleful song  
Just to dull your sense of wrong.  
When you've read my verses through,  
Not a thing can make you blue,  
For you'll be prepared for all  
Fearful things that will befall.  
Fare you well, lad; on your way:  
You'll break a leg ere close of day.

### "TREAT 'EM ROUGH"

As the World Wags:

If in her bed  
She must be fed  
With graham cracker,  
Remove a slat  
And drop her flat  
And end the matter.  
SWAMPSCOTT.

As the World Wags:

Tell the bimbo who is troubled by his wife's eating graham crackers in bed that he can retaliate with good results by putting cement in her beauty clay.  
EV.

"J. D. McG." saw this sign in a shop window:

### MARCELLING CHIROPODY

He asks: "Wouldn't you call that going from one extreme to the other?"  
Another sends in this heading:  
"There's a Divinity That Shapes Our Ends, Rough-Hew Them How We Will."

"The paving of the hall in the Queen's dolls' house is of real lapis lazuli."  
This must be pleasant reading for the thousands homeless in England.

### ADD "POLITICAL NOTES"

As the World Wags:

Do you suppose William Jennings Bryan had anything to do with the 16 to 1 policy at the Democratic convention? I notice that they suggested 16 names to oppose one at Cleveland.  
Boston P. P. SON.

July 7 1924

### "Society" and Conventions

Mr. Tex Rickard, lessee of Madison Square Garden, promoter of prize fights, looking over the convention audience at night was more impressed by the large number of "society people" present than by the oratory. "Saturday night might have been called 'Social Register' night, there were so many society people present. But they were no better dressed and no better mannered than the run of the attendance."

"No better dressed." What did Mr. Rickard expect? That these subscribers to the Social Register would wear their ball costumes and be sprinkled with diamonds and other precious stones? "No better mannered." Did these "best people" shout "Oil" from the galleries when anyone was speaking in behalf of Mr. McAdoo? Did they swell the chorus in "The Sidewalks of New York?" Or did they sit in stately composure, quietly amused by the behavior of the pe-pul, tolerant, conscious of superiority?

Women have in all ages found pleasure in observing physical and mental death struggles. In ancient Rome they applauded or condemned the gladiators. They had their favorites among them: read Juvenal's sixth satire. At tournaments they sat resplendent.  
"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend

To win her graves, whom all commend." *Mary*

Do Spanish ladies shun the arena with the gored horses, and a bull now and then killing a matador? Bull and man are impartially applauded. And of late years American dames of high degree have given an enlightened patronage to the bruisers, foreign and domestic, in the ring.

It is a pleasure to note the interest taken by "Society leaders" in political conventions. It is said that women of the Democratic faith are more zealous in the proclamation of their belief than are their Republican sisters in shouting for their cause. Have the Democratic chiefs in conventions been more active than the Republicans in paying court to women? It would be interesting to know how many of these enthusiasts will take the trouble to vote on Election Day, even if the weather will be mild and favorable. Those who are not in the Social Register will necessarily be greatly in the majority, yet the "Society leaders" should not be abashed or discouraged at the polls.

No unmarried woman should now think that she is undesirable. All she has to do if she would see passionate wooers besieging her door, is to purchase "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." (We hasten to say that the book will pass the eyes of the most prurient censor, though, allowing the sale, he will no doubt be bitterly disappointed by not finding what he eagerly sought for his own pleasure.)

Here is only one of the letters received by the publisher. It tells how a "demure little wren of a girl," unappreciated, neglected, became within a few weeks "the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for many years," and this without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance.

"F. C. F." of Craigville knows the book. She writes to The Herald: "I understand that the Prince of Wales has decided to marry soon, and will make an announcement in the early autumn. With this book almost any girl might aspire to the position of Princess of Wales, if the introduction to the prince could be arranged. It hardly seems possible that in these days such priceless information could be secured for the modest sum of only ten cents."

"When taking a trip through a little frequented part of Maine recently, I ran across a man who had a few pieces of antique furniture for sale. He had few patrons, it seems, but they all belonged to the 400. He knew the life histories of these people and was eager to share his knowledge. One of his wealthiest and most aristocratic customers was a Mrs. S. Mr. S., so this man told me, had recently died. Before her marriage to Mr. S., Mrs. S. was a Mrs. A. Mr. A. having departed this life some years before her second marriage. 'So you see,' said our dealer in antiques, 'she is practically a widow.' We wondered whom this cautious man called a real widow."

### THE BELLE OF THE ALLEY

We recently quoted lines from an old song of a New York sheet:

"For she used to live in Shinbone Alley  
And the boys all called her Snag-toothed Sally."

We are indebted to "R. G. C." for these verses from "100 Ethiopian Songs" published by Elias Howe, 88 Court street, Boston. (s. d.) our correspondent also sends the tune (B flat, 2-4) in notation.

"As I was gwoin down Shinbone Alley,  
long time ago,  
To buy a bonnet for Miss Sally, long time ago;  
Dare I met ole Clem de weaver, long time ago.  
In his hand he had a cleaver, long time ago.  
"Behind de fence I watch de motion,  
long time ago,  
Kase I know he have a notion, long time ago.  
Long time fore de nigger spoken, long time ago."

Our contributor writes: "The text as given here is plainly incomplete and hints at tragedy. Pornographic variations were presumably supplied by improvisatori."

Frank Converse's "Old Cremona Songster" published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, in 1864, is now on



table. It includes "Pete Williams, and quartet (each verse to be recited before singing)." The fourth verse is as follows:

Oh, ragged Sally from Shinbone Alley,  
She promised for to marry me;  
It she altered her mind, and she  
wasn't inclined,  
For to join with me in de holy bands  
of hemlock."

As the bright boy remarked, this is  
not as funny as a little red wagon  
lited yellow.

#### RESTAURANT SLANG

the World Wags:

Volumes have been written about the  
range vocabulary of the quick-lunch  
restaurant. "A stack o' whites," "Draw  
e in the dark," "White wings, sunny  
le up," "Adam and Eve on a raft—  
reck 'em," and so on, but nothing has  
n mentioned about the quaint word  
liting of the market district eating  
ices.

Bill Crowley, the last of the old-time  
ofessional waiters of that region, is  
ll serving at a table in an upstairs  
ning room which has existed for 75  
ars or so at the same location, adja-  
nt to Quincy Market. Old Bill is  
aking a last gallant stand against an  
my of women waitresses. From very  
rly in the morning until past mid-  
y the patronage is mostly from the  
arketmen, with a sprinkling of State  
reet brokers and others, but in the  
ening men and women students from  
ery college in Greater Boston flock  
own for one good square meal before  
a 8 o'clock closing hour.

The proprietor is a kindly man, inter-  
ested in promoting education, and his  
is boys, four or five in all, are invari-  
ably divinity students working their  
ay through college, and this job as-  
ures them of a salary and three hearty  
eals, a wonderful advantage to a  
ung man trying for a preacher's  
rth. These boys are frequently Chi-  
ese, Japanese, West Indian and East  
dian natives, who must benefit men-  
ally and physically by this insight into  
e great world, before assuming their  
cette activities.

But what must these inscrutable boys  
ink of the strange jargon employed  
the waitresses in hurling orders up  
e dumb waiter? "Gimme a bale o'  
ay," shouts a fat girl, and presently  
own comes a plate of new peas, beans  
id new potatoes, smoking hot and  
attered to a neatety: an appetizing dish,  
at the East Indian bus boy under-  
ands hay to mean the same sort of  
led grass his father-fed to the sacred  
ow back home, and once again he is  
uzzled. A "bale o' hay" is a favorite  
sh in hot weather, when one has been  
ting meat a bit too heavily for com-  
ert and desires to lay off until the old  
stem feels all right again.

But to get back to Crowley. Old Bill  
a solemn-souled, invincible chap, who  
orns needless chatter, and it larked  
im to have to announce the order,  
gimme a plate o' hot new peas, hot  
ew potatoes and hot new beans, all  
ixed together and buttered." That  
as a long sentence of 20 words, so he  
ffered with the cook and arranged  
at "gimme a bale o' hay" would mean  
e vegetable mixture. That was 30  
ears ago, and still the old cry goes  
ooting up the shaft. And Old Bill  
rowley, sole survivor of a gallant band,  
azes gloomily across at the Quincy  
arket and thinks of the brave old  
ays.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### COL. JUDSON

C. H. H. writes: "It seems prophetic  
at in 1847 Mr. Judson should have  
sed the title 'Colonel' acquired in the  
vil war! I recommend 'Stella Delorme,  
the Comanche's Dream.'"

Judson's name, with or without "Col.,"  
es not appear on the title page of  
The Black Avenger of the Spanish  
ain." Instead we read: "By Ned  
untline, author of 'The King of the  
ea.'" And so, "C. H. H.'s" gibe is  
ithout foundation.

The only other story by "Ned Bunt-  
ne" advertised on the covers of "The  
lack Avenger" (1847), is "The King of  
e Sea (a \$100 prize tale)."

July 8, 1924

There were many "howlers" in the  
says of competitors for the prize  
fered by the American Chemical So-  
ety. Here are some of them:

"The best physicians of our days do  
ot even ask their patients what ails  
em. By means of the X-ray they  
ke small samples of their patients  
o send to some magician's den to  
ome far away laboratory, whence in  
ue time, the report comes as to  
hether you are positive or negative,  
nd as to the intimate situation of

your streptococci and your pneumo-  
cocci.

"This world is a mass of human na-  
ture."

"Mental diseases are caused by cer-  
tain herbs and chemicals."

"Like an athlete with an injection  
of arsenic, the chemist would then  
rush into our homes to do new things  
for us."

"A few drops of stovalne injected  
into the spinal column will make a  
person dead to the world for a num-  
ber of hours. For these reasons it is  
of great importance that gas masks  
should be developed to a greater ex-  
tent so as to give an army more  
safety."

"Chemists are the fundamentals of  
matter."

"Since this discovery of diphtheria  
antitoxin the disease has been less  
popular."

#### THE BOOK OF SCRIBES: CHAP. I

1. And they took their journeyings from  
their habitations, and all the congrega-  
tion of the children of Woodrow  
came into the garden of Madison,  
which is between Wall street and the  
Tenderloin, on the twenty-third day of  
the sixth month.

2. And the whole congregation of  
the children of Woodrow murmured  
against Abou-Mac-Adoo and Al-Smith,  
and the neighs of dark horses were  
heard in the garden.

3. And Abou-Mac-Adoo and Al-  
Smith said unto the the children of  
Woodrow, At the appointed hour then  
ye shall know that it is I that shall  
lead you out of the wilderness even  
unto the high places.

4. Then said the congregation, Let  
there be built a platform that those  
who would be chosen by the congrega-  
tion to lead the children of Woodrow  
out of the wilderness may stand upon  
it, and be seen and their voices be  
heard.

5. And thereupon certain elders of  
the congregation withdrew from the  
garden to a secret place that the sounds  
of their carpentry be not heard of men.

6. Then did the sawing of saws, the  
knocking of hammers and the slashing  
of axes resound and the chips fell  
where they listed.

7. And the dust of the saws blinded  
the elders and the blows of the ham-  
mers fell upon thumbs, each his own  
or his neighbor's, and loud cries arose.

8. And they became a-thirst, and he  
that was the wisest of them smote  
upon a button.

9. And lo, an Ethiopian appeared  
bearing bottles and ice that tinkled  
like cymbals, and they did drink and  
were refreshed.

10. Through the heat of the day did  
they labor and even through the dark-  
ness of the night until all that they  
had brought with them of wherewithal  
to build the platform was but as  
kindling for the fires before the tents  
of the people.

11. And the saws were toothless, and  
the sharpness of the axes were dulled,  
and the hammers had ceased to knock.

12. Then with the sun uprose the  
eldest of the elders lifted up his  
voice unto the Lord and cried whereof  
shall we now make the platform for  
the children of Woodrow that they  
may look upon their leader out of the  
wilderness and hear his words?

13. And from the mouth of the eldest  
of the elders came a thick cloud, even  
from his ears and his eyes and the  
folds of his garment, and there were  
thunder and lightning, and the voice  
of a trumpet exceeding loud, so that  
all the other elders trembled and fell  
upon their faces.

14. And when they looked about  
them, lo, the chips and splinters from  
the axes and hammers and the dust  
from the saws had disappeared as had  
the floor been swept with a besom,  
and in their place arose a platform at  
the right hand of the eldest of the  
elders.

15. And it was 16 cubits long, and  
one cubit wide, and it was made of  
gopher wood. RICHARD D. WARE.  
Amherst, N. H.

#### ICHABOD! ICHABOD!

(For As the World Wags)

Where are the good old days,  
The days of which we've heard,  
The days of cold bottles,  
The days of hot birds,  
When working girls dined  
In truly royal state,  
While today they just lunch  
And seldom have a date?  
The hoop skirts have vanished,  
And so have the stays,  
While waterfalls have developed  
Into ripples and waves;  
The birds with them, surely,  
Must have taken flight,

While hottle is a word  
We hardly dare write.  
And admitting, today, that  
The waist is quite ample,  
And mind you, we're not repining,  
Of the bird and the bottle  
We've ne'er had a sample,  
So the reason is not heavy dining.  
ROSE'S NAMESAKE.

#### CABBAGE HEADS

(The Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Me.)  
FOR SALE—Dutch and Shingle hair cut,  
Danish bald head and Copenhagen, also flat  
Dutch. Cabbages. PALADINO BARBER  
SHOP, CITY. 70-78

#### AND I WAS A TADPOLE AND YOU WERE A FISH

To Mel-O'D:

Ah, I have waited for you so long!  
I can see you yet when you were Boaz  
and I was Ruth, those centuries ago.  
But that happiness passed and we sank  
into the grave, to live again in after  
years. You were Antony then and I  
your Cleopatra. Those glorious days  
on the dear old Nile under the  
fragrant oriental sky, and again you  
knelt at my feet. But—I sent you  
away. Do you remember when next I  
saw you? Ah, you were Dante then,  
my young, dark-eyed Dante, and I was  
your Beatrice in my little white gown.  
And then I was the nun, the gentle  
Portuguese nun with the downcast  
eyes and the outstretched pleading  
hands, my starving soul crying out  
for you, for you. Oh, Mel-O'D, the  
weary years have been long, since then,  
but I knew that sometime, somewhere  
we would meet again.

MARIANNA OF THE MOATED  
GRANGE.

#### RAIN AT NIGHT

The rain walks restlessly without,  
And sobs among the poplars down  
the lane;  
Muttering, it prowls about the house,  
And taps wet, wistful fingers on the  
pane.

THALABLE.

#### "We Had Good Talk"

Many authors of distinction have  
sojourned in Boston. Some of them  
have been lions whose roaring  
shook the windows of drawing  
rooms; the manes of others suf-  
fered somewhat from the mange.  
How much of their conversation,  
informal, unbuttoned, or stilted and  
on parade, has been recorded? We  
know how Dickens talked, for Mrs.  
Fields took copious notes and they  
have been published. In more re-  
cent years Galsworthy, Yeats, Max  
Beerbohm, Conrad, Arnold Bennett,  
Wells have talked here freely and  
in some instances volubly, but  
where is there a record of what  
they said? There was no Boswell,  
native or imported, by their side.

One of Hazlitt's most delightful  
essays is the one "On the Conver-  
sation of Authors," in which he be-  
gins by saying that he sees no rea-  
son why an author is "bound" to  
talk better than other persons. Yet  
he himself was famous for his con-  
versation. It is traditional, as is  
largely that of Lamb and Coleridge  
and Stevenson, the art critic. We  
have Coleridge's "Table Talk," but  
that does not represent fully the  
inspired monologist. Hazlitt's book  
in which he and Northcote discuss,  
often not without malice, art, life  
and manners, is more to the pur-  
pose. One sits with them, is  
tempted to interrupt, to question.  
Among contemporaries Anatole  
France had his Boswell for a week,  
a fortnight, when they chatted at  
ease in his country home.

But is the conversation of a bril-  
liant author always worth repeat-  
ing? Is he not often shy or in pri-  
vate a dull fellow? Remember how  
De Quincy questioned the "glori-  
fied gentleman" who had enjoyed  
the inestimable privilege of travel-  
ing 300 miles by stage with Words-  
worth. All that De Quincy could  
learn by diligent pumping was that  
at Baldock, where a miserable  
breakfast was served, Wordsworth  
remarked that the buttered toast  
looked as if it had been soaked in  
hot water. A man who had lunched  
with George Meredith told "A. N.  
M." of the Manchester Guardian  
that Meredith talked brilliantly, but  
all he could remember was that  
when a noble cheese was brought

on the table, Meredith flourished  
a knife and exclaimed, "Ha! the  
cheese!" The guest could not recall  
what remark followed this out-  
burst, but it was "something brilli-  
ant."

Hawthorne was quiet in com-  
pany. One reads that Herman Mel-  
ville turned the subject when any  
one alluded to his adventures or his  
romances. Is it likely that Conrad  
spins sea yarns in company? It  
is possible that Casanova was so  
occupied by swindling, gambling  
and his amours that he had no time  
or wish to talk about them; but  
there is his immortal record of his  
life. There are even actors—they  
are few—who are silent men in a  
crowd or with a few admirers. Mu-  
sicians like to talk, especially about  
themselves, their works, their suc-  
cesses, and the inferiority of cer-  
tain colleagues who, for some in-  
scrutable reason, have been ap-  
plauded.

#### Repertory Company Gives "A Successful Calamity"

COPLEY THEATRE—The Copley  
Theatre Repertory Company opens the  
third week of its existence with "A  
Successful Calamity," a comedy (so-  
called) in three acts and four scenes  
by the industrious Clare Kummer. The  
cast:

Connors.....	Whitford Kane
Albertine.....	Shirley Gale
Markuerite Wilton.....	Rhy Darby
Pietro Rafaelo.....	Noel Leslie
Emmie Wilton.....	Pamela Gaythorne
Eddie Wilton.....	Timothy Huntley
Henry Wilton.....	Chester Wallace
George Struthers.....	William Paul
John Belden.....	David Grant
Clarence Rivers.....	Henry O'Neill
Julie Partington.....	Margaret Kaye
Dr. Broodie.....	Lloyd Foster

For the success of a stock company,  
no less than for one on tour, nothing  
is of greater importance than the se-  
lection of the play. By the pieces it  
presents no less than by its production  
of them is it to be judged. With "Hob-  
son's Choice"—its initial play—the new  
company made a most excellent impres-  
sion. To acting smooth and well-  
balanced, it added a play clever, well-  
characterized, and full of grace and  
charm. Such a piece forms a valuable  
link in the chain which makes up  
"repertory," for one is willing, nay  
takes special pains, to see it a second  
and a third time. Of this week's piece,  
however, the most that can be said is  
that it may be once endured without  
excessive strain. But like many an-  
other of its kind, it wears ill; one touch  
and the bloom is gone forever.

Was it perchance in honor of the vis-  
iting Elks that "A Successful Calamity"  
was dragged from the seclusion of am-  
ateur theatricals—where, for some  
strange reason, it seems to flourish—  
into the limelight of professional pro-  
duction? We hate to think so. For  
nothing could be less adapted to these  
representatives of the progressive life  
of the nation than this stereotyped tale  
of a wealthy family united as never  
before by the advent of misfortune  
(they always are, you know); of faith-  
ful butlers and needlessly spying house-  
maids; of portrait-painters with the  
eyes of a devil and hearts of gold; of  
asses who are willing to be married for  
their money, and other asses who are  
not; and so on. There is little in it  
to tax the brain—wisely perhaps; and  
less to tax emotions—certainly not so  
wise. From farce it slides in the twink-  
ling of an eye into tragedy and then  
back again as swiftly, like a well-con-  
ducted conjuring trick, leaving the au-  
dience quite mystified but otherwise en-  
tirely amused. There is a modest  
sprinkling of bright lines, but the only  
part that really crackles is that of  
Clarence Rivers. Unfortunately it is  
rather short.

The company performs unevenly, but  
on the whole is deserving of better fare  
than the author has provided. Miss  
Gaythorne is again excellent. Eyes,  
mouth, hands, deftly and continually  
characterizing, gave to her lines a color  
and shading they would otherwise never  
have fallen heir to, for their direct in-  
heritance from the author is scant. Mr.  
Kane as the faithful old butler gave  
elasticity to a sugar-coated part—a feat  
as difficult in acting as it is in chem-  
istry. Mr. Rivers has the snap of the  
true farceur, and it was sadly needed.  
Mr. Leslie, returning to the Copley  
after an absence of some years, handled  
the part of the Italian painter with an  
appropriate blend of grace and buf-  
foonery. For the rest, they tended to  
play what is weak farce without the  
life-saving "drive." In short they  
imagined themselves to be still in the  
realm of high comedy as in "Hobson's



Nothing could be further from the truth. To say that this week's production is a calamity is perhaps stretching the point too far; to say that it might be made more successful by judicious "pepping up" is both accurate and just.

W. R. B.

## 'THE CADDIE GIRL'

SELWYN—"The Caddie Girl" presented by the Filene Co-operative Association. A musical comedy in two acts. Return engagement.

Charles Lancaster.....John Cuthbert  
William MacArthur.....Harold Bross  
John Marshall.....Harold Hodges  
Jessie Lancaster.....Helen Bingham  
Donald MacArthur.....Howard Remig  
Helen Burke.....Cecilia Connors  
Stubs.....Tom Quinn  
Jack Drake.....Robert Winternitz  
Marie.....Sally Goldstein  
Mrs. Katherine Burke.....Elizabeth O'Grady  
Thomas.....Kenneth Bowers  
Squire Abelard Leadbetter

Red.....T. M. B. Hicks, Jr.  
Cyrus.....Joe Sellz  
Jackson.....Emmanuel LaRue  
Solo Dances.....Hammond Ladd  
Leah Ainsworth

"The Caddie Girl," which had a successful week at the Colonial about two months ago, has reappeared at the Selwyn, where it will serve as an added attraction for Elks' week. The whole show, principals, management and all the rest, with the exception of Ned Wayburn's staging of the production, is composed of members of the Filene Co-operative Association.

These people put on a finished production that goes off with a professional air. The music is excellent and the dancing could easily vie with that of the steppers of professional shows. One would hardly think that the young women of the chorus had been hard at work behind counters during the last two months, so easily did they go through their high kicking.

A few timely remarks about the "Hello, Bills" were injected into last evening's comedy, and the comedians are many in this offering. R. L. Harlow and L. W. Libbey wrote the book; Mr. Harlow and C. A. Young, the music; and L. S. Blitner, lyrics. Ned Wayburn of Follies fame, staged the whole production.

Some high-lights in the show are: The precision and pep of the dainty ponies; the quintet who sing "Nursery Rhymes"; John Cuthbert's clever clogging; Leah Ainsworth's atmospheric dances; the singing of all the principals, and the unusually stunning costumes and nice sets used throughout. A. F.

## BILL AT KEITH'S

Santley and Sawyer and Five  
Jolly Corks Win Encores

Keith's offers a varied performance this week. Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer in a series of bits including some singing, some dancing and some comedy topped the whole show. A burlesque of a "radio tan" was one of the features of their offering. A radio bug was shown in a search for Singapore. He kept hunting even while his wife was being murdered and finally "got it," only to hear the monotonous words "Alaba-a-ama 24 votes for Underwood."

The Five Jolly Corks won second honors. They included Eddie Horan, who danced; Tom English, George W. Cunningham, Harry J. Armstrong and Al Edwards. Between them they furnished songs, jokes, a cornet solo, a tambourine drill and some surprising gymnastics. Each turn was well received. All were minstrels back in the days when Weber and Fields were doing 10 turns a day in the Bowery.

Stand Kavanagh talked while he juggled. His juggling was clever. Mary and Ann Clark burlesqued things in general. Craig Campbell sang a series of songs which the audience enjoyed. He worked hard and was roundly applauded.

Bert Yorke and Ed Lord were billed as "Probably two of the world's best comedians." Most of their comedy was pure burlesque in its funniest form. The audience did not have quite enough of them. Frances and Frank closed the bill with some acrobatic work on trapeze and rings, which was so vigorous that the audience felt warm just watching them.

July 9, 1924

Will some one, proud in the possession of a complete edition of Thomas Hardy's novels, tell us whether "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" is in any one of the volumes? It is a whimsical tale. We recently came across it among a lot of paper covered novels. It was published in George Munro's Seaside Library, pocket edition. There were two other stories in the volume, "Victor, the Handsome Cushman," and "The Marked Hand,"

both of them worthless and by unknown authors. Much more interesting was the catalogue of the Seaside Library, published at the end, 25 pages in all. Reading it was like visiting an old graveyard.

Even the misprint on page 19: "Hyder Ragged's Works," would not make one laugh.

Can any student in the English courses at Harvard University sketch the life of Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"? Yet here are titles of her novels, over 90 in all and several of them were honored by being printed in large type: Over 90 novels from "Her Mother's Sin" to "Love Works Wonders."

Can our student name the author of "Leonie; or the Sweet Street Singer of New York"? Stories by Gustave Almad; do boys know him today? Then there's "The Duchess," the dear old Duchess, whose novels were once eagerly read by sentimental shop girls; there's Lady Margaret Majendie. There are men and women by dozens whose novels must have been republished in this series, today only unfamiliar names and empty titles. But Munro also published in this library a mass of excellent novels by masters of the art. We spoke of Almad's tales of adventure. What a pleasure to see in this catalogue the name of R. M. Ballantyne. Some day we must read again "The Red Eric," "The Fire Brigade," "The Red Eric," above all "Gascoyne, the Sandal-Wood Trader." "Elling the Bold," above all "The Coral Reef," or something like that? We still see the alluring colored frontispiece. Alas, Capt. Mayne Reid is represented only by "The Finger of Fate." We doubt if it is one of his best among the melodramatic novels. We forget "Rita." Here she is with 24 novels to her credit or discredit, among them "The Mystery of a Turkish Bath"; "Two Bad Blue Eyes"; "Miss Kate, or Confessions of a Care-taker."

Thomas Gray wrote to Mr. West: "Now as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and . . . be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon."

What a pity Gray is not now living. He would have revelled in the length of Rolland's "Jean Christophe." Rolland has begun a story that will apparently be as long—and Marcel Proust before he died completed his "A la Recherche du Temps perdu" of which 11 volumes (fine print) have already appeared, with more to come.

MAKE YOUR OWN HEADING  
(From the Burlington, Vt., Free Press)  
Music Department, 1st Balcony

### BRIGGS' UPRIGHT PIANO

Made of crepe de chene. These dainty silk underthings are not an extravagance at this price.

\$145

Action and mechanism in excellent condition, mahogany case in fair condition.

To go back to novels. Study concentration and read the serials in at least three magazines. Each week or month there is a joy in picking up the thread, or in trying to remember what happened in the last issue. When there was a strike of London dock hands a correspondent of a London journal wrote that every day for a month he had "postcarded"—oh, hideous word!—a shop for periodicals only to be told he should have patience. "These dockers have hung crape over my holidays. For the first time I have had to endure the seaside without a bootlegging romance, a baseball fan thriller and an underworld mystery of 'cats.' I have forgotten where I left the heroine of the last greatest revelation of the mysteries of the human heart. I shall have to re-learn that vital, palpitating, darning and absolutely miraculous idiomatic American language. What a feast I shall enjoy when my ships at last roll down their slippery slopes Broadway's best sellers!"

### THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

(The waitress with the Vere de Vere hauteur and the unseeing eye, we are assured, is becoming a thing of the past.) I did but see her passing by,  
A Venus and a Vere de Vere,  
With haughty poise, unseeing eye,  
Disdainful lips and guarded ear.  
I did but see her passing by,  
Yet will I watch her till I die.

I did but ask with trembling lip  
That she would deign to heed my plea,  
A cry for coffee, fish and chips;  
She neither saw nor heeded me;  
My turn is coming-by and by,  
And I will move her ere I die.

—A. W.

### BY ANY OTHER NAME

An enterprising tradesman in South-east London is exhibiting this notice in his windows:

DON'T LET THE  
TINEIDA PELLIONELLA GET INTO  
YOUR HOMES

I HAVE THE REMEDY.

To inquiries he just says, "Oh, that is only the scientific name for moths. Can I sell you some camphor balls?"—Daily Chronicle.

## An Ill-Considered Lament

Mr. Raymond G. Carroll, going up and down and across the city of New York, finds Russian, Armenian, Greek, Scandinavian, Hindu, Spanish, Mexican, Argentine, Turkish, German, French, Italian restaurants, not to mention those of other nationalities, and he looks upon them as a League of Nations to suppress American cookery and persuade the American that the cooking by other nations is better.

He was especially disturbed when last winter, craving an oyster cream stew, he was served with six diminutive accompanying oyster crackers in an oiled-paper sealed envelope. He is old enough to remember the time "when every oyster stew order drew a heaping bowl of crackers." Yes, and a plate of cold shredded cabbage, likewise ketchup or tomato sauce. (As for the oyster cracker of the good old days, it has wholly disappeared. What is served as such in restaurants is not a compensating succedaneum.)

Just what does Mr. Carroll mean by "genuine American food"? "Appie, mince and pumpkin pies, made in the old-fashioned way, are American enough." But the long-established belief that a man can live on pie alone, that pie is the sole food for heroes, has at last been discarded, though there may be a few fundamentalists in the matter of pie, as young Mr. Smallwood was adamant in the matter of gravy.

Mr. Carroll looked about in vain for a real succulent half chicken a la Maryland; for "beef and—"; he cries aloud in his agony that mince pie and hash are not what they were in the dear dead days beyond recall. But Mr. Carroll's repertoire of desirable American food seems to be singularly limited, and he is so unfortunate as to live, not in a strictly American city, but in Cosmopolis, where the tastes of many nations must be consulted.

Pork and beans, a New England boiled dinner, griddle cakes, succotash, fried slices of pork with cream sauce, sweet potatoes, corn on the cob, shaker applesauce (the genuine, we admit, is not so easily now to be found), hulled corn, strawberry shortcake, clam chowder, beaten biscuit, pone, possum meat,

terrapi, shad, scrapple, pepper pot, hoeecake with buttermilk, Tunbridge tart, doughnuts—and so one could go on till the crack o' doom. No American dishes? Perish the thought.

Mr. Carroll should not stay in New York, moaning "Ichabod! Ichabod!" He should be a national, even if a peripatetic, investigator and taster. Walking would be preferable to the aid of motorcar or aeroplane, for it would excite appetite, not necessarily wolfish, but finely discriminative.

July 10, 1924

So that fine old melodrama, "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street; or The String of Pearls," is to be revived in New York with the costumes and settings designed "according to the best traditions of Cruikshank." We read that "atmosphere will be further established by an afterpiece called 'Bombastes Furioso.'" Mr. Mendell P. Dodge, who will bring out "Sweeney Todd" on July 16, says that it is the greatest of all English melodramas. We have not seen it, but we have read it, and therefore should vote for "The Span of Life."

According to the story of Todd, the Demon Barber, as we recall it, Sweeney had a trick chair so that customers

were dropped into the cellar, where they were disposed of and made into sausage meat or veal and ham pies, we have forgotten which. Whether Sweeney ever existed has been vigorously discussed. We remember vaguely articles in Notes and Queries many years ago in which it was stated confidently that the story was a sheer invention; that Sweeney was a legendary character, or, if a living one, that he was by no means demoniacal.

There is in this melodrama nothing comparable to the opening scene in "The Span of Life," where the well dressed villain is disclosed poisoning grapes on a trellis with a hypodermic syringe so that the little curly-haired heir will eat and die.

### JOHN L., THE ACTOR

Notes and Lines:

The item regarding John L. Sullivan and the play, if you could call it that, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," call vividly to mind the opening performance, which took place at the Lynn Theatre. F. F. Proctor had transformed an old skating rink on Summer street into a pretty good theatre. I think Al Dexter was the house manager.

John L. at that time was the idol of the street, and on this night every sport, every newsboy, and every boot-black in Boston who could raise the price, flocked to Lynn. The house was packed, and after John made his first entrance Bedlam broke loose. When his deep voice boomed his opening lines, "Boys, you may go, I'll stay wit' Mutter," he could scarcely be heard beyond the ring scene, but when he came to the ring scene, with Joe Lannan as his opponent, the house went crazy. Cries of "Soak him, Sully," "Uppercut him," "In the jaw, John," and the like, came from all parts of the theatre. It was a wild scene, the like of which I have never witnessed and do not expect to see again. Big-hearted John! He certainly was dear to their hearts.

Before that he had appeared with Lester and Allen's Minstrels in a "statue act," but he never received the ovation that he did in a speaking part. F. E. H.

Mr. R. F. Dibble, in his entertaining sketch of John L. ("Champion of Champions"), published in the July number of the American Mercury, tells several stories about Sullivan meeting the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII); how, being introduced, John said: "I'm proud to meet you. If you come to Boston be sure and look me up. I'll see that you're treated right." When the prince left, John remarked: "Any one can see he's a gentleman," and then added: "I'm a friend of his." And he was reported as saying that the prince was "the kind of man you'd like to introduce to your family."

But Mr. Dibble leaves out a story that is even more characteristic of John L. When he returned to Boston he was asked by an admirer or a parasite, the two in his case were often one and the same person, how he got along with the Prince of Wales. "All right," said John, "he was a little shy at first, but I soon put him at his ease."

"The Schuberts are turning to musical biography. 'Blossom Time,' which celebrated the pensive dreams of Franz Schubert, is to be followed by themes based on Chopin, Offenbach and Paganini."

Chopin is already the hero of a serious opera; and he appears in Philip Moeller's play with George Sand as heroine. Mr. Arliss has been seen here as Paganini, but he did not fiddle. Perhaps Mr. Heifetz or Mr. Kreisler will be persuaded to take the part of Paganini in the Schuberts' musical comedy. We should not like to hear George Sand sing in this new "Chopin." Will she smoke one of her black cigars or the cutty which consoled her during rehearsals of her plays, if the malicious Mme. Judith is to be believed? As for the excellent Offenbach, he was supposed to have the evil eye.

It is stated that Joseph Urban has signed a contract with Cosmopolitan Films by which he will receive, as their designer, a yearly salary of \$125,000. Does any one remember what he received when the Chevalier Russell brought him to Boston for the Boston opera company's productions?

What was the color of Nell Gwyn's hair? Miss Jose Collins, playing that glorious girl in London, began by donning a red wig. There were outcries, and Miss Collins, as Nell, is now black-haired. But tradition favors the color red, and painters, with the exception of Millais, have followed the tradition.



At Melbourne, Oscar Asche's company played "The Skin Game." A dispute had arisen between Asche and the Williamson company, so the latter at the final performance did not raise the call-curtain to enable the players to acknowledge the applause. The orchestra played the national anthem, but the audience applauded and Asche appeared. Miss Campion, the leading lady, jumped from the stage on to the top of the piano, then on the keys, then on the stool, and finally on the floor, where she seized the conductor's baton. Then the orchestra stopped playing and Mr. Asche, who was loudly cheered, said he had never known anything more disgraceful than the Williamson company's action. "They tried to punish me like a naughty schoolboy." We hope some one took a snapshot of Miss Campion in one of her jumps. Nothing is said about the condition of the piano after her athletic performance.

At Westerham, Kent, England, Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" was acted last month by women only. "Girls from the elementary school, some of their teachers, the daughters of families whose names are associated with the history of the empire, and the wives of the local fishmonger, iron monger, butcher and shoemaker." They belong to the Westerham Women's Institute. Mrs. Emma Wood, nearly 70 years old, was so realistic in her acting as one of the crowd that follows Buckingham to the scaffold, that she wept and "moved the emotions of her fellow-players." "I never lived until I was 60. I joined the Institute then. Before I used just to go home from work to four gray walls and do nothing. Now I am living. I have learnt to speak. But best of all, I have learnt to speak, to say what is in my heart."

### Incongruous Laughter

There are four Marx brothers known to Boston theatregoers. One of the four, Leonard by name, has been discussing the character of audiences. He has come to this conclusion: "The modern audience is fairly dying for a chance to laugh. All you've got to do is to screw up your face and the audience howls. . . . The American people like to laugh. I really believe we are the laughtiest nation on earth."

No one will dispute Mr. Marx's conclusion. Not only does an American audience like to laugh, its laughter is of the hair-trigger nature, and the explosion often occurs as soon as the comedian makes his entrance, be it decorous, or, as in the case of the excellent Mr. Fred Stone, acrobatic. It matters not how stale the jest, how stupid or vulgar the clowning, laughter strikes the roof and shakes the walls; nor is this necessarily the laughter likened by the Preacher to the crackling thorns under a pot, the laughter of fools, the laughter of "guffoons" (the portmanteau word coined by the late F. E. Chase); our "best people" laugh a-vie with the plain people, plain but bejeweled and auriferous; the supposedly deep-thinking with the lowbrows.

This is, in the nature of things, to be accepted. An audience will not pretermitt its squeals of joy because Baudelaire found something base and demoniacal in laughter, nor will it argue the theories advanced by Sully, Bergson and later writers as to the causes that excite reasonable laughter or haws that are without excuse.

The laughter that is annoying, shameful in a theatre is that which accompanies a tender, pathetic, or tragic scene on the stage. It is often characterized as the "Boston titter," but it is frequently more than a titter, more than "snickering right out loud." It has disturbed for at least a dozen years in Boston the greater part of the audience; it has surprised and disgusted the actors, visiting or domestic. This incongruous laughter has been often heard even at performances by Mr. Jewett's players who are supposed to attract subscribers of more than ordinary intelligence, men and women who have the interest of the theatre at heart.

Good natured persons like to think that this laughter at a pathetic scene is hysterical; the spectators are so deeply moved. Or if there is jarring laughter during a tender love scene, it is because the spectators are overcome by personal memories of sentimental years, or by the thought of what might have been.

As a matter of fact this laughter comes only from the uncontrollable desire to laugh. "What? Is not the theatre a place for laughter? Do we not go there to laugh?" As Emerson said of pie, "What's the theatre for?"

And as there is this passion here for what is riotously amusing, as there is this laughing mania, shrewd managers hesitate about bringing serious plays to Boston or absolutely refuse to bring them.

### The Whole Truth

A reviewer of "W. H. Hudson—A Portrait" by Morley Roberts, writes: "To discover that he (Hudson) suffered from a weak heart, and was married to a particularly earthbound fat woman—devoted though she was—is a further blow to interest." This reviewer had just written that to learn that Hudson suffered from chronic bronchitis "is to dampen curiosity."

Would the reviewer then argue in favor of what has been called "mealy-mouthed biography"? Are there any more delightful biographical sketches than those sent by John Aubrey to Anthony Wood in which the foibles of men like Sir Walter Raleigh, Hobbes, Bacon and many others are described without apparent malice? Must Sir Walter only be writing his history of the world in the Tower or laying down his celebrated cloak in the mud? Marcel Schwob in the preface to his "Imaginary Lives" cites Aubrey as the model biographer and is reminded of a remark made by General Lambert: that the best of men are only men at the best.

Yet biographers of high and low degree, and editors of correspondence have been censured for revealing what the more timid or the more tactful have scrupulously concealed. Froude was put in the pillory for his treatment of Carlyle and his wife. How Henley was abused for telling the truth about Stevenson, and how the Scots were hot in anger over the great essay on Burns!

It has been said that "the supreme aim of biographers seems to be the present avoidance of anything 'painful to the family'." Mrs. Gaskell did not tell all she knew about Charlotte Bronte. Did Forster picture to the world the real Dickens? Only a little while ago was the supposedly irreproachable Wordsworth shown to have had a serious affair in his youth with an excellent French woman, yet this affair sheds light on the origin of certain poems by Wordsworth. There has for years been a pressure towards what the Manchester Guardian once characterized as "uncritical or tombstone biography." Not that one should demand an extension of the Spoon River method. No doubt some of the characters in that anthology had a gentler, finer side than that exposed by Mr. Masters. Even now Tacitus and Suetonius are condemned for their lives of Tiberius; Richard the Third is shown to have been a most estimable character; Lucrezia Borgia, a devoted wife, a ministering angel to the poor.

Little events in the life of a famous man or woman, singular prejudices and weaknesses, are by no means negligible in estimating character. W. H. Hudson has long

been described as an "inaccessible personality." He was a lover of the beautiful in nature. Who knows but that he was affected as man and writer by the fatness of Mrs. Hudson?

You need not fear but posterity will be everglad to know the absurdity of their ancestors. The foolish will be glad to know they were as foolish as they, and the wise will be glad to find themselves wiser.—Thomas Gray.

The Herald a few days ago spoke of Camille Flammarion's book about haunted houses. Writing it or compiling it, he is said to have investigated some 6000 cases. It is also said that he will summarize and give his opinion as to the existence of invisible people. We have not read "Haunted Houses." Some years ago a book with a similar title was published in London, but did not the author confine himself to apparitions in Great Britain? Connie, recently proved to be of aristocratic birth, one of the Bowes-Lyons, probably knows that Glamis castle contains a fine assortment of spooks, including the malevolent "Auld Bhardie," the gentle "Gray lady," Mary Queen of Scots, who is carrying a sealed letter, not to mention the secret mysterious room entered only by the lord and his son when he comes to age—and, they say, the heir on leaving the room is never quite the same. Does he, like the King Henry whose son was lost at sea, never smile again?

It was stated seriously at Middlesex Sessions in England this year that "ghosts in these days enhance the value of property." Only last year someone advertised in London's newspapers for an old English mansion "complete with spectre." This led an irreverent journalist to say that "for all that anyone knows to the contrary the Witch of Endor may have received several fine offers for her celebrated cave as a going concern," and that a ghost of regular habits is almost a negotiable security.

There are "two ways in which a haunted house might be worth more than an unhaunted one—the social and the scientific. And if neither of them appeals to you, there is yet another. A ghost is certainly good enough to get your house and yourself into the picture papers—it might possibly bring you an offer to go on the music halls."

Mr. Bohun Lynch has published 10 tales of the occult; stories by Mrs. Gaskell, Barry Pain, Poe, May Sinclair, Blackwood, Bensen and others. In his introduction he says that the best ghost stories are written by those "who have no scientific or pseudo-scientific excuse for their exploration."

When Mr. Benson in "The Thing" writes: "The huge slug, the Elemental, manifested itself no longer by knocks and waltzing tables, nor yet by shadows. . . . It was there, in a form that could be seen and felt," the reader is reminded of two singularly creepy tales by Fitz-James O'Brien and Maupassant.

There are a few good ghost stories in the letters of the younger Pliny. We do not refer to the apparition, seen by Curtius Rufus in Africa, the woman whose figure and beauty were more than human. She, the tutelary power presiding over Africa, told him of the future. It is said that she also accosted him at Carthage as he was coming out of his ship. Tacitus also tells this story; says that the woman appeared at Adrume time as Curtius Rufus was walking "under the piazza in the middle of the day." But if Tacitus is to be believed, this Curtius Rufus was not worthy of her attention; "always a servile flatterer of those above him, arrogant to his inferiors, and perverse to his equals."

"No, the story told by Pliny that we have in mind is about a singular occurrence at Athens, where a large and commodious house was reputed to be haunted.

"In the dead of night a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed distant, but approached nearer by degrees, till a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands."

(We quote from the stately and elegant—too elegant at times—translation by William Melmoth, Esq.).

Pliny tells the story at length; how the house became uninhabited; how Athenodorus, a philosopher, coming to Athens, read the notice, "For Sale or to Rent," was pleased at the reasonable terms, heard the story, ordered his couch to be prepared, called for a light, pencil and tablets, and, having sent his servants away, began to write, waiting for the ghost. The rattling was heard, the ghost appeared. Athenodorus kept on writing, till it stood right before him beckoning with a finger. The philosopher signed that the ghost should wait a while; at last he rose and followed the spectre who went to the area and vanished. Athenodorus made a mark with grass and leaves. The next day he told the magistrates. The spot was dug up and the skeleton of a man in chains was found. After it was buried the house was haunted no more. Pliny does not say whether the landlord then raised the rent.

"This story," says Pliny, "I believe upon the credit of others; what I am going to mention, I give you upon my own." He tells of a ghost that was seen by his freedman and brother at night cutting the latter's hair. On another occasion another boy had his hair cut by two persons clad in white who came in through the windows. In each instance the hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered on the floor. As for the adventure of Athenodorus, Lucian makes fun of a somewhat similar occurrence at Corinth, but Lucian was a scoffer by profession.

There are houses, and we personally know of one or two, where certain rooms forbid visitors lodged in them to sleep. They see nothing; they hear nothing unusual, but they are painfully conscious of something mysterious in the room, an unseen presence, possibly maleficent. These disquieting rooms are in very old and spacious houses. The visitors lodged in them are not informed about the strange properties of these rooms. No doubt the host would laugh if he were told that his guests were thus disturbed.

The theory has been advanced by some that walls, floor, ceiling may retain the impression of some horrid deed which they have seen; that under certain conditions, even years afterwards, they may project shapes and echo shrieks and groans; or that the mere fact that something unusual, tragic, terrifying happened in the room, gave to that room a disturbing character for years to come.

And in these rooms that which is unseen and unheard, but felt, though vaguely, is as disturbing as any apparition with or without chains; with dishevelled hair or with hair neatly combed.

And we must not forget that in official as in all other prose there has been within the past half-century a continual process of simplification. Trollope's Sir Huffle Buffle wrote much more pompously than any modern head of a department. "How do you say 'good fellow' in print?" asked a leader writer of the great Delane. "Sir," was the reply, "you should not say it at all!" That was the mid-Victorian note. Nobody would be surprised to find "good fellow" in the leader page of the Times today. . . . For my part, I would jealously preserve every variety of professional speech, as I would every variety of professional garb and etiquette. They attest the reality of history and add to the fun of life.—A. B. Walkley.

### THE ARTLESS MAIDEN

(For As the World Wags)  
She is like a birch tree,  
Tall and pale and slender,  
Standing on the headland  
Gazing out to sea;  
Is it inspiration  
Ocean's glories lend her?  
No. "My feet are frozen!"  
Thus she squealed to me.

Dainty are her fingers,  
Long and slim and supple;  
Deft they grip the brushes,  
White and free from taint.  
Fit, indeed, their beauty  
Earth and Art to couple;  
But—in heaven's name, ma'am,  
Who said you could paint?  
East Gloucester. GAMIKRON.

### JOY RIDES OLD AND NEW

As the World Wags:  
George Washington "in collaboration with Adams and Jefferson," as they would say in the movie titles, made this country a democracy. Henry Ford put wheels under it. Perhaps that may be the real reason it is going to Hades so



y, if what the reformers say is true and didn't they dope out prohibition? Anyway, when tearing along country roads, with myriads of other maniacs, in our rattling, rusty, old gas chariots, a hundred miles or more between meals—Old Billy and the family carry-all keep bringing up loving smiles.

He was good for 10 miles any Sunday afternoon, if the weather was not too hot for speeding. He was permitted to walk up every hill—to him every up-grade was a hill. No one ever disputed his topographical decisions. He made detours at will to nibble foliage. He often held up what traffic there was by stopping to paw a lone fly off his flanks. We always carried a long lithe whip; it was used only to dislodge flies. In those days folks sang as they jogged along. "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" was popular. The birds paused in their songs and felt sorry, believing them mourners, waiting for their dead.

No one ever hums glad songs driving an auto. On approaching a blind curve down hill the words of the immortal Balm are softly repeated:

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." On starting, when the whistle blows at Cottage Farm, the sweet prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me" prepares one for whatsoever would happen should the good looking officer mix his wig-wags. If you skim over railroads swiftly, as a gull flies over a Cape Cod sandbar, the phrase, "Oh, death, where is thy sting," is appropriate, though a bit boastful: Death should be met contritely.

If, and when, home is at length regained, the whole family should kneel in prayer. Hymns may be sung, but not in triumphant tones, as that would excite the neighbors to envy.

One member should be left on guard, however, lest some guest should speed around the house and enroll the whole prayerful family on Pa Goodwin's daily casualty list.

Boston. JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### WHO WAS THE FATHER?

(From the Boston Globe)

"MAIDEN LADY'S HOME in restful, quiet village, opposite town hall, high school, near church, library, etc. (daughter commutes every day to Boston). ½ acre, apples, strawberries, asparagus; attractive antique cottage, big living room with big fireplace; shed, garage, henhouse; \$2600, easy terms; college professor next neighbor."

"Carnifex" writes: "I wonder if you can tell me who wrote 'Able's Irish Rose'?" A friend of mine describes it as an exotic drama with the tang of the wild West—a torrent of muddled passions that sweeps you off your feet with its cyclonic fury, and yet withal as sweet and appealing as an arbutus in a horseradish factory? She thought it was by Pinero or Pirandello. I believe she is wrong. Yet somebody must have written it. Why are dramatists so modest?"

#### MR. REAY'S COLLECTION

As the World Wags:

With reference to your note on executions, it may interest you to know that 10 years ago Mr. Martin Reay, the artist, showed me a curious set of iron tools he had picked up, I believe in Nuremberg. There were hammer, axe, pincers, etc., all wrought in some fantastic and misshapen form. Mr. Reay told me at the time that although their antiquity was evidently authentic, he had been greatly puzzled by them until informed by a German archaeologist that it was the custom in the old German free cities for the civic authorities to build the executioner's house for him and that an ancient law forbade the use of any honestly shaped tool by the workmen employed on this unhallowed work.

It is refreshing to see About's grim story referred to at this late date. Who writes better today?

HENRY LONGAN STUART.  
Centre Ossipee, N. H.

#### THE SIMPLE FISHERMAN

My name is Jethro Solomon Green,  
I'm a fisherman simple an' pure I be;  
I rows my boat an' tosses my nets  
All day long to the billowin' sea.

From Minot's Ledge to Allerton Point,  
Rowin' my boat from dawn till dark,  
Along the bank where them schooners  
ls;

There's a steamer there 'n' a sloop  
'n' a bark

Them is the rum ships freighted deep,  
'N' there's little boats that goes out  
to each,

Then hustles back with a load o' booze  
To the waitin' trucks on the sandy  
beach.

Mostly they ain't no one that cares,  
Mostly the beach is open an' free;  
But the coast guard chases 'em once  
In a while—

Then's as pretty a race as ever you  
see!

If the cutter gains, they gathers the  
hooze,

Whiskey an' beer an' brandy an' gin;  
Bottle an' case it goes over the side,  
An' I spreads my nets an' gathers it  
in.

A fisherman simple an' pure I be,  
I rows to the ledge an' then drifts  
back,

I ties my boat to the edge of the pier  
And then rides home in my Cadillac.  
STEAMER.

#### BOOTLEGGERS OF OLD

Shoreham-by-Sea was a lively centre for revenue men in the old days of smuggling. So naturally suspicious were the king's officers that on one occasion they raided a churchyard and found 15 casks of spirits. Mr. Arthur Beckett, who tells this piece of history in "The Wonderful Weald," also recalls the case of the simple parson who was astonished to meet a funeral procession late at night just outside his own village. The "mourners" were smugglers and the "corpse" a cargo of spirits.—Daily Chronicle.

#### STRAUSS'S NEW BALLET

(A Venetian Correspondent May 17)

Richard Strauss will be 60 in June, and Vienna has already started Strauss festivals in honor of the occasion. The State opera is giving gala performances of all his operas, and his symphonic compositions are being produced in the Konzerthaus. On Friday of last week his new ballet, "Schlagobers" ("Whipped Cream") was produced.

The ballet has very little "book." It is said that Schubert based one of his compositions on a bill of fare. In "Burger als Edelmann" Strauss set the roasting of pigeons and frying of fish to music, and the baby in the "Sinfonia Domestica" was another of the excursions into lighter spheres after the gloom of "Salome," "Elektra" and "Die Frau ohne Schatten." The "Rosenkavalier" was, of course, the very perfection of wondrous music allied to a light-hearted libretto.

In this ballet the alliance is renewed; a book with almost no content, and music with a super-content. We are taken back to the old Imperial Vienna of the eighties. At Dehmel's famous sweet-shop the young candidates for confirmation are taken for the usual frivolity of Viennese sweets and cakes and whipped cream after the church service is over. Suddenly all the pastries and sweets come to life, and are joined in exotic dances by the contents of the opening tea, cocoa and coffee tins. The huge figure of the cook holds an enormous bowl in which cream is being whipped; white foam rises and forms into 40 ballet girls whirling to the music of the "Whipped Cream" waltz.

In the second act one of the newly confirmed boys is in bed suffering from a "Schlagobers" nightmare. Chocolate bonbons, called in the Ersatz-French of Vienna "pralines," dance the slow waltz of the Princess Praline. The anthropomorphic contents of three liqueur bottles—Polish Sliwovitz, French Chartreuse and Russian Wutki (Vodka)—begin a political romance. The charming Marianne Chartreuse accepts the wooing of Stanislaw Sliwovitz, and the wooing of Stanislaw Wutki's love-only laughs at Boris Wutki's making. Under the infuriated Wutki's influence, plain cakes, "Pretzeln," and other proletarian pastries start a Bolshevik revolt. Five eastern journalist-

magicians keep the revolutionary fire burning. Tea, Coffee and Cocoa can do nothing with the mob; a mightier guardian or order quells the revolt. His name is Munchner Bier.

There is a wealth of delightful music; the "sweet" theme of the innocents, the fast "Schlagobers" waltz, the Valse Lente of Princess Praline, the Dance of the Teaflower, in five-eight time, the passacaglia of the revolution. The scenery and costumes surpassed all expectations; a rich supporter has given many millions of Austrian kronen towards the cost of production.—Manchester Guardian.

#### "FACTS" FROM MEMORY

(London Correspondent of Variety)  
When the first actor mounted the first makeshift for a stage, the audience settled down to enjoy themselves. When the second actor mounted the second stage, there was a disturbance—the new audience found it necessary to murder those who had seen the previous performance.

Nowadays we are too highly civilized to attend to the welfare of the community. Instead of murdering old playgoers who grumble at the present because of their magnified memories of the past, we suffer them in silence.

Does anybody imagine for a moment that a man who has been going to the theatre regularly for half a century is a better judge of a play than a man in his right mind? Obviously, the blessings of a long memory—even when it is not jumbled—are strictly limited. On the whole, remembrance is silver, but forgetfulness is gold.

What wants to know the name of the leading actor at the Britannia in "Loyal

Somerset Maugham has edited the memoirs of Charles Hawtrey and added a conclusion. Hawtrey was known in England and in this country as a singularly light and graceful comedian, careless, happy-go-lucky, refined, but Mr. Maugham says that he "was by passion a racing man and only by necessity an actor." His father was a teacher at Eton and later at Aldin House, Stroud. Charles returned to Eton when he was 14 years old and, betting on the Derby of 1873, made £210s. From Eton he went to Rugby. He was anxious in 1875 to enter the army, but he was unable to concentrate upon work. He was a solicitor's clerk for a day or so. "I took an immediate dislike to the senior partner. He had a black velvet collar on his frock coat."

During this period he became acquainted with Fred Archer, the famous jockey, whom he admired beyond measure. There's a whole chapter about him. It was about this time that he found out that his love of racing was shared by his father, the schoolmaster, so to use his own words, he was "born with a speculation fever in his blood." No wonder that in these memoirs there is much talk about "odds" and "form" of horses, the "tipster," and so on. There are some remarkable stories; one about the alleged substitution—the owner did not know of it—of a four-year-old for Kisher, the Austrian horse who is recorded as the winner of the Derby in 1876; how Hawtrey won over £14,000 by the victory of a rank outsider at Ascot who came in ahead "by a good hundred yards"; and how, on the eve of an important production, when bankers would not help him, and failure was staring him in the face, he won nearly £2,000 by a lucky bet. Yet his coolness was shown by the care shown in rehearsal while he was in suspense, and he would not learn the result of the race until the rehearsal was properly finished.

The same coolness characterized him and made him attractive as the imperturbable liar in many comedies. As he was known as an incomparable stage liar, Mr. Maugham, with sly humor, has entitled the memoirs, "The Truth At Last."

When young Hawtrey found that he had no money, he thought of the theatre as a means of livelihood. Through a letter of introduction to Edgar Bruce he played a small part in "The Colonel" at the Prince of Wales at a salary of £2 a week. Friends and relatives opposed him, but he persisted. He had his knock-downs during the two years of his apprenticeship. He had a small part in a version of "La Dame aux Camélias," when George Alexander was playing Armand at the Adelphi. "Unfortunately for me, I had to face the audience looking at the dying heroine. It was this remarkable performance of mine—for I did not move a muscle of any sort or kind and kept rigidly still with my eyes fixed on Miss Lingard—that caused Wilkie Collins to send a message to Alexander to say, 'For God's sake tell the boy with the wooden face to turn his back to the audience.'"

His fortune turned with the production of "The Private Secretary," which he had adapted from Moser's "Der Bibliothekar." He obtained a promise from Bruce that he would produce the farce at the Prince's Theatre—now the Prince of Wales—if Hawtrey would put up £2,000. Hawtrey finally scraped together £1,250. Bruce accepted it. When the play was produced on March 29, 1884, Beerbohm Tree took the part of the Rev. Mr. Spaulding. The reviews were unfavorable, the business was bad. Bruce said he would not go on unless he saw another £500, but when in the fifth week the receipts showed improvement, he agreed to continue. Hawtrey, then, made a move, looking for a cheaper theatre. He borrowed £1,000, secured the Globe at £80 a week, and engaged Penley to play Tree's part at £8 a week. Charles Merry gave Hawtrey a check for £500, and thus the piece was safely launched on a prosperous career. No one knows how much Hawtrey made out of the farce. There was more than one pirated version.

"The Private Secretary" ran for two years at the Globe, but the succeeding pieces did not have the same fortune. Speculations were disastrous, and not even the £14,000 he made by backing the horse Isobar put him on Easy street. He accepted "The Arabian Nights." A week before the production he received a bankruptcy notice, and if Hawtrey had not won £285 one night at the Field Club there would not have been a production. This farce was successful, but till the end of his life Hawtrey was not free from anxiety; money lenders of all sorts pursued him.

He was among the first to institute some theatrical reforms; the queue for unreserved seats, the use of tickets with printed dates. He won the right of way in London streets for sandwichmen carrying Japanese sunshades bearing the name of his famous farce.

His judgment was not always sound. For example, he was not persuaded by Penley to take "Charley's Aunt."

The two chief successes of Hawtrey's later years were "A Message from Mars" and "The Man from Blankley's." The former was largely rewritten by him and his brother. It is remarked that in the United States the audiences did not always see the satire of the latter comedy; witness an American critic: "It is hard to understand how any company of ordinary folk could so mercilessly humiliate a good-natured chap for being a nobody, or why they should wither before his monacle like snowflakes under a burning glass when they find he is a real lord."

Knighthood was conferred on Hawtrey in 1922. Mr. Maugham remembers how "when he first made his appearance after the announcement of this, the scene in the theatre was quite extraordinary. The applause resounded from all parts of the house and lasted several minutes—a striking testimony to the affection in which he was held by the theatre-going public. His knighthood was indeed an honor paid to the art of comedy in its best living representative."

Mr. Maugham says that Hawtrey "adhered all his days and with singular fidelity to the aims, ideals and ambitions of the public school boy." As we have said, his father was an Eton master. His father's cousin was the famous head master of Eton, Dr. Hawtrey. "The figure



of the Rev. Robert Spalding (who does not exist in that shape in the foreign original of 'The Private Secretary') shows an unholy and intimate study of the foibles of the clerical profession. But Hawtreys was not indebted to his early traditions only for opportunities of satire. He would never have acted with such grace and ease without an inbred sense of refinement and culture."

Sims Reeves is only a name, a tradition, to Americans. He, like Battistini, who is still living and delighting thousands by his singing, never visited this country. Americans who heard him in London brought back wonderful tales. "O, you should hear Sims Reeves!" they said ecstatically, showing the whites of their eyes, whenever any other tenor was mentioned. From time to time we heard how he would disappoint audiences: what care he took of his voice; and there were stories that led one to class him with spoiled darlings of the stage.

Charles E. Pearce is the author of "Sims Reeves. Fifty Years of Music in England," published in London. The Times praises Mr. Pearce for his indefatigable researches, "though some of his accuracies are not of very great import; he can be almost monotonously detailed in reproducing newspaper criticism, particularly those of the great Chorley in the Athenaeum; he can also be discursive; but he has not the gift of biography. And this is a pity, for there is in this book ample material for a study of Victorian England on its musical side which would be an entertaining appendix to Mr. Lytton Strachey's 'Queen Victoria' and Mr. Harold Nicholson's 'Tennyson'."

For if there were oratorios in which Reeves shone magnificently, there was Italian opera. Italian tenors were in fashion. "Youths and maidens warbled together Italian duets in those days at the cottage piano, and Mr. Victor Rodney played the flute," Reeves had sung at La Scala in "Lucia," but in 1850, as Mr. Pearce asks, "What was he to do? He could not, like the Italian tenors, the favorites of fashion, the pets of the aristocracy, fatten on the few months of the opera season at the best time of the year, and accept engagements at exorbitant fees to sing at private concerts. He was not the 'idol' of the rich like Mario, Gardoni, Tamberlik and the others, but of the great shilling public." So he had to sing all over the place, holding his public in oratorios, Balfe's operas, "The Beggar's Opera" and ballads like "Come Into the Garden, Maud," "Our Hands Have Met, But Not Our Hearts," "The Message."

"Our modern musical outlook," says the Times, "is amazingly intellectual compared with the sensuous and sentimental outlook of the Victorians. Indeed, the Victorian audience seems to have been quite Italian in its alternations of complete surrender and spontaneous irritation. No modern tenor would have to face the 'rows' which were the common lot of a popular singer like Sims Reeves, but no Englishman since his long heyday has had the whole British public hanging on his lips."

to the Flag; or Death to All Traitors" in 1667? In what way does it benefit the theatre to have long lists of names and dates reeled off by the hour—even if certain facts are reliable? And, as a matter of fact, when an old playgoer does tell you something that can be verified, you will invariably find the facts will not tally with his story.

This, however, is not the worst. Not content with telling you what happened in 1870, the old playgoer will confidently reveal the secret stage history of 1800. If you point out that he was not born then, he says quickly: "Never mind," and goes on in full flood. But he never stops at 1800. Case after case could be quoted where old playgoers have written articles on the theatre in the 18th and 17th centuries, relying on their memories. Where do their facts come from? Heaven only knows. If you compare their accounts with some reliable history, you will see that the old playgoer's notions of the past are fictions fancy free.

Yet these ancient humbugs are seldom contradicted. They are reverently accepted as authorities on acting and plays. Curiously enough, however, it has never been known for two of them to agree on any single matter of opinion or fact. Why not condemn them all to listen to each other?

R. B. G. sends us this item published in the Athol Transcript:

**BAD AUTO CRASH**  
—of Cleveland, Ohio, was found guilty of the charge of operating a motor vehicle so as to endanger the lives of the public in the district court Tuesday morning and was fined \$50.

**EVEREST**  
Not Sinai, clothed in thunder  
And crowned with dreadful law,  
Held half thy White Peak's wonder,  
Its mystery and awe.

High in thy steeple frozen  
Glistens a Great White Throne,  
Where the high gods have chosen  
To reign unseen, unknown.

Their awful secret hiding,  
Thy veil our quest defies;  
Man, in his arts confiding,  
Before the threshold dies.  
Yet in thy holiest places,  
Some day a man shall tread,  
As heroes set their faces  
To climb where heroes led.

A. W., in London Daily Chronicle.

George Bernard Shaw inveighing against factory chimneys: "In London if I go for a walk I find it necessary to wash. Englishmen don't seem to mind that—they love washing themselves, but as an Irishman I dislike it."

Sayings like this make G. B. S. the idol of the Irish people.

**CHILDBURNS BEDTIME STORIES**

(By Snowshoe Al)

Oscar Mink, the famous detektiff, stooped watch Reginald Rabbit, hoo wuz paintin' a sign. The sign read, Use Dr. Squirrel's Akorn Oil fer tired hind feet. "Howdy, Slooth," sed R. Rabbit. "Hullo," sed the famous slooth. "Kin you tell me where is a good hotel in this vicinity?" "Well," sed R. Rabbit, "you mite try Sneek Inn, run by Mr. an' Mrs. Polecat, altho I heer there rates are awful high, on account they claim ter have created a atmosphere uv there oun'." "Thanks," sed Oscar Mink, "I am on my way ter Prairie dog town ter look fer Clarence Crow. This mornin' he had a argumint with his useless half, an' wood you believe it, the dirty loafer busted 3 uv her eggs an' pulled all the fethers off her wings. Have you seen him?" "Nope, I aint," sed R. Rabbit. "I figger that you aint tellin' me all you know," sed the grate slooth. "You figger like Andy Melon used ter," sed R. Rabbit. "Beware, yung fella," sed the grate detektiff, "or you may yet see the goldfish room, fer no obstickles kin prevent Oscar Mink from bringin' in his man." "Well," sed R. Rabbit, "why didn't you bring his wife along?" "She kant fly without fethers," sed the noted slooth. "Coodn't she ride on yer back?" sed R. R. "My dear sir," sed the grate detektiff, "I am a kriminal hunter, not a yella cab," whereupon he entered Sneek Inn. A momint later he kame out agen, an' rushed frantically towards the river. Clarence Crow wuz hidin' in a bush on the river bank, an' belevin' hisself diskovered, he stept out on the path, tremblin' with feer an' sed, "I give up." "Ght the hell outa the way," sed Oscar Mink without stoppin'.

**A CATALOGUE**

As the World Wags:  
Enclosed is an attempt to catalogue a few things typical of the successive layers in the social short cake. The four grand divisions are, as you will note, High Highbrow, Low Highbrow, High Lowbrow and Low Lowbrow.

J. E. P.  
High Highbrow—Amy Lowell, Spingarn, Woodrow Wilson, "Oedipus Rex," Pony Polo, Duplicate Whist, North Shore, Rolls Royce, Scotch.

Low Highbrow—Longfellow, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Roosevelt, "The Thief of Bagdad," Mah Jong, Golf, Buick, Anheuser Busch.

High Lowbrow—Eddie Guest, Harold Bell Wright, Charlie Chaplin, Jazz, the "Five and Ten," Fords, Nantasket, Home Brew.

Low Lowbrow—Prize Fights, Police Gazette, Pool, Hot Dogs, Shooting Craps, Spearmint Gum, Moonshine, Summer Snooze on the Common.

**FOR THE NEXT FOURTH**

As the World Wags:  
In compliance with the "If you like our goods, tell your friends if not, tell

us" version of the Golden Rule, I feel constrained to tell the world, via your column, of a new and excellent brand of Chinese firecracker which has made its appearance on the Boston market.

Your readers can be assured of getting the genuine Yut Shing cracker if they will look for a package emblazoned with an animal which we know to be neither a lamb nor a cocker spaniel because the manufacturer says it is a lion. Anyone so heartless as to be able to resist the mute appeal of this creature's wistful eyes must surely fall for the makers description of his product, which is as follows:

**NOTICE**

We Have Spared Neither Pains Nor Money Using Nest Paper and Can Power to Make Our Fire Crackers Which Set More Quickly Is It and Give Aluder Sound Than Thost His Where and Have Become to Famous New In China and In Foreign Countries Neither Are So Mo Un Proved Cucular People Who Imitate Our Trade Make Ploof Remember But It Is None Expect That Which Hears The Lithographic Lion Trade Mark

**YUT SHING**  
SAI HING STREET  
MADEIN CHINA  
Could more be said? M. B. Boston.

**WATCHMAKERS BLESSING WIRELESS**

"Every new wireless enthusiast is a customer for me," said a repairing watchmaker to the writer. On being asked why, he said the time signals were responsible. It seemed that the listener-in began to put all the household clocks right when the time signal came through. Now, clocks are delicate instruments, and alteration of hands is frequently done backward instead of forward, while striking clocks are not made to be altered any way. "But," ended the watchmaker, "the synchronized clock will no longer be a novelty. It will not be long before some one puts on the market a wireless clock without works. The hands will be attached to a coil that will receive the waves from Greenwich or Westminster, and every clock will thus have perfect time."—Daily Chronicle.

**A LAD'S COMPLAINT**

(For As the World Wags)

My intentions are good and I want to undress  
In a tent that will shield me from view,  
And I'm sure that the pulpit, and likewise the press,  
Will say that this is most justly my due.  
  
For if in the Frog Pond you now let me swim,  
Why when I stand naked and wet on the shore,  
Allow me to meet with a wide-spread-ing grin  
From grown-ups who number, oh, score upon score?  
  
If you can't give me a tent an umbrella might do  
To shield me from sight of the bantering throng,  
But to leave me all clothesless in sight sure is wrong  
For a city with "jobs" not a few, not a few.  
  
J. W. R.

**G. B. S. AND THE UNSOLD**

Unacted playwrights should make a point of getting No. 3 of that companionable little quarterly, "The Bermondsey Book," which Mr. Cecil Palmor publishes for the Bermondsey Bookshop. Mr. William Margrie, after sending a play, "The Prince of Ireland," to every manager in London without success, sent it to Mr. Shaw, and received a couple of letters running into about 2500 words. "You will have to create a theatre for your work," is the dramatist's advice, "as Wagner did at Bayreuth, as I and Mr. Granville Barker did in London." Also: "You presented yourself to me as a playwright deeply discouraged by his upiform failure to induce a manager to produce his plays. You thought that this was because the managers could see no merit in your plays; on the contrary it was your success in producing an article that they did not use, and not your failure to produce an article that they did use, that led them to reject it."

Mr. Margrie, by the way, in a sort of combination novel-play entitled "The Invincible Smile," recently published by Messrs. Watts and Company has invented a decidedly original hero in Bill Smyrks. Bill goes about wearing boxing-gloves, and his method in the face of any difficulty, intellectual, social or spiritual, is to fight the handiest man. He has no objection to fighting two men at once, and in the end, after a slight estrangement with his girl, we see them reunited and Bill having a friendly spar with her just to show his love. We can

only hope that Mr. Margrie will sit down and seriously consider Bill against a larger canvas. A boxing-glove knight sans peur et sans reproche would make a very refreshing play in the Shavian manner.—London Daily Chronicle.

A correspondent . . . approaches his critic with a curtain between, and the latter retreats farther into the mystery and multiplicity of his plural "we," leaving his questioner uncertain how many secret faculties and combined resources of experience he may not have ventured to differ with. But to acknowledge that we are mortal and individual men, "singular good" fellows, who can be disputed with over one's wine and tea, face to face, and be forced to say "I," and give a reason, with more privilege to be wrong than any other man's reason; all this would be very frightful to us, if, instead of being critics or judges, sitting aloof above sympathy, and periwigged with imposture, we did not profess to be what we really are, nothing but Companions: men who get from sympathy all they know, and do not care twopence for anything but truth and good-fellowship. —Leigh Hunt.

As the World Wags:  
I read on page 127 of the July Atlantic:

"The Mongolian East was civilized and had its aristocracy of letters when the Saxons were tending swine in sheepskin clothing."  
I have often heard of "dressed hogs," but never happened to hear their costume described before. F. N. N. Marblehead.

**HOT AIR?**

(From the Washington, D. C., Herald)  
Papers on such subjects as "Clinical Diagnosis," and "Ethylene as a General Anesthetic," will be presented at the symposium on contagious diseases of the Medical Society of the district tonight.

Drs. Frank Leech, H. C. Macatee, J. W. Lindsey and J. P. Leake will aid in the lecture presentation. Dr. C. N. Chipman will conduct the most ethereal discussion.

**LITTLE PORTS**

There's some that rave of Rio and there's some that sing of Singapore  
And all the ports that sailors know who sail the Seven Seas,  
But the little, lousy ports are best—the ones you've never seen before,  
Where sailin' ships are anchored, idly waiting for a breeze.  
  
Windjammin' down the gulf stream on a lumber-laden schooner boat,  
With waves a-washin' wildly on her rollin' rotten decks,  
Old Orange Key looms up a port just like a derby hat afloat,  
And Lobos Light winks wickedly, and dreams of many wrecks.  
  
You head her for Nuevitas, and Nuevitas town is desolate,  
Her mangy shacks half-hidden by the mist across the bay.  
But Nuevitas is a little port where sailin' vessels congregate,  
So what's the odds as long as she is off the beaten way?

There's some that rave of Rio and there's some that sing of Singapore  
And all the ports that sailors know who sail the Seven Seas.  
But the little lousy ports are best—the ones you've never seen before,  
Where sailin' ships are anchored, idly waiting for a breeze.  
—Louis of the Lafayette.

**BOOK OF SCRIBES, CHAPTER IV**

1. Then did the elders lift up their voices in rejoicing that the platform was bulidied, and they did all eat and were filled, and their fast was broken.  
2. And they descended into a chariot bearing the platforms in their hands and returned to the garden even as they were drawn by Cherubim with trumpets, and they set up the platform in the garden in the shade of a Judas tree which groweth in dry places.  
3. Then came the prophet of Abou-Mac-Adoo and stood up before the congregation and lifted up his voice saying Lo, he is the man to lead the children of Woodrow out of the wilderness to the high places, and all those of the congregation who believe his words lifted up voices and cried Youbetchah, and seized upon the banners of their tribes and did walk within the garden in a multitude, and the sound of the cornet, flute, harps, sackbut, psaltry and dulcimer and all kinds of music was heard in the garden.  
4. And the spirit of the prophet of Abou-Mac-Adoo was uplifted, even the soles of his feet, and lo, a plank of the platform gave way beneath him.



5. Then came the prophet Al-Smith and stood up before the congregation and lifted up his voice saying Lo, he is the man to lead the children of Woodrow out of the wilderness to the high places, and all those of the congregation who believed his words lifted up their voices and cried Youbetchah, and seized upon the banners of their tribes and did walk within the garden in a multitude, and the sound of the cornet, flute, sackbut, psaltry and dulcimer and all kinds of music was heard in the garden.

6. And the spirit of the prophet of Al-Smith was uplifted, even the soles of his feet, and lo, a plank of the platform gave way beneath him.

7. Then in their turns came the riders of the dark horses that had neighed in the garden and lifted up their voices, saying, Lo, the horse is prepared against the day of battle, but safety is of the Lord.

8. But the congregation lifted up its voice and said Nay to the riders of the dark horses, and likewise said unto each one of them, Let thy dark horse be fed upon better herbs and be cast out of the garden.

9. And the riders of the dark horses descended from the platform each man in his wrath, and they smote it with the soles of their feet, each in his turn casting down a plank from the platform.

10. And of these Nu-Tundi-Baklir, the mighty captain of the armies of the children of Woodrow, did smite the hardest with the sole of his foot upon that plank of the platform which alone remained unto him.

11. And his eyes were as a flame of fire, and out of his mouth cameth a sharp sword that with it he should smite those blind unto his visions, and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven above the tents of the Philistines, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper that is spread before you;

12. That ye may eat the flesh of the elders, even of the eldest of the elders when it is tough, and the flesh of captains and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of dark horses.

13. And he smote the plank of the Concourse of Nations with the sole of his foot even as one treading the wine-press in fierceness and wrath so that it fell, and great was the fall thereof.

14. And they took up of the fragments that remained of the platform twelve baskets full. ABEL ADAMS.  
Amherst, N. H.

#### As the World Wags:

The passing of Alvey A. Adeo of the state department recalls a story which ought to be told again.

Somebody called up the department one day on the telephone. Mr. Adeo, always courteous, answered the call. The following dialogue took place:

"Hello! Is this the department of state?"

"Yes, this is the department of state."

"Who is this talking?"

"Mr. A. Adeo."

"I don't get you. Please spell it."

"A—"

"Yep."

"A—"

"Yep."

"A—"

"Aw, go to hell!"

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.  
Williamstown.

July 15, 1924

We read in the "Clinical Notes" published in the July number of the American Mercury: "The bookshelf of the most innocent flapper now shows books that would have caused the midwife who brought her into the world to yell for the police; what she calls dull and pious books would have sent her grandmother into a swoon. Is there any relation of effect and cause between this fact and the half-century of Comstockian buffoonery?"

In the egotistical but amusing—perhaps most amusing—when they are most egotistical—memoirs of Charles Godfrey Leland, he tells of being at table with certain lights of Cambridge and Boston, when Cambridge, not Indiana, was acknowledged by the dianapolis, was acknowledged by the neighborhood as being the literary center of the United States, if not the universe. The name of Casanova was mentioned by Leland. No one dared to say that he had read the autobiography of the great adventurer; there was a disheartening silence until Oliver Wendell Holmes chirped that he had heard of the man. As we remember the story, he had even dared to read some of the many chapters. Nor were these highly respectable gentlemen apparently aware of the fact that Thackeray was indebted to Casanova for

pages in his "Barry Lyndon," which, by the way, is one of Thackeray's best novels.

If Casanova's memoirs were read at all in Boston, it was in French, and the volumes of the Paris and Brussels editions were classed as books to be asked for in a whisper, when the clerk was led to the further end of the shop. What a change within a few years! Women of exemplary character ask for the volumes as if they were purchasing a novel by the Trollopian Marshall. The yellow-backs are left carelessly on the drawing room or library table. Casanova's character is freely discussed. He is classed with St. Augustine, Benvenuto Cellini, Herbert of Cherbourg, Rousseau, as a revealer of self.

Some years ago Casanova's account of his escape from the leads in Venice was translated into English for a boy's book of adventures. The veracity of this account has been questioned of late, and some insist that Casanova merely bribed the jailer and went out. But the kill-joy is always with us and his name is Legion.

There are at least two translations into English of all the volumes; one of them is unexpurgated, an expensive edition. Now comes "Casanova: An Appreciation by Havelock Ellis, with selections from the Memoirs," published by John W. Luce & Co., in an attractive form as regards paper and type and general appearance.

The selections are from pages describing Casanova's adventures at the court of Rome; his famous escape from prison; and the strange story of his state lottery and how it won fortune in Paris. It is, perhaps, needless to say that Casanova, the intrepid amorist, does not figure in this volume. It is a pleasure to read again the essay by Havelock Ellis. It first appeared in the Savoy, that London magazine of unusual merit which came to an untimely end and has not been replaced.

As our readers may know, books about Casanova—we do not include Schnitzler's romance—serious books have been published in foreign countries. Pains-taking and intelligent men have followed him in his wanderings with the purpose of finding out whether he was, after all, a colossal liar. For example, his story of a visit to Voltaire has been doubted. These literary and historical detectives now bear witness to the general and prevailing truthfulness of Casanova's narrative.

It was stated in a Paris journal a month or two months ago that a manuscript of a philosophical nature had been unearthed at the Castle of Dux, near Tepitz, where Count Waldstein had offered him in 1784 the post of librarian, with a salary of 1000 florins, where Casanova spent the last years of his life. This news need not excite even the most fanatical admirer of Casanova, for other manuscripts of his have been published in foreign magazines and they are dull reading.

Just before the world war there was talk of printing the memoirs exactly as they were handed by Carlo Angiolieri to Brockhaus, the Leipzig publisher, in 1820. For those who have seen the manuscript say that Brockhaus engaged a Frenchman—was his name Laforgue?—to polish Casanova's French, not to chasen, not to soften, but to make it more elegant, according to the fashion of that period. It was as if some one had been hired to rewrite "Robinson Crusoe" or a book by William Cobbett so that the "gentle" might be induced to purchase. Arthur Symonds had something to say about this new edition, but of late we have neither heard nor read anything about it.

Appropos of books, Casanova has figured as a hero in several operas. Lortzing's was dated 1841 and was for a time popular.

#### DISILLUSION

There is a field out from our town  
Along a country lane.  
(Pray God I never pass that field  
A moonlight night again!)

One June it was a gleaming world . . .  
A fairyland of mist.  
(Oh, how it stretched away to the moon  
The night when first we kissed!)

Long after, we came back again  
Our dear lost world to see.  
(It was enchanted still to him . . .  
How drab and small to me!)  
The Queen of the Suburbs.

#### HEAVY ORDNANCE OF THE PAST

(From a New Hampshire Contemporary)  
"The pillar of the Vendome column is of stone with a coating of bronze made from a cannon taken in the campaign of 1805."  
(Sent to The Herald by H. L. Stuart.)

#### FOR SNOWSHOE AL

As the World Wags:

For Snowshoe Al's education and information I will tell him that it was George Washington that took command of the Six Hundred under the spreading chestnut tree. The loaf of wine and the jug of bread were not then mentioned; that came later at Brandywine, when we also heard of the pair of dice. Al, you will never be admitted to the hall of fame if you continue to manifest such ignorance.

#### ROSE'S NAMESAKE.

#### IN THE WORLD OF SPORT SIGN NEW AGREEMENT

(From the Berkshire Evening Eagle)  
BOSTON, Mass., July 5.—The public trustees of the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway company and representatives of the street carmen's union signed the new working agreement between the men and company Wednesday at noon in the State street offices of the company.

#### "Books Have Their Fate"

The Saturday Book Review of the New York Evening Post recently contained Mr. Charles A. Madison's short review of Gracian's "L'Homme de Cour" translated from the Spanish into French by Amelot de la Houssaie and published recently in Paris.

Mr. Madison makes some surprising statements: that, first published in Spanish in 1647, and translated into French by de la Houssaie in 1684, "El Oraculo Manuel" (sic) was so forgotten in the 19th century that neither Stendhal nor Sainte-Beuve ever heard of it. "It returned to the light of day only when Remy de Gourmont accidentally discovered it in one of the dusty second-hand book stores in 1902."

Now what are the facts.

In the first place the title of Gracian's book is "Oraculo Manuel" (not "Manuel"). No copy of the 1647 edition is known to exist, and it is not certain that the book was published in that year.

So far from the book being unknown, in the 19th century, Schopenhauer, having the highest admiration for the maxims, quoted from them copiously. Sir M. E. Grant Duff contributed an article on Gracian to the Fortnightly Review in 1877; John Morley in 1891 did not find Gracian "much of a companion, though some of his aphorisms give a neat turn to a commonplace," but he admitted that some had found light in the sayings. Not only Spaniards, but some French writers of the 19th century commended Gracian (in 1843 and 1869).

Reading Mr. Madison's review,

one would come to the conclusion that this book of aphorisms must be read, if read at all, in Spanish, French or some other foreign language.

It was translated into English in 1694, translated from the French. Revisions in English were published in 1702, 1705 and 1714.

Is it possible that Mr. Madison does not know the translation from the Spanish into English by Joseph Jacobs, published by Macmillan in 1892? To this translation Jacobs contributed a critical introduction, a bibliographical appendix and valuable notes.

Looking over the little volume, one is inclined to agree with John Morley's opinion: Many of the maxims, aphorisms are gilded platitudes, yet here and there are sayings that explain Schopenhauer's enthusiasm; as in the article headed "Keep a Store of Sarcasms, and Know How to Use Them." And there are sentences that, noble or cynical, may well be pondered:

"One cannot praise a man too much who speaks well of them who speak ill of him."

"Find out each man's thumb-screw."

"When to change the conversation? When they talk scandal."

"Never have a companion who casts you in the shade."

Thus a pleasing see-saw might be arranged, with the conclusion attributed to John Ruskin: "Fit yourself for the best society, and then—never enter it."

## SHAW'S CANDIDA

COPLEY THEATRE—The Copley Theatre Repertory Company in "Candida"—"pleasant play" in three acts by G. B. Shaw—preceded by a one-act interlude, "Wallpapers," from the joint pen of Cyril Fitch and Margaret Kays. The casts:

#### WALLPAPERS

Mr. Walker, head salesman of Wall-paper department . . . Timothy Huntley  
Frances, his assistant . . . Rhy Darby  
Ruby Risquette, Charlie's fiancée  
Charlie Chawcett . . . G. P. Huntley

#### CANDIDA

(A Pleasant Play in Three Acts by George Bernard Shaw)

Characters in the Play  
Prosperine Garnett . . . Shirley Gale  
Rev. James Mavor Morell, Chester Wallace  
Rev. Lexy Mill . . . Henry O'Neill  
Mr. Burgess . . . Whitford Kane  
Candida . . . Pamela Gaythorne  
Eugene Marchbanks . . . B. Iden Payne  
"Candida," which serves once again to light the Shavian incense at the old familiar altar of the Copley, is, as the author takes pains to point out, one of his pleasantest plays; incidentally it is one of his strongest and best. Here is the hard brilliance of the Chavian wit softened by a touch more sympathetic though no less deft than usual. As ever, a striking insight into "things as they are," an unusual viewpoint, and masterly command of dialogue are combined into a vigorous whole. What more profound than Morell's stricken cry that "nothing is so easy as making a man lose faith in himself," and that only a woman's love and trust can keep that faith alive! Or that he should fear Marchbanks—timorous, "sniveling," poetic, weakling. Or yet what more unusual than that Candida should elect to stay with the one who was the weaker and that the weaker one should prove to be her husband, because Marchbanks had learned to live without love, while Morell could not have done so? Seldom is Shaw more "human," never is he more penetrating than in this play of the successful, popular clergyman of 35, fighting the poetic, dreamy youth of 18 for his wife's love.

Nor can one easily forget the little

"song" with which Candida gently sends the boy about his business. "Remember this whenever you think of me: When you are 20, I'll be 45 . . . when you're 60, I'll be 85 . . ." Truly is Candida a woman, and a woman who understands and loves both of them, though in very different ways. As the poet sings at Morell in their big scene in the third act, the latter did not make Candida love him merely by wearing black clothes and buttoning his collar behind. Whatever the tie that bound husband and wife together, it was not one that even the weakness and need of young Marchbanks could ever hope to sever. In that fact lies the source of most human happiness, and in its recognition the glory of George Bernard Shaw.

The dialogue itself contains much sentimental ranting: On the one hand the oratorical diction of Morell and on the other the hyperbolic flights of his poetic rival. But for the saving touch of Shavian satire, much of this material must have passed for antiquated gush, with it, the speech attained a dignity and weight as well as a flavor of its own.

"Candida" becomes a shining star in the repertory firmament of the new company by reason of its excellent performance. Mr. Kane was his usual smooth self and Miss Gaythorne a deft and charming Candida. As for Mr. Wallace, he handled the part of the minister with great skill and forcefulness, and the director, Mr. Payne, was an excellent Marchbanks. The remainder of the company was more than adequate, and the one-act curtain raiser served to reintroduce G. P. Huntley to Boston. A large audience was very much pleased. W. R. B.

## THE BILL AT KEITH'S

Several unusual features are to be found on the bill at Keith's this week. Eddie Nelson, comedian of musical comedy fame, is of course the leader. He has a quaint brand of comedy which is attractive, but his dancing, unlike



that of others, is even more entertaining. The girl with him has much to commend her.

Next come Tiller's Slaten Sunshine girls. This type of act had been done to death before these girls came to Boston, but there was a freshness and enthusiasm about their work which made it stand out. Chester Fredericks, with his boyishness, danced his way to much applause. He took two steps where most dancers take but one.

Yvette and her New York "Snycopators" is the way another act is billed. The audience was prepared for the usual half dozen or so bits of synchronization, but she interspersed some good singing and violin playing and then introduced some effective scenic effects.

Frank Hurst and Eddie Vogt are favorites here anyhow and they scored a hit with a new line of patter. The Tamaki Duo opened the bill with surprisingly strenuous exhibitions of self-defence. Maud Earl showed what could be done with the human voice. Olivette Haynes and Fred Beck offered burlesque which was lively. The Ambler Brothers closed with gymnastic work. Their opening routine held the audience and their later balancing routines thrilled it.

### Gracefully Received

"The art of receiving gifts" is a new course in the curriculum of a girls' class in Paris. It has been added, the dispatch says, by a psychological school teacher who is of the opinion that the young girls of today do not know how to accept gracefully gifts that are presented to them. Her class—the girls are twelve to fourteen years of age—are being taught how much polite surprise they should show when the gift has been long expected.

Older women, and men, too, many of them, need schooling in this art. It is hard for some to say even the words "Thank you." They may think that they have received only their due. They honor the giver by accepting the gift or the invitation. Or they expected something else and are not to be satisfied by what they received. To use a phrase of Marcel Proust's they suspect the "virtuous perversity" of the friend. "The critic whose review would flatter the novelist in its place invites him to dinner; the duchess does not take the snob with her to the theatre, but sends him her box for a night when she will not occupy it."

There are some who are frankly disappointed. They do not want the book, for they do not like the author. Why did not the friend consult their taste, he should have known it. They forget that he is convinced that others should share his taste. Why should there be an invitation to a Symphony concert without a soloist when a famous pianist played the week before and a violinist will make his first appearance in the week to come? Mrs. Bolivar invites Mr. and Mrs. Scupperhorn to a dinner, but they have heard that at the dinner to which they were not invited a celebrated visiting traveler delighted the guests by an account of his adventures.

There are others who from false pride do not wish to be put under obligations. They suspect a motive. They must invite or make gifts in return, for they look on social life as a practical course in book-keeping; accounts must balance, even if they are not to their credit. They say with Laocoon, "I fear the Greeks even when they bear gifts," but they forget that Laocoon perished miserably, although he was of high rank, a priest of Apollo, and sacrificed to Neptune.

Will a scale of gratitude be taught in Paris, ranging from the showing of common decency that covers disappointment to exuberant and gushing joy? There should be degrees; well-bred acceptance, subdued rapture, moderate rapture, with instruction in facial as well as verbal expression. In no case should

after patently perfunctory words, the gift be carelessly tossed aside to be examined at a more convenient season. And when the gift has been long expected, hinted at possibly by the recipient, there should at least be a plausible manifestation of surprise.

In the old days courteous gratitude came from natural instinct and home training. Today it must be taught by a psychologist.

Readers of illustrated newspapers may have noticed that nearly all women pictured, young, old and those "between 30 years of age" (to quote Artemus Ward), women that are professional actresses or merely coquettish, sentimental, melodramatic—at home or in society, show their teeth, as if they had the glory of American dentistry at heart, or had been persuaded to advertise a new tooth paste.

Why is it that so many authors in these days pictured in the newspapers and magazines, depress their heads? Here, for example, is the prospectus of a new Saturday Review. Messrs. William Rose Benet, Henry Sidel Canby and Christopher Morley—all good men and true—are looking down apparently in deepest thought. What are they looking at? Little things of their own writing? Proof sheets, manuscripts or printed books? The list of subscribers already secured? An estimate from the printer? Or are they like devout Buddhists, in rapt omphalic contemplation?

We should like to see an author, even the mildest, once in a while photographed erect, defiant, like Ajax defying the lightning in a statue-clog-dance, fearing not contemporary critics, thumbing his nose (metaphorically) at posterity.

This reminds us that Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly—we have not heard from him for several months—why is his lute silent or unstrung?—writes asking why a Herald photographer does not take a series of snapshots picturing Mr. Herkimer Johnson at Clamport. Mr. Bolivar writes: "Some years ago, you may remember, the Strand Magazine used to publish articles about this or that celebrated man or woman, illustrated with pictures of the subject from babyhood to the year of publication, also with pictures of the hero or heroine engaged in work or play—Gwendoline St. John in her garden, Fiollet French at tennis, Mae Jollificks feeding her hounds, Prof. Bath experimenting microscopically with an unusual worm and finding its brains in its abdomen."

"Why not Mr. Johnson drawing water at the windmill, sifting ashes, picking beach plums, watching bluebirds bathe, swapping stories at the village store, arguing with a wandering fishmonger, diving from the pier, at the post office, in his study writing his sociological and colossal work? These pictures would grace a page of the Sunday rotogravure section."

"The Herald's editorial article about character being disclosed by what many carelessly consider trifles, about the duty of a biographer to tell the whole truth meets my full approbation. For example, I like to know that Caesar Augustus after a slight repast at noon, when he took a siesta, dozed with his shoes on."

"And so when I read Walter Pater's 'Imaginary Portraits' or 'Appreciations' or 'Marius the Epicurean' I like to think of Pater, the man, sporting an apple-green cravat."

Is there any truth in the story told by Luke Ionides of a visit he and Burne-Jones once made to a county fair. "They wandered into a sideshow to see a tattooed lady, with heaven only knows how many objects tattooed on her—on one knee the American eagle, on the other the Union Jack (symbolizing the understanding there should be among nations?) and on her back Leonardo's 'Last Supper.' And she really was amazing, and they enjoyed it hugely. Several years later, in London, Burne-Jones rushed in to see Ionides and told him the same tattooed lady was at the Aquarium, and they must go and see her again. And they went, and she had grown very fat in the meanwhile, and when they looked at her back, all the apostles wore a broad grin."

Mr. Lee Shelby says that the Pennells once told the story, but we don't recall this fact.

### A WET RAIN

We walked through a bog in a thunderstorm  
With a shaker full of cocktails to keep us warm,  
And a solemn, old umbrella to keep us dry,  
But it turned inside out, the wind was so high;  
(And the clouds ran ragged across the sky.)

He carried the umbrella. It made him look so prim

I called it "Black Cloaked Puritan" after him.  
He said the cocktail shaker was exactly like me,  
Sparkling just a little too recklessly.  
(Though what he cares for gossip, I can't see.)

My face ran purple from the ribbon in my hair.

I dared him to kiss me . . . but he didn't dare.

Oh, we were very noisy and we were very gay,  
And he had nothing particular to say.  
(The shaker and umbrella were both in the way.)

But when the rain stopped pouring, we grew more still.  
A ring of sunlight glittered on a far off hill.

We held our breath to listen to the dripping . . . dripping sound  
While the sun smote the wet leaves with glory all around.  
(The shaker and umbrella tumbled to the ground.)

You'll find the "Black Cloaked Puritan" underneath a tree.

We left him there on purpose—"Tr Memory."

But where my namesake disappeared, I don't know!

We hunted for her high, we hunted for her low!

(I hope she's in the heaven where good cocktail shakers go!)

—THE QUEEN OF THE SUBURBS.

### WHICH BOSTON?

The Manchester Guardian, reviewing Dr. Greville MacDonald's life of his parents, George MacDonald and his wife, says: "As an example of how George MacDonald affected his contemporaries, one may cite a letter from a young Boston gentleman who offered to enter his service as 'a hired servant' because 'I would like to hear your voice more.' Perhaps this Boston is the English one. We doubt if enthusiasm for an author in Boston, Mass., would go so far."

### WE BEG TO DIFFER

The strawberry season in many places is nearly over. An English physician's remark that the advent of the season is accompanied by a marked increase in the number of insomnia victims who seek medical advice may console those who mourn the ending. This physician says that strawberries are most indigestible. If they are to be eaten at all, they should be eaten before noon, otherwise a wakeful night will be the penalty.

We don't believe a word of it, and if strawberries were still in the market we would eat them at breakfast, dinner, supper and even commit the enormity of mashing them with a spoon and then reaching for the sugar bowl and the cream jug. In 1697 a large strawberry was grown in Sir Charles Woolsey's gardens in Staffordshire. The second crop brought strawberries flat as a button. Is this species known today?

"Pottle of strawberries." Good old English phrase, for this "pottle" was not a pot or bottle for liquids—"potations pottle deep"—but a small wicker or chip basket for holding strawberries. In Andrew W. Tuer's "Old London Street Cries" there is a picture of a comely lass at Covent Garden holding a pottle in her left hand and calling: "Tine Strawberries!" Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Crawhall were among the illustrators, but the name of the strawberry girl illustrator on page 83 is not decipherable.

La Semaïne Musicale in its announcement of Vladimir Shavitch's concert in Paris on June 23 that the singer would be Arthur Hackett-Granville.

"Arthur-Hackett-Granville." Can this be our own Arthur Hackett who has often sung here mellifluously. If it's he—why the hyphen, why "Granville."

When we were living in Paris nearly 40 years ago there was an American dancing master who was in fashion. He came from Boston and on his engraved card was: "Mr. So-and-So, Boston." Why did not Mr. Hackett follow his example? In Paris last month he sang, as he has sung in Boston, the tenor solo at the end of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony.

The same number of La Semaïne Musicale published an excellent picture of Roland Hayes on the title page and announced his two recitals, June 19, 25, with a highly eulogistic biographical sketch.

"Nelle of Fort Wayne," writing to the Chicago Tribune, replied to those who had censured an orchestral leader for playing "America" when a picture of George V. of England was shown on the screen.

"I thought every one knew that 'America' is sung to the tune of 'God

Save the King.' It was originally an old German folk-song, so the British have as much right to it as we have; perhaps more."

You are wrong, Miss Nelle. The words and music of the British national anthem were English, written in all probability by Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley." It was sung by Carey at a dinner in London to celebrate the capture of Portabello. It is said that Carey took the tune to John Christopher Smith, asking him "to correct the base, which was not proper." This Smith did. But the anthem, written in 1740, did not become famous until it was sung on the stage in both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres in 1745 when London was wildly patriotic by reason of the first successes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and the citizens' anti-popish feeling. The tune afterwards became the national anthem of Prussia, also of Saxony; and Weber, living at Dresden, introduced it in his "Jubilee" overture. It should not be forgotten that Germans have also claimed the authorship of the "Marsellaise"—that is, the tune.

Lord Berners of England is looked on as a humorous composer. He has written some supposedly comic songs and some comic funeral marches for the piano. We are indebted to J. & W. Chester, Ltd., of London, for a copy of his latest song "Dialogue between Tom Fluter and his man, by Ned, the Dog Stealer." Here are the words:

Dick! said he. What? said he.  
Fetch me my hat, said he.  
To Timahoe, says he,  
To buy the fair, says he,  
And all that's there, says he.

Arrah! Pay what you owe, said he,  
And then you may go, says he,  
To Timahoe, says he,  
To buy the fair, says he,  
And all that's there, says he.

Well by this and by that, says he,  
Dick, hang up my hat, says he.

Dr. MacDonald, in his recently published life of his father, George MacDonald, the novelist, tells a story about his mother illustrative of her spirit. She was in church during an earthquake at Bordighera. She thought the building would collapse. So she julled out all the organ's stops and played the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Mr. Warren doesn't give us too much of Shakespeare (the reviewer is speaking of an anthology of poetry for boys), but doubtless he reckoned on every self-respecting family keeping a copy handy. I remember how disconcerted I was when I went to the theatre and heard actors speak these great speeches that I knew so well. They missed chunks out and they often put emphasis in queer places. So I thought, and I'm afraid I sometimes believed that I could have done the speeches better. They didn't make them exciting enough. I am humbler now, but I still want to act Othello.—A. N. M., in the Manchester Guardian.

We read of Mr. Reinhold de Warlich, "the Russian baritone," giving a recital in London.

Is not this the Mr. Warlich who before the world war was advertised in Boston as a German singer, and gave a recital with Mr. Kreisler, playing the piano accompaniments, to show his friendship? And so for some years an Englishman, who once sang here in operetta, has been masquerading as a Belgian singer, although his French at his first recital was quibsy even for a Belgian.

"Sir Alfred Butt has hopes of bringing back the Empire to its former standing and prestige as a music hall." With the famous "promenade" against which certain Englishwomen waged bitter war, Mrs. Chant among them?

Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Mathison have had hard luck in London. The lord chamberlain refused them permission to play Kennedy's "The Chastening" in public.

Our old friend Leon Gordon's "White Cargo" also met with a sad blow. The lord chamberlain, evidently a fussy person, told Mary Clare, the native "vamp" in the piece, that she must wear some clothes.

Jacinto Benavente, writing about the playwright's mind, the theatre and stage people, for the July number of the Adelphi: "I should advise ladies always to avoid artists who are in search of new sensations and emotions either in friendship or love. They are extremely trying to those with whom they are brought into contact; as the popular Castilian proverb has it, they are little angels from another's house. Such men are egoists, taken up with their own divine selves, and the consequences are not pleasant when they whisper love. Anybody's misfortune to such a man is no more than a proper tribute to his genius. Never fall in love



with a genius, ladies, nor a man of temperament. All that is left of temperament at home is temper."

At the Grand Guignol, Paris, late last month, M. Jean Max took his part of Rasputin so seriously that choking Mala Florlan (the Princess Ossovina) he nearly strangled her. She lost consciousness and a physician was summoned. This led Comocdia to ask, "What if Rasputin had had to bash her instead of strangle her?"

The London Times says of Huntley Carter's "The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia" that while it contains much that is interesting it also contains "a good deal of ill-defined theorizing and much inaccuracy." Mr. Carter, who visited many theatres and cinemas in Russia, wrote the book to demonstrate that "no other country has developed a theatre so new and so strong, so life-centred and so unified, yet so varied in human interest as that of Soviet Russia." The Times says: "This claim, whether a good one or not, is certainly not made out in Mr. Carter's book. . . . It is difficult to allay the suspicion that much of his information has been gathered at second hand; indeed, when sources for Mr. Carter's statements are given, they frequently prove to be papers published as propaganda by the soviet government."

## 'MARJORIE' CLEVER

SHUBERT THEATRE: At length the postponed opening of "Marjorie," a new musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Fred Thompson and Clifford Grey, with additional dialogue by Harold Atteridge. Music by Herbert Stothart, Philip Calkin and Stephen Jones. Directed by W. H. Gilmore and David Bennett, under personal supervision of Rufus LeMaire. The cast of principals:

Luke Calvert.....Edwin Forsberg  
Howard Brindle.....Jack Squire  
Henry.....Donat Gauthier  
Eph Daw.....Richard Skeet Gallagher  
Marjorie Daw.....Elizabeth Hines  
Brian Valcourt, an author-manager,  
Roy Royston

Juliette Loti, a film star.....Nan Crawford  
Molly Daly, of Valcourt's musical comedy company.....Ethel Shutta  
Garcia Plindora, Valcourt's publicity manager.....Andrew Tombes  
Hotel Clerk.....Joe Tinsley  
Biggs, a private enquiry agent, Cliff Heckinger  
Bell Boy.....Edward Allen

From this formidable list of characters, it may possibly be supposed that here at length is a musical comedy with a plot. Such, however, is not the case. Such slender framework of orphan brother and sister, budding playwright, love at first (and of course last) sight, mildly muddling French actress, stern guardian, detective, etc., as a semblance of motion demands, is certainly provided. Much of the patter is genuinely amusing and the jokes often well-turned. The bit about the lunatic is admirably conceived, there is an excellent limerick about a young lady from Australia, and actually something new in the prohibition line. Yet, alas, the old sentimental twaddle is no less prominent than usual. The famous scene beginning, "If I really loved a man, I would say . . ." is preserved intact. Likewise the bit about "Let me explain," which always make such an admirable finale for act two. However, these old favorites perhaps are to be expected. Otherwise, the book manages to conceal any too obvious lack of freshness by numerous twists, sufficiently clever to "get by" very well with a summer audience.

"Marjorie" is, however, essentially a show of personalities, and of the wide appeal of these personalities there can be no question. Each of the principals was greeted on his or her entrance with the whole-hearted applause which falls to the lot of old favorites again returning. At the curtain-raising fest which followed the second act, one and all received numerous calls amid tumultuous applause. Yet there was no speech-making and no one received a bouquet. This was easily the most novel thing about the show.

Of these favorites returning, Miss Hines is probably first in the hearts of her countrymen. Sprightly and graceful as ever, she added the touch of rhythmic motion to almost all of her part. Almost always, she was dancing; nor has she forgotten how to do her old waltz—as she demonstrated on occasion. Add a light but pleasing voice, and talent is not lacking in which her public may find enjoyment. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Royston, as the brother and lover respectively of the fair Marjorie, gave excellent performances and contributed two voices of fair quality and power. As for Mr. Tombes, the comedian, he handled a full part with skilful shading. It is in the musical numbers that the company finds its most perfect expression. To begin with, the composers have provided rhythms and melodies of considerable variety to which have been added lyrics of a slightly satirical flavor. In addition, the company renders these

songs with a touch of burlesque which lends novelty to old rhymings. The by-play, both individual and of the chorus, is excellent throughout; seldom have songs been "put across" with more pleasing attention to detail of a gesture and stage movement.

The chorus, which is dressed no two alike for a change, is in violent motion most of the time—no easy task on a hot summer night. They perform several new figures with gusto-albeit with first-night roughness.

And the principals, all of whom dance, get for the most part off the beaten track in their footwork, including Miss Shutta and Mr. Allen, who do eccentric stepping at odd intervals.

"Marjorie" is a song and dance show, and notable only as the performers give a clever twist or touch to their delivery. W. R. B.

The Herald, considering editorially the subject of spats, or gaiters, said "spatterdash is the nobler word; 'spats' unavoidably suggests vulgarity, and the singular may be confounded with the similar word denoting the spawn of a shellfish."

Mr. Mason A. Green asks if spatterdashes are not "long, leather leggings reaching to the knees for protection from the mud." July 19 1924

If Mr. Green will consult dictionaries of the English language published in England—strange to say, neither "spat" nor "spatterdash" is in the Students' Edition of Funk & Wagnall's "Standard Dictionary" (1903)—he will find "spat—short cloth gaiter, reaching a little above the ankle—for spatterdash"; also "spatterdashes, cloth or other leggings to protect stockings, etc., from mud, etc."

We agree with the writer of the editorial article "spatterdashes" is the nobler word. Few abbreviations have dignity, yet many "phone"—a hideous term for "telephone" and "photo" for "photograph"—and "movies" for moving pictures—all hideous and abominable.

### BOOK OF SCRIBES CHAPTER III

1. And an angel has poured out a vial of the wrath of the Lord upon the sun; and power was given him to scorch men with fire.

2. And the congregation was scorched with great heat even in the shade of the garden for what had been done unto the platform which the eldest of the elders had besought of the Lord so that it was laid low, and many of the congregation withdrew from the garden and sought the coolness of their habitations.

3. And they that were dry in the garden did restore their souls beside the distilled waters in their habitations and were refreshed.

4. And the prophet of Abou-Mac-Adoo and the prophet of Al-Smith were of these men, and the names of their captains were no more heard in the garden.

5. Then did the elders say let the dark horses return to the garden that we may choose of them to lead us out of the wilderness even unto the high places.

6. And there arose the sound of the hoofs of the dark horses as it were the noise of thunder, and their neighing was heard again in the garden. And lo, a wild ass of the desert had entered with them and lifted up his voice also.

7. And a voice was heard saying, Come and see. And the congregation saw, and behold, a red horse, and he that sat on him was like unto crystal.

8. And again the voice was heard, saying, Come and see. And the congregation saw, and behold, there came forth a horse that was black, and he that sat on him bore tables of merchandise in his hand, of oil and wine and fine flour, and silk and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of precious wood and of brass and iron.

9. And again the voice was heard, saying Come and see. And the congregation saw, and behold, a white horse, and he that sat on him bore a parchment in his hand wherein the laws of the children of Woodrow were written down.

10. And again the voice was heard, saying, Come and see. And the congregation saw, and behold, a pale horse, and he that sat on him bore in his hand nothing.

11. And the voice of the wild ass of the desert was heard, saying, Come and see, and the congregation saw, and behold, the skull of the ass was of solid ivory, covered against the heat of the noonday with a black cap, and he that sat on him was the eldest of the elders.

12. And the congregation, having seen these things, said "Let it be

the white horse and him that sits upon it that shall lead us out of the wilderness even to the high places, and so it came to pass by a showing of hands.

13. And these the eldest of the elders whispered privately unto the rider of the white horse and said, "Lo, let the ass be yoked with the white horse that they may lead forth the children of Woodrow together, lest it depart from you, bearing me with him."

14. And the rider of the white horse yoked the beasts together with his own hand as the eldest of the elders did require of him.

15. And thereupon the congregation went out from the garden to prepare against the journeying forth from the wilderness, but Abou-Mac-Adoo departed from the congregation and went down into a ship going to Tarshish, even as did Jonah. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

### EYES FRONT!

As the World Wags:

Traversing State street yesterday afternoon, and inadvertently letting my eyes wander so far as to observe the styles and the resultant carriage affected by the young things who favor the great bankers with their stenographic assistance, I found myself fervently uttering the words used as a slogan in the last presidential campaign: "Let's have done with wiggle and wobble." SWEET MODESTY.

### POLYPHEMUS TO GALATEA (Modern Version)

You ask me if I love you:—  
Does the bee love clover honey tubes?  
The thirsty doe cool mountain springs?  
A young mother her first-born babe?  
I do indeed love thee.

I love thee as I love moonlight on the sea,  
The songs of birds in woodland cathedrals,  
Shaded paths in deep, cool forests,  
Blue curving breakers, crested with foam,  
Rolling in upon lonely sand bars,  
While circling gulls cry plaintive notes.

Yes, you and all these other things I love,  
But I should hate, yes, truly I should hate  
To have your husband come upon these lines. JAMES L. EDWARDS.

### ADD "WORDS OF COURTESY"

As the World Wags:

Who was that King—was it the Belle Cavalier King, who gave a prize for a new word? I remember seeing something about it in a cartoon by Collier. Wasn't the winning word "hotlaw" or "scrofula" or something? Please enlighten a poor woman.  
It has always seemed strange to me that we should lack a good stinging word for a greedy, sloppy automobile driver. We have borrowed from the French the words garage, chassis, chauffeur. Why not take also "cochon," for the lowest degree of contempt to the French mind is to liken to a pig. Calling a man "cochon de cochon" insults both the man and his mother—"pig of a pig" leaves nothing but bloodshed.

I hereby offer a prize of 25 cents to the first garageman who shouts "Cochon!" at the first \$5000 car that crowds some poor little innocent Ford.  
"There is a word that will never be borrowed from the French," says Narcisse, who is a bit sour just now. "Ha! Just imagine modern business men standing up and calling each other 'Cochon!' Dear me, that would be too personal. JOHN QUILL.

July 19 1924

We asked whether Thomas Hardy's short story "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" was in any volume of the "complete edition."

We have received several letters. The writers—we thank them for their courtesy—all name a volume of Hardy's tales published by Harper & Brothers in 1913: "A Changed Man, The Waiting Supper and Other Tales, Concluding with the Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid." Our correspondents say that the Milkmaid story is dated by Hardy, "Midsummer, 1883."

Miss Edith Orr writes from Mt. Desert: "My memory suggests the Christmas Graphic, 1884, as the time and place of serial publication of the 'Adventures,' but as I have not the Hardy Bibliography at hand, I cannot verify this."

A. H. Maynard of Dedham says that some of the stories in the volume mentioned are more whimsical than "The Milkmaid." "In the same volume are 'A Mere Interlude,' 'Alicia's Diary,' and 'The Waiting Supper'—probably the most strange and weird stories ever written."

Mr. Edward M. Munyon also names the volume and date.

But is "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" to be found in the "complete" and uniform edition of Hardy's

novels? That is the question we asked.

A. E. P. of Boston writes: "My 20-volume edition of Thomas Hardy's works, Harper's, New York and London, 1905, does not contain 'The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.' It is found on page 305 of a supplemental volume, 'A Changed Man and Other Tales,' Harper's, New York and London, 1913."

### BUT INDIANAPOLIS IS THE LITERARY CENTRE

"Fair and Warmer" writes: "The author of the following verses, a lady of Boston, was journeying last April to Texas in search of fairer skies."

Hail, all hail, from Indiana,  
Where the drunken cornstalks sway,  
Where they measure mud by acres,  
Where the world's all yellow-gray;  
Where thick and muddy waters  
Soak the dreary leaden fields,  
Where endless stretch of bog and mire  
Is all the landscape yields—  
An ugly stretch of bog and mire,  
Alive with filthy pigs,  
Nosing and rooting the cornstalks,  
Each grunting as he digs;  
Where every town is ugly  
With an ugliness that hurts,  
Where everything is dirty  
With a thousand kinds of dirt;  
Where the pride of every household  
Is its back-yard store of cans,  
Its pile of vile discarded things,  
Its heap of rusty pans;  
Where the very roads are littered  
With the muck and junk of years,  
A land to drive the traveler  
To the moisty verge of tears!  
My greetings, friends, from Indiana,  
Where the drunken cornstalks sway;  
Stay where you are, you've got  
The bulge on anything this way!

### SAFETY FIRST

As the World Wags:

Owing to the deadly quality of much of the hodiernal ales, wines and liquors, my stenographer confides to me that she always takes two escorts with her these evenings, owing to the possibility of one temporarily expiring. "I always carry a spare," she says.

MARWILL.

### ADD "ANATOMICAL WONDERS"

(From the Livingston, Ill., Enterprise)

LOST—NEW BLACK HIP BOOT,  
left hind foot; return to Hippopotamus  
for reward.

### WHY THE EDITOR IS STILL RUNNING

(From the Manson, Ia., Journal and Democrat)

Last week in reporting the auto accident near Gilmore City, we stated that Donald Kemp died on Monday. We have since learned that this was an error and that young Kemp had not been even seriously injured.

The information came to us direct from the parties most concerned in the accident and we supposed it was reliable, but have learned to our sorrow that such was not the case.

A. M. S.

### BALBEC AND SARGENT

The painter Elstir, enthusiastic over the porch of the church at Balbec, describes its "Bible history" in Marcel Proust's "A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs." One of the bas-reliefs: "The Synagogue, whose reign is at an end, has its eyes bound, it holds a half-broken sceptre, and, with its crown fallen from its head, lets go the tables of the Ancient Law."

Does not this description remind one of Mr. Sargent's mural decoration in the Boston Public Library, the one that has provoked unreasonable controversy?

### CONSIDER HER WAYS

As the World Wags:

I read that in England there is a plague of ants. They visit every room in the suburban houses, and get drunk on marmalade in pantry cupboards. The author of Proverbs was evidently not acquainted with the ant as we know the insect, or he would not have urged us to consider her ways. Yet he recognized the fact that they "prepare their meat in the summer."

I was bothered by ants in the early spring before I left Boston. They made their way into my house and were found even in upper rooms where there was no food. Here, in the country, their wisdom is appalling. They will smell a box of candy from without even if the box is in a drawer. Is it possible that they have begun the great offensive against man which Mr. H. G. Wells imagined before he began to invent a religion and describe Utopia? Marlon. GRACE FULLALOVE.

### THE NEXT MORNING

"Hologabalus used to drink rose wine as a tonic after his periodical bouts." In the good old years clam juice was served by the ministering angel behind the bar. In Berlin, in our student days, hot asparagus water, not at all palatable, was drunk in large quantities by those that had been overcome the night before. We never tried rose-water.



"MEN, STAND TOGETHER!"  
the World Wags:  
The way these hard-headed business  
men hang together, and the sympathetic

feeling they have for each other at  
times, is truly touching. A friend of  
mine in the treasurer of a large bank.  
His wife decided recently that he need-  
ed a vacation, which was to take the  
form of a month's visit among her rela-  
tives in the middle West; so the matter  
was put before the directors of the  
bank at their next board meeting.  
There was silence for a moment, after  
he had asked if he could be spared from  
his duties, in order to take this trip.  
Then one of the directors said, "What  
do you want us to say, Jim?" F. C. F.  
Craigville.

July 20 1924

In the July number of Antiques there  
is a learned discussion of the ques-  
tion, what sort of glass is used in  
Germany for serving Weissbeer. The  
editor of Antiques had suggested last  
January that the glass was very tall  
and slender. Mr. Theodoro Eastman,  
a Bostonian, writes to the editor:

"What! Weissbeer in glass? Nay,  
nay! I haven't asked Jimmie Hunt-  
ington what he drank it from, but in  
Thuringia, at least, it was always  
served in wooden mugs—big ones, too  
lined with a rather thick coating of  
rosin. At the end of a long walk to  
the Fuchsturm and to the heights  
whence Napoleon bombarded Jena, one  
or two of those mugs provided coolness  
and wetness, and practically no al-  
cohol to neutralize the cooling ef-  
fect."

Now in Berlin Weissbeer was thought  
to be in its perfection. The Berliners  
used to say that the water of the Spree  
was indispensable. We lived in Berlin  
in 1882-84 and made a fairly exhaustive  
study of beer in all its attractive forms.  
Weissbeer was always served in a  
huge round glass bowl which contained  
so much beer that a family party could  
slake its thirst, each in turn. Here  
was, indeed, to use the language of  
the street, a bucket of suds.

Weissbeer was especially in demand  
at the public baths, and it was sup-  
plemented by a glass or two of Kuemel.  
Only foreigners of heroic minds  
ventured into a public Berlin bath-  
house in those days. It is true that  
there was what the Berliners called a  
"noble" bath. This, being interpreted,  
means that the water was fresh and  
had not been previously used.

The ordinary table beer then brewed  
in Berlin was vile black stuff. It was  
known as Potzenhofer, or Pottsenhof-  
er—we are not sure about the proper  
spelling. But beers of Munich, and  
other German cities, beer light or dark,  
and beer of Pilsen, were served in all  
their glory.

The pictures of 18th and 19th cen-  
tury snuff boxes in Antiques of July  
remind us that, if London correspon-  
dents are to be believed, the noble  
dames of that city have taken up the  
use of snuff. In our little village of  
the sixties in western Massachusetts  
the family doctor was an inveterate  
user of tobacco in this form. In vil-  
lages of northern Vermont at the same  
era we wondered at the "snufflers" and  
looked curiously at their boxes; some  
with pictures on the inside of the cov-  
er; some with mottoes only. Does any  
one remember the excellent Jones in  
Alice Oates's company, as the spy in  
"The Daughter of Mme. Angot"—how  
he would make his snuff box squeak  
every time he remarked: "And once  
again remember, I am ALL EARS."

It was an Earl Stanhope who wrote  
that every incurable snuff-taker took  
at least one pinch in 10 minutes. "Every  
pinch with the agreeable ceremony of  
blowing and wiping his nose, and other  
incidental circumstances, consumes 1½  
minutes. One minute and a half out of  
10, allowing 16 hours to a snuff-taker  
a day, amounts to two hours and 24  
minutes out of every natural day or  
one day out of 10. One day out of 10,  
amounts to 36½ days in a year. If we  
suppose the practice to be continued 40  
years, two entire years of the snuff-  
taker's life are dedicated to tickling his  
nose, and two more to his blowing of it."

Yes, indeed. And in all that time the  
snuff-taker might have been reading  
several improving books without inter-  
ruption and with mental concentration.

#### IN ROOM 508

(For As the World Wags)

Poor helpless skeleton, a-dangling on  
your hook!  
Where has your spirit fled?

Can you remember happy days on earth,  
Holding against your breast a babe,  
perhaps,  
Or walking with your lover, 'neath the  
stars?

Oh, just to think of all the visions passed  
Before these holes where once your eyes  
laughed out!

And in that rounding cage of ribs  
Did your heart beat the faster when at  
eve

July 23 1924

When you are inclined to rage at the  
telephone's delay and, forgetting the  
courtesy due women of high or low de-  
gree, speak harshly or sarcastically to  
the girl giving you the wrong number,  
recall a passage from Marcel Proust's  
"Le Cote de Guermentes":

"The Vigilant Virgins, whose voices  
we daily hear, whose faces we never  
see, who are our Guardian Angels in  
the vertiginous darkness whose doors  
they jealously watch; the All-Powerful  
by whom the absent rise to our side  
while we are not allowed to see them;  
the Danaides of the invisible, who with-  
out ceasing empty, fill and pass in suc-  
cession the urns of sound; the ironical  
Furies, who at the moment that we  
murmur a confidence to a woman, hop-  
ing that no one hears us, cry cruelly, 'I  
hear you'; the always irritated servants  
of Mystery, the suspecting priestesses  
of the Invisible, the Damozels of the  
telephone!"

#### ADD "MANIAS OF COLLECTORS"

If the New York dealer who asks  
£250 for a famous lock of Milton's hair  
obtains his price, it will be the largest  
sum ever paid for such a relic of a  
literary man. Clippings of Sir Walter  
Scott's curls have never realized more  
than four guineas; a wisp of Gold-  
smith's locks once brought 10 guineas  
and a curl of Byron's, together with a  
letter to his sister, fetched only £13  
a few years ago. Similar relics of men  
of action have realized far higher prices,  
a sample of Napoleon's scanty hair  
selling for £250 at a Paris sale, while  
for a lock of Nelson's a purchaser was  
found at the record price of £315.—Lon-  
don Daily Chronicle.

#### THE FLOATING HOSPITAL

(For As the World Wags)

Safe at anchor, down the bay,  
The Ship of Mercy gently lay,  
No frowning turrets, glittering steel,  
Their challenge sent, from truck to keel;

The flag which from her masthead flew,  
Bespoke no war enlisted crew,—  
No threat of strife or death it gave,  
Its holy message was to save.

Cool from old Ocean's briny deep,  
Sea breezes fan sick babes to sleep,  
And faces drawn with fever's pain,  
Take on the glow of health again.

A vision dimly seems to form  
Of Him who stills the raging storm,  
And at the helm there seems to be,  
The Children's Friend of Gaulee.

Sail on, O Blessing of the Bay,  
Good fortune wait thee on thy way,  
Thy broad decks are a cool retreat,  
For children ill from city heat.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### SULLIVANIA

As the World Wags:

Good old John L. Sullivan commenced  
his career as a husky laborer on the  
streets of Boston. He had such a wal-  
lop that the attention of fight promoters  
was called to it and they gave him a  
tryout in the backroom ring of a Howard  
street sporting saloon.

The first thing John did on facing his  
adversary was to make a feint with his  
left and then trip his man with the  
neat footwork considered proper at  
Donnybrook Fair. John was for fol-  
lowing up his advantage and making a  
clean job of it, but the crowd combined  
and dragged him away from his victim,  
much to John's amazement, as he  
thought he was doing fine.

In due course John was tamed, and  
schooled in the rules of the ring, but  
they liked him on the start. All this  
John told me one night at the City  
Club as we chatted of old times.

And I recalled to him Milwaukee,  
where a young usher in the theatre was  
invited to go to the Newhall house after  
John's show and line up to the bar  
where John was, as usual, buying for  
all-comers. And how that boy listened  
to John's powerful voice booming a  
monologue to the sycophantic adulators,  
and, when the boy, not daring to drink  
his glass of beer before saluting the  
great John, timidly plucked the gladi-  
ator's coat-tails and raising his glass like  
the others had done, said in awed tones:  
"My regards, Mister Sullivan!" And  
John, impatient of the interruption,  
turned to the aspiring lad with a fer-  
ocious scowl and roared, "Ah, throw it  
into you, young feller me lad"; and the  
startled boy nearly choked on his beer  
while bravely trying to down it in the  
manner ordered by his hero. But oh,  
what glory! The thrill of that boy still  
animates me.

In 1916, W. L. Robinson, a senior at  
Harvard, tried to revive boxing, which  
had been dormant since Roosevelt's  
time. As manager he invited nearly a  
hundred celebrities of all sports in or-  
der to give the opening bouts eclat. The

The Herald has received a letter from Paris written by Mr. Metcalf  
Russell, whose reviews of plays seen by him in London and New York  
last season were published on this page.

"Fancy, barefaced! Follies Bergere

Les Ambassadeurs—Less on than more!

Thus one might characterize two shows I saw this week. But as I have  
written you, my knowledge of present-day 'leg-shows' is very limited; in  
fact, 'Vogue,' about which I wrote you from New York, is the only first-  
class revue I have seen for some years. So, quite as a matter of interest  
and education and not at all from idle curiosity, I saw, heard and some-  
what analyzed 'C'est d'un Chic!' at Les Ambassadeurs on the Champs  
Elysees and 'Coeurs en Folie,' just produced at the Follies Bergere. These  
productions are now frankly acknowledged to be by the 'best artists  
from Paris, London and New York.' This in itself evidences a definite  
and significant change in the theatrical world. Who, 20 years ago, would  
have announced on a parity things theatrical from New York and Paris!  
And as you will see from the programs I am sending you, many of the  
acts or specialties have been seen in New York and Boston.

"As you know, it is a common comment that many of these Parisian  
shows are 'made for the Americans,' and it was with that 'interest' just  
above referred to, that I gave the audiences in both places considerably  
more than the once-over, or casual observance. In neither place (nor in  
audiences at similar shows) was I impressed with the high intellectuality  
written upon the countenances of those present. Perhaps, as a whole,  
the exhibition on each side of the footlights was a stand-off. But on the  
audience side at Les Ambassadeurs there were not, for a rough estimate,  
10 per cent. of Americans or English, while of other nationals or French,  
the T. B. M's, which, done into French might be 'L'homme des affaires  
fatigue' made up the vast majority of the audience. At the Follies Ber-  
gere it was different. The shows are different in quality, hence in price,  
hence in the style and quality of audience. There were many American  
and English spectators. This audience was better dressed, evening clothes  
being quite the rule—and looked better; the fatigue of the gentleman of  
affairs was less in evidence, and his dinner had apparently been better  
ordered and more wisely eaten and enjoyed. You notice I am confining  
myself to observations concerning my own sex. It is a wise man who  
remembers his limitations.

"But perpend! As was to be assumed there were several features  
of these revues that would be censored by the worthy gentleman who  
passes upon the morals of things theatrical in Boston. Otherwise, why  
Paris? There were costumes without backs, others without fronts, and  
legs were worn au naturel. There were combinations of two of these  
omissions, but, except in some striking tableaux, not of all three. Yet,  
when all these were shown the effect was quite the more artistic and sat-  
isfying to one's sense of the beautiful. For instance, in 'Coeurs en Folie,'  
one of the scenes is descriptive of a dream of young Bonaparte entitled  
'The Imperial Crown,' the finale of which shows an enormous crown,  
heroic, life-size, as it were, hanging mid-stage, the figures embossed  
upon which are beautifully formed women quite as they are to be  
seen as decoration in many works of art. It was very well done. The  
curve of the crown of which these several women made a pair brought  
out all the beauty of form and grace of line of the female figures. Not  
so artistic, but perhaps to some more alluring was the final scene in  
the same piece, 'Marching to Unfathomable Depths,' a sublimated tank  
scene in which nothing is left to the imagination of a quick eye. On the  
other hand in 'Coeurs en Folie' there were gorgeous costumes galore, to  
contemplate which passeth understanding; to describe which is not for  
me. There was some very good dancing, excellent music, also extraor-  
dinary lighting effects. There was a clever skit on the modern military  
doctor of which even a lack of knowledge of French would not prevent  
one's appreciation.

"One of the features of the Revue at Les Ambassadeurs that indi-  
cated its quality was the projecting of the scenes into the audience it-  
self by means of a raised platform upon which quasi costumeless creatures  
at once paraded in orderly array or genuflected in serpentine sensuous-  
ness. The intimacy of the stage should stop at the footlights—at least  
until the show is over.

"In both of these theatres beauty is 'shown,' while where we went  
later it was to be 'seen.' We motored in Brittany, one of the unspoiled  
spots of France, and there saw not only a beautiful country most indus-  
triously cultivated, but natives, young and old, who, one and all, matched  
the country. We found ourselves on a Sunday morning at the Church of  
Ste. Anne d'Auray, a place of pilgrimage not far from Auray, the coun-  
try around about which is said to contain more evidences of the stone  
age than any other part of the world. At Ste. Anne's a festival was in  
progress and there were many people gathered together, most of them  
dressed in the native costume. The men wore black short jackets trimmed  
with velvet, also black and black flat-topped hats with long velvet  
streamers. They were all sturdy and up-standing, not large of stature,  
but clean-cut, alert and apparently two-fisted individuals.

"The women, equally up-standing with good carriage, free and grace-  
ful of movement, direct and modest of gaze, and of a substantial beauty  
not soon to be forgotten. Unlike their sisters of Paris, they had com-  
plexions in which 'nature did all,' a rich soft brown lighted up with the  
rosy bloom of health that shone forth in all countenances, the greater  
number of which were of regular features and many of which were  
marked by finely-chiseled detail of mouth, brow and ear that war-  
ranted all the study that one could give. So also one could discern, de-  
spite the wealth of petticoats, waist and apron, the fine form of the  
healthy women, as they stood and chatted in groups or joined in the  
march of the religious service then going on. Of their dresses, all of  
black, one again saw the heavy gros-grain silk, out of which the 'best  
dress' of all New England women was won't to be made; this, tastefully  
trimmed with black velvet and invariably surmounted by gorgeous  
colored silk or exquisitely-wrought lace apron, plus a dainty lace cap,  
made up a costume that to judicious eyes was more attractive than the  
plumes and paste of the Parisian. In the almost infinite fashioning of  
the cap and apron the taste and, one can fancy, the social standing of  
the girl was shown. Lace, of course, predominated, for one rarely finds  
idle hands in maid or matron in Brittany, while many were beautifully  
wrought in colors, of varying shapes and sizes, some so rich as to sug-  
gest the idea of a dowry thus worn upon the person. 'Tis true that many,  
if not most of the hands, while fair and firm in shape, evidenced famili-



arity of high heels—the only apparent condescension to modernity (but pers of high heels—the only apparent condescension to modernity (but didn't the ladies of the court of Louis XI. thus shoe themselves?)—were dainty and shapely. And their hair was 'such color as pleased God'—mostly black.

"Picture to yourself a magnificent church, clothed in the soft colors age lends to the stone of the country, the appealing sound of music both within and without, the churchmen in their gorgeous vestments, the men, women and children in their best holiday costumes, the solemn, stately outdoor procession with its resounding chanted music, a sunshine that matches our own, and a peace and good-will towards all, and can you wonder that I preferred the beauty of Brittany to its pale, ineffective reflection in Paris? It is in the lives of these people of this beautiful, healthy, over-flowingly productive country that lie the safety and security of France. One cannot visit it without being convinced that left undisturbed by outside aggression France is all self-sustaining and would give to the world its great contributions to art, literature, science and beauty—a beauty the stage does not match."

His knock was heard? I can believe  
That crooked spine betrays a weary life,  
And careless eyes of students staring  
there,  
Behold the stooping power of want.

But, as I turn you 'round and see  
Your meaningless, wide jaws agape  
With no power of your own,  
I am oppressed to feel a common fate:  
This very moment doing but the will  
Of unknown powers; while they must  
smile  
At us for thinking we possess  
Within ourselves the force to sway the  
world,  
As I do now push back and forth  
Your legs and arms, so gruesome and  
grotesque.

But with the difference that you  
Do suffer these indignities with calm,  
Inscrutably awaiting the world's end;  
And know we, too, will one day come  
to serve  
Some student's need; and learn at last  
What you now know of all the ages  
past. GALEN JONES, M. D.

**WIDE WALLS AND HIGH**  
The walls are high and adamant  
(These walls are never thin).—  
They fold forever on the men  
Who've sinned the scarlet sin.

The moon lights up the east wall,  
And then shines on the west:—  
These neither see the sun come up  
Nor see it sink to rest.

The moon lights up the east wall,  
And then lights up the west:—  
Sequestered eyes can never see  
It shining at its best.

The east wall is wide and high,  
And guards walk to and fro;  
The west wall holds forever  
Against the convict's blow.

Sometimes within the yellow walls,  
Where the crimson come and go,  
Love penetrates a scarlet heart  
And makes it white as snow.  
Aborigine.

**SITTING BULL IN BOSTON**  
As the World Wags:  
I note that Mr. Otis Emerson Dunham, president of Page & Shaw, Inc., was recently elected a member of the grand lodge of Blackfoot Indians at the annual pow-wow of the tribe at Glacier Park, Mont.  
This interesting event moves me to wonder how many of the readers of your column were present at Beacon Park, Brighton, some 35 or 40 years ago, when that illustrious showman Nate Salsbury was made a member of the Uncapapa Sioux tribe. It was a spectacular occasion for those who participated, except the passing from mouth to mouth of those who sat in the circle beneath the big tent of the filthy "pipe of peace," and the fact that that noted and hard-boiled medicine chief, Sitting Bull, was one of the dramatis personae. I cannot even recall who of my journalistic associates of that day were at the ceremony.  
I still have somewhere a cabinet photograph of Sitting Bull, personally autographed by him at the time with an indelible pencil. His name, I believe, was the only thing he could write in English, and the operation was as painfully slow and deliberate as the late lamented national Democratic convention. Don't run away with the idea that the wily Red man gave us these photos "free gratis for nothing." They cost us each at least a quarter, and were a far more satisfactory memento of the occasion than the memory of that awful pipe!  
THOMAS F. ANDERSON,  
Boston.

## Film Notes From London

By EVELYN GERSTEIN

"The Nibelungs," one of the most haunting and imaginative things that the screen has as yet evolved, as strangely real as the old Norse legends from which it is drawn, has now been sent on its way to the English provinces, to Manchester and Birmingham. For a month, with a contingent of the London Symphony Orchestra to play the score comprised of "Siegfried" and "The Valkyrie," it was shown at the great Albert Hall. By the end of the month, its audiences had petered into a mere straggling in pit and galleries, and the wonders of the fire-breathing Fafner were mentioned only in the scattered posters of London suburbs.  
For two years under the guidance of Fritz Lang, the Decca studios in Berlin labored to produce it; and only when each detail in setting and pantomime was perfected was it released. Now the careful English distributor admits that it is remarkable, but quite impracticable. "If we were to turn out art like that," one said to me, "we wouldn't be able to keep the studios going. My business is to make money. A thing like that only appeals to a class audience, and here a class audience is more strictly defined than it is in America. There is still a taboo on the cinema here. Our people choose their entertainment to a great extent by the theatre, and Albert Hall isn't a cinema house, and it takes them a long time to accept it as such. And in England no amount of stunt advertising will change them."

### ROMANCE FOR FILMS

So "The Nibelungs," a film of gathering mists and gray unearthliness, the saga of Siegfried, Mime and Brunhilde, a combining of the Ring legends, was condemned at the outset. Here everything was possible—the dark shadows of the forest of Odin through which the youthful Siegfried rides on his white horse, the curious dragon ship in which he sets sail for the radiating fires of Iceland to capture Brunhilde, the phantoms of the mist valleys, the bent and misshapen dwarfs who guard the Nibelung treasure and are turned to stone as Siegfried watches, the wild ruggedness of the Norse country, the bridge of shields which 50 knights in armour make by standing chin deep in water so that Brunhilde may pass over, and the strength and beauty of the young warrior as he forges his sword and sets forth to establish a race and civilization.

Little wonder, then, that the feeble combats and tawdry conventions of the operatic stage seem child's play after this. If only the films would adhere to the crude and imaginative, the unearthly and truly heroic, rather than the slicked and meandering of be-ruffled heroes and curtsying heroines—for this is the stuff of romance, and its wild fancies are impossible of conception anywhere else.

### HAS GERMAN CAST

The players are all German; Paul Richter is the Siegfried, George John both Mime and Alberich, Bernard Goetzke, Wolker the wizard of songs; Hanna Ralph the Brunhilde, and Margarete Schoen, the Kriemhild. An excellent cast, of varying subtlety and impassioned playing; Paul Richter, Nietzsche's superman incarnate; Hanna Ralph a vivid and impetuous Brunhilde, Margarete Schoen, a beautiful Kriem-

hilde, and George John an admirable little Nibelung, but as Mime less wheedling than the Mime of the opera. No doubt the film will eventually come to America, where, like "Dr. Gall," which is now having a slight revival in London outskirts, it will be seen for a passing moment, and then will disappear. Yet such things as "Tiger Rose" and "The Passionate

Adventure" are shown from one end of the world to another, in the tiny cinema house on High street in Winchester and on Regent street, in the very heart of London. But then, as the lady said in the play, "Life's life, and that's that."

### WALES TAKES INTEREST

English films are still in the incipient stage, despite the efforts of the Prince of Wales, who sits in at all of the important trial showings, as that of "Reveille," an after the war study with Betty Balfour, and of the Graham Willcox company, which imports such films as "The Nibelung." The Cox company has leased the Paramount studio in London and is making a film with Marjorie Daw and Clive Brooke, an English film actor, who has just sailed for Hollywood. Myron Selznick is also producing in the London studio.

For "better English films" there are "The Passionate Adventure," a Myron Selznick picture, and "His Grace Gives Notice," from the florid tale of Lady Troubridge, in which his grace impersonates the butler and wins the lady. The difficulty seems to be, according to the London director of the Famous Players, that the producing companies are poor, according to various actors that English girls do not film well, and to still others that the critics of the cinema are too lenient. As yet, the English have taken no advantage of their nearness to the continent, and producers are satisfied with beguiling the galleries with 10, 20 and 30 stirrings, for the cinema lover, in England, is exceedingly gullible, and the audiences less heterogeneous and discriminating than ours.

### OUR FILMS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere there are American films—Anita Stewart in "The Love Snob," Buster Keaton, "The Ten Commandments," which has just closed at the old London Pavilion, "How to Educate a Wife," Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson hunting wild animals in Africa, "Wanderer of the Wasteland," with "Ruggles of Red Gap" now replacing the Cecil de Mille film, and innumerable old Nazi-movie pictures.

Better than the English speaking union, or even Esperanto, which must be learned, is the cinema theatre, for there, no matter how insignificant the town or how ancient its traditions, one meets familiar faces and too familiar antics. Lenore Ulric and Stanley Forrest in a

gripping moment from "Tiger Rose" bombard us in Exeter—the whimsies of heroine and villain in "Maytime" at Wandsworth. The houses are always full for the American films, although at the beginning of Dr. Caligari there was a slowly increasing exodus—and ice, and drinks are passed about to while away the tedium, as in the theatres.

### JUDGE US BY FILMS

It is amusing, too, to sit in the pit and hear the reactions to Americanisms in jazz and Jim Crow dance as well as to the heaving of the lovesick hero, which seems to delight the cockney. The films have spread our manners, and it is little wonder that the English think us all millionaires and living precarious lives when they see the recurring antics of the flapper and the garish apartments of the "movie" plutocracy. The cinema has shown them far more pointedly than a few insignificant tourists.

At the old London Opera House, which Oscar Hammerstein once built so ill-advisedly on Kingsway, Sir Oswald Stoll has established his chief cinema theatre, and any evening one may slip in there, if one slips into such a gorgeous place, and find every seat sold and "standing room only." Preceded by "The Love Snob," a new Emil Jannings picture was shown there last week, a film called "Money Madness."

Here is another plangent characterization of the German actor, who plays the pork baron, gross and wallowing in extravagances. A difficult role, for there was nothing heroic here, and little to sympathize with, yet Emil Jannings, in caricaturing clothes, played it with such staggering realism and crude drama that even the merest cockney whispered, "Garn." It is this brutal force and starkness of character that the Germans and Russians seem to infuse into their films that until recently we have not even approached. The same actress who played Catherine in "Peter the Great" mimed the demure French girl whom the great S. Rupp has tried to buy. Others in the cast were unnamed.

### NEED WIDER AUDIENCE

Sir Oswald Stoll and his lesser associates in the film industry have as yet failed to take the ban off the cinema, and it is not until there is a wider and more catholic audience that English films will improve. The art of the Englishman is more vocal than pantomimic, and there is so much tradition in his theatre that it is little wonder that the films have been looked upon as the

bastard art. Perhaps it is as it has been, and still is, for the most part, with us, commercialism has enveloped the art and, as the distributor told me, "We've got to make money, and our people want the bleeding melodrama"—a substitute for the blood-curdling plays of the old Drury Lane Theatre.

English studios are not so well

equipped as ours—so their films are badly photographed—but all this is incidental to the lack of intelligent interest that I, as one film-goer, have found in and out of London, at the cinema houses, and outside of them.

July 21, 1914

We hear that a Casanova Society is to be established in Boston. There will be lectures at the meetings and readings from the immortal autobiography. The lecturers will not confine themselves to the personality of the great adventurer but will digress agreeably and talk of men and women he met in the course of his wanderings. They will also picture the court, theatrical, and gallant life of the period. The pages to be read at the meetings will be carefully chosen by a committee of three.

We have received a letter from R. W. H. "In this morning's (morning of the 15th) I observe your remarks on Casanova. La Sirene is printing a new edition of Casanova with copious notes. Some Puritans have inherited the manuscript and will not allow it to be looked at so this is only a good edition of existing text. I have volumes 1 and 2 of the new edition and find the notes very interesting. It is quite exciting to find that Marton and Nanotte are real persons whose surnames and descendants are known."

We have seen these volumes and commend them to the Casanova Society. The print is good for the eyes while the plates of the Brussels and the former Paris edition are rather worn. The notes will be a godsend to the lecturers.

### ROSE WILLIAMS REDIVIVUS

(A composite picture seen at a luncheon 12 to 2 daily).

(A reminiscential glance at Walter Savage Landor).

Ah, what avails the well-rouged face,  
Ah, what the cloche divinest!  
What every gosh-darn bit of lace!  
Rose Williams, all are thine!

Rose Williams, thou whose pencilled  
eyes  
May look, but never see,  
A lot of stenographic notes  
I consecrate to thee. M. L.

### As the World Wags:

Friedrich List, the famous advocate of protection, was forced to leave Germany in 1833, and after a time settled in Basle, Switzerland. But, says his biographer, "he got embroiled with the town authorities and was sentenced to 24 hours' imprisonment upon a diet of bread and water. A medical friend lightened the punishment by sending him the useful 'prescription' of a sausage and a bottle of wine."—Quotation from Margaret E. Hirst's "Life of Friedrich List," p. 27. **ECONOMICS.**

### WHAT PARTS?

(Sharon Okla., News)  
Mr. Laura Stump, who lost his car in Oklahoma City (instead of Woodward as mentioned before), was found the other day standing in the middle of the road with parts missing.

### ESOTERIC INCUNABULA

As the World Wags:  
Such known-to-few records from the cradle days of mankind are instanced in an article just arrived (the main issue cannot here be touched upon since it is physically impossible for me to look up my notes as kindly suggested here on July second). This article is in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for April, 1924, pp. 258, 259, and identifies a description of long ago with details of a bird of today.

It refers to an episode in the life of Ishtar, a goddess of say 5000 years ago (as to whom I may speak later), a woman of strangely modern type and with little resemblance to the clinging, dependent type over which our grandmothers wept and which still lingers as a legal fiction in our divorce and breach-of-promise courts today. Her latest lover, Gilgamesh, taunted her with how she had discarded and injured his many predecessors and instanced:

"Next thou didst love the gay hued attattu bird; him thou hast smitten,

breaking his wing; in the grove doth he perch, crying 'Kappli, my wing.'"

This is no place to give details of how birds and animals in certain seasons become as "mad as a March hare." In the human race, perhaps the most striking survival is among the Eskimo who, at the first peep of the long-absent sun abandon all business and give loose rein to impulses dormant theretofore. (Was this consciously in the minds of makers of a confection of a few years ago whose trademark was "Eskimo" and a rising sun?) That the summer sun has some such similar effect upon us I tried to show here last summer in "Love Under a Torrid Sun."

Literary results of these impulses I illustrated many years ago from which I remember the final lines only, to wit:

"I never dreamed of this unhappy day



When all these forms of love's im-  
passioned fury  
Appear in court, and, marked 'Exhibit  
A,'  
Are read before a breach-of-promise  
jury."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.  
"CAPE COD CALLS"  
By JOHN T. THEODORE

Cape Cod calls;  
And I toss and roll and fret.  
My room is as hot as a Turkish bath;  
The air flicks my face like the dragon's  
breath;  
O gods, give me sleep, or else give me  
death.—  
Give me death, or give me rest!  
As I gasp for breath, and I toss and  
tear,—  
As I sweat and my temples pound,  
I dream of the tang of the salty air,  
Of the breeze from the Vineyard  
Sound.

Cape Cod calls;  
How to work and look serene  
While the game tautaug, and the sporty  
bass,  
And the radiant scup, and the briny  
grass,  
And the wind-filled sails,—are all there,  
to pass  
These hot days in town is "sin."  
O to go to sleep to the waves' soft  
walls.—  
To be lulled by the breeze to rest . . .  
But the whistling wind through the  
ropes and sails  
Makes the sound that I cherish best.

Cape Cod calls;  
Aye, she calls and calls for me;  
She calls out: "Come! Come!" from the  
sea and land,  
Where the waters lap on the white clean  
sand,  
Where the bathers sport 'on the shiny  
strand;  
To say, "Nay," is blasphemy.  
Then, Good-by, O town, to your shops  
and stores,  
To your heat and the sultry wind!  
Far better, O Cape, one day on your  
shores  
Than the wealth of Ormuz and Ind!

Evening falls;  
Fade away the flaming skies;  
The surf breaks in song; the moon,  
silvery, fair,  
Shimmers on the waves; through the  
briny air  
The night breeze, so soft, breathes an  
evening prayer,  
And the sea sings lullabies.  
O to wake at dawn with a re-born soul,  
All its senses aglow with zest!  
For the city folks sweet the Cape Cod  
call,—  
Call to loaf, and to play, and rest.  
Medford.

ADD "FAMILY REUNIONS"  
(Adv. in Los Angeles Examiner)  
MAY, Margaret, Lucille, Ida B. and Ida  
Bowyer, all former wives of Roy T.  
Bowyer of Quartzite, Ariz. Anyone know-  
ing their whereabouts wrt. Box. M5509,  
Exam.

July 22 1934  
We are disappointed in Mr. Herki-  
mer Johnson. We thought that, far  
from the busy haunts of men, far  
from insidious or tumultuous distrac-  
tions, he would be able in spite of cer-  
tain harassing domestic cares, to spend  
some hours daily in sorting and ar-  
ranging the material for the 11th vol-  
ume of his colossal work. Here is an  
extract from a letter received yester-  
day. Having thanked us for sending  
him the last issue of a popular period-  
ical which contained an article of a so-  
ciological nature that we hoped might  
be of service, he writes:  
"I can hardly wait for the next is-  
sue. There's that party in a Maine  
camp; the stern-faced lawyer Pring,  
with his jaw set; Bob Coxon, the  
weatherbeaten guide, who is sizing up  
the men and women; Dr. Moal, a small  
man but a good shot; Mr. Rotch with  
a passion for fire-water; the women,  
Grace, Julie and Carlotta; the insur-  
ferable Wardle with his rough fami-  
liarity, his hee-haw jokes and stories.  
Why did Pring invite him? Why was  
Pring cool toward his own lovely,  
devoted wife? Here I am left in suspen-  
se by the ending of this section. Pring's  
wife asks him at night what he is do-  
ing out of bed. There he is, in dress-  
ing gown and slippers. Then his harsh  
and unnatural voice replied: 'It is Bill  
Wardle,' he told her. 'He's been shot.  
He's dead.' (To be continued).  
"Who shot Bill? Couldn't they stand  
his jokes any longer? Be sure to send  
me this week's number."

RECESSIONAL  
(For As The World Wags)

When science rules emotion  
As standardized we grow,  
And men are wired manikins  
Or ten pins in a row;

When days are stencilled figures  
And hours are spun on dials,  
And every minute's charted  
And grooved by human files;

When birds are all one plumage  
And square are all the trees,  
And all the ships are painted red—  
Then pass the mustard, please.

When there are no more pixies  
And childhood's but a name,  
And pleasure comes in tin foil—  
It's time to call the game.

When earth is just a test tube  
And charm has taken flight,  
It's time to prompt the prompter—  
Dear God, blow out the light!  
—Edward Yerxa.

This should be sung in a hesitant,  
apologetic manner, as if uncertain of  
the key. It is not adaptable for bands,  
but it may be sung in the bathroom,  
with the door locked, in safety.  
E. Y.

INQUIRE WITHOUT

As the World Wags:  
Can some arboriculturist, or any  
other "1st" tell me why it is that when  
pines are burned off in a wood, thou-  
sands of oaks spring up at once? How  
is it that the earth beneath all these  
pine trees is so full of acorns that ap-  
parently become active only when the  
pines are cut down or burned off?

Why is it safe to eat the flesh of  
dead animals several days, if not longer,  
after death, when the bodies of human  
beings become poisonous almost im-  
mediately?

When I was young there was a book  
entitled "Inquire Within for All You  
Want to Know." It was published by  
Dick and Fitzgerald of New York. They  
also published "Caroline Tracy, the Mil-  
liner's Apprentice; or Life in New York  
Among the Lofty and Lowly"; "Ellen  
Grant," which "vividly describes the  
manner in which innocence becomes the  
victim of vice and greenhorns the prey  
of sharpers"; "Grace Weldon; or the  
Pretty Milliner, a Story About the Sew-  
ing Girls of Boston"; Rarey and Knowl-  
son's Complete Horse Tamer; Martine's  
"Hand Book of Etiquette and Guide to  
True Politeness," not to mention Mme.  
Le Marchand's "Fortune Teller and  
Dreamer's Dictionary," which some  
preferred to Mme. Le Normand's "Un-  
erring Fortune-Teller."

No doubt "Inquire Within" would  
give me the answers to the questions  
I have put to you, but my copy disap-  
peared years ago; nor am I the proud  
possessor of "The Book of Knowledge."  
Topsfield. SIMPLE SIMON.

WHAT A PRACTICE!

(From the Belleville, Ill., News Democrat)  
NOTICE, LADIES  
who have left kimonos at my office,  
please call for them. Must make room  
for new patients.  
DR. E. M. SASSVILLE,  
Chiropractor.

ME

As the World Wags:  
There are times when I tire of gazing  
at the Beautiful. Times when no an-  
swering thrill comes to me from the  
sight of a perfectly proportioned tree;  
or the gay street, alive with the glare  
of lights in silken draped windows and  
trim figures encased in modishly cut  
gowns; or the warm delicacy of a full,  
coral peony, or even the overwhelming  
blend of effect from the features of one  
of the foremost disciples of Aphrodite.  
Then I walk down familiar,  
homelike streets, bordered with friend-  
ly but freakish trees . . . and look  
at the beds of plain phlox in front of  
worn, tumble-down cottages. They stand  
there like stiff, dignified old maids,  
decked out for a last attempt. . . .  
And when I reach home I have courage  
to look at myself in the mirror.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

THE RAGING PASSION  
(Adv. in the London Times)

THE WELBECK SCHOOL OF DANC-  
ING—Instructional staff comprise the  
most expert teachers in the West End.  
Perfect Spring Floor. Single lessons 10s.  
6d. Five lessons 22s. To take a course  
of lessons in the Welbeck Ball Room is  
to attain that degree of fluency which  
epitomises the synchronism of poetic  
movement with perfect rhythm. Under  
the Management of Miss Diana Moray.

GIVE US THE OLD

(Slogan of the Pevely Dairy in the St.  
Louis Globe-Democrat)  
"A HERD OF MILK COWS WITH A  
30 YEARS' PERFECT RECORD."

BILL AT KEITH'S

The bill this week at Keith's includes  
singing, dancing, an orchestra, a  
magician, a couple of patter acts and  
a tight rope walker. This last act,  
which opened the bill, deserved a much

better spot. Rare in these days to see  
a man perform intricate Russian dance  
steps as well as a waltz clog on the  
tight wire as Bert Sloan did. The or-  
chestra insisted on being ahead or be-  
hind him.

Weyth and Wynn offered some talk,  
some dancing and some harmonica and  
guitar playing. This last feature  
pleased, and the audience could have  
heard more of that with pleasure.  
Moran and Wiscer were bright.

Olga Cook and Eric Zardo, presented  
by Gus Edwards, were billed as the  
feature. Miss Cook sang so easily and  
readily that listening to her was re-  
freshing. Her pianist, Zardo, has un-  
usual technique and his solos were ap-  
plauded.

Harry Holman appeared in a new  
version of "Hard-Boiled Hampton."  
The skit is bright. Two girls of his  
company stepped out of their parts and  
sang after the skit was completed, and  
then just to show that he, too, was  
among those present, Holman sang, or  
rather talked, a little song quite ef-  
fectively.

Marie Nordstrom just entertained.  
She sang a little, recited a little "pome"  
about childhood days and concluded  
with a bit of drama. The audience was  
won by her effortless art. In portray-  
ing the wife of a crook waiting for the  
jury to return with a verdict, she  
scored heavily. She didn't overdo.  
Penton and Fields danced a bit in odd  
fashion. Kuma offered magic.

CONTINUING

WILBUR—"The Dream Girl."  
Musical play based on "The  
Road to Yesterday." Cast in-  
cludes Fay Bainter, Walter  
Wolf, Billy B. Van, George Le-  
Maine, Harry Delf and Maude  
Odell. Score by Victor Herbert.  
Last two weeks.

TREMONT—"In Bamville." Sis-  
sle and Blake of "Shuffle Along"  
fame in their new all-colored  
musical comedy. The Four Har-  
mony Kings, Lottie Gee, Lew  
Payton and Johnny Hudgins and  
others in cast. Last two weeks.

SHUBERT—"Marjorie." New  
musical comedy with notable cast  
headed by Elizabeth Hines, Rich-  
ard "Skeet" Gallagher, Roy Roys-  
ton, Ethel Shutta and Andrew  
Tombes. The second week.

PARK—"Secrets." Filmed  
from play by Rudolf Besier and  
May Edginton, with Norma Tal-  
madge as star. Eugene O'Brien  
is leading man. Fourth week.

July 23 1934  
Boston Athletic Club ring was bor-  
rowed and erected in the center of the  
great living-room of Harvard Union, and  
seats arranged so that the setting re-  
sembled the National Sporting Club of  
London, and Roosevelt, '80, looked down  
from his gilt frame opposite the ring.  
Beside the guests, upwards of a thou-  
sand undergraduates crowded into the  
room.

As a surprise, Robinson asked his  
father to bring John L. Sullivan to  
Cambridge to open the bouts with a  
speech. John bellowed through the tele-  
phone from Abington, "I'll meet you  
at the South Station, old pal." He was  
met with a taxicab and taken to the  
City Club for dinner. The entrance to  
the Union was timed to occur just a  
few minutes prior to the starting gong.  
When the mighty old warrior strolled  
into the room (led by the same in-  
dividual who was once the hero-wor-  
shipping usher in Milwaukee), a roar  
went up from those thousand students,  
that could be heard a mile away. It  
continued for five minutes and then  
John clambered into the ring and  
spoke to those boys in that wonderful  
Voice. He told them always to fight on  
the square; in short, the speech was  
a gem worthy of comparison with any  
that had been made in that same room  
by men of erudition.

When John closed his masterly talk  
and resumed his ringside seat, the  
crowd arose to him again and Roose-  
velt 80 beamed down as if to say  
"Good boy, John." It was a wonder-  
ful tribute and the handsome old fight-  
er's eyes dimmed as he thought back-  
ward down his long career which com-  
menced on Howard street and ended  
in this distinguished seat of learning,  
for it was his last public appearance.  
His great soul passed on shortly after-  
ward and his body was borne through  
Boston in solemn state, the streets  
packed with thousands of mourners.

Some day a book will be written  
about his good deeds and a surprise  
awaits the reader.

LANSING P. ROBINSON.

LOUIS; AHOY!

(For As the World Wags)  
'Hoy, Louis of the Lafayette!  
When all the seven seas  
You've sailed across and back again,  
And drunk life to its lees,

There's one small port you've overlooked  
Though on no foreign shore;  
One "little port" that's "best," my lad,  
And one you've seen before.

It may be somewhat humble, or  
It may be quite austere  
With grandeur and cold elegance,  
It may be very dear.

Not "lousy," let us hope and trust,  
But clean as ocean foam,  
When wild adventure palls, my lad,  
Just touch the port called "home."  
Weston. F. B. P.

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, July 22  
(By A. P.)—American devotees of  
Wagner, who lent lustre to the pre-  
war festivals, were sadly lacking  
when the curtain went up on the  
opening performance of the 27th  
Wagnerian festival this afternoon,  
and a survey of the audience estab-  
lished the predominance of Germans  
and Austrians, who contributed  
nine-tenths of the day's attendance.

Foreign patronage consisted chiefly  
of Americans, who came by automo-  
bile from Munich and Nuremberg, and  
the Wagner family are reported to be  
anything but pleased with the results  
of the Siegfried Wagner propaganda in  
the United States.

The opening performance was "Die  
Meistersinger." It was said by those  
who have attended the rehearsals to be  
at the high mark of the entire cycle,  
with the outstanding role of Hans Sachs  
sung by Herman Weil, one of the well-  
known pre-war Wagnerian singers at  
the Metropolitan Opera House, New  
York.

Carl Klewig of Berlin took the part  
of Sir Walter von Stolzing, and Lily  
Hafgren, also of Berlin, the part of  
Eva. Fritz Busch, director-general of  
the Dresden opera, occupied the con-  
ductor's desk.

The composer's aged widow, Frau  
Cosima Wagner, will be present at the  
performance of Parsifal on Wednesday.  
Among the American visitors was Mor-  
ris Halpern, who has attended every  
festival since the first performance in  
1876.

The opening performance developed  
into a nationalistic demonstration this  
afternoon. During the finale of "Die  
Meistersinger," Hans Sachs's words ex-  
horting the citizens of Nuremberg—"If  
the holy German empire should crumble  
to dust, our sacred German art would  
still remain"—aroused an outbreak of  
patriotism on the part of the entire au-  
dience, which rose and vociferously  
joined in three stanzas of "Deutschland  
Über Alles."

While nobody is suspected of having  
inspired the unusual climax to the  
initial performance, it was observed that  
the old monarchical colors were hoisted  
over the festival hall.

July 24 1934  
Foreigners accuse Americans of puff-  
ery, of hifalutin in our praise of mus-  
icians and stage folk. We quote from an  
advance notice of an entertainment at  
Paris in honor of the aviator, Pelletier-  
Dolsy. Among the entertainers were  
Lucien Muratore, the "incomparable"  
singer; Marie Leconte with her "ex-  
quisite art"; the "dazzling" Carlotta  
Zambelli, dancer; the "divine" Fella  
Litvinne; the "exquisite" Henry Defreyn  
on the trapeze; the "delicious" Ger-  
maine Gallois, as a snake charmer; the  
"witty" Marguerite Deval; the "so  
Parisian" Victor Boucher; the "resplen-  
dent" Mary Marquet; the "admirable"  
Lucy Arbell; the "mirth-provoking and  
slender" Pauley; the "pretty" Yola; the  
"celebrated" Oy-Ra.

So M. Mordkin, the Russian dancer,  
will again visit this country. When he  
was first in Boston as the partner of  
Mrs. Pavlova, he was the pet of all  
the ladies, equalled only by Hildebrandt  
Montrose in the once famous song. Our  
ladies swooned at the mere mention of  
his name, captivated by his indisputable  
grace, enchanted by his classic postures  
and his virile agility. Alas—one day it  
was whispered that M. Mordkin was not  
a young man and he wore a wig.

One should never see dancers re-  
hearsing and without costumes. We  
once happened to see the excellent Mr.  
and Mrs. Fokine laboriously prancing  
and skipping on the stage of Symphony  
hall preparatory to their evening en-



ment. There was no orchestra. Fokine's black hair was floating in the air as she trod her measures while her gallant husband was unromantic in his limbering-up.

### "TOM FILUTER"

#### Notes and Lines:

Reading "Notes and Lines" aloud this morning (July 17), I was interrupted by my mother who repeated from memory the whole of the "Dialogue Between Tom Filuter and his Man." This she learned in 1854 or 1855 from Mandeville's Fifth Reader.

This reader was in use in the schools of Maine at that period. My mother was at school in Hebron, Me. She was reading in the Town's Readers, but an older sister was using the Mandeville's and she had a fancy to commit rhymes to memory. ALICE W. COLLINS, Ocean Park, Me.

As we said last week, Lord Berners has set music to this jingle. We quoted the verses—beginning:

"Dick! said he.  
What! said he.  
Fetch me my hat said he  
To Timahoe, says he."

In the song, as published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London, the lines, with the exception of the four above, are not punctuated. In The Herald the lino-type inserted punctuation marks.

And the lino-type, or the proofroom, played us another trick. We spoke of a Boston dancing teacher who settled in Paris in the '60's and, to cut a dash, sported an engraved card: "M. F—de Boston," as though his family name were "De Boston" and of noble origin. In the paragraph the "de" was omitted. It mattered little to the Infinite, but it made nonsense of our allusion.

Rosetta's adventures in Cicero called forth comments in the newspapers of Chicago. The two now quoted can hardly be called sympathetic.

#### IN CICERO

Dear ladies, if you chance to go  
Thru Cicero, thru Cicero,  
Pray do not smile, adhere to woe,  
For Cicero, for Cicero  
Has husky men who take delight  
In showing girls that might is right,  
And if you smile, you'll have to fight,  
In Cicero, in Cicero. P. B.

ROSETTA, now we know why the brave police force of Cicero beat you up. You see, Rosetta, Cicero is not pronounced Sissyrow; ah, nay, whatever else we may say about Cicero we would not regard it the habitat of sissies. No, according to what the colleges call the Roman method, Cicero is pronounced Kick-e-ro. Is the town well named, Rosetta? Well, you tell the cock-eyed world.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Notes and Lines:

Apropos of The Herald's editorial article: "Incongruous Laughter." I rise to assure you that you Bostonians blush too easily. The same condition as that which is complained obtains in New York theatres. Many of us have with difficulty restrained murderous impulse when what the editorial mistakenly terms the "Boston titter" disturbed me in the course of some far from funny situation in a far from funny play. New York is more fortunate, perhaps, than Boston in that this condition has not interfered so much with the production of serious plays, but I am sure it is not because there is not as much of the tittering here as in Boston. SILL.  
New York.

Who wrote the song "Does the Spear-mint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Over Night,"

Are there two melodramas entitled "Sweeney Todd"? The one by George Diddin Pitt, produced in London in 1842 and revived in New York last week, is dated 1842. It is not in the Encyclopedia published by The Stage, but another play of the name is mentioned as being produced in the early 60s.

Which was the play seen at the Bowers Theatre, New York, in October, 1867, when Mortimer Murdock took the leading part? He was also seen that season in "Ruy Blas," "Pizarro" and "Black-Eyed Susan."

Has "Sweeney Todd, the Barker of Fleet Street," been performed in Boston?

We read that William Horace Lingard, now 87 years old, is living at the Charterhouse in London. Many of us remember him in Boston, singing "Captain Jinks," "Walking Down Broadway," "On the Beach at Long Branch"—the last two songs had been "Americanized"—and other songs once hummed and whistled by thousands. Alice Dunning and "Dicky" Lingard were with him. If we are not mistaken,

he used to "impersonate" men in public life. Did he, or one of the women, sing "The Bell Goes A-Ringing for Sarah"? His entertainment was a harmless one. No doubt today it would be regarded as lacking "pep." Alice Dunning afterward became more or less famous in the legitimate drama.

### AN ODE

(Written on the occasion of hearing Billy B. Van on the radio)

I hear a voice upon the air;  
It takes me back, as in a dream,  
A score of years; again I fare  
To Mr. Howard's Athenaeum;  
A voice, as of a ribald boy  
In fluted cadence heard afar  
Through distant days of gin and joy—  
The voice of Patsy Bolivar!  
Strange was his face, those years gone by;  
I laughed until I gasped and choked;  
Stranger his deeds; I cried my eye,  
I rocked and rasped; I coughed and croaked.

And now Burlesque is dead! It haunts  
(A pallid wraith, of gizzard cold)  
The stages that were once its vaunts—  
Ah, the gods end by growing old.  
Ah, brings the voice; the voice rebrings  
That wild buffoonish pageantry;  
Again I laugh, and my heart sings  
Hymns of profane and vulgar glee.  
Then were no voices on the air  
By microphone beguiled afar;  
Now are no mummeries to compare  
With memoried mirth of Bolivar.  
Melrose. AH CHEE.

## WAGNER DENIES ANY HAND IN OUTBURST

### Demonstration at Bayreuth Spontaneous Exhibition of German Pride

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, July 23 (By A. P.)—Siegfried Wagner, son of the composer, said today that the nationalistic demonstration which broke out Tuesday afternoon during the finale of "Die Meistersinger," which was the opening performance of the revived Wagner festival, was purely spontaneous and was not ranged by the management. He read the impression created abroad the demonstration was a political outburst in the interest of the Nationalist party.

The presence in the audience of the Nationalists was a tribute to the composer, and the patriotic outburst of German pride merely indicated that German art was the only possession left to the crushed nation, Herr Wagner added. He declared, however, that he and his family desired to preserve the

festival as a strictly artistic occasion without a political atmosphere.

July 25, 1924

Reading the commendatory notices of "The Diary of a Country Parson" kept by the Rev. James Woodforde from 1758 to 1781," one would infer that it is the book of books; to be put on a shelf with the diaries of Pepys, Evelyn and Wesley's Journal. Leonard Woolf thinks this diary will be "immortal"; Mr. Squire prefers it to the Farlington Diary, and there are other verbal hurrahs of the "removes superfluous hair and is an excellent substitute for family butter, none genuine unless stamped on the blade" order. Mr. Gosse is more cautious; he permits himself to say that there are "engaging things" in Woodforde's Diary.

One learns from this diary that the Rev. James ate and drank in a manner to shock the good people of Battle Creek; all persons that preach the gospel of low diet, no red meat, only one egg for breakfast, green vegetables, nuts and fruits, nothing hearty after 6 P. M., total abstinence from alcohol, six to eight glasses of water a day, bran in all its hideous forms, no salt. No doubt that this country parson conducted the services in church with due decorum, but how he did gorge and guzzle! If his belly was not his god, it was at least an idol to which he sacrificed. The diary is a record of adventures at table.

He notes a country meal for 15 persons: "We had for dinner a boiled Rump Beef 45 pd. weight, a ham and half a dozen Fowls, a roasted Saddle of Mutton, two very rich puddings, and a good Sallet with a fine cucumber."

As a fellow of New College, Oxford and a Sub-Warden he ordered dinner every day. "We had for dinner two fine Codds boiled with fried souls round them and oyster sauce, a fine Sirloin of Beef roasted, some peas soup, and an orange pudding for the first course; for the second we had a lease of Wild Ducks roasted,

a fore Quarter of Lamb and sallad and Mince Pies. After the second course there was a fine plumb cake brought to the senr. Table, as is usual on this day, which also goes to the Bachelors after. . . . We had Rabbits for Supper roasted, as is usual on this day. . . . The Sub-Warden has one to himself; the Bursars each one apiece, the Senr. Fellows 1/2 a one each, the Junr. Fellows a rabbit between three." (Lease; one of those fine old nouns of multitude recorded in the St. Alban's Book.)

But at the House they had a "very elegant" dinner. "The first course was part of a large Cod, a Chine of Mutton, some Soup, a Chicken Pye, Puddings and Roots, etc. Second course, Pigeons and Asparagus, a Fillet of Veal, with Mushrooms, and high Sauce with it, roasted Sweet breads, hot Lobster, Apricot Tart, and in the middle a Pyramid of Syllabubs and Jellies. We had a Desert of Fruit after Dinner and Madelra White Port and red to drink as Wine. We were all very cheerful and merry."

At Brasenose on Shrove Tuesday they had Lambs Wool to drink, a composition of ale, sugar, etc., lobsters, pan-cakes, etc., to eat at supper and the butler there gives a plum cake with a copy of verses of his own making upon it."

Yet the Rev. James attended to his ghostly duties. "I buried poor Miss Rose this evening at Weston, aged 20 years. It was a very pretty decent Funeral. But Js. Smith the Clerk made me wait in performing the office at the grave near a Qr. of an Hour, the grave not being long enough a good deal. It was a very great interruption, I gave it to Js. afterwards."

What a contrast to the voluminous journal of the saintly John Wesley! It is true we find "Gins" in the index, and turning to Vol. 2, p. 122 with feverish haste we find the word is the name of a village, full of colliers, to whom Wesley preached. In 1746 the good man gave up tea, setting an example to the poorer people that they might thus save their health, time and money. "I expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six-and-twenty years standing, and accordingly the three first days my head ached, more or less, all day long; and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day on Wednesday in the afternoon, my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my head ache was gone, my memory was as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this."

Wesley's temperance was extraordinary, even in the matter of sleep. He could not endure to lie on a soft bed. His dress was a narrow plaited stock; a coat, with a small upright collar; no buckles at his knees; no silk or velvet in any part of his apparel; "while an air of neatness and cleanliness was diffused over his whole person." Yet when his wife died he made only this entry in his journal: "I came to London, and was informed that my wife died on Monday. This evening she was buried, though I was not informed of it till a day or two after." In a previous year he had written with reference to her: "For what cause I know not to this day—set out for Newcastle, purposing 'never to return.' Non eam reliqui: Non dimisi Non revocabo."

And the good man believed in witchcraft. "Infidels have hooted witchcraft out of the world. . . . I have sometimes been inclined to wonder at the pert, saucy, indecent manner, wherein some of those trample upon men far wiser than themselves; at their speaking so dogmatically against what not only the whole world, heathen and Christian, believed in all past ages, but thousands, learned as well as unlearned, firmly believe at this day."

### A COMMUNIST MENACE

[On learning from the report of the proceedings of the British Waterworks Association that at Rochester, U. S. A., small doses of an iodine salt are added to the water supply for two or three weeks every year with the object of preventing "thyroidism," it was added that in this country "It was contrary to ordinary medical teaching to force a whole population to drink doped water for the benefit of the minority."]

I do not live in Rochester, in Rochester, in Rochester.

I do not live in Rochester, and, on the whole, I'm glad—  
For there, with gay impunity,  
They take the opportunity  
To dose the whole community  
Lest one or two "feel bad."

If Jones has got a chill again, a chill again, a chill again,  
If Jones has got a chill again, to dope me would be mean;  
Catarrh he is addicted to—  
Am I to be convicted, too,  
And see my tap restricted to  
Free doses of quinine?

Or take the case of neighbour Brown, of neighbour Brown, of neighbour Brown.

Yes, take the case of neighbour Brown, a man in all respects Most valitudinarious—  
Why should I drink the various And (maybe) most nefarious Of swipes that he affects?

I think I am a democrat, a democrat, a democrat.

I think I am a democrat (or have been up to now);

But let's have no frivolity

Of physic for a polity—

This doctrine of equality

I can't at all allow!

—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

July 25, 1924

Anne smiled and said:

"My idea of good company, Mr. Elliot, is the company of clever, well informed people, who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company."

"You are mistaken," said he gently, "that is not good company; that is the best. Good company requires only birth, education and manners, and with regard to education is not very nice. Birth and good manners are essential; but a little learning is by no means a dangerous thing in good company; on the contrary, it will do very well."—Jane Austen's "Persuasion."

Has conversation as a fine art, or say a necessity of mental life, gone out in Boston? A good many years ago a woman not living now in Boston thought she "had a salon," but an irreverent New York journalist characterized it as a "saloon." Have motor cars, bridge, mah-jong taken the place of conversation? Afternoon tea is still an institution countenanced by what is vaguely described as society, but is there any talk at these teas except about the doings and the misdoings of friends and acquaintances? Even at the end of a small and intimate dinner, there is restlessness—"What are we to do now?" If there is talk about books, the "best sellers" are the ones superficially discussed unless they happen to be of an aggressively sensual nature; then they excite genuine interest for a few minutes. "I sent to New York for my copy," says Mrs. Gollightly.

"I don't think such books should be published. Will you let me read it when you are through?" says her dear friend Mrs. Bouncerby.

"What do you say to bridge?" asks the bored hostess.

Schopenhauer at a German inn, where he was accustomed to dine, shouted one day at table that he would give a gold piece to the first army officer that spoke about any other subject than horses and women. Good talk in clubs is often spoiled by the arrival of members who can talk only about the curse of prohibition and treat the company to political prognostications. They are more to be feared than the anecdotalist with his "I heard a good one yesterday. Stop me if you've heard it. It was new to me." More to be feared than even the golfer of only one season. The member in sound health is glad to hear from a surgeon sitting by him in citizen's dress, that is to say, in mufti, about a horrible operation performed on a fellow member. The man who is never invited anywhere welcomes the enthusiastic description of a ball—an "exclusive" affair—because it confirms his suspicions and more than reconciles him to his humble lot.

The French Academy gave its grand prize for literature to Abel Bonnard, whose last work is "En Chine." Marcel Boulanger of Figaro in a long article on conversation wishes that the Academy had given this prize to M. Bonnard the talker as well as the writer. For in M. Boulanger's opinion Mr. Bonnard is one of the very few Frenchmen who today maintain the old tradition, that "specialty" of the French in the time of the Cafe Procope and the salons of the 18th century. "There was not a stranger in the reign of Louis XV and of Louis XVI who did not marvel on his arrival—the least important memoirs assure us of this—at the disconcerting and untiring ease with which nearly all Frenchmen, even the humblest, spoke without truce about every object under the sun. And how affably, with what good nature! Now, observe our compatriots. If a stranger speaks to them, they are suspicious, as if he were about to steal their watches. This is what one calls progress."

M. Boulanger dwells on the former grace, ease, brilliance of the conversation in which Rivarol shone to the amazement of even sparkling talkers. Today there is the Comtesse de Noailles, there is Andre Beaunier, there is M. Bonnard—a few others, but to hear the great majority saddens M. Boulanger. "They are hardly able to



Mr. They do not end their sentences, they are at a loss for words, they repeat the same ones, their syntax is that of a child, they stumble and halt, they cut up their remarks with a perpetual "nest-ce pas." And M. Boulanger, enumerating the qualities of M. Bonnard as a conversationalist, says he does not tell a ring of anecdotes. He may incidentally introduce one in passing if it cures to him, but he would quickly stop this "economical form of conversation."

Mr. George Moore has been in France visiting M. Dujardin. Mr. André Billy told on him. Mr. Moore talked freely, mes Hunkers once told us that Moore as charming in conversation, communicative, not too informing, witty at times, receptive and responsive. Women have met Mr. Moore in London and told us that he was egotistic, gross speech, retelling gossip that was ten scandal—in short, an insufferable reason.

Mr. Moore assured M. Billy a few weeks ago that English literature is in a decadence, is purely commercial. M. Billy mentioned Thomas Hardy. This our old friend George on edge. What did he not say against Hardy? His novels are melodramas badly planned and written in an ungrammatical and degenerate manner. How about his landscapes? asked M. Billy timidly. "Jules Verne, first quality. Reapers coming over the fields with a moon three times as big behind their heads." As for Conrad he has not written any artistic work. One is an artist at 20. One will never become one. Conrad was at sea a long time. Foreign born, he has not learned the melody of the English language, which is all essential. He is sailor and sailors are dear in the eyes of the English. So much for Conrad. "A book written by a child of fortune." M. Billy mentioned H. G. Wells. Wells does not belong to literature."

Mr. Moore has a certain admiration for Kipling. He called "Kim" a masterpiece and the "Jungle Book" beautiful. "Arnold Bennett's last novel is good because it is a fact." Mr. Moore spoke to Mr. Bennett: the subject is agreeable and the book is not extraordinarily well written, but the novel is "a fact." Having thus unburdened himself, Mr. Moore began to talk of powers and nightingales, for they were M. Dujardin's country house.

OWN WHERE THE VEST BEGINS

(Bob Brackett in Scioto, Cal., Bulletin)  
own where the belt clasps a little stronger,  
own where the pants should be a little longer,  
That's where the Vest begins;  
own where you wish you were a little slimmer,  
There the shirt that shows is a little whiter,  
There each day the buttons grow a little tighter,  
That's where the Vest begins.  
own where the pains are in the making,  
and each heavy meal will soon start it aching,  
That's where the Vest begins.  
There each added pound is the cause of sighing,  
Then you know in your heart that the scales aren't lying,  
and you just have to guess when your shoes need tying,  
That's where the Vest begins.

July 27 1924

Reviewing a strange play, "A Comedy of Good and Evil," produced in London early this month, the Daily Telegraph began by saying: "In Wales one has only to live there a little while to find this out—they are quite home with the supernatural; ghosts common objects of the countryside, and no good Welshman would be surprised to meet the Old Gentleman out walking the roads any dark night." Relief in the Powers of Darkness is no means confined to Roumania. Wales, Hungary and certain other countries, not forgetting Lapland. As it is Sunday, we take the liberty of proving the occasion by quoting from "A Discourse of Witchcraft" by excellent Master William Perkins, written at Maton, in Warwickshire, England (1550-1602). But first the choir will sing: never sit down at the table when the number is thirteen, and lest witches be there, put salt in your beer, and scrape your platter clean.

As to "The procuring of strange pains and torments in men's bodies" these and such like things Inchanters do by their charms. And for off hereof, we have the uniform consent of all ages, with the records of witches confessions to manifest the same; besides the testimony of experi-

ence in this age, as the man that calls it into question may as well doubt of the Sunne shining at noone day. . . . Now in like manner the Devil hath a Kingdome called in Scripture the Kingdome of darkness, whereof himselfe is the head and governour, for which cause he is termed the prince of darkness (2d Corinthians, Chap. 4, verse 4.) the God of this world, ruling and effectually working in the hearts of the children of disobedience. . . . Againe, as God hath enacted Lawes, whereby his Kingdome is governed, so hath the Devil his ordinances. . . . And amongst them all, the precepts of Witchcraft are the very chiefe and most notorious. . . . There is in the Devil an admirable quicknesse and agility, proceeding from his spiritual nature, whereby he can very speedily and in a short space of time convey himselfe and other creatures into places far distant, one from another. So by his spiritual nature he is able, if God permit, to convey himselfe into the substance of the creature, and being in the creature, he can worke therein. Thus it appeareth, that the Devil can in generall worke wonders. The Devil's wonders are of two sorts—illusions or real actions. An illusion is a worke of Satan, whereby he delecteth or deceiveth man—and it is twofold, either of the outward senses, or of the minde. An illusion of the outward senses is a worke of the devil, whereby he makes a man to think that he heareth, seeth, feeleth, or toucheth such things as indeede hee doth not

Experience teacheth us, that the devil is a skillfull practitioner in this kinde. . . . In this manner Paul affirmeth that the Galatians were deluded, when he saith (Galatians chap. 3, verse 1) "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you," where he useth a word, borrowed from the practice of witches and sorcerers. . . . and the ground of Paul's comparison, is that which he takes for a granted truth, that there be such delusions, whereby men's senses are and may be corrupted by satanical operation. The second kinde of illusion is of the minde, whereby the devil deceives the minde, and makes a man thinke that of himself which is not true. Thus experience teacheth, that he hath deluded men both in former and latter times, who have avouched and professed themselves to be Kings, or the sonnes of Kings. Yea, some have holden themselves to be Christ, some to be John the Baptist, and some extraordinary Prophets—and the like conceits have entered into the minds of sundry witches, by the suggestion and persuasion of the devil.

S. O. S.

"R. S. H. wishes to know the title of a song containing these words:  
"Deck not with gems that lovely form for me.  
They in my eyes could add no charm to thee.  
Braid not for me the tresses of thy hair;  
I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair."  
He also wishes to know the name of the composer.  
"M." of Hartford, Ct., wishes to know where he can obtain the words, or the words and music of these songs: "Old Cy Hubbard," which begins: "Twas way last spring, I believe in May,  
When old Cy Hubbard to me did say, I hear there's a circus a-coming to town,  
Suppose we go and see the clown.  
"Christopher Colombo"—  
In 1492 Colombo sailed the ocean blue.  
Colombo he then started, etc.  
And when they wanted dessert  
He passed the Floating Island, etc.  
"Johnny Dugan."—An old song which goes something like  
"I was born about four thousand years ago,  
Nothing ever happened that I don't know."

ADD "SOCIETY NOTES"

As the World Wags:  
"Taug" Mullett, the Bass river sheik, whose specialty is married women, eased into the South station, reefed his belt and tacked through the heart of the city. Recalled in the Common, he inquired: "These hairy helpers, have you noticed their necks, just below the chopped hair? Squirtin' Clams, they look like an unkept cranberry bog."  
May he have a chaperson through the female wing of the Hall of Fame?  
F. L. R.

As the World Wags:  
"She is called 'Queen of Palmyra.' Great quantities of cobra come from the islands."  
I presume that's where they train snakes for the fakirs.  
L. R. R.

STILL GOING STRONG  
(Headlines in Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville)  
CLAIMS MEXICO HAS ORIGINAL DAIRY OF COLUMBUS' VOYAGE

When it was announced last June that there would be a revival of the Grand Guignol in London, "A. N. M." of the Manchester Guardian raised up his voice in protest. Not that he objected to a touch of horror in tragedy, but he maintained that horror must be subservient to design. "The crunching of bones, the shrieks of the damned are not easily assimilated into a worthy dramatic art. . . . Horror for horror's sake is ridiculous." And would censorship be possible? "If you take a ticket for a Witches' Sabbath it is absurd to complain of a lack of decorum in the performance," so the argument that the best censorship is the sense of the general community and of the particular audiences is here of no avail. "Is there anything that a Grand Guignol audience would not stand? Is it conceivable that those jaded worms could turn? The only exterior check must be the police, and the police are not trained to niceties of distinction."

It appears that the Grand Guignol Players did not draw a crowd of even the morbid, for the London correspondent of Variety wrote on July 15 that the receipts at the Comedy Theatre were \$150 to \$200 a performance.

What would "A. N. M." have said about two plays seen not long ago in Paris?

A one-act play, "La Maison Vide," was brought out at the Theatre des Deux-Masques. To free himself from a love affair that tortures him a young man kills two men and a woman, friends of his beloved, then strangles his beloved, not heeding her piteous appeals. Then the house is empty; the young man's heart is free.

"L'Horrible Volupte," a drama in two acts, was played at the same theatre. Rita Hernandez is hurt in an accident. Her name and address are found in her bag, and she is taken to the address. It's that of her lover. She is so weak that transfusion of blood is necessary. The lover offers his and the operation takes place on the stage. But Rita does not recover her health. Her lover had been bitten by a dog, which though he did not know it, was mad. Thus he had communicated hydrophobia to Rita. Her husband, who had been away at the time of the accident, returning, learns about it, his wife's infidelity and her terrible condition. He finds a horrid pleasure in watching the spasms of the two victims. Finally he shoots the lover and lets his wife howl over the corpse.

Richard Northcott says that it was Wagner's intention to have the music of the Bird in "Siegfried" sung by a boy, and in some of the early German scores this direction is made, but this wish could not be realized at Bayreuth, where the music was sung first by Lilli Lehmann. In Vaughan Williams's opera, "Hugh the Drover," which was announced for performance in public on July 14, there is a prize fight at a fair between Hugh and the local butcher for £20 and the hand of the heroine. John the Butcher is guilty of fouling, but, of course, Hugh wins. The Queen commanded a private performance for July 7. The action of the opera takes place in 1812, when the name of Bonaparte struck terror to the English countryman's soul. (See Thomas Hardy's "Trumpet Major" and some of his poems.) The librettist, Harold Child, believes his story to be original. "A few details of the fight are taken from a passage in George Borrow. A far greater—indeed, an incalculable—debt is owed to the discrimination, patience and inventiveness of the composer in helping the libretto into shape."

Some years ago Max Pauer came to Boston and astonished the audience by exhuming Mendelssohn's piano concerto in G minor for his performance at a Symphony concert. He has been appointed director of the Leipzig Conservatory.

It is now said that Richard Strauss's new opera, "Intermezzo," will be produced at Dresden on Oct. 30.

Boito's "Nero" brought to La Scala at Milan 3,800,000 lira. There were nine subscription performances and one at reduced prices.

The Swedish Chorus of Students at Upsal, visiting Paris, sang under the Arc de Triomphe at the tomb of the unknown soldier a Kyrie Eleison and funeral chant by Josephson.

Charles Wood, now appointed to the professorship of music in Cambridge University, as successor to the late Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, is best known in this country as the writer of music to Walt Whitman's "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors." Plunket Greene sang the song in Boston about 30 years ago.

Apropos of the second concert of the Fisk University singers in London, the Daily Telegraph remarked, having said that they were "wonderful," "incomparable": "In the last year or two Negro Spirituals have unfortunately gone through a process of vulgarization in the interpretation—save the mark!—of irreverent and thoughtless singers; their peculiar idiom, their quaintness, their very rhythm, has been made the vehicle, so to speak, of flippant entertainment. One has only to listen to these singers, who have the religious tradition in their blood, to realize how intensely sincere the Spirituals really are; to realize, also, that the singing itself has an unwritten technique of a subtle and lovely kind that seems to be a secret of the colored musician alone."

In "The Pleasure Garden," by Beatrice Mayor, brought out in London, couples meet, walk, sit, take tea. They tell one another the story of their lives, or make love, or quarrel, or philosophize. Just as one couple gives signs of having something interesting, or at least definite, to say, it is whisked off to make room for another. You are left to piece the scraps together for yourself. There is, to be sure, a make-believe at some sort of unity in the continuous presence of a youth who has been reading a treatise on the Crustacea and has been recommended to study the equally queer ways of the human animal instead.

He follows the various couples about, and is so distracted by their behavior as to become in the end almost as mad as Orlando himself. . . . There is nothing very exciting about these draggle-tailed specimens of human nature. And that, no doubt, is the playwright's point: that our ordinary human weaknesses are quaint, and a little pitiful, to look at. A vain, bibulous, amorous, out-of-work actor shows his press notices and reads his wife's letters to all and sundry. A poet without inspiration is worshipped by a silly wife as a genius. Two old schoolfellows meet, one a clergyman's spouse, the other "a daughter of joy," and exchange confidences, and it would appear that respectability has brought no more happiness than the "gay life." Item: An elderly gentleman with a nervous affection of the eye, "which always disappears when he bids for sympathy on account of it."



THE LOUDEST SPEAKER

Don't shingle your roofs, girls, because it ain't goin' to rain no mo'. We will now switch you over to the beach walk where the Oriole orchestra will let you hear The Mean Hearted Man. . . . The World Crier will cry for you again in a half hour. . . . Good night, kiddies, sleep tight, and don't let the little buggles bite. . . . You have just heard Miss Hughes singing I Hear You Calling Me from W.Q.J. . . . Yes, sir, I can see the mermaids paddling around out there in the lake.

The Count of the Goldfish Coast, (Dr. Strappum, sending this radio rhapsody to The Herald, writes on asylum note paper: "He's the worst patient we have.")

REPORT ON A SHIP TOWED INTO HALIFAX HARBOR

(From a Canadian Newspaper)

Only one passenger is aboard the Poland. This passenger is a woman belonging to New York, who is on her way to Europe. It is understood that she is suffering from illness brought on by her rough experience. A survey was held yesterday and a diver will go down this morning to learn if her stern post or rudder is damaged.

July 28 '924

Some one writing to the Daily Mail argues that a woman does not reach "her best age" until she has passed her 35th year, for then she understands men, is easily pleased, expects less of life than younger women, is an admirable hostess. She has traveled and read, is an excellent and stimulating companion, also a restful one.

In the novels of Jane Austen, Trollope and many other English novelists, the heroines are under 20, certainly under 25 and at 25 they and their parents despair of husbands for them. Yes, Ann Eliza is an old maid. Balzac was wondering at when he described a woman of 30 years as eminently desirable.

Unfortunately many women who have passed the 35th year are not so accomplished, not so companionable, and by no means restful. Then there is the apathy of middle age, which is less and less observable. There are giddy, frivolous women of 60 years, mothers and grandmothers, who go about with bare arms and short skirts as if they were only 18 years old; skittish creatures.

That women of 45, 50 years and more do not think that age has put them on the shelf is to be applauded. No longer do they sing, "I'm not as young as I used to be." But if one reads the newspapers one is surprised to note that men of 70, who marry or are sued for breach of promise, prefer, as a rule, women on the sunny side of 40. Perhaps they unconsciously obey the theory of Schopenhauer, that contrasts rule in selection—the fat man chooses a thin mate, the tall the short, and vice versa.

Of course there is the famous example of Ninon de Enclos, who was courted by many, madly by some, after she was 70, and was still fascinating at 90 when the old man with the scythe wooed her, and, jealous of mortals, took her for his own.

Mr. Charles T. Copeland, lecturing on Byron, pointed out that Byron's genius found its most characteristic form and development in "Don Juan" and in his own admirable letters. No one will dispute this saying, but we wish Mr. Copeland had put "Beppo" with "Don Juan" and the letters. Fortunately "Don Juan" is to be—or was to be—obtained in the Tauchnitz edition as a separate volume. Would that "Beppo" had been joined to it!

"I like the taxes when they are not too many."

I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear.

I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any; Have no objection to a pot of beer;

I like the weather, when it is not rainy; That is, I like two months of every year.

And so God save the Regent, Church and King!

Which means that I like all and every thing."

Byron has been summed up neatly by Mr. Barrell in his "More Obiter Dicta": "His character and his rhythm, his morals and his grammar, will continue to be criticised, but he himself will always be alive."

Marie Corelli left by her will to a woman friend her estate of £24,000.

The Daily Chronicle says that this estate ranks fourth among the bequests of literary women. The best-paid story-teller among English women was Gertrude Page, who wrote "Paddy-the-Next-Best Thing"—£31,000. Edna Lyall (Miss A. E. Bayly) left £25,000. John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), £24,000. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss R. N. Carey both left over £10,000. But was Mrs. Craigie's fortune derived exclusively from her books? And how many of our readers know the writings of Gertrude Page and Miss Carey? Let us see—Mr. Noyes was once applauded as possessing, among major and minor bards now living, the most of this world's goods.

As the World Wags:

I recently unearthed a story, which may be new to some of your readers, regarding the fabled conceit of Richard Harding Davis. Davis was talking to a friend, holding forth, as was said to be his wont, on the subject of his familiarity with the great and near-great. "My good friend, Gen. Nogel, was the bravest man I ever saw," said Davis. "I remember one day at Port Arthur, Nogel was walking along the parapet of a trench, exposed to the most deadly fire imaginable. In that storm of shell and shrapnel he was as calm as though walking through the streets of Tokio. Fearing that his almost inconceivable bravery might be the end of him, I called out, 'Get down, general, get down.' His reply was characteristic of the man, 'Get down yourself, Richard,' he said."

HOLY HOPRIG.

A NATIVE BARD

(From the Littleton, N. H., Courier)

There was a surprise party in Lisbon Centre in honor of a silver wedding anniversary. The following poem was read by the gifted author, Mr. Warren Dexter:

In the Granite state and Lisbon town, There lives a farmer of earned renown And his wife, a farmerette by trade, Has played the game with heart and spade.

It was 25 years ago today, love, I became your happy bride. There in our youth we came directly To our present home, at the Centre Hillside.

Where we planned to be so happy And much happiness we see. Yet like every married couple There's been gloom as well as glee. But we've bravely stood together When the waves have roughed the sea. We have counseled one another And from sorrow feel quite free. How we've reached the quarter century And many changes have been wrought. Still we feel the time slightly. Pleasure is our happy thought. If you want to see her work Without a sputter, Just order a few pounds Of that Gilt-edged butter. And she will rush To beat the dickens

To fill an order For those roasting chickens. His one great hobby And greatest greed Is to win the prize On the Hereford breed. In order to be progressive, and up to the day

To transport the produce and stock in the modern way. The big Graham truck is his best say. To their friends they are very quick To offer a ride in the trusty "Bulck."

But of all the creatures, and greatest actor He really accuses the "Cletrao Tractor."

When she deliberately reared upon her toes And violently plunged her nose, And down through two barn floors goes To the basement 20 feet below. And you can surmise it was a great surprise

And gave him a serious whack Which nearly caused a broken back. But after being rescued from the frightful disaster And quickly placed in the doctor's plaster

He has partly recovered his usual self, And hopes in time of a little more length To regain his speed and former strength.

To be able to keep you in a friendly mood By pressing your hay and sawing your wood.

July 29 '924

We referred not long ago to Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers in New York. Looking at their catalogue printed in the sixties at the end of "The Encyclopedia of Popular Songs," we find an advertisement of novels "about celebrated Highwaymen and Housebreakers": "Captain Heron," "Blueskin Baffled," "The Hangman of Newgate," "Ned Scarlet," "Fearless Fred," and nearly a dozen other stories of criminal daring. These novels had "beautiful covers, printed in colors upon

enameled paper."

Were these the novels we read in school with Beadle's and Munro's, behind Mitchell's geography in the innocent and happy days of boyhood? We remember well the garish covers, but recall only one title, "Sixteen-String Jack," and that is not in Dick & Fitzgerald's list. Are any of these novels to be found now in second-hand bookshops? We doubt it. They were probably read to tatters and thrown away, sharing the fate of boys' books and school books that we would now gladly have.

The excellent Mr. Beadle published a magazine. It contained a serial story, "The Dead Letter," a novel of mystery crime and horror. We read one or two numbers and then, alas, for some reason or other, we were unable to continue. Is this novel obtainable today?

In the early sixties paper-covered novels were held in contempt, and not until Harper & Brothers published novels by prominent authors in paper-covered octavo form and D. Appleton and others followed suit, were the unbound looked on with favor. It is needless to say that in those strict days French novels were thought to be the more immoral because they were in yellow paper covers.

Speaking of school books sold or thrown away years ago, we know a man—he is not a school teacher—who possesses a complete set of Anthon's editions of the classics, with their wealth of notes written in his pious Dr. Blimber manner, with the wealth of translated passages that excited the wrath of teachers fearing that the tasks allotted the wretched pupils would be too easy.

We have received several letters asking The Herald to procure for the writers certain old songs, "two copies of each," in some instances. A man in Arizona writes that, as he is informed, The Herald makes "a specialty" of doing this. Our correspondents should know that there are shops run for the express purpose of selling music and the owners would be delighted to dispose of their wares.

"DAUGH" AND "DOCK"

As the World Wags:

I read in "Notes and Queries" published in a Boston newspaper: "The name Daugherty is pronounced as if spelled 'Dowty,' the 'ow' as in 'how.'"

This is enough to cause trouble with the Irish Free State. The good old "Daugherty" (Dock-ee-te) is confused with "Doughty," which was I believe, part of the name of Sir Roger Doughty Tichborne. "Augh" equals "ock." McLaughlin is "Mac-lock-lin," not Mac-laf-lin," as it is sometimes miscalled. TIMOTHY T. MULLIGAN.

As the World Wags:

I was trying to get a long distance call to a Mr. Morgan. The operator could not or would not understand me, so I said: "Morgan—J. Pierpont Morgan," thinking this would identify the surname. She was still dumb. Then I said: "Oh, Johnny Morgan; he plays the organ; his father beats the drum." I heard her telling her unseen friend at the other end: "This party wants Mr. Morgan, the organist." D. W.

THE HOOSIER STATE

On July 13 we published verses written by a woman of Boston who, journeying last spring, was not at all pleased with what she saw of Indiana.

"Where every town is ugly With an ugliness that hurts, Where everything is dirty With a thousand kinds of dirt."

The attack was violent and no doubt uncalled for. To soften it we stated that Indianapolis is now said, by its authors and publishers, to be the literary centre of the United States.

And now Mrs. Emma Bronson Smith sends from New York the following reply to the woman of Boston:

So sorry for the Boston dame, who visited our state, Then tried to put it to the bum with verses second-rate.

She never saw Winona, Tom Taggart's paradise, The gold trail of the Wabash when the sun begins to rise,

Nor the sand dunes of the Michigan that artists rave about, Nor old Vincennes, nor did she walk the Pluto springs about;

She missed the good Porch City where the literati rest; She was just a trolley-hopper and not an honored guest.

Instead of counting all the pigs and working up a fright, She should have sought the decent folks and seen the old state right.

THRIFT, HORATIO

As the World Wags:

In Oak Bluffs they utilize 'em even to the last hoof, ill fares the man that throws any part away.

"Police take notice. No rubbish allowed

to be dumped here. Cattle prohibited." K. P. C. Winchester.

RAISE THE BOWL

As the World Wags:

It may be that in different parts of Germany weiss bier is served in different forms of container, but all my experience with the beverage confirms the recollection of the editor of this column, namely, that it was served in a huge globular glass vessel, in shape like a very square goblet. I have seen it so served in Mainz, and the late Charles Wirth, who ran the best German restaurant in Boston for 25 years, invariably served weiss bier in the Berliner glass bowl, which availed him 'd'un joll pot du chambre a demi rempli. Charles Wirth was very particular to serve all his liquors, Rhine wines, champagnes, whatever, in the glasses which German custom and tradition demanded. Alas, that the great war and prohibition brought to an untimely end the restaurant and its proprietor. When shall we look upon its like again, with its corner for Harvard students, whose emaciated, ramshackle waiter used to dispense a Rabelaisian store of anecdotes as he hovered over the tables. There were other corners dear to Symphony players, and the great round table at which Charles Wirth almost every day entertained a chosen company of his friends. The old familiar faces are gone—the beakers of Culmbacher and Pilsner and Loewenbrau. No doubt we live in a better world now that all these things are swept away. Mr. Bryan would tell you so, anyhow. W. E. K. Boston.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has translated "The Mystery of Joan of Arc" by Leon Denis. Author and translator find in Joan "a great medium," what Artemus Ward called a "Trans-Mojim." Sir Arthur does not hesitate to say that she was "next to the Christ, the highest spiritual being of whom we have any exact records upon this earth."

LINCOLN DRAMA

TREMONT TEMPLE—The Boston premiere of "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," filmed under the guidance of Al and Ray Rockett, newcomers in the producing field. The cast of principals:

Abraham Lincoln.....George A. Billings  
Abraham, aged 7.....Danny Hoy  
Anne Rutledge.....Ruth Clifford  
Mary Todd Lincoln.....Neil Craig  
Nancy Hanks Lincoln.....Irene Hunt  
Thomas Lincoln.....Westcott B. Clark  
John McNeill.....Eddie Burns  
Jack Armstrong.....Pat Hartigan  
Denton Offutt.....Otis Harlan  
Sally.....Louise Fazenda  
Stephen A. Douglas.....William Humphrey  
William Scott.....Eddie Sutherland  
Joan Wilkes Booth.....William Moran  
Gen. U. S. Grant.....Walter Rogers  
Gen. Robert E. Lee.....James Welles  
Secretary Seward.....Willis Marks  
Director, Philip Rosen.

To portray the character of Lincoln in a manner acceptable to everyone is certainly no easy task. Several have tried it in the form of the novel with varying success; in the medium of the spoken stage, Drinkwater's "Chronicle Play" attracted wide attention. Yet people who saw the latter are in general to be found in one of two classes: with those who liked the Drinkwater play, because it made real to them an historic figure until then but vaguely felt or else with those for whom it was failure because it was far less vivid than the Lincoln whose tradition the so passionately cherished. For Lincoln as does no other of our great Americans, arouses in every mind some sort of picture, clear or otherwise. To catch that composite photograph, to blend the imagination of a hundred million people, is the task before him who would write the great play of the civil war and the figure which dominated it.

Fortunately, no one who goes to see "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" need fear that his or her pet illusion will be destroyed. For here Lincoln as we have all known him; one time, whether or not our picture may have developed since; here is the Lincoln of our childhood, of our school books and our Patriots' day oration the traditional Lincoln that we were brought up on—gaunt man of unassuming simplicity. Here is indeed chronicle play, dramatizing in historical order all the well-known stories about Lincoln, transplanting to the screen the droll sayings and kindly deed of the martyr President. Here is our common image made flesh before us; here truly the People's Lincoln. What more fitting, then, that it should come to in the people's medium—the movies? Having decided that it will contribute nothing new, the picture goes smoothly enough. We begin with Lincoln



into a log cabin in the midst of a howling blizzard that would have done credit to J. W. Griffith himself. We have the boy Lincoln doing sums with charcoal on the back of an old shovel while his playmates go fishing. We have the death of his mother, his first love affair, and his conquest of the town bully in a free-for-all wrestling bout. We have his debates with Stephen A. Douglas and his clumsy waltzing with the girl who was later to become his wife. All is faithfully portrayed, with frequent well-chosen quotation, if without suspense. All that Lincoln said and did is there, just as he had always supposed that Lincoln said and did it. The picture is a focusing, a crystallization, of the romantic figure of our childhood. But of Lincoln the titanic soul, struggling with the problems that wracked the nation, there is none. And so to the impression.

The second half of the picture is unenlivened far better than the first. Of course it is quite impossible to touch on the Civil War without being interesting—the War of the Rebellion is the great romantic episode of American history. But it is more than that, and if that more the film still failed to give us much. Of the great causes of the war we have nothing; of its reactions in the President we fortunately get rather more. One masterly scene there is where the first of the volunteers pour into Washington, and the anguished cry of the nation's leader: "Will they come at my call?" is answered in the affirmative. Here is true drama; here we feel the march of great events through the medium of a personality. Would that there were more.

The actors, on whose interpretative powers the motion picture depends, are the strongest asset of the producers. Mr. Billings, who plays the title role, not only looks the part but has feeling, sincerity and a mobile face. His is a piece of acting that would be an ornament to any stage. Nell Craig, as Mary Todd Lincoln, performed with vivacity and shading. And in make-up, Grant, Lee, and Sheridan are particularly convincing.

The great American play of the Civil War still remains to be written. In the meantime, "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is the closest approximation to date.

W. R. B.

## KEITH'S THIS WEEK

The Meistersingers in their 16th annual engagement at Keith's topped the list this week. The program was full of novelties. The program ranged from "Gala Hula Dream Girl" to an operatic medley. It included a medley of popular songs and two solos, one by Harold App, who as ever brought forth much applause, and one by Cameron Steele. There has more music in that rolling bass than most others who sing bass. The pianist who accompanied them was ever enough to make the music support the voices and not overshadow the harmony.

Flo Lewis was funny. Her bits of foolery when just poking fun at a paper were laughable. Her vocabulary is full of flapper slang and her orders to the unfortunate man who accompanied her kept the house chuckling when it was not roaring. She packed her baggage and fewer clothes than most persons would have believed was possible.

Moran and Mack, "Two Black Crows," were cordially greeted. Their sorrowful humor was subtle and had a quaint touch to all of it, which kept the audience guessing. Their boxing bit was w.

Harry Rose and Maye Billie danced. They had adequate support from a cover company. Charles Crafts and Jack Haley told some jokes, concluding with harmonious singing which won much applause.

The rest of the bill was also full of fun.

### CONTINUING

**WILBUR**—"The Dream Girl." Musical play based on "The Road to Yesterday." Cast includes Fay Bainter, Walter Woolf, Billy B. Van, George LeMaire, Harry Delf and Maude Dell. Score by Victor Herbert. Last week.

**TREMONT**—"In Bamville." Musical and Blake of "Shuffle Along" fame in their new all-colored musical comedy. The four Harmony Kings, Lottie Gee, Lew Payton and Johnny Hudgins and others in cast. Last week.

**SHUBERT**—"Marjorie." New musical comedy with notable cast headed by Elizabeth Hines, Rich-

ard "Skeet" Gallagher, Roy Royston, Ethel Shutta and Andrew Tombes. The third week.

July 30 1924

The Herald has received a letter signed "A Chicagoan." She encloses verses entitled "Doubly Lost" which were published in the Chicago Tribune. The poem is too long for insertion here. A few verses must suffice.

"I never walk up State street  
And face the gritty breeze,  
But what I think of granite hills  
And salt New England seas.

"Of white New England houses,  
Of pastures sweet with hay,  
Of low stone walls and elm trees,  
Of blueberries and hay.

"But when I'm in New England  
There's just one thing amiss.  
New Englanders surround me.  
Ah, why is life like this?

"Why can't the eastern landscape  
Produce the western mind?  
Why can't the genial Westerner  
Make nature less unkind?"

The poet wishes to be buried in New England sod,

"Beside a white church pointing  
Its finger straight to God,"

but wishes her spirit to meet friendly  
ghosts who preserve an open mind:

"Nice ghosts, who know that Bostop  
Is small beneath the stars  
Who've knocked about from coast to coast,  
And slept in Pullman cars."

Our correspondent writes that she encloses these verses "because had I tried to express myself I could not have done so more accurately. It's my sentiment to a 't'.

"New England! How I love it! All my forebears came from it, but I was born in Chicago, where friendliness and hospitality abound. When I came to New England three years ago I brought my friendly nature with me, and, supposing friendliness always begets friendliness, expected to make friends here as I have never failed to do in the North, the South or the West, but, alas! I've been so frozen that I am like a whipped puppy and am afraid to smile because of being misunderstood—and at home I was called 'The Lady of Smiles.'"

"I would not dare tell Chicagoans of this because it would spoil their impression of New England. Why, oh why is it that this beauty spot of nature breeds such stony indifference? It has been a heart-breaking experience for more than myself. I would love to have a home here but fear to locate here, for I am sort of gregarious and in spite of everything I do love people."

Patience, dear madam, patience. We came to Boston 35 years ago and are now almost acclimatized. We came with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches, without letters of introduction, yet now, in spite of the fact that we once lived for a year in the South End, several highly respectable Bostonians descend from their family trees and bow to us in the street, yes they smile; it is true with a certain condescension, and if they should vouchsafe to extend a hand, no doubt they, like Malvollo, would quench their "familiar smile with an austere regard of control."

In all probability your own forebears were reserved towards strangers. The New Englander was ashamed to show any emotion. A son addressed his father as "Respected Sir." Mrs. Obadiah Graves, even in her own family, spoke of her husband as Mr. Graves. Orpheus C. Kerr in his parody of Whitlitter, when early in the civil war a prize was offered for a national anthem, wrote:

"My native land, thy Puritanic stock,  
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,  
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—  
To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

"Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,  
Told our New England what her sons should do,  
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,  
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night."

The parodist added: "The sectional bias of this anthem renders it unsuitable for use in that small margin of the world situated outside of New England. Hence the above must be rejected."

As a matter of fact the early New Englanders were creatures of flesh and blood and passions. Historians of late have taken a cruel delight in comment-

ing on the low state of social morality in spite of the rigid laws and constant singing of psalms. But to outward view all feelings were suppressed. There was hypocrisy in high places then as now—but there was this difference. In the matter of rum our forebears were honest; they drank it, they liked it, and they said so. If Cotton Mather wrote against strong drink, the letter was against selling it to the Indians.

But the light is breaking; the horizon is not so narrow as it was when Howells described the snobbery that arrayed itself against Mr. Silas Lapham and his interesting family. Social climbers, and there are many in Boston, are not so contemptuously pushed off the ladder. If strangers wishing to make Boston their home bring letters of introduction, they are not long kept knocking at the door, especially if it is rumored among the elect that these newcomers have plenty of money and talk of entertaining in a liberal manner. To be entertained—ah, madam, that appeals strongly to the old, crusty Bostonian who is by nature and breeding a thrifty person.

Your time will come. You may even be asked if you would not like to have your name in the Social Register, our "Almanach de Gotha."

In the meantime why not avail yourself of the privileges extended to the stranger within our gates? There's the Boston Public Library; there's the Museum of Fine Arts. Have you been to the top of Bunker Hill monument? We are told that a fine view of Boston and its suburbs is thus obtained.

Unfortunately you do not trust us with your name and address, otherwise we should write to you asking if you would not like to have Mr. Herkimer Johnson call when he returns from his summer exile. As Steele said of a certain lady, to know him is a liberal education. He might cheer your spare hours and inform you about singular manners and customs of Bostonians. A word of caution: If you should receive him, do not in your Western friendliness call him, even after a month's acquaintance, "Herk." He is a sensitive person, and might resent a liberty which others would esteem a compliment.

### THERE WAS ONCE A KING

Can any young gentleman or lady now improving the mind by taking a course in history at a summer school tell us offhand when King Andrianampoinimerina reigned and the name of his kingdom? He was a mighty monarch in his day; a wise law-giver, considering the good of his people during the 16 years of his reign.

### POLITICAL CONTAGION

As the World Wags:

The Morning Oregonian contributes the following line of compositorial aptness:

"ECONOMIC PROBLEMS BABBLING"  
Oh, well, this is a political year!  
R. W. WESTWOOD,  
Portland, Ore.

July 31 1924

Two lives of Cleopatra, one in English by Arthur Weigall, one in French, have been published recently. We had hoped to see the announcement of "Cleopatra, the Model Wife," by Miss Jane Cowl.

The Paris Conservatory has received a legacy of £2000 from Christine Nilsson, Countess de Casa Miranda. The money will be used in providing prizes or pecuniary assistance for pupils.

We are informed by Mr. Walter Kingsley that Senora Nina De Marco is "the dark flower of the sense stirring tango and the bright blossom of the aristocratic ballroom," from which we infer that she dances pretty well.

Concerning Senor Antonio De Marco we have our doubts, for he "dances beautifully and dangerously with all the fascinating fire of the Argentine"; "Dangerously?" We certainly shall not sit in the front row when he is cavorting about.

Mr. A. de Gulchard writes to the Herald: "Apropos of the death of Mrs. Cyril Maude, actress, better known as Winifred Emery. According to her own statement in 'Life and Letters of W. S. Gilbert,' the latter lost his life trying to save, not Miss Emery, as stated in the obituary notices, but a pupil of Miss Emery, from drowning. And W. S. Gilbert was 74 years and six months old, not 75."

By the way, what a disappointing book, with unaccountable omissions, this life of Gilbert is.

Notes and Lines:

The American booboisie, from the small town yokel to the city intellectual

and Bookfellow, have to be led. The other day an amateur pianist heard me playing one of my own compositions and took half an hour to tell me how rotten and distressing my chords were. These were all legitimate chords, used by Debussy and other recognized moderns hundreds of times. I am not a hypocrite. I like them, not because Debussy uses them, but because they sound well to me. They are full of color and imaginative, and that's why the dolt cannot appreciate them. Next day I made a literal copy of one of Debussy's smaller pieces, took it to this har-room pianist and asked him what he thought of my new attempt along modern lines. He brought his stillborn mind out of its shell long enough to make many words about how exorciating "my" music was.

### TOODLEBERRY TODDLES.

Notes and Lines: "The song 'Does the Spearmint hold its Flavor on the Bedpost Over Night?' has been attributed to Col. Beeman Wrigley Adams." F. E. H.

This reminds us that "Since Mother Bobbed Her Hair" is now among the "big sellers." Are copies of those fine old songs, "Sister's Teeth Are Plugged with Zinc," "Father's Pants Will Soon Fit Brother" and "The Hand That Spanked Me Once Is Withered Now," still obtainable? And how about "Give my Box-and-String to Brother" and "When your cheap divorce is granted, Mother, and you leave the West, Shall I stay with you or father?"

Tell me, mother, which the best? He'll be much surprised, I fear me. When he knows what you have filed, And, unless you hover near me, He'll appropriate your child.

"Mother, if the move was needful; If the income you and he Shared so long, at last has bred an incompatibility; If you'll be his wife no longer, When returning from the West/ Which am I to love the stronger? Tell me, mother, which the best?"

"Kinangozi," a play of African life by Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, will be performed in this country in a translation by Paulson.

Heinrich XXIV, Prince of Reuss-Koestritz, wrote symphonies, chamber music and a mass. Hans von Buelow said: "One should always speak respectfully of music by a prince, for who knows who may have written it?"

Why do not those who find so much fault with "The Star Spangled Banner" insist on Ambrose Bierce's "The Rational Anthem"?

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of felony,  
To thee we sing:  
Land where my fathers fried  
Young witches and applied  
Whips to the Quaker's hide,  
And made him spring."

Never mind if there is a slight historical inaccuracy in the fourth and fifth lines.

### TOM FILUTER AGAIN

Notes and Lines:

However famous Lord Berners may be as a humorous composer, I think he must have borrowed this dialogue in rhyme from the dim past. To be its author he would need to be considerably more than 100 years old. It was familiar in our family three generations ago, having been brought to Bangor by my maternal grandfather, or grandmother, I am not certain which, the former of whom, Thomas Coney, came here from Dublin in 1818, while his wife, who was Mary Scott, came from Waterford in 1819, when Maine was still a part of Massachusetts. Grandma Coney was fond of repeating it whenever anything that she considered as an extravagance was contemplated by any member of the family, and I remember distinctly of hearing it from her lips at least 50 years ago. Her version was:

"Pat," says he. "What?" says he.  
"Fetch me my hat," says he,  
"That I may go," says he  
"To the fair at Timehoe," says he,  
"And buy all that's there," says he.

"First, pay what ye owe," says he  
"And then ye may go," says he,  
"To the fair at Timehoe," says he,  
"And buy all that's there," says he.  
"Oh! be this an' be that," says he,  
"Then hang up the hat," says he.

I have no information as to the authorship of the rhyme, but it seems to have been familiar in Dublin or in Waterford more than a century ago.

LAWRENCE T. SMYTH.

**THEATRE MEMORIALS**  
(London Daily Chronicle, July 11)  
Yesterday's unveiling of the Meggie Bangor.



Albanesi plaque, at St. Martin's Theatre, adds to a fairly long list of memorials of the kind. In the foyer of the St. James there is a plaque of Sir George Alexander. Outside, near the corner, at His Majesty's, is a bronze tablet to Sir Herbert Tree. At the Lyceum, just within the main entrance, on the left, is all that is left of the Impressionist bust of Sir Henry Irving, done and presented by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald—two accompanying statuettes of Irving in character being broken off from the pedestal, and the whole thing showing signs of grave neglect. It has been suggested that this should be restored, and a word added to the memory of his distinguished sons, "H. B." and Laurence.

#### ON HEARING BACH

Bach, you must have had a Great time at your organ: Fitting the colors of the Stained cathedral windows Into the strict corset of A figure; restraining some Proud tower, surging into Sky, with chains of black Sixteenth notes; slipping In a gargoyle with whimsy Shifts of key! Bach, you Had a great time, surely!

EVIE NAY.

Lord Darling, presiding at the 79th annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund in London, speaking of the film competing with the stage, said he was glad to do what he could to help a fund for actors and actresses and not "strips of gelatine on which they produce those antics."

August 1 1924

More and more as we wonder at the versatility of Mr. Herkimer Johnson (to this he might answer as Dr. Samuel Johnson replied to Boswell, with an air of condescension: "Sir, you may wonder.") We have long known him to be a sociologist of international reputation, a collector of curious information, finding no trifle, as others might call it, inconsiderable or negligible. We knew that he was interested in astrology, divination, medicine, surgery, poetry, lycanthropy and all forms of witchcraft and demoniacal possession, and in that branch of natural history which is generally considered "unnatural." Lo, and behold, he is now devoting his precious time—he is no longer young, and the night cometh—not to his colossal work, but to ornithology; at least we infer this from his letter dated Clamport, July 28. It is barely possible that his observations will enrich his "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription; each copy autographed by the author), for he is a man of surprising resources and endless digressions. But to the letter:

#### H. JOHNSON, ORNITHOLOGIST

"I read a few days ago about a robin that died of old age at 17 years. This robin was tame and friendly, so that it would hop about the house, answer the call of its mistress, and stand decorously on the table at meal time.

"When I determined to make my summer home at Clamport, I also made up my mind to become an intimate terms with those beings foolishly described as the lower animals. I would study the habits of crawling and flying insects; I had read of little blue-eyed girls having skunks for pets; and, unless I am mistaken, Thoreau with his hands could take a fish out of the water, talk to it for a while and then put the fish, who must have been greatly edified, back into the stream.

"I was especially interested in birds. Perhaps because I remember my father purchasing the octavo edition of Audubon's volumes. Perhaps because some Frenchman learned in biology and the other 'ologies' maintains that the development of birds is on a higher plane than that of men; that birds may ultimately be the masters of the earth. So I resolved to make my few acres attractive to birds. I would shoo cats away. If I found a tree-climbing snake, I would kill it. Crows could caw to their heart's content—Is there anything more foolish than this crusade against crows for the sake of certain manufacturers of guns and gunpowder? If an albatross came flying across the bay I would not play the Ancient Mariner. I bought books about birds, all sorts of books—among them Charles Dixon's 'Curiosities of Bird Life' and Phil Rob-

inson's 'The Poet's Birds' with a store of quotations from those about the Bird of Paradise to Grahame's address to the Yellow Hammer. I even thought 17 years ago last Thursday of opening a correspondence with Dr. John B. Watson of Chicago, who asserted that sea gulls have a language of their own and talk with their bills. I also thought of going to Washington that year to gaze on the skeleton of the cahaw exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute by a gentleman from Bermuda.

"I set up a bird bath of simple and Grecian design.

"For many summers I have changed the water in that bath three or four times a day. Each day I have cleansed the bath with a small broom—another expense, inconsiderable, it is true, yet an expense. Has any one of the many birds who have availed themselves of this hospitality shown the slightest appreciation, not to say gratitude? Not one, not one. Do they remain on near-by branches and sing while I pour fresh water? Do they come the nearer to the veranda that faces the bath? They are as shy and untamable as when this lot was nothing but a cow pasture! I am more than disappointed, I am disgusted.

"Yet I have acquired a certain acquaintance with their habits as far as bathing is concerned. The robin is apparently the dirtiest of the birds. He stays in the longest; he often bathes two or three times in the day. He squats, after he has ducked, and whetted his bill, a big lump, and keeps other birds, even fellow robins, away. The bluejay is much quicker, but he shrieks and chatters in the water, as some men sling in the bathroom before breakfast. The oriole is a modest bather, so is the song sparrow. I have never seen a Bob White in my bath, though I hear them whelp-poor-will bathe at night? I have seen sad exhibitions of selfishness, quarrelling, one bird monopolizing, or driving away another. More than once I am reminded of week-end parties in days gone by when summer cottages were provided with only one bathroom.

"Yet in spite of the birds' failure to appreciate my loving care, I shall continue to clean and fill this bath; from force of habit, perhaps because in their—let me say—foibles, they remind me of men and women. I am still ignorant about birds, with this one exception. I have no desire to climb trees to see their eggs. I do not know whether the birds of this year are those that awoke me at dawn in 1923. I no longer read the poets who have praised or cursed them in verse. Who wrote

'The heavy penguin, neither fish nor fowl,  
With scaly feathers and with finny wings,  
Plumped stone-like from the rock  
Into the gulf.'

Was it not Montgomery?

"When I came across this sentence in 'Curiosities of Bird Life': 'Some of these bird cries are most discordant, impressive, or startling, appealing to no human civilized taste, like the exquisite melody of song is universally known to do.' I was tempted to throw away the book. O, Mr. Dixon! How could you!

"There is the eagle, America's national bird. Is it true that Benjamin Franklin protested against the choice, gave the bird a bad character, and said he would prefer the turkey-buzzard? I think I have read something to this effect, but of making many books and newspapers there is no end and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Nevertheless the wise man named the way of an eagle in the air as one of the three things which were 'too wonderful for him, yea, four which I know not.'

"Anatole France's satire about the penguins is more to me than any description by a learned naturalist. The great auk is more interesting in H. G. Wells's short story than in a museum. I should like to see a phoenix, also a roc—the latter at a safe distance; but I cannot afford to embark for Madagascar. I should like to know why birds keep up a chatter from the approach of dawn till about 8 A. M. and then are comparatively quiet. What are they doing? No, I am not a White of Selborne, not a Gosse, not a Dixon, not a Wilson, much less an Audubon. Nor do I, unlike Emerson,

Know the pretty almanac  
At the punctual coming back  
On their due days, of the birds,'  
but, by heck, I do know something about birds in the bath that I set up for them—at considerable expense."

Aug 2 1924

No sooner had we discussed a Welsh play, in which a young girl proves to be a child of Satan with strange and disconcerting powers, and had quoted

from the excellent Master William Perkins's "Discourse of Witchcraft" than we received from E. P. Dutton & Co. one of the Bodley Head Quartos, the "Daemonologie" of King James the First, a treatise in the form of a conversation between the inquiring Epistemon and the pedantic Philomathes, who answers and argues as King James, for he had boasted that the Devil feared him as his most formidable opponent. It is a pleasure to have this once famous tract in so pleasing a form, for besides the information about the abominable doings of witches—note the pages about Incubi and Succubi and "the reason wherefore these Kindes of spirites hautes most the Northerne and barbarous partes of the world"—the tract abounds in phrases and words that are no longer, alas, in common use.

To the "Daemonologie," the editor, Mr. G. B. Harrison, has added "Newes from Scotland, declaring the Damnable life and death of Dr. Flan, a notable Sorcerer, who was burned at Edinburgh in January last, 1591." Not only did Flan preach at sundry times to a number of notorious witches, he was charged with raising the storm that nearly wrecked and drowned King James coming from Denmark. The story of the manner in which Flan was tortured before he was strangled and then burned is one to strike terror to the stoutest soul. The cruellest device of all was due to James personally presiding. To find pages of equal horror one must open Octave Mirbeau's "Jardin des Supplices." There is this difference: Mirbeau's description of Chinese punishments that were so keenly relished by the extraordinary Miss Clara borders constantly on the fantastic: this biographer of Dr. Flan sets down the details of the torture as if he were merely keeping a record of the weather, or writing of hum-drum routine in a house-diary. Yet he at one time is mildly surprised: "And notwithstanding all these grisuous paines and cruel torments hee would not confesse anie thing, so deeply had the deuill entered into his heart, that hee vtually denied all that which he had before auouched."

Mr. John Massfield, lecturing in June at Oxford on the early influences surrounding Shakespeare, emphasized the fact that the poet was born into a superstitious country society where fairies, witches and ghosts were seen. "Of spiritual religious belief these pagans had hardly a trace; of superstitious beliefs they had many." And so Lecky in his "Rationalism in Europe," alluding to Voltaire's objection to the witches in "Macbeth," wrote: "It is probable that Shakespeare, it is certain that the immense majority even of his most highly educated and gifted contemporaries, believed with an unflinching faith in the reality of witchcraft." And as Lecky said, to that belief we owe "that melancholy picture of Joan of Arc which is, perhaps, the darkest blot upon his (Shakespeare's) genius."

#### EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN THE FORMER HOME OF RUM

(From the Medford Mercury)

WILL THE PARTY who was seen taking a silk scarf from the back of seat F23 in the Medford Theatre, Thursday, the 17, please return same to the box office. You are known and will hear more from this if it is not returned.

WILL THE PARTY who bought the two rubber tires kindly return them as I never received any authority to make the sale, and am in a lot of bother? The value, I was informed, is \$9.00; \$5.00 on one and \$4.00 on the other. Be sure to return them or there will be something doing.

(From the Ashville, N. C., Citizen)

#### NOTICE

Within the next few days a petition will be offered looking forward to the allotment of opposite sides of the streets to opposite sexes. The slow moving women impede the progress of busy

#### MEN

If you favor this action fill in the coupon herewith and mail to P. O. box 1083, city. I Favor Giving East Side of All Streets to MEN.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Election District.....  
CITY OF MEN LEAGUE  
MAIL TODAY, MEN  
P. N. EGRI, Secretary.

#### DRINKING SONG

(Revised to 1918)

Pass the wassail horn, brave fellows,  
Quaff both long and deep,  
Malted milk will thrill you strangely,  
Drink until you sleep.

What care we for toil or sorrow,

Let the nectar flow,  
Loganberry juice brings dreaming,  
Feel its amorous glow.

On a silken couch reclining,  
Twang the Jew's-harp's tongue,  
Hours from the home for aged,  
Dance, while we are young.

Frenzied by our wild indulgence,  
Cast all shame away,  
Toss the bean-bag, play peace porridge  
Till the break of day.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Boston.

#### THE ROSE OF FRAMINGHAM

As The World Wags:

Maybe we Roses of the Willams and other clans do not sit all day of every day for pay. You know Mr. Alfred Svenson or Alfred Tennyson or somebody like that once said that all women were liars. Maybe so. I won't dispute such eminent authorities upon women. Perhaps we are villainous crooks, and maybe we are true daughters of Romance, wasting our "sweetness upon the desert air." Perhaps we are too romantic and too serious in our yearnings, as one has intimated—a compliment indeed if it be so, and maybe we lack a nonchalant air from too little experience with men. But it might well be, who knows, that we have already had too much experience with the bold creatures. And again, maybe, la grande passion has come to us without our needing to bob our hair or bare our arms—stranger things have happened. Maybe, too, after sitting all day for pay there are babies for us to tend, dishes to wash and stockings to mend. Who knows? Perhaps we have helped little tots into the world, eased other poor souls out of it, and ministered to sick bodies and souls. It is perhaps a big wonder that Romance is not lying dead within us. How do you know? You never can tell—about a woman.

ROSE (of the pit) WILLIAMS.

#### META, NOT GALEN

On July 20th we published "In Room 508." This address to a skeleton was in very free verse and was signed Galen Jones.

We now know that these lines, addressed to a skeleton hanging in room 508, Huntington Chambers, were written by Meta Bennett Wade, sent to us long ago, and printed in the Emerson News last spring. What has the excellent Galen Jones, M. D., to say to this?

Was there not in the old reading books a poem beginning: "Behold this skull, it was a ruin," or "Behold this ruin, it was a skull?"

Aug 3. 1924

There has been a conference on church advertising in London. It was then said that American sermons often had "snap" titles that were startling. There have been sensational titles announced in Boston, but it was in New Haven, Ct., in the seventies that Elder Lutz preached on "The Battering Ram of Hell."

A London journalist calls attention to titles of tracts in years gone by: "High-Heeled Shoes for a Limping Christian"; "Nine Points to Tie up a Believer's Clothes"—points being tagged laces for lacing a bodice, or attaching hose to doublet; "The Last Moments of a Pawnbroker's Laundry Maid."

But for strange texts and stranger sermons one should consult the book of Gabriel Peignot's on French preachers of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries.

#### "DICK," NOT TIM

Miss Jeannette Hart of Niantic, Ct., writes: "I notice in a recent copy of The Boston Herald some verses described as recently published by Lord Berners as his latest comic song. I enclose a copy of verses which my brother, Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, and I both remember well in our childhood in Cleveland, O. He thinks they were taken from an old book on Ireland that was then in possession of the family and might possibly still be found."

Mr. Hastings Howell Hart writes that he remembers "this ditty for 55 years past, except that I think the song was addressed to 'Dick' rather than 'Tim.'" In Miss Hart's version we have "Tim," says he, instead of "Dick! said he." There are other slight variants. Lord Berners does not claim the verses as his. No author is named in the printed copy, not even our old friends "Anon" and "Old Song."

#### GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

(For As The World Wags)

When humanity is sweltering  
And death is hovering high;  
When young and old are menaced  
As the mercury mounts on high;  
When the kiln-dried earth lies shimmering  
And the hot wave looks to win;  
Lo! suddenly—a tang of SALT!  
And fainting hearts, revived, exalt!  
As the blest EAST WIND comes rolling in.



"Early English Prose Romances," edited by William J. Thoms, a new edition, revised and enlarged, a stout volume of nearly a thousand pages, is published in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co. We speak of the book on this page because three or four of the romances are of interest to theatre and opera goers.

It is generally known that Shakespeare used for "Hamlet" an earlier play that may have been founded on the tale as told in the "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest. It is also known that the story of Hamlet first appeared in the third book of the Danish history of Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian of noble family, who died soon after the year 1203. We doubt if many who remember Fechter, Rossi, Booth as the melancholy Dane, and now dispute as to the comparative merits of Hamlet and Barrymore, know how different the old story is from Shakespeare's tragedy.

This story told by the Danish historian is given at length in this volume of early romances, reprinted from a book printed by Richard Bradocke for Thomas Pavier in 1608 "of which there is only one known copy."

Horvendile and Fengon were brothers and governors of Jutia "(at this present called Dithmarsh)." King Roderick of Denmark gave his daughter Geruth to Horvendile for wife, and Hamlet was their son. Fengon, envious, determined to kill his brother. He slew him, not by pouring poison into an ear, but, having assembled certain men, he killed him at a banquet. Before he had any bloody or violent hands, or once committed parricide upon his brother, he had incestuously abused his wife, whose honor he ought as well to have sought and procured, as traitorously he pursued and effected his destruction." Geruth married the murderer, "which made divers men think that she had been the cause of the murder, thereby to live in her adultery without control." And here the historian makes a curious digression, beginning: "But I will not stand to gaze and marvel at women."

In the old story the ghost of the murdered ruler did not appear to Hamlet, but he, fearing for his life, feigned madness: he rent his clothes, wallowing and lying in the dirt and mire, his face all filthy and black; he ran through the streets like a man distraught, not speaking one word. Once, sharpening sticks, he was asked why he made the points so sharp. I prepare piercing darts and sharp arrows to revenge my father's death."

The fair Ophelia is not named, but the King appointed courtiers to lead Hamlet into a solitary place in the woods, where a fair and beautiful woman would by crafty means find out his purpose. Hamlet was already and "wholly in affection to the Lady." A companion of Hamlet gave him warning, and the woman herself told Hamlet of the treasonable purpose "as being one that from her infancy loved and favored him, and could have been exceedingly sorrowful for his misfortune, whom she loved more than herself." So she gave the dramatists the idea of Ophelia and the informing gentleman no doubt suggested Horatio.

A counselor advised Fengon to shut up Hamlet with his mother—for this counselor thought the youth sane—and the counselor said he would stand behind the hangings and report the conversation. But Hamlet suspected treason. Entering the room "he began to come like a cock beating with his arms in such manner as cocks use to strike with their wings, upon the hangings of the chamber, whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried: 'A rat, a rat,' and presently drawing his sword thrust it into the hangings." He pulled the counselor out, half dead, killed him, cut his body in pieces, "which he caused to be boiled and then cast it into an open vault, that so it might serve for food to the hogs." Too much for Polonius.

Hamlet and his mother talked at intolerable length. She swore by the majesty of the gods that she never consented to the murder of Hamlet's father.

Then Fengon sent Hamlet to the King of England. Two of Fengon's ministers accompanied Hamlet bearing letters which asked England's king to put the Prince to death. Hamlet read the letters, substituted others asking the King to kill the ministers and give his daughter to him in marriage. And the King gave Hamlet a great sum of gold, which Hamlet melted and poured in two hollowed staves. He returned to Denmark, purposing to go back to England. He found the courtiers celebrating his supposed death. He made them dead drunk and then set fire to the palace. Not one escaped. Finding Fengon in a room remote he cut his head clean from the shoulders. Assembling the people, he told them what he had done. They made him King of Denmark, possibly because they were tired by the length of his oration.

He then went to England, where the King, mightily stirred by the death of Fengon, his companion in arms, would have killed Hamlet, so he sent him to Scotland to woo for him—this King of England was a widower—the Queen of Scotland, an amazon, who so loathed the idea of marriage that she put all suitors to death.

"She desired to see the old King of England's letters, and mocking his fond appetites, whose blood as then was half congealed, cast her eyes upon the young and pleasant Adonis of the North, esteeming herself happy to have such a prey fall into her hands, whereof she made her full account to have the possession."

She wooed him; he married her and took her to England. The King again plotted to kill him, but Hamlet's English wife, though chiding her husband for falling a victim to "the allurements and persuasions of a bold and altogether shameless woman," disclosed her father's purpose. The king made another vain attempt and afterwards lost his life when his country was sacked by barbarians, for Hamlet slew him and laden with great treasure, and accompanied by his two wives, sailed for Denmark. He had heard that his uncle, Wiglerus, had taken the royal treasure from his sister Geruth, Hamlet's mother, and had seized on the kingdom.

Hermetrude, the Scottish wife of Hamlet, "whom he loved more than himself," communicated with Wiglerus and promised to marry him if he could free her from Hamlet. Wiglerus declared war, but Hamlet, "like good and wise prince, loving especially the welfare of his subjects," sought to avoid it. Hermetrude overcame his purpose, so madly did he love her. The battle began and Hamlet was slain. She yielded herself with all his treasures into the hands of the tyrant.

This sad ending led Saxo Grammaticus to write a savage diatribe against women, forgetting the fair maid that revealed to Hamlet the

purpose of Fengon; forgetting the devotion of the English wife even when she had been flouted by the second marriage.

"For if a man be never so princely, valiant, and wise, if the desires and enticements of his flesh prevail and have the upper hand, he will abase his credit, and gazing after strange beauties, become a fool, and, as it were, incensed, dote on the presence of women. This fault was in the great Hercules, Samson, and the wisest man that ever lived upon the earth, following this train, therein impaired his wit."

No ghost, though the narrator, attributing certain magical powers to Hamlet, has a digression on witchcraft; no Laertes, a Polonius without his wise saws and foolish behavior; no play within a play; Horatio and Ophelia, shadowy figures; no burial of Ophelia with comic grave diggers; no duel and poisoned cup—and Hamlet at the end is a bigamist.

In the romance of "Virgilius," in which the poet is represented as a magician and the founder of Naples, is the story that must have suggested the libretto of Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot": how a lady of Rome played a trick on Virgil by leaving him in a basket half-way up to her chamber, so that the people in the morning mocked him; how by way of revenge he put out all fires in the city; how in an extraordinary manner, and to the great shame of the woman, the people obtained fire in the marketplace, where she was exposed.

But in the tale "Robert the Devil," there is nothing that suggests incidents in Meyerbeer's opera. Robert's father is not Bertram, the demon; there is no gambling scene, no blue-eyed Alice, no nuns rising from their graves to dance a ballet, no magic branch. From what old legend did the librettist gain his material?

The volume also contains "The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus"—the various versions fill 170 pages; Caxton's translation of "Reynard the Fox," "The Famous History of Friar Bacon," "The History of Guy, Earl of Warwick," "The History of Friar Rush," "The Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading," "The Noble Parentage and the Achievements of Robin Hood," "The Pleasant History of Tom a Lincoln," "The Knight of the Swan," and a few of "Hundred Merry Tales."

Fortunately these stories are told in all their frankness. There is a short introduction by Henry Morley, written for the edition, which formed a volume of "The Carisbrooke Library." In the present volume the tales chosen by Morley are reprinted and tales from W. J. Thoms's collection, which were omitted by Morley, are added.

A book of unusual interest and value, which should stand on a shelf with Thomas Nash's "The Unfortunate Traveler," probably the earliest example of a picaresque novel in English.

Thrice hail the cooling ocean's brine!  
Aroma of Old Neptune's wine,  
Conquered the heat that looked to win  
When the blest EAST WIND came  
rolling in.

AN OLD BOSTONIAN.

#### CRYPTIC CURVES

As the World Wags:

"Bulbul IV's" compliments alleging my grip on "esoteric incunabula" (words defined here on July 21), may be deserved by continuing my remarks on the Eskimo and their periodic, erotic resurgence at the rising of the vernal equinoctial sun. Their environment resembles what was doubtless that of the primitive Alnus, a large element in the early ancestry of the present Japanese people; results of similar resurgence among these Alnus may well account for what is a practical and pleasing custom among the Japanese, viz: that about our New Years, all the boys have a combined birthday celebration, and all the girls on another day adjacent. That in the few weeks around Christmas children should be born seems shown by recent statistics setting out that children born then grow into men and women of far greater physical and mental stamina than is the lot of those born at other times. Theologians might (if they would) tell us if such an instinctive feeling was a factor in the final fixing of Christmas at its recent date—well known to be meteorologically impossible in Palestine.

The influence of the sun, with the progress of civilization, has ceded to that of the moon and even fortnightly cycles appear to be getting established under our artificial, hothouse life; an article to that effect by an eminent English scientist was published, without the necessary explanatory plates of curves by the (New York) Medical Review of Reviews during the latter days of the world war. The plates were printed much later, with explanation that they had been held up by the censor, presumably as containing a treasonable, cryptic code. That censor was evidently, in Yankee phrase, "a knowledgeable cuss," who could see all there was to be seen—and then some. CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

#### DOWN IN THE DISTRICT

As the World Wags:

In a letter to the "Mail Bag" I stated that peas could be raised in Maine early enough for the Fourth of July dinner, and submitted proof in the fact that I performed that patriotic feat myself this year and in previous years. In two days I received a pleasant communication from a Cambridge lady, Mrs. Alice H. Frye, who said that she was "tremendously interested in my letter in The Herald," she, like myself, being of Maine birth and loyal to the old state. Her father was Francis Chase, a former prominent citizen of Portland. Her family lived in the old Matthew Cobb house, corner of High

and Congress streets, and in the State street residence of Hon. L. D. M. Sweet while he was abroad. It was here that my correspondent was married.

Turning to local literature Mrs. Frye recalls a poem on "The Bells of Portland," a paraphrase of the ancient "Chimes of London" in "Mother Goose." The first verse she quotes is:

"Give aims and do well,  
Says the First Parish Bell."

The others were of the same tenor, introducing St. Luke's, St. Stephen's, and other churches in town. I don't remember all the denominational creeds of the bells, but I think that one was:

"No hell, no hell!  
Says the Universalist bell."

This Portland daughter says she has promised herself a return to her home town, but doubts if the visit would be more of gladness or sorrow. "For years make many changes," she observes. Yes, most all is changed, surely, and Longfellow perhaps would weep to see his home flanked by a ten-story skyscraper and the Forest City of his youth being denuded of its mighty elms. Many old landmarks have gone, along with the mud sidewalks on Congress street. Historic buildings are torn down for no other purpose than to make room for filling stations and parking places for touring cars. The population, now 70,000, has doubled in 50 years and the city directory contains a far larger proportion of European names now than in 1870, to which year the memory of us, old timers, goes.

GEORGE A. ELDER.

Portland, Me.

#### BYRON AND THE ABBEY

As the World Wags:

"The decision of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey not to allow a memorial of Lord Byron to be placed in the abbey because he was a dissolute person has brought out the fact that three times in the last 10 years the severe dean and his colleagues have refused to allow a memorial to George Washington to be placed in the abbey—but not for the same reason."

If they had that rule in the early days many of those old-timers down in the crypt would have had difficulty in proving their right to sleep in the old abbey.

What's the definition of "dissolute," anyway?

L. R. R.

The dictionaries say, "loosed from moral restraint, abandoned, lewd, profligate, lax in morals, licentious." Take your choice. You might add, "loose as ashes."—Ed.

## THE FESTIVAL

By EVELYN GERSTEIN

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, July 17  
—Not so long ago the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, as it chooses to be called, was on the verge of being com-



mercantized—converted perhaps into a disturbing and excited mill town—its memories to be concealed. But it was said, although there are still traces of the old order in the inconspicuous cinema houses with flaring posters and in the shiny shops where Shakespeareans bring in their summer crop. Each shop bears a line of verse to set its trade—and even the asbestos curtain at the Memorial Theatre is "For Thine Especial Safety"—Hamlet.

Now Stratford is gay with effigies that beggar description for sale in window and shop—its Shakespeare busts (enshrined with great English daisies—its people in gingham and flannel trousers repairing with the immaculately dressed tourists to the theatre each night and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon to see the play. On one evening John Massfield dropped in to see "Antony and Cleopatra" and remained to see their "King Lear." The next afternoon Mary Anderson, now Madame de Novaro, and retired, arrived for "King Lear." And all the time there is a steadily increasing stream of tourists, armed with the play and barbed curiosity. Some stay for a single play, and others, as we did, for several. The plays are given in their full text—and there are only two intervals, neither of them long—so that it is still twilight when one leaves the theatre to stroll along the sides of the Avon where it touches the park by the theatre.

#### NOW A TRADITION

For 50 years or so there has been some sort of a festival at Stratford—at first it was merely a single performance of a play on the birthday—in Stratford one never mentions Shakespeare—it is always the birthplace—the birthday—and so on. Eventually the festival was extended so that there was an observance in the summer as well. In 1906 F. C. Benson and his company were giving plays for a fortnight in the spring and actors from the West end were presenting special matinees occasionally. In 1909, the Benson company instituted a three weeks' festival in the summer for the American and provincial visitor to Stratford, and this was continued until 1914. Then, of course, the war interfered, although there was a pitiful attempt at an observance the next summer.

After the war, in 1919, the London National Shakespearean committee gathered together the present company and chose W. Bridges Adams, who had done similar work at Oxford, as the director, and together with the governors of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford a four weeks' summer session was arranged. But it was really a matter of local pride and soon the London committee resigned to the Memorial Theatre. Now the same company gives performances almost continuously from March of every year until September—for a week in Oxford, one or two weeks in London, the birthday four weeks, again at Cheltenham and another near-by town, and at the King's Theatre in Hammersmith for four weeks, where they have slowly gathered a London audience by daring to give the lesser known plays. From the four weeks of the earlier company, the New Shakespeare Company, as it is called, has extended its summer playing to seven

weeks at Stratford, and each year an extra week is added, "so that some day we hope to have a continuous affair from March to October," says Mr. Adams. In another year they plan to tour in America.

#### VARIED ENTERTAINMENT

For the willing Stratfordites who are so deluged with Shakespeare, each year he has added an old comedy to his repertoire—this year it is "The School for Scandal"—in other years it has been "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals"—and there is a day of morris dancing twice this summer by Ruby Ginner and Irene Mayer, and of Mime plays.

Here is no star company—and he who plays the servant the first night may be King Lear on the next. Since the plays are given so fully, what are so often lesser parts when a favored actor or actress revises Shakespeare with us, are rarely so, and nothing is cut for the emphasis of any one role. It is Shakespeare—rather than the player that one goes to see and hear. Yet the company is an excellent one this year—it is not a fixed quantity, however, for each year some go and others come, but it is Mr. Adams's hope that some time he will have a well trained nucleus of players who will be willing to act for the play alone. He wants no older actors—for they are already made—but rather young players who will act and increase. He seems to have them.

#### DESPITE ALL DEFECTS

Sometimes the mechanics seem ridiculous—the electric lights snap with such venom off stage—the gauze curtain has visible holes—the unwary

stage hand may be caught in the fire-place when the curtain rises for encores—and sometimes the lights are obstinate and a slowly accumulating dawn is the result. But, even though we have seen such carefully set stages as Rolls Peters's and Robert Edmond Jones's, it is rarely that an entire company so acts Shakespeare that one forgets these slight blemishes. Mr. Adams is not a stickler for the Elizabethan stage—he realizes that today it is impossible to recreate the mood of a 16th century play audience—but by his simplicity in setting—a curtain—a cardboard rock or so—he may give the entire text in an evening without labored waits.

This year there are nine Shakespeare's plays in their repertoire—there are "The Taming of the Shrew," "King Lear," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Richard II," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Antony and Cleopatra," of which "Richard" and "Antony," as Stratford glibly refers to them, are new for this season—they have not been given recently.

Several things decide the choice of the year's play—to draw the schools and to keep their word with the memorial committee the company must give the school play of the year that has been on the reading list—during the holidays—this year it is "Richard II." Again it is difficult to give some, as for instance "Coriolanus," for there is so much labor trouble at present that a revival of the play would neither be a happy occasion nor a profitable one. In their several years the present company has given all of the plays but "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labor

Lost," "Comedy of Errors," "King John" and "Coriolanus."

#### QUAINT STRATFORD

And to appreciate the plays one must stay in Stratford a bit—sit under the yews in the churchyard by the river, or in the courts of New place, where children play about the formal gardens, wander across the clover fields and in and out of the turn stiles to Shottery, and then in the evening be gay with "The Merry Wives of Windsor," keep time with one's feet as the whole company joins in the round in the last act and from the littlest child to the Gargantuan Falstaff tumble over on the stage with merry exhaustion.

On the first night of the season this year it was "The Taming of the Shrew," and we have never seen it so boisterously played, with such exaggerated fire and animus. It was indeed not a comedy, but bumping farce, roisterously turned. The concealed orchestra whipped out its old English tunes, its morris dances, its jigs; Dorothy Greene as Katherine was shrewd of tongue, and as Petruchio, Balliol Holloway, who is one of the few members of the company who has been with them for several years, stamped with amazing zest. Mark Turner was excellently amusing as Grumbo—but the others were equal to their gait, including Maureen Shaw's Bianca, who seemed vixen enough herself to replace her elder sister when occasion demanded.

#### VERSATILE COMPANY

It is indeed a versatile company, for Balliol Holloway, who played with such swank the Petruchio of the first night, became the Antony of the next, impassioned and distraught, yet not quite convincing as the great man who "kissed away empires." But again on the next afternoon, he was excellent as the banished Kent of "King Lear," rough in his disguise, of infinite sympathy and pity—and in the evening with but an hour or so to intervene, he rolled forth as that great droll and wine bibber, Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," unrecognizable, voice and body assuming the Falstaffian manner. Here he did his best acting—and swept the rest of the company to his moods, tumbling, grumbling, capering in the wood as a deer, bewildered at the vaporous follies.

Dorothy Greene is, too, a versatile actress—not long ago she was touring America with the Benson company, playing leads—so now she plays Katherine, Cleopatra, Goneril and the slipshod Mrs. Ford of the Merry Wives, each a finished study, and best of all her Cleopatra. She is not beautiful—nor has she mobile features—yet she has caught the manner that must have been Cleopatra's; her inconstancy—her petulance—her mocking tongue—her fascination for Antony—her voluptuousness—as Jane Cowl never did for a moment. Her queen is a mature woman, not the youthful and winsome Cleopatra of Miss Cowl's—and she is a courtesan. So was Shakespeare's. She is perverse with Antony—she is venomous with the messenger—and not for love of Antony but for fear of Caesar, she kills herself; at all times an overpowering creature, and magnetic.

#### DRAWs ALL AUDIENCES

There are others who deserve mention: Mark Turner as Grumio, the wise and mordant fool of "King Lear," the Shallow of "Merry Wives"; there is Eric Maxon, an old Bensonian, a fine figure of a man, playing Enobarbus, Lucentio, Edgar; there is Oliver Crom-

bie as Menas the pirate of "Antony and Cleopatra," a brave part as the full text shows it—and as the host of the Garter Inn—there is Maureen Shaw, auburn-haired and soft of voice, as Bianca, Cordelia, Ann Page. There are still many others—Betty Ward, whom we saw only once as the garrulous Mistress Quickly, and Ethel Carrington as Regan; there is Arthur Phillips, who ranges amazingly from a truly tragic Lear in the afternoon to the capering Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans of the "Merry Wives," in the evening. It is in truth a well-assembled company, and plays well together, from the bumkin humors of the Falstaff play to the brutal starkness of "King Lear."

After one has left the lazy quiet of Stratford, its effigied windows and Elizabethan gardens, one remembers only the play, the ensemble, the portraits of Sir Henry Irving, Garrick and Ellen Terry in the theatre museum, and the inscription on the small domed ceiling of the tiny theatre—"Imagination bodles forth the forms of things unknown as the poet's pen turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing a local habitation." And at the turning one sees a fresh charabanc full of picnickers from the mills of Birmingham making ready to unload at the theatre for an afternoon at the play.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1924

## As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Vacation. The word, like "grace" in the hymn, has a charming sound, harmonious to the ear. "Vacating (of house, post, etc.), holiday, fixed period of cessation from work."

Yes, but what to do? The usual vacation for the complaining millions of men is for two weeks. At the end of the fortnight one is ready to enjoy a vacation, but the boss is standing by the grindstone expectant of the returning nose. Yet to many a fortnight is enough. They are glad to be at work again. They miss the routine. And so convicts having been released from prison after a long term, dazed, would gladly return to the cell and the jail's workshop.

Suppose one does not play golf or tennis, does not care for sailing or swimming, knows not bridge or mah-jong. What is he to do? "Go tramping!" says the man that prides himself on his 10 or 15 miles a day. In the sixties young men we knew used to make walking trips, with knapsack on back and stick in hand. They would stop over night at farmhouses, asking to sleep in the barn, offering to pay in the morning for a breakfast of milk, rye bread, doughnuts, pie. There were heroes in those days. Their favorite tramping was in Vermont and New Hampshire. It was not incumbent on them to climb mountains, nor did they feel obliged to blaze a trail. They just walked.

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

Bliss Carman, as well as Walt Whitman, has sung the joys of the road, but what are the joys today when one is forced every few minutes to dodge a motor car and have before one's eyes bill boards importuning him to buy, buy, buy, staring advertisements that must have been designed by the daughters of the horse-leech?

When we were young we went visiting in summer. Youth has its pleasures, which to older men and women are often pains. It is not a breach of confidence to say that Mrs. Golightly has invited us to her summer palace. There is every comfort, there is every luxury. But the guest is on dress parade. The valet would shake with contemptuous laughter unpacking our portmanteau, nor would he be impressed by its newness or the initials and place of residence stamped on the ends. At the Golightlys' you dress for dinner, which is at an absurdly late hour. That settles it. No boiled shirt, no silk shirt, no dinner jacket, no claw-hammer for us in summer. Then there is the ghastly thought of tips at the leaving. There is the feeling that the hostess wishes she had invited some more "dresy" man, some one that would play bridge and not shiver at the stake. You remember the woman who said that she made it a point of inviting disagreeable persons for the week-end: She was so glad when they went away on Monday morning.

Then there are books to be read at leisure. At last you will have time to finish George Finlay's "Greece Under

the Romans," which you began last summer but did not get beyond the undoubtedly engrossing section VI "Fiscal Administration of the Romans." In chapter I. There are so many novels warmly recommended—by the publishers. "Everybody is talking about them" and you have not read them. There is a public library in the village and the cottage plutocrats dump there the novels they do not wish to take back to the city or leave on the cottage shelves. But if you are in a summer hotel or boarding house, there are endless distractions, from the dear little children, like Wordsworth's plough-boy, whooping anon, anon, to the gramophone turned on by the melomaniac in the living room.

Ah, but you have your own cottage, where your hostages to fortune have been awaiting you, gallant spouse and doting parent. There you can sit on the veranda, when you are through with the chores and are not asked to do errands in the village—the road is hot and dusty—there you can sit and alternately improve and rest your mind.

How hard you find it to read these novels of the day! Marcel Proust's amazing story holds you, and, having read the 11 volumes that are published, you fret, waiting for those to come. You yawn and doze over the "best sellers" in English. Fortunately "Moby Dick" and "Great Expectations" are in the bungalow—which is a "bungalow" only by courtesy—and you read them for the 15th time.

Allah be praised, there are books that one can read and reread. "A. N. M.," who writes delightfully in the Manchester Guardian, thinks there should be a museum or a mausoleum for the negligible work of famous men. He would put there Bernard Shaw's novels—what? "Cashel Byron's Profession?" "Shirley," "Felix Holt," Thackeray's "James Yellowplush" and "Klickleburys on the Rhine." Perhaps he would call Melville's "Israel Potter" negligible. We have read it with pleasure many times, first, in the volumes of Putnam's magazine, where the story was not signed. By the way, the London Times Literary Supplement of July 10 contained a singular article entitled "Herman Melville's Silence." The writer finds that in that strange novel "Pierre" and in "Billy Budd"—the latter a supplementary volume in Constable's standard edition—Melville was trying to show that "the completely good man is doomed to complete disaster on earth," and trying to show at the same time that this must be so and that it ought to be so. This necessity can be interpreted in two ways: "Horologically"—that is, estimated by our local and earthly time pieces—the disaster of the good ought to be so, because there is no room for unearthly perfection on earth; chronometrically—that is, estimated by the unvarying recorder of the absolute—it ought to be so, because it is a working out, a manifestation, of the absolute, though hidden, harmony of ideal and the real. In other words, Melville was trying to reveal anew the central mystery of the Christian religion.

Do you get him, Steve?

And so there are deep thinkers who insist that "Moby Dick" is a sinister allegory. To us it is a wildly and fascinatingly romantic novel with curious digressions about the whale and the whaling industry in the good old days when the harpooner was a man and not a gun. We read it—we are going to begin it again tomorrow—as in our boyhood we read "Gulliver's Travels," but we would not deny the allegorists their little pleasure.

It is time to take in sail. Another will continue for a while our labor in endeavoring to raise the moral tone of the community. We beg our contributors to favor Mr. George Ryan as they have helped us in the past.

This month we shall have time to ponder space, time and reality. Let us not be too curious as to the place of our lasting vacation. Every village has its churchyard. There is plenty of room in the bay that is now in sight.

"Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus."

July Vacation, 1924

WILBUR THEATRE—"Little Jessie James," a musical comedy in two acts, direct from a year in New York. Book and lyrics by Harlan Thompson, music by Harry Archer, staged by Walter Brooks. The cast of principals:

Tommy Tinker.....	Allen Kearns
Juliet.....	Miriam Hopkins
Mrs. Flower.....	Madeline Grey
Geraldine Flower.....	Gladys Baxter
Paul Revere.....	John P. Hundley
S. Block.....	Al. Raymond
Mrs. Jamieson.....	Clara Thropp
Jessie Jamieson.....	Laura Hamilton
William J. Pierce.....	Evan Valentine
Clarence.....	John Mulligan



George Sperry  
Blanche O'Brien  
Frances Linton  
Agnes Morrison  
Janet Lee  
Pauline Schaeffer  
Ann Kelly  
Bernice Galt  
Mollie Morlett

Last night, Little Jessie James held up the town, with the assistance of light personable young ladies of the horns, a damsel who has attained the power of perfect relaxation, and a powerful bass voice as low as its owner's head is high above his feet. The voice belongs to Evan Valentine, and aside from Miss Hamilton—happily returned (or continuing) with the show—he sings best. "The Bluebird," which is his number, is easily the most original thing on the program and he plays it to the hilt. It is, however, a topical song pure and simple, and "I Love You" and "Such Is Life in a Love Song"—already familiar numbers in current jazz repertory—will continue to be played long after "The Bluebird" and its interpreter are safely tucked in bed.

For the rest, the music is of a catch-as-catch-can variety; last night most of it seemed to catch the audience. The orchestra, a much heralded product with Paul Whiteman's name stamped on the bottom, is fitted out with a large battery of saxophones in place of most of the usual strings. Between and during the facts, it dispensed sweet music after its kind; the individual technique is good and the and is well led. A crowded house was delighted, so that "The James Boys" evidently compare favorably with our local output. As good New Yorkers, this should be a comfort to them.

The book of "Little Jessie James" presents several novelties, the number varying according to the length and direction of one's memory. It is an intimate show, played on a half stage with a small, select chorus. This is a welcome return to a system by no means obsolete. And the plot has lost its high romantic flavor so long in fashion and returned to the oldest and surest of situations—the bedroom farce. Husbands, lovers, wives, sweethearts, owners, bridesmaids, are all turned loose in one apartment. Into closets, out of closets; into bedrooms, out of bedrooms into beds, out of beds, into the play and the characters. "Fast and furious" this sort of thing was called in the old days. Here it is either, but dragged out, attenuated, by song and dance, and evolution of the chorus—all of which have nothing to do with case.

"Little Jessie James" is a long show; it runs until after 11 o'clock. And it is almost as broad as it is long. Mr. James, the comedian, greatly assists in the extension by his skillful gesture and subtle innuendo. Given the lines, he does the best possible with them. And then they are very funny. "Little Jessie James" is a snappy piece: it crackles often and smartly.

To grace the show is Miss Hamilton—vivacious, sure of hand and of eye—and a chorus which performed numerous and strenuous evolutions with unaging gusto and amid tumultuous applause. Each member of it has some little specialty, which serves to freshen the entertainment a good deal. As for Miss Hopkins, she can certainly relax, and relaxation is as useful on stage as it is in life. The use to which she and Mr. James put this ability furnished one of the best moments in the show.

W. R. B.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—Philip Goodan presents W. C. Field in "Poppy," musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly; music by Stephen Jones and Arthur Samuels; staged by the author and Philip Goodan. First performance in Boston. Erre de Reeder conducted. The cast: Frank Tucker.....Isabelle Winlocke  
John Tucker.....William Blanche  
John Sniffen.....John Cherry  
John Delafield.....Helen Bolton  
William Van Wyck.....Robert Halliday  
Incess Vronski Mameluke Pasha Tubbs  
Emma Janvier  
Arthur Pottle.....George F. Moore  
Poppy McGargle.....Victoria White  
Prof. Eustace McGargle.....Mr. Fields  
John Delafield.....O. J. Vanasse  
Emile dancers.....Wood Sisters

The piece is much after the style of contemporary musical comedy. Lift performer of distinction from among the satellites of vaudeville, let him give a act; amplify it if you will, sprinkle it whole with light, inviting tunes, finish with the double octet of pretty girls, with as many gentlemen of the chorus; let all these assail the story with their various interruptions; start the plot in the first act; let it flop and flounder till a moment before the act curtain; quick, if smeared patchwork at the end—the story is told—musical comedy of the workaday pattern.

The first act is slow in getting under way, and not until the appearance of Mr. Field does the action quicken. And here that excellent comedian gives a famous act, assisted by the mobile

Mr. Blanche as Shorty. The second act is given over to much specialty work, notably the burlesque of the old-time minstrel first part. In the last act there is running to cover to grab up the threads of the now truant story.

The music at times shows inventive talent, but as often there is recourse to the music editor to the old barrel of musical comedy tunes. Such a piece as "Whaddaye Do Sunday, Whaddaye Do Mondays, Mary?" is the lingering tune in the ear, and this was a special lyric from the pen of Irving Caesar to the music of Stephen Jones. The book itself, while containing many lines that provoke laughter, is thin.

Prof. Eustace McGargle and his supposed daughter, Poppy, itinerant actors, "work" the country communities. The professor is clever with the cards and he leaves a trail of sorrowing victims. Arriving at the fair grounds at Greenmeadow, Ct., where gambling is prohibited, he makes hold with his trade. Poppy remonstrates. She would quit and lead an upright life. Here she meets William Van Wyck, a manly fellow, who becomes an ardent Romeo. Despite the wishes of Poppy, the professor swindles the country folk. Judge Delafield happens along, and the professor is put under arrest, but not until after he causes a consternation when he says he married a Foster, whose heirs are to receive a handsome legacy, now in the keeping of the judge.

Poppy is taken over by the judge's daughter. The professor will not down, makes his appearance again by buying over the sheriff, urges Poppy to be off with him to the Orient and again swindles the country folk, this time by offering a forged document of his marriage into the Foster family. To Poppy he confides the truth, that he is her protector rather than her real father. Then the climax, when the lockout around Poppy's neck denotes her a foster child and the helpless to millions. More happiness, for Van Wyck, radiant and expectant, is waiting for her with open arms.

Mr. Fields has added to his former program, and now we hear him in songs. Still he is comedian rather than singer. From the old days of the Ziegfeld "Follies," through a long career in vaudeville, his talents as comedian, juggler and trickster are a feature of the theatre of our day. Last night he was at his best, he kept the audience in an uproar. It was not the show, it was Fields, and all this with becoming modesty, and never with the slightest attempt to overdo his share.

Jane Richardson, who was billed to appear as Poppy, was substituted by Victoria White, who played the role at the Apollo Theatre, New York. Miss White, handicapped by a thin voice, was a pretty picture as Poppy. In her moments with the professor she was always the child, with Van Wyck she played with charming naivete, and her exit at the end of the second act was significant, dramatically.

Robert Halliday was the Van Wyck and played in manly fashion the lover. He was the single good voice in the cast, yet, unfortunately, there was little for him to do.

T. A. R.

## Neal O'Hara M

### Debut at Keith's

The warmly enthusiastic reception that is reserved for local favorites of the first order was given to Neal O'Hara, popular columnist of The Boston Traveler, when he made his first appearance on the vaudeville stage at B. F. Keith's yesterday. Mr. O'Hara has been heard over the radio and as an after-dinner speaker he is not entirely unknown, but vaudeville is a departure for him. One handicap of the beginner he does not have to worry about, however. Though Boston audiences have the reputation of being cold, it is doubtful whether Mr. O'Hara will find that out. For, from the storm of applause that greeted his entrance, it was obvious that Neal O'Hara is not only very well known but very highly approved.

Mr. O'Hara appeared alone, without benefit of mechanical assistance or trick costume. His monologue was of the extemporaneous type, covering a wide range of subjects, and delivered in that plithy, epigrammatic style that his column has made familiar. His voice, as he himself admitted, may be compared with George M. Cohan's, and strange as it may seem coming from one used to making himself heard through the medium of the typewriter, it carries.

In that modest, offhand manner, Mr. O'Hara talked to his audience on one subject and another, slipping easily from jokes of which he himself was the victim to timely topics of national import. Like Will Rogers, who reversed O'Hara's formula by trying the stage first and writing for the papers afterward, he takes an interest in politics. He fraternized with the audience over

a Congress that livens up any dull afternoon by slapping on a few more taxes. He admitted that if his vaudeville career is successful, he hopes to invest in an automobile—a Ford without the self-starter. He took a few shys at his Keith associates, commenting that he was probably of more interest to the ushers and stagehands than any other act ever seen there—since they had never seen him there before and probably never would again.

He quoted back stage gossip, including someone's bright and knowing saying that, as an actor, Neal O'Hara of The Traveler was still down on the

ast. He even proceeded to read us his mash notes. One, from someone who had long been anxious to see him and would certainly come around to Keith's this week, was signed by the credit manager of Picene's. As for the reviews he had received during his tryouts last week, one in a Lawrence paper was particularly enthusiastic. The only trouble was that a mistake had been made about his first name, which should of course have read Neal, not Flske, O'Hara.

Neal O'Hara, with his clever nonsense and his equally clever way of clothing keen comments in hilarity, is a welcome addition to the list of Keith entertainers. He brings a new and sharp wit, comparable with that of any first-class monologist, and he has plenty to say that's new.

Also on the program at Keith's this week are Jack Norworth, in a varied song program; Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, coloratura soprano, who sings "Ah, Fors a Lui," from "Traviata," and other selections; "ifty Miles from Broadway," the perennial "hick" act, and Kramer and Boyle.

### CONTINUING

**SHUBERT—"Marjorie."** Musical comedy with notable cast headed by Elizabeth Hines, Richard "Skeet" Gallagher, Roy Royston, Ethel Shutta and Andrew Tombes. The final week.

Aug 10 1924

## London Music Season

By EVELYN GERSTEIN

London, July 23, 1924.

Although the London season in music was rather limited by the time that I arrived here about the middle of June, there were still two opera companies and a Gilbert and Sullivan company flourishing nightly, and innumerable recitals at Albert Wigmore Hall—some of importance, and still others the usual student debate of the season.

After a long repertoire of studied orthodoxy, the Italian company at Covent Garden awoke with a flourish, and gave several excellent performances of Ravel's little one act opera, "L'Heure Espagnol," a picaresque little piece in which, according to the saucy verses of Franc Nohain, a clockmaker's young wife trollops with three lovers while the worthy is away. She pops them into empty clock cases and has them conveyed up and down stairs to test the prowess of the brawny mulatto Ramiro—indeed, as Ravel called it "a Mollere parody of life in a Spanish setting," and he has flavored it with his distorted rhythms of the dance, his strange scuttling harmonies and fleeting sounds of the orchestra. The cast was admirable, with Eduard Coteuill as the ripe and rotund old Don Inigo, Robert Couzlinou as the stalwart Ramiro, Octave Dua, as before, the gallant and dreaming Torquemada, and Edna de Lima as Concepcion, rather under than over-coquettish. Pierre Renaud, as conductor of the orchestra, and a stranger to London, read his score with imagination and finesse, and not too volubly. Coupled with Ravel was Leoncavallo's "Paggiacci," with Cesare Formichi the Tonio, and Joseph Hislip, a young English tenor, the Canio, and with Antonino Votto as conductor. Then

with a final performance of "Tosca," the company departed for the season.

But the hope of London in opera is centred in the struggling company now under the direction of Frederick Austin, once the leading baritone of the Beecham company, at Sir Beerbohm Tree's old theatre—His Majesty's—an English company that has replaced Sir Thomas Beecham's, the British National Opera Company, always referred to as the B. N. O. C.

I have seen them now for four weeks of repertoire, an unusually catholic repertoire—from orchestra stall to top-most gallery for which one queues up several hours in advance—and even in this short period, their progress has been marked. They have given Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" with Maggie Teyte as Melisande; they have presented Rimsky-Korsakoff's amusing

and satiric fairy tale, "The Golden Cockerel"—as well as "Siegfried," "The Meistersingers," "Parsifal," "The Valkyrie" and "Tannhauser"—they have done "The Magic Flute," the little known "Il Seraglio," "The Marriage of Figaro," as well as several English operas, two of them, "The Eve of St. John" and "Hugh the Drover" for the

first time—and all this within the brief space of four weeks.

For those who would be carping, there is much to find fault with here, an orchestra numerically weak, singers not all of the first order, poverty in setting—but these are failings that are inevitable, and under the careful guidance of Frederick Austin, the performances are slowly improving in precision and in quality.

### CONDUCTORS

For conductors of the orchestra he has Eugene Goossens, Albert Coates, Aymer Buesst, Julius Harrison, and now Malcolm Sargent, who has just replaced one who has left to direct the Capetown Symphony orchestra; and one evening for a memorable performance of "The Meistersingers," Sir Thomas Beecham, returned, less volatile than before, and more mature.

This year brought many first performances, of "The Marriage of Figaro," which Mr. Austin produced with the connivance of Nigel Playfair, whose little theatre in Hammersmith, on the outskirts of London, first saw "The Beggar's Opera" a few years ago; there has been "The Magic Flute," sung with

admirable precision and lightness, as well as the little known "Il Seraglio" and "The Tales of Hoffman." But it was with the first night of "The Golden Cockerel" that the faithful queues were set humming, the street singers reaped a goodly crop from those waiting in the queues, and the theatre was filled to overflowing. A most amusing and satiric performance, riotously decked out in the Russian settings that were once Sir Thomas Beecham's, with the singers the players as well, unlike the performances at the Metropolitan, where the ballet enacts the pantomime and the singers merely sing. There were blemishes, to be sure—the cockerel was unintelligible—and this was unfortunate for so much hangs on the words of the favored bird—the astrologer talked rather than sang—and the ballet was not alway as one. But the spirit was there and the King Dodon

of Robert Radford, pompous and witless—the Queen of Shemakha of Sylvia Nelis, a thing of loveliness, and that excellent bass, Norman Ailin, was Gen. Polkan; the choruses of boyars were vigorous, mocking, and with a little practice, this should be one of the company's best operas.

In the last year or so the Wagner renaissance has been complete, and now, both at Covent Garden in German, earlier in the season, and more recently in English at the B. N. O. C., one may again hear portions of the Ring, "The Meistersingers," "Parsifal" and "Tannhauser"; the queues are teeming with long-haired youths armed with their scores and discussing with vehemence the Wagnerian motifs. Perhaps the best of their performances was of "The Meistersingers," which I saw twice, once with Albert Coates, a most excitable conductor, and as popular in London as in New York, and again with Sir Thomas Beecham, whose presence stirred the orchestra and singers as well to unprecedented powers. From the moment that he appeared in the doorway under the stage the orchestra responded to his magnetism.

### A NEW TENOR

The B. N. O. C. is indeed fortunate in their leading tenor, Walter Widdop, a young Yorkshireman, a dyer before the war, I believe, who has only recently joined the company to sing in opera. He has a singularly pure voice and, as yet, is quite free from the mannerisms of the operatic star; not a strong voice, and it is as yet not quite ready for the strain of a Wagner tenor, but a rich and vibrant voice that has great promise. As Siegfried, as Walter in "The Meistersingers," he gives to his roles a freshness and vigor that few of the others in the company have, and when he has sung for a longer time, and particularly the difficult Siegfried, he should be an excellent Wagnerian.

Perhaps the most interesting performances of the company have been those of English operas—Gustav Holst's skilful little musical parody, "The Perfect Fool," in which the fairy tale meets with reverses, and which was given for the first time last year; Sir Alexander Mackenzie's new "Eve of St. John," and, last week, Vaughan Williams's "Hugh, the Drover," written some years before the war, and which he never thought to hear performed.

In a few weeks Sir Alexander resigns



But Williams died and Gladys claimed his soul but relented and sent it to Heaven. "It is not altogether surprising that the angels were unwilling to receive him; they probably feared that his continuous eloquence, unceasing in death as in life, would interfere with the music of their harps." The Times says that the play is much more than a twisted parable or grotesque fairy story. "Its middle act is swift satire, the neighbors' suspicion and alarm have a new color, and Mrs. Williams's character is clearly and vigorously drawn."

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“My darling, what wouldst thou have more?”

A Camberwell dramatist, Mr. Margrie, sent a play to Bernard Shaw, asking him for a preface. Instead of a preface, Mr. Margrie received advice. Mr. Shaw called the play, “The Prince of Ireland,” a navvies paradise and said it might be successful if there were a navvies’ theatre. “You will have to create a theatre for your work as Wagner did at Bayreuth, as I and Mr. Granville Barker did in London for a while, before you can hope for publicity. . . . It will be a theatre with a very breezy audience of tramps, of trulls, of ruffians, and robust ignoramuses and simpletons of all sorts; and the bars will do a roaring trade.” He then made the point that the English theatre, a middle-class institution, will not endure sentiments or subjects that are hostile and repulsive to it. “The working-class playwright must seek out, in workmen’s clubs and the like, his proper audience and theatre.” As the Manchester Guardian points out, the “Old Vic” developed out of a navvies’ theatre and still is attended by “people who pay threepence for a seat and do not wear a collar. The fact that the Shakesperian trimmings are often regal and always mediaeval or primeval does not hinder their enjoyment any more than a good income or high social status prevents sensible people from enjoying Sam Waller or a genuine East End play such as ‘The Likes of Her.’”

That excellent actor, Ben Johnson, after reading Frank Albion's letter in the New York Herald-Tribune in which he asks: "What has Mrs. Fiske ever done for the profession?" was moved to write the following lines, which appeared in the Herald-Tribune of July 27:

lines, which appeared in the Herald-Tribune of July 27.

In what abyss of ignorance has dwelt this unknown man whose soul has never felt the subtle spell, the charm, that perfect disk of loveliness—the are of Mrs. Fiske? Yet has he heard of Edwin Forrest's fame.\* And Booth's, and with these giants links the name of one once skilled in by-gone songs and dances, the mighty name of Wilson, surnamed Francis.

Mr. A. B. Walkley discourses as follows about Bernard Shaw's preface to his "Saint Joan." It may be remembered that Mr. Shaw introduced Mr. Walkley as one of the critics in "Fanny's First Play":

No doubt we are all the better for being chastened. No doubt it is just as well that we should have some persistent monitor at hand, to tell us what fools we are, and what a silly world it is, and, in particular, what pernicious rascals those doctors are with their pig-headed belief in the virtues of vaccination. Such a monitor is seldom lacking, because the scolding temperament and otherwise-mindedness are, after all, human and entitled to their place in the sun, and, when backed by powerful intellect, may even be sure of a front place. A century ago he was called William Cobbett; then he changed his name to Thomas Carlyle, and, alternatively, John Ruskin; in our time he has become George Bernard Shaw. I conjecture that Mr. Shaw will go down in history as the most potent of the lot, because the most ostensibly reasonable, because he is careful never to put forward his prejudices as mere personal likes and dislikes but as conclusions to which we must all be driven by what it is the mode to call remorseless logic. It is a remarkably effective camouflage. If you are always going to be contra mundum it is as well to be cocksure. There is never the slightest token in Mr. Shaw of misgiving, of intellectual doubt, of that humility which is forced on most students by the clearer perception of the inevitable limitation to their own knowledge of the cosmos. In his new preface to Saint Joan he pronounces the famous dogma of papal infallibility to be the most modest pretension of the kind in existence, and pictures the Pope "on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before the throne of God." In his own case Mr. Shaw utters the dogma without the confession. He speaks of Joan's "overweening presumption, the superbiety as they called it." Here, at any rate, he is at one with his heroine. Superbiety is his foible.

But Joan was the more humble-minded of the two. She was "superb," cocksure, full of "cheek," but always vicariously, always as the mouthpiece of the saints, her "voices," as she called them. Mr. Shaw has no use for St. Catherine, St. Margaret and St. Michael; St. Bernard suffices him. And Joan did for one moment lose confidence, when she recanted during her trial. I don't believe Mr. Shaw ever recanted any opinion in his life. It is true that he classifies some of his earlier novels as works of his "nonage." It is something to have him concede that he ever had a nonage. The parallel might be prolonged. It was Joan's superbia (for military capacity she obviously had, and could have, none) that enabled her to raise the siege of Orleans, where the English besiegers were few and ill-supplied and as liable to superstitious "funk" as Joan to superstitious confidence; it was also her superbia that led her, as Mr. Shaw says, to the stake. Mr. Shaw's has proved a formidable influence over the superstitious part of our own "intellectuals," the peo-

pie who like their minds to be made up for them by someone whom they can apotheosize—and the present apotheosis of Mr. Shaw is one of the wonders of the age—but it must have been fatal to his influence with those who are only to be persuaded by modesty and mansuetude.

Mr. Shaw seems to like masculine women. He says Joan "was the sort of woman that wants to lead a man's life." Also "she was the pioneer of rational dressing for women"—which would appear to be trousers or Plus Fours. But for Joan's masculinity, intact virginity, and utter lack of the sexual appeal there is another reason, which he does not mention. There are, I believe, strong grounds for thinking that she never, physically, became a woman at all. Anatole France mentions the point but, for obvious reasons, does not expatiate upon it. As to Anatole France's "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," Mr. Shaw, I submit, dismisses it all too cavalierly in saying he

cavalierly in saying he wrote a Life of Joan in which he attributed Joan's ideas to clerical prompting and her military success to an adroit use of her by Dunols as a mascotte. In short, he denied that she had any serious military or political ability.

What France says, examining the text of Joan's Letter to the English, etc., is that it suggests in its phraseology the possibility of clerical inspiration. As to her use as a mascot, what more likely? Which is the more probable, that an illiterate peasant girl, who didn't even know the topography of the town she was to relieve, who thought herself on the right bank of the Loire when she had been brought in fact to the left, should suddenly reveal an exact knowledge of the position and military skill to take advantage of it, or that the military leaders, who already had the knowledge, should use Joan in the best way they could use her, as a heartener and centre of enthusiasm for the forces they themselves manoeuvred? When she was taken at Compiègne, it was through her own fault. She still heard her "voices," thought herself invincible, and refused to retreat when commanded. Her military ability can hardly have been "serious."

What makes Mr. Shaw's treatment of M. France peculiarly ungracious is that the ablest scene in his play, the debate between bishop, chaplain, and nobleman, which brings out so clearly the larger historical issues of the subject, is obviously suggested by the presentation of these issues in M. France's book. There is nothing to complain of in that. Mr. Shaw was well within his right, and can but compel our admiration for the skill with which he has converted historical arguments into dramatic form. But is it not rather unkind to dismiss so summarily an authority which you have yourself condescended to consult?

Of course, Mr. Shaw cannot refrain from his usual gibe at the critics. They are hypocrites. What they really think, but never say, is: "I hate classical tragedy and comedy as I hate sermons and symphonies; but I like police news and divorce news and any kind of dancing or decoration that has an aphrodisiac effect on me or on my wife or husband. And whatever superior people may pretend, I cannot associate pleasure with any sort of intellectual activity; and I don't believe any one else can, either." Well, well. Superbity must have its fling.

from the Academy of Music, and so there, was more in the first night of his short opera than the performance, and the usually vociferous audience was even more explicit than usual. But it was a wildy bit of fantasy, much too long, with a dull overture and a conventional libretto by Eleanor Farjeon. A dryad and a naid weave their spells of a midsummer eve on the tinkler and the poacher, who are beguiled by a ballet of sprites conjured up out of the woods; nothing remarkable here, nor original, but a light trifle for an evening.

In striking contrast to the weavings of midsummer eve is Vaughan Williams's robustious ballad opera of the fighting bloods of the 19th century, "Hugh, the Drover," for which Harold Childs, a former dramatic critic of the Observer, wrote the libretto. There are all of the conventions that we have come to dub as "grand opera" here—the gathering of townsofolk, the soprano heroine, the contralto confidante, the tenor hero and the assembling of townspeople as in the Melstersingers for a midnight gathering—yet it has virility. In the maypole songs, the sentimental duets, the carousel songs, the old English ballads—a pity that Vaughan Williams did not have better material with which to work, for here were all of the artificialities of opera.

A merry fellow, and a drover, at the time of the Napoleonic wars, Hugh wanders into the market place, as Mary has announced that she would not wed John, the Butcher, for he is a brutal man—so Hugh woos her, and with her as the stake fights the butcher, and so is put in the stocks at her father's (the constable) connivance. There is a second act in which Mary steals out of her house, and sits in the stock with Hugh—a chance here for a charming duet—and in the morning they are discovered—the guards called in and the populace awakes. Hugh is freed, for the guards know him, and John the Butcher, taken in his place, amid the rejoicing of the village, and Mary and Hugh go off to the open road, together.

As with his London symphony, Vaughan Williams has mingled cries, ballads and folk dances in this his first opera, a wealth of music for so paltry a book. It is said that boxing journals are carrying detailed description of the fight, a bona fide one, and most realistic—although the man in the gallery

beside us, remarked, a little condescendingly—"they do it better in the cinemas."

**B. N. O. C. SEASON OVER**  
So the season is over for the B. N. O. C., and of their five, this has been much the best—what is lacking now is patronage—unfortunately the royal family

does not favor the arts, and so an audience must be built up in a normal way. The queues are faithful and from 5 in the afternoon until the doors open at 7:30, or in the case of Wagner, from 4 to 7, the straggling line, some sitting on wooden benches rented for the occasion, some listening to the street singers, flute players and atrocious violinists who take their stands outside of the theatre each night in hope of a few pence, some eating cherries from the stand at the corner, and others reading their scores, all wait for their opera. But this does not support the company and it is to the stalls that Sir Thomas Beecham appealed in his certain speech—"I may come back to opera, and perhaps not, but you have an excellent substitute for me here and it is all that stands between you and no opera at all." A brilliant conductor, but they say of him that as a manager of the opera company he was always most impractical and over provident.

There are still many of the old Beachamites with the B. N. O. C.—Norman Allin, Miriam Licette, a good soprano; William Anderson, Frederick Collier, Walter Hyde, once their best tenor; Sylvia Nellis, a coloratura soprano with a lovely unstrained and effortless voice and a lurking sense of humor; Lillian Stanford, Maggie Teyte, who has only returned for a few performances this season; William Michael, the character actor of the company, the winning Beckmesser of "The Meistersingers," the barker in "Hugh, the Drover," a good actor who has a slight tendency to overplay, to clown rather than act; Browning Mummery, Edna Thornton, Robert Parker, good although short-lived bass; Robert Radford, Frederick Ranaloe and Sydney Russell. This year there have been added new members, the American, Mary Lewis, a rather fragile and lack-lustre soprano, and Percy Heming, who has just finished with "Lilac Time."

As for the English translations, with the exception of the unfortunate one for Debussy's opera, they have been quite satisfactory, and for those who would hear opera in English and articulately sung, here is a goodly company, an excellent orchestra and a chance for the English composer.

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# HULL IS FEATURE ON KEITH'S BILL

Henry Hull, late star of "The Man Who Came Back," a recent dramatic success on the stage and the movies, is the feature of the program at Keith's



This week This clever youth appears a 15-minute comedy, "Five Minutes on the Station," and, with his assistant company—Edna Hibbard and Frank MacDonald—succeeds in holding the attention of a midsummer audience.

Miss Hibbard possesses good looks in addition to histrionic ability. MacDonald, who plays the part of a cynical, old-to-do merchant, also makes most of the part allotted to him.

In addition to this playlet, the bill is replete with acts in which dancing and singing are strongly emphasized. Jack Evans, Teddy Evans and Maudie Fresne, billed as "Dancers from Town Land," present an unusual and ever sort of song and dance.

This is followed by Horace Wright and Irene Dietrich, "The Somewhat Different Singers," who scored well. Next comes Paul Remos and his three under midgets, in which difficult feats of hand balancing and a burlesque boxing match are offered.

Then there's more singing and dancing when George MacFarlane, assisted by Herbert C. Lowe and Margaret Walker, appears. This act is gorgeously staged.

More dancing as Marie Walsh and Frank Ellis in "Ours Is a Nice House, Ours Is," swing onto the stage. Ellis is a good line of patter, most of which is not been heard here before.

Jim McWilliams, "The Pianist," in medley of songs and sayings, followed by Max Yorke and his canine pupils, complete the bill. The house was well filled with G. A. R. veterans, who evidently enjoyed the show.

CONTINUING

**MAJESTIC**—"Poppy," musical comedy starring W. C. Fields, who gives a true and delightful characterization of the circus "medicine man" of 50 years ago. Amusing story, well acted. Second week.

**WILBUR**—"Little Jessie James," another musical comedy, with its popular song hit "I Love You" and Paul Whiteman Band. Has same cast that appeared in New York for one solid year. Second week.

THIS IS TICKLISH BUSINESS

A. T. has sent to As the World Wags "the correct version of the immortal classic" of the whing-whangs. The first two verses differ somewhat from those contributed by Rhode Spence in the interest of good literature and natural history. The third verse, heretofore missing, is exquisite. It gives us an added sense of dignity to be able to use the word.

THE MAD, MAD MUSE.

On the margin of moonshine land, Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs, where the whing-whang loves to stand, Writing his name with his tail in the sand, And swiping it out with his oogerish hand, Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Is it the gibber of gungs and keeks? Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs. Or what is the sound that the whing-whang seeks, Crouching low by the winding creeks, And holding his breath for weeks and weeks? Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs.

Around him the wealthiest of wealthy things! Tickle me, love, in these lonesome ribs. 'Tis a fair whing-whangess, with phosphor rings, And bridal jewels of fangs and stings, And she sits and as sadly and softly sings, As the mildewed whirl of her own dead wings, Tickle me dear, tickle me here: Tickle me, love, in me lonesome ribs. BOB BURDETTE, after Swinburne.

LET'S BE ACCURATE

In the World Wags: In the interest of accuracy and in grateful memory of James Whitcomb Riley, to whom we owe many immortal verses (though I hardly thought the following would live long) let us be correctly tickled. These verses may be found in his "Rhymes of Childhood," published by the Bowen-Merrill Company in 1891.

**THE LUGUBRIOUS WHING-WHANG** The rhyme of the Raggedy Man's "at's best" Tickle me, love, in these lonesome

Ribs— Cause that'un's the strangest of all o' the rest, An' the worst to learn, an' the last one guessed, An' the funniest one an' the foolishhest— Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

I don't know what in the world it means— Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs! An' nen when I tell him I don't, he leans like he was a'grindin' on some machines An' says: Ef I don't, w'y, I don't know beans! Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Out on the margin of Moonshine Land, Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs! Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand, Writing his name with his tail in the sand, And swiping it out with his oogerish hand, Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Is it the gibber of Gungs or Keeks? Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs! Or what is the sound that the Whing-Whang seeks? Crouching low by the winding creeks, And holding his breath for weeks and weeks! Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Around him the wealthiest of wealthy things! Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs! 'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess, with phosphor rings, And bridal-jewels of fangs and stings; And she sits and as sadly and softly sings, As the mildewed whirl of her own dead wings— Tickle me, Dear, Tickle me here, Tickle me, Love, in me Lonesome Ribs! (Please note the first line of the last verse, in correction of the version published in The Herald of Aug. 13). FRANCES BOWLES PRATT.

MISS FOGARTY CONVALESCENT

As the World Wags: Answering your heading, "Page Miss Fogarty," in this morning's Herald— Here she is. W. E. W.

MISS FOGARTY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE

As I sat by my windy last evening, The letter-man brought in to me A little gilt-edged invitation, Saying, "Gileoly, come over to tea." And I knew 'twas the Fogartys sent it, So I went, just for old friendship's sake; And the first thing they gave me to tackle Was a slice of Miss Fogarty's cake.

Chorus: There was plums and prunes and cherries, Citron and raisins and cinnamon, too; There was nutmegs, cloves and berries, And the top crust was nailed on with glue; There was caraway seeds in abundance, Sure 'twould build up a fine stomach-ache, It would kill a man twice after eating a slice Of Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake.

Biddy Mulligan wanted to taste it, But really it wasn't no use They worked at it over an hour And couldn't get none of it loose Till Kelly ran out for the hatchet And Riley ran in with a saw, That cake was enough by the powers For to paralyze any man's jaw.

(Chorus)

Miss Fogarty, proud as a peacock, Kept smiling and blinking away, Till she tripped over Flanagan's brogans And split the whole brewing of tay. "Oh! Gileoly," she cried, "You're not eating, Try a little bit more for my sake. "No, thank you, Miss Fogarty," says I, "But I'd like the receipt of that cake."

(Chorus)

O'Brien was took with the colic, Mulcahy complained of his head, O'Leary lay down on the sofa And swore that he wished he was dead; Biddy Mulligan went in hysterics And there she did shiver and shake, While every man swore he was poisoned, All through eating Miss Fogarty's cake.

(Chorus)

Miss Evelyn Gerstein sends the following resume of the late summer season in London:

Although the theatres are still, even now at the close of July, well tenanted, there is really little that is rare or new to distract the wary playgoer from his lazy meanderings along the embankment in the evening. There is a new comedy of Milne's—another fragile piece of badinage and errant wit—"To Have the Honour," in which Sir Gerald du Maurier plays the roving husband who returns with a mock title and dukedom "somewhere in the Balkans"—an excellently constructed play, with no dull stretches as there have been in many of his earlier comedies. And, too, that other prolific young Englishman, Frederick Lonsdale, has two pieces of his own distraction playing at once—a musical comedy, "The Street Singer," which is said to have the most extensive queues in London—a rare distinction in itself in a city where one queues for everything and where for the last performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan company the queue lined up the day before—and a play, "The Fake," amusing and at times very skilful, which with Godfrey Tearle is to be taken to New York in another month.

There is "The Mask and the Face"—an adaptation from the Italian of Luigi Chiarelli, which was first performed at the Everyman Theatre in Hampstead—the Shaw Theatre, where now they are giving "Getting Married," preparatory to their three weeks' season in Paris, which commences Aug. 1. The most entertaining play in London, "The Mask and the Face," has undoubtedly suffered from the usual mutilations that go hand in hand with "adaptation." From a most subtle high comedy it has been made a bounding farce, and the proprieties introduced and observed.

Yet it is most amusing in the happy characterizations of the roisters of Lake Como, the deft turns of the plot, and smart dialogue—intellectual frippery lightly played. Count Mario Grazio, an unhappy man—for he lacks a sense of humor, assures his friends that if he found his wife unfaithful—he would kill her. He does—or at least as the present version has it—she is discovered in a compromising situation—and the man is missing—and so he insists that she go away and remain buried. Lightly she does it, and there is a great trial, with "the man," as the lawyer, who to save his client, must revile the lady, after which Mario returns to weeping servants who have heard of their master's rash and bloody deed when he strangled his wife and tossed her briefly into the lake—and to innumerable notes of condolence from unknown women who admire his strength. There is a mock funeral, to which Savina returns in black and trippingly flits about among the mourners until she discovers herself. And it was admirably played—Athene Seyler as Savina was amusingly pert and pleading, never sensuous—perhaps not the woman that Chiarelli had imagined—but if not, neither was the "Mask and the Face," the comedy of "La Maschera E Il Volto."

But with the exception of "Saint Joan" and Somerset Maugham's most bitter stricture of the circle of Americans and English who interchange their wealth and titles—there is little else in this, the theatre season. "Our Betters" was performed. I believe under another title, last winter in New York, and there it met with little success. An Englishman, proverbially, is willing to discount himself and his nation—but the American, however cosmopolitan he thinks himself, is not so ready, and this is perhaps one reason why "Our Betters" fell so unheeded in New York, for it is a well-knit play, and unexaggerated although it is not written as a comedy, but as scathing satire with but few gentler moments. Here Margaret Bannerman played the scheming and beautiful lady marplot of London "society," and Constance Collier the whimpering and spineless countess of "French extraction." There are hints of the Somerset Maugham of "The Circle" here, but it is far more sardonic and resistless—the other was a comedy—and this unadulterated satire such as Pope might have written.

There are, of course, the revivals—of Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure" at the Haymarket, of "The Merry Widow" at the Lyceum, of "Getting Married" at the Everyman in Hampstead—even of the distant and much plumed "It Pays to Advertise," and "The Green Goddess" is still working overtime with its endless queues unflagging. "In the Next Room" and "White Cargo" have joined the imported plays from New York, and at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith there is a new and aspiring little musical piece, a light opera written by Clifford Bax, brother to Arnold Bax, with music by Frederick Armstrong, and with Marie Tempest attired again for the leading part after these many years absence from the singing stage. (It was to Madame d'Alvarez that the role was first offered.)

Gladys Cooper, for a time forgetting her "Peter Pan" and her "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has ventured to revive Sardou's "Diplomacy" and, with all its ancient machinations, it is still a diverting and playable play and most successful.

There have been the Shakespeare companies—the Old Vic players for a time unhoused and then while the Old Vic has been under repair, playing at a West end theatre—in "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It," the best of the companies, for although they may not use the complete text of the Stratford players, nor the vivid and imaginative settings of Barry V. Jackson's "Romeo and Juliet," they have animation and a sense of ensemble playing that is the result of many years tradition. Yet the "Romeo and Juliet" of the Birmingham repertory company (which I hear is to return again to its natural home next September to play "The Master Builder" and Eden Philpott's "Devonshire Cream") was the loveliest and most tragic performance of the play that I have ever seen, and there were the morris dances that no play of Shakespeare's is quite complete without. Gwen Francon Davies was a more youthful Juliet than Miss Cowl—she is, of course, only 17—and John Gielgud played the Romeo most sensitively and with a sense of youthful tragedy—it was indeed a very young and ardent playing and the settings Italian in color and motif.

As the man in "To Have the Honour" remarks brightly—in London one may only be immoral on Sunday—so the Stage Guild, avoiding censors and censure, presents every month or so a play of its own choosing, and if one is fortunate he may be given a ticket to come and observe on a Sunday night. So I saw the last of the season's plays, "The Pleasure Garden," a very interesting episodic play in four acts, its setting a pleasure garden—perhaps Kensington Gardens—or it might have been any



of the innumerable little English gardens where one sits on a bench and waits for strangers to stroll by and chat—or to confide.

A modern play, not expressionistic, but a very real series of characterizations of the actor, the poet, the tripper, the factory girls, etc., at times suggestive of Kampels's "The Insect Comedy," in which a young scientist watches for a day, forgetting his insects—and realizes that there are none of us happy—only the mother and the man about to die—they alone are undisturbed by the melee. Apparently, Beatrice Mayor is a young playwright and not quit in command of her medium, for there were several extraneous incidents and duplication—but of the new plays in London it was far the most interesting and brightly dialogued, and of course with a Stage Society presentation, there was no dearth of excellent playing—D. Hay Petrie as the adventuring scientist, Jean Cadell as a dulled clergyman's wife, Athene Seyler as the garish and Sadie Thompsonish Topsy.

There has been a great deal to do about "Saint Joan" here—the published play has just been set in circulation—and because Shaw discredits completely the Joan of Anatole France, Mr. A. B. Walkely has ventured to disagree—and so there is one more Shaw vs. Walkely debate to keep interest rife in the play, which is thereby and for other reasons doing excellently. Miss Sybil Thorndike's Joan does not differ in essentials from that of Winifred Lenihan, although she is more the ruddy and buxom peasant than the fragile and spiritually energizing girl of the latter, and this is true indeed of the whole presentation, which Basil Dean has designed. One may find slight differences in players—physical differences—and a lesser simplicity in the settings; in the first act the stage was not a room in a mediaeval fortress as in New York; but these are petty wordings, and the whole production is a most stirring and substantial one—for did they not all have the advice of Shaw himself!

Still one more revival of which I have not spoken—that of Congreve's "Way of the World" at Hammersmith, which Nagel Playfair, who is by way of becoming an authority and specialist on 18th century operas—"and I have never wanted to specialize," he told me when I asked him of his plans for the next season. It seems that he will produce an operetta on the life of Burns, and that he still hopes for an American tour, when he will take "The Way of the World."

The American tour is the thing now—and each manager hopes to make his little pile and return—yet Sir John Martin Harvey did no such thing—he is now speculating on an African tour—nor have the other adventurers with the exception of those sponsored by Morris Gest. Gladys Cooper is only waiting for a more extensive repertory of new plays to bring her "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the other plays for which she been known in England. Andre Charlot has already invaded New York, and now that his "Puppets" has closed he is preparing a new revue for September, but not at the little intimate theatre, the "Vaudeville," where

Blinnie Hale and Stanley Lupine have so recently imitated and made believe.

But, to return to the "Way of the World." It was a glowing and piquant revival, exquisitely set in the manner of the Restoration and Nigel Playfair, with incidental music by Frederick Austin played by reputable musicians and with Miss Edith Evans as Millamant—the most beautiful bit of acting that has graced a comedy of recent years; there was all of the fragile languor and wit, the elegance in dress, deliberation and arch beguilements, the airs and graces, humors and contempts, and in all, she was admirably supported by the rest of the company in Restoration wigs and court manners, a garrulous and beguiling "assembly of beaux and belles" preserving each slight turn of the Congreve comedy and never for a moment overplaying.

But this is over now, and the London theatre has settled demurely down to mystery play and slender musical comedy, to the jovial turns of Eden Philpott's "The Farmer's Wife," the melodramatics of the Apache play, "The Rat," in which Ivor Novello figures, and the cynicism of "Our Betters." When "The Great Adventure" closes at the Haymarket, a new play of Galsworthy's, based on a story previously written, will be presented there. A revival of Bernstein's "The Thief," and again the London Grand Guignol will commence its season, and while the dramatic critics are on vacation, London may revel in St. John Ervine's new book on "The Organized Theatre" and his retort to Stark Young on the latter's remark to the North American Review that the English play as compared with a like continental one is far inferior—and in which Mr. St. John Ervine also takes his theatre, it is said, a bit too seriously—for the summer.

#### BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL

The programs of the Berkshire Festival of chamber music, which will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 17, are as follows:

Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 4 P. M.—Festive quartet of South Mountain. William Kroll, first violin; Karl Kraeuter, second violin; Hugo Kortschak, viola; Willem Willeke, cello; assisted by Mischa Levitzki, piano.

Mozart, Quartet F major (K. No. 590); d'Indy, Quartet E major, Opus 43; Suk, Quintet, G minor, Opus 8, for piano and strings.

Thursday, Sept. 18, at 11 A. M.—Bach program. Harold Samuel, piano; Georges Enesco, violin; Fraser Gange, baritone.

Prelude and fugue, E minor; French Suite, G major; Sonata for violin and piano, E major; Two arias for baritone; Sonata, C major for unaccompanied violin; Toccata, C minor for piano.

Thursday, Sept. 18, at 4 P. M.—American program. Carl Friedberg, piano; Jacques Gordon, violin; Leo Sowerby, piano; Hans Kindler, cello, and the Festival Quartet of South Mountain.

Carpenter, Sonata, G major for violin and piano; Sowerby, Sonata in G major for violin and piano, the composer, pianist, Gardner, Quintet, F minor for piano and strings.

Friday, Sept. 19, at 11 A. M.—Olga Samaroff, piano; Thaddeus Rich, violin; Georges Enesco, violin; Hans Kindler, cello, and the Rich quartet of Philadelphia—Thaddeus Rich, first violin; Harry Aleinikoff, second violin; Romain Verney, viola; Hans Kindler, cello.

Beethoven, Trio, D major, Opus 70 No. 1, for violin, cello and piano; Brahms, Sonata, F major, Opus 99 for cello and piano; Chausson, Concerto, D major, Opus 21 for piano, violin and string quartet.

Friday, Sept. 19, at 4 P. M.—Vocal program. Dorothy Moulton, soprano; Edith Bennett, soprano; Charles Stratton, tenor, and others, Sandor Hartman, first violin; Wolfe Wolfson, second violin; Nicolas Moldavan, viola; Emmeran Stoeber, cello.

Schoenberg, string quartet with voice, F sharp minor, Opus 10; Beethoven, Scotch songs with trio accompaniment; Walther Rieger, prize composition, 1924, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," for two sopranos, contralto, tenor, violin, viola, cello, double bass, oboe (English horn), clarinet and horn. The composer will conduct.

## ON BILL AT KEITH'S

Stars from the legitimate stage, musical comedy and the concert hall are on the program at Keith's this week.

The featured act is that of Frank Crumit, former Folies star, whose songs are familiar to phonograph owners. Strumming a ukulele, with his inimitable southern dialect, he succeeded in putting over a number of new songs. He was encored again and again, and he obliged with additional selections.

Another favorite to score heavily was Martha Hedman, for several seasons on the legitimate stage. She appears in an ably supported 10-minute sketch, "You Can't Beat Them." The play-let revolves around the schemes of a wife to extract pocket money from a somewhat penurious husband. To tell more would be to spoil the story. The

act was well received.

Belle Story, whose name appeared in electric lights at the New York Hippodrome, assisted by able piano and violin players, sang a number of songs, each well received. She rendered a selection in Spanish and one in French.

Ralph Smalley, former cello virtuoso, who has appeared at Keith's several times, is on the bill again this week. His rendition of Victor Herbert's "Kiss In The Dark," left nothing to be desired. He had to respond to a number of encores.

Joseph B. Santley, assisted by Gwyn Stratford, Florence Allen and Jack Egan, appeared in "Waiting." There are snappy lines in this sketch, and Santley, a master of soft shoe dancing, made quite a hit with his eccentric steps.

Other acts on the bill include Will Morris, clever bicycle performer; Harry Jans and Harold Whalen, "nut comedians," John and Marguerite Guran, dancers, and the El Rey sisters in a dance revue. The usual films were also on the bill.

## MADGE KENNEDY HAS TITLE ROLE IN "POPPY"

Discloses Singing Voice of Hitherto Unsuspected Sweetness

Madge Kennedy joined the cast of "Poppy" at the Majestic Theatre last

night when she resumed the title role, replacing Victoria White. In again taking up the part of Poppy, Miss Kennedy now finds her position as star shared with W. C. Fields, who has reached stellar heights in her absence.

Miss Kennedy, unseen in Boston for many seasons, and before this associated with farce, disclosed a hitherto unsuspected singing voice of great sweetness, if not too extensive range, and an altry grace in dancing. Her acting is far better than is customary in musical comedy, surely a great asset for "Poppy." Personally she is quite irresistible, contributing a great amount of charm to a musical comedy which has already proved popular.

## CONTINUING

MAJESTIC—"Poppy," musical comedy co-starring W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy. Amusing story of the old time "medicine faker" and his daughter. Third week.

WILBUR—"Little Jessie James." Musical comedy with original cast, much heralded Paul Whiteman band and popular song hit "I Love You." Third week.

necessary to ring up the curtain on the third act, cutting short his futile efforts.

I think the program below takes first prize for its blending of musical selections with the synopsis of plot.

Gordon and Bennett  
Present

## THE HOLY CITY

By Clarence Bennett, Author of  
"A Royal Slave."

A Drama of absorbing interest, a story of our Saviour, the Disciples (sic) of old Jerusalem.

First public appearance of the "Young Men's Orchestra."

Overture—"KARAME."

Synopsis of Scene

Act 1, Scene 1—Near the river Jordan. John's arrest. Scene 2—Throne room in Herod's palace. The King's birthday. The dance of death. A mother's curse.

"YANKEE GIRL"

Act 2, Scene 1—In Herod's (sic) palace. The conspiracy. Scene 2—the vineyard wall outside the city of Jerusalem.

## "BLUE BELL"

Act 3, Scene 1—The Temple of Jerusalem. The betrayal. Scene 2—Nicodemus's house. The rescuers. Scene 3—The High Priest's Hall of Judgment. The condemnation. Scene 4—Street in Jerusalem. Despair. Scene 5—The Crucifixion. (After Michael Angelo's great masterpiece).

## "HANDSOME HARRY"

Intermission of five minutes.

Act 4, Scene 1—The Roof of the King's Palace, Overlooking Jerusalem. Judas' remorse. Scene 2—The Joppa Gate of Jerusalem. The dear alive. Scene 3—The Vineyard Wall. The glad tidings. Scene 4—The Grand Transformation of the Holy Sepulchre, the Resurrection and the Flight of Angels, the Gates of the New Jerusalem. The Holy City "not made with hands."

Exit—"JERSEY CARNIVAL."

The Herald has received from Mr. Madison Corey of Brookline the following letter:

As a souvenir of the near "palmy days" period, I am keeping a theatrical program sent me by an actor to establish his identity with the cast of "The Holy City," a standard road attraction 20 years ago. It is the usual-sized sheet printed on one side only, dated Nov. 16, 1904, of "The Grand Jackson's (Ohio) Leading Theatre."

It is interesting inasmuch as it marked the first public appearance of the "Young Men's Orchestra"—a local organization of amateurs that had practised playing a limited musical program in order to attend "The Grand" without payment, and to supply that theatre with an orchestra. Many of the one-night stand theatres had similar arrangements. As a consequence it was difficult oftentimes to provide entre-act music suitable to the play. Frequently players in serious situations had to struggle with an audience that had gone into ecstasies over "Ten Minutes With the Minstrels," or some current pot-pourri of "The Midway" with its hocus-couchy effects; and I remember vividly a performance of Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" in a small Pennsylvania coal town.

The audience loved the whole affair and rocked with laughter for 10 minutes following the finale of the second act where Deacon Tidd (Digby Bell) slid down the snow-clad hill, ran into the school house and found himself buried in snow fallen from the roof. During the succeeding intermission the orchestra played Titi's "Serenade," which has a beautiful flute obligato. It was the only piece the orchestra was able to play and the flutist had practised it for months and was counting upon a great triumph; but the comic catastrophe was too much. A more boisterous assemblage it would be hard to imagine; they yelled with delight, roared with laughter and stamped the floor in appreciation of Bell's predicament and would not be calmed. The poor flute player, standing, the better to compel attention to the lovely serenity of solo cut a pitiful figure. There was no saving the situation, and it was



The following has also been received from Evelyn Gerstein from London:

So the old London music hall is passing, and it is only in revues and perhaps in some forgotten corner of London, where the floor is still covered with sawdust, and the galleries are occasionally unruly, that one may hear the coster songs of Chevalier. Elsewhere it is a mingling of French farce, an Irish comedian, a Scotch patterer, and an American strutter, with a few old cockney moments thrown in as a side issue.

At the Coliseum, which is more or less a glorified Keith's, where one may see on the same bill, the steer-roping contests with which Tex Austin is still entertaining the English, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and Mr. and Mrs. Hale Hamilton, there is rarely a suggestion of cockney days.

At the Holborn Empire, where I was sent to see a "typical English music hall, I heard a bit of musical comedy, a few sentimental songs, a lively jazz orchestra, a contingent of Tiller girls, and a most entertaining little play called "The Leave Lorry" played by war veterans. Even the audience was mild mannered—there was no hurling of oranges, no vicious outcries, either in pit or gallery. It might have been a burlesque house anywhere in the United States.

Yes, the music hall is passing, although there are still Harry Weldon and George Robey, the latter once dubbed the Prime Minister of Mirth—amusing in pantomime and because of his mock serious manner, his ready falls to the galleries—his hurt manner when he insists that he is being abused, his grotesque costumes, the miniature derby and wide flaring rousers—his bottle nose, and quick turns of the wrist—this is George Robey. And the same man has exhibited water colours, and I think oil paintings, at the Royal Academy, and he has one of the finest collections of old china in England.

But George Robey is now in a revue, as are most of our best vaudeillians, and a very poor revue at that, "Leap Year," in which to aid him the 18 Gertrude Hoffman girls disport themselves at various angles, in unhappy crew, and the best moments of which are when he is on the stage, and when the whole company arrays itself for the coster songs, the Old Kent Road, the songs of beer and wassail, and all the cockney ditties for which Chevalier was so loved.

But it is not for their coster songs, that the comedians pride themselves—for the most part they had rather do a neat hand spring, when trapped to a heavy drum, or imitate the darktown strutters. So they will lose their own peculiar flavor and the tradition of the 'alls.

Andre Charlot, too, in his present revue, "Puppets," has preserved something of the costers, in the apt impersonations of Binnie Hale and Stanley Lupino, in particular the ways of Miss Hale, a most charming mimic and actress, whose comments on Jose Collins, on Beatrice Lillie, and whose imitations of them are superb—more subtle than those of Missie Loftus, and fully as uncanny.

But these are all modernizations, and imitators—now one no longer sees the all knowing barker who hammered for order from his post on the stage, and belowed each number to the audience below. The presiding officer is no more—his place has been taken by the energetic orchestral conductor, whose knowledge of jazz is remarkable, and who is ever appreciated by those who are perhaps a little tired of the coster songs in which they have been brought up.

As for concerts, the best have been those of Myra Hess and Lionel Tertis, at which they played three sonatas for pianoforte and viola, a plasmic combination; a recital of Arthur Rubinstein's when he played travinsky's "Petrushka" in the pianoforte version written for him, and played it magnificently, as well as some of Milhaud's Brazilian dances, several of Albeniz dances from "Iberia," some Chopin, and Schumann's carnival, so often played perfunctorily, as well as the Bach-Liszt Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, which he played glowingly with unaccustomed re and sensitiveness.

A rare evening was that on which last week John Goss, the baritone, and a male quartet gave a "sociable" evening at Wigmore Hall, of canties, spirituals, drinking songs, ballads, rounds, and ditties of the E. F., as well as a chanty of the sailor who took his girl to Tiffany's and spared him no expense—he bought her two gold earrings for all 50 cents, called "Can't You Dance the Polka," and declassée ballads and rimes of all sorts, Italian, American, Norwegian. The hall was filled, in itself a rare happening—and smoking was allowed—and for powers, a tray of foaming tankards of stout was raised upon the platform, and Mr. Goss and his fellows disappeared back stage for a time—to come forward with still another group of songs—all of which are published in a new "Week End Book," at his collection.

At the Abbey one afternoon there was a combined chorus of cathedral

choirs singing cathedral music, their voices streaming through nave and side aisles—gloriously fresh and seeming inspired.

But now the music of London is at an end until the second week of August. Sir Henry Wood commences his Promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, and a little later the festival choirs gather in the south of England for a week of cathedral music. At the Abbey the pageant is still in preparation—the great empire pageant, for which Sir Edward Elgar has written his music. As yet we have heard none of it.

Aug 25 1921  
E'S PROBABLY RUNNING A TEA ROOM NOW

the World Wags:  
You recently remarked:  
"By the way, what of those classics, till His Whiskers Crew" and "With a little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin?"

The first song was a classic, but I have forgotten the words. It is dimly remembered that although still his whiskers grew, "he pulled them off, he shaved them off," etc. etc. Here's the other song complete:

little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin  
Jay came to the city once to see the funny sights,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on

his chin.  
He'd heard about the cable cars and grand electric lights,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
Says he, "I'll take in everything; have all the fun I can"  
As he got off the cars the sharpers after him ran,  
And quickly then in tow they had this little country man,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

Chorus  
Reuben Glue, he thought he knew a thing or two,  
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place—wow!  
When he went back to the town of Hackensack  
He had a funny look upon his face.

He went into a restaurant to get a bite to eat.  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
He was as welcome in there as he was out in the street,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
He ate a plate of pork and beans and when he went to pay,  
The man charged him five dollars, "that's too much" old Kube did say.

"I know it is," the man said, "but I need the cash today."  
And he pulled the little whiskers on his chin.

Chorus

He went into a beer saloon to try and quench his thirst,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
The gang inside got fightin' about which one saw him first,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
They nailed his shoes down to the floor, he couldn't get away,  
For all the drinks they had that night old Reuben had to pay,  
They pulled his leg so hard he had to buy a crutch next day,  
And he shaved the little whiskers off his chin.

Chorus

Reuben Glue didn't do a thing to you,  
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place—wow!  
When he hopped back to the town of Hackensack,  
He hadn't any whiskers on his face.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

## "SEA HAWK" AT SYMPHONY HALL

SYMPHONY HALL: "The Sea Hawk"—latest novel of Rafael Sabatini to wing its way to the screen. The cast:

Sir Oliver Tressillian.....	Milton Sills
Sakr-el-Bahr, the Sea Hawk.....	Milton Sills
Rosamund Godolphin.....	Enid Bennett
Master Lionel Tressillian.....	Lloyd Hughes
Master Peter Godolphin.....	Wallace
Sir John Killgrew.....	Marc MacDermott
Jasper Leigh.....	Wallace Beery
Asad-ed-Din.....	Frank Currier
Fenzileh.....	Mme. Medea Radzai
Marzak.....	William Collier, Jr.
Justice Baine.....	Lionel Belmore
All.....	Fred de Silva
Tsamanni.....	Hector V. Sarno
Yusuf.....	Albert Prisco
Spanish Commander.....	George E. Romain
Infanta of Spain.....	Christine Montt
Ayoub.....	Robert Bolder
Andalusian slave girl.....	Kathleen Key
The Siren.....	Claire DuBrey
Inn Keeper.....	Louis Morrison
Inn Keeper's wife.....	Kate Price
Captain of Asad's guard.....	Al Jennings
Nick, Oliver's personal servant.....	Bert Woodruff
Oliver's young son.....	Walter Johnston
Sir Walter.....	Andrew Johnston
Bishop.....	Henry Barrows
Chief Justice of England.....	Edward S. Davis
Boatswain.....	Robert Spencer
Turkish merchant.....	Theodore Lorch
Spanish slave girl.....	Nancy Zann

In "The Sea Hawk," Sabatini adds materially to his reputation as a rising spinner of high romance. Whatever his merits as a novelist, as an artist of the printed page, only a perusal of the volume itself can decide. But of his ability to string together adventure after adventure and situation after situation, there can be no doubt, although the motivation of his characters is conventional in the extreme. Treacherous mothers, unbelieving sweethearts, "the honor of a gentleman," all play their accustomed part, in quite the accustomed way. If one had time, doubtless one would wonder every once in a while just why Sir Oliver Tressillian must needs act exactly as a thousand other heroes have acted; fortunately, one does not have the time. Besides, one expects such things in heroic drama. And above all, the public (quite rightly) prefers them even to tales of complexes and New York life. Consequently, "The Sea Hawk" must, beyond all doubt, be classed as "excellent in kind."

The current piece at Symphony Hall concerns an English gentleman of Elizabethan times, who by ill-fortune becomes a galley slave under the Spanish flag. Later rescued by the Moors, he commands a galley of his own which brings terror to the Spanish fleets and at last love and repatriation to himself. It is greatly to the credit of Frank Lloyd, the producer, that he has seen and used to the fullest extent, the matchless possibilities of this setting. The scenario writer may rig up a plot, the continuity man may pack in the suspense and the contrast, the actors may act and the scene designers hammer and paint, but to the man who welds these units into a living, breathing, self-consistent whole the chief credit must go. In all these departments is Mr. Lloyd more than adequately assisted. Out of them he has wrought a vision of the courage, the barbarity, the spirit of high adventure that was the middle ages.

A great play deserves a big cast. "The Sea Hawk" is quite exceptional in the number of skilfully shaded portraits of old English folk that its cast contributes: Mr. Beery's Jasper Leigh, Mr. Currier's Asad-ed-Din, Mr. Hughes as Lionel Tressillian, Mr. MacDermott as Sir John Killgrew—to name

but a few. Miss Bennett, as the—dare we say—fiancee, graced a somewhat unilluminated role with charm and dignity. As for Milton Sills, in the title part, he gave a performance, deft and varied, which was at all times adequate and most often distinguished. Those who feel that pantomime is lost art will do well to watch the cast of "The Sea Hawk" in action. There is food therein for thought—and for satisfaction.

Yet a play may be well acted and still lack of that color, of that inner consistency, which is built up by the assemblage of a multitude of little concordant incidents. It is in that assemblage that the moving picture is (or should be) unique, supreme. See the sailors carousing in the smoky tavern—

and a dastardly kidnapping at their hands is quite to be expected; the sweat rolling from the backs of row on row of galley slaves chained three abreast to their oars—and a whole civilization passes before one. It needed but the Infanta's pettish order: "Bid your ship, put about, Captain, the stench of the slaves annoys me" to crown a picture, true and unforgettable. Or the soldiers pouring down from the high poop.

Or the escaped slaves creeping from oar to oar along the outside of the anchored galley. Or the matchless bit where Sir John's "ship of twenty guns" comes towering out of the dusk alongside of the tiny Moorish galley. Something of the dread fear in every Moorish heart is ours as that overwhelming force comes nearer and nearer—resistless, inevitable. Here is imagination. Here is the grip of reality such as few other pictures (alas) can provide.

Wittily or no, the producer has caught and reproduced "naked and unashamed" the essential barbarity of the age, as judged by modern standards. Here is no pampering of civilized notions or 20th century feelings. Thus does the Sea Hawk, wreaking the vengeance that is his, carry off into slavery in Algiers a whole boat-full of his English fellow-townsmen. There are they sold at auction in the slave mart, according to the custom of the land, though but two or three of them had actually and personally injured the Sea Hawk aforesaid. We recall that one young damsel brought "a hundred philips." The heroine, the hero himself, bids in. When it comes time to leave Algiers, albeit the time was indeed scanty, three only, out of that company are "saved." The rest? Forgotten alike by the hero, the author—and the audience. It is harsh, it is cruel, it is remorseless and unthinkable. But it is England (and the rest of Christendom) in the early 1600's. And for that true picture the discriminating will thank the production.

It may be gathered that "The Sea Hawk" is really not a bad play. It is not. In fact, like many another good thing, it "must be seen to be appreciated." W. R. B.

## WELLINGTON CROSS

That sterling star of musical comedy and the vaudeville stage, Wellington Cross, with his company in "Anything Might Happen," shares feature honors at Keith's this week with Al and Harry Klein in "Jest Moments." The former is the star in a four-scene comedy playlet by Edgar Selwyn; the Klein brothers follow with 15 minutes of clever nonsense and songs. Cross joined the Klein brothers just before their act ended and the audience enjoyed an act not originally on the program.

Lovers of dancing, especially of the old southern buck and wing type, have a treat in the act offered by Ed and Dora Ford, who stage a dance revue. The steps range all the way from "The Hunt" to "The Toy Soldiers" and "The American Buck Dance." The Fords were recalled several times.

Jones and Jones, in their character classic of the southern negro, present a clever line of patter. The two have fine voices and they put over an old-type "mammy" song in great shape.

The bill opens with the Ponzini monkey comedy and aerial act. A miniature circus is on the stage, in which monkeys play all the parts, and they are mighty good, too.

Then come Combe and Nevins, "those syncopating entertainers." They harmonize well in their selection of songs. Ben Benson and Clevo Massimo, with Kathryn McLaughlin, appear next in "The Super Novelty." This act features dancing and acrobatic work.

Margit Hegedus, premiere violiniste, assisted by Otto G. Schlaaff at the piano and Tan Arakis in sensational foot balancing, are also on the bill. Then, too, there are the usual motion pictures.

## CONTINUING

MAJESTIC—"Poppy," musical comedy co-starring W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy. Amusing story of the old time "medicine faker" and his daughter. Fourth week.



**WILBUR—"Little Jessie James."** Musical comedy with original cast, much heralded Paul Whiteman band and popular song hit "I Love You." Fourth week.

Aug 28, 1924

### HE'D HAVE BEEN A WOW IN THE COUGHOROP BUSINESS

As the World Wags:

Responding to a call for "Still His Whiskers Grew," I am sending you a copy of this classic. It is just as fuzzy as when it was written many years ago. Also, I have "With a Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin." We ran to whiskers in our family.

(Signed) G. H.

### STILL HIS WHISKERS GREW

Tim Burke was like a beardless boy, Although a man he'd grown;  
He bought some hair restorer for a bob, He rubbed it all around his chin  
To make his whiskers grow, Then went to bed to sleep upon the job.  
But when he woke next morning, what a sight!  
His whiskers had been growing all the night;  
They'd grown so much that really, on my life,  
The hair had suffocated all his children and his wife!

Chorus

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
He cut them off and he shaved them off,  
He bit them off and he chewed them off,  
But still his whiskers grew!

The whiskers filled the place until he couldn't stir a peg,  
A mile a minute was the length they grew,  
He'd whiskers on his finger nails and whiskers on his leg,  
And on his false teeth there were whiskers, too!  
They grew down from his head unto his hoof,  
They grew until they lifted off the roof;  
They grew so much that he, despairing, quita.  
Went out and blew his chin off with a ton of dynamite.

Chorus

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
He pulled them off and he dragged them off,  
He kicked them off and he blew them off,  
But still his whiskers grew!

The whiskers grew until they covered up the countryside,  
They even spoiled the farmers' crops of hay;  
'Twas nothing else but whiskers, and you couldn't walk or ride,  
Whilst folks were getting strangled every day.  
They grew until they reached up in the sky,  
There was no room for dicky birds to fly,  
To stop them Burke went up in a balloon,  
And tied them in a double knot around the sun and moon.

Chorus

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
He tied them up and he hung them up,  
He nailed them up and he screwed them up,  
But still his whiskers grew!

So many folks were getting killed on every hand and side,  
The people said poor Burke would have to die;  
They struggled through his whiskers and his hands behind him tied,  
Then to a lamp post hung him up to dry;  
When he was dead each face was full of smiles,  
They dug a grave the depth of fourteen miles,  
They chucked Burke in and filled the hole once more,  
With lead and stones and cannon balls and iron in galore.

Chorus

But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
They pushed him down and they dragged him down,  
They chucked him down and they shoved him down,  
But still his whiskers grew!

### WHEN THEY STARTED TO GROW

As the World Wags:

The song "Still His Whiskers Grew" was a part of the score of an old extravaganza produced by David Henderson in Chicago during the season of 1894-95. The piece was "Off the Earth" and the featured comedian Eddie Foy. The chorus was:

Still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew,  
He cut them off, he bit them off,  
He sawed them off, and he chewed them off,  
But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew,  
They covered his face all over the place,  
But still his whiskers grew.

I remember no more of it, but I well remember Eddie Foy swinging on a crescent prop moon, well up toward the borders, and with a long patriarchal beard, the which from time to time he mangled in various ways. It was what would now be termed a "wow" and have entitled him to full membership in the "Whiskerino Club."

F. E. H.

Aug 30, 1924

## JEWETT PLAYERS REVIVE "FASHION"

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Fashion," Henry Jewett's version of Anna Cora Mowatt's famous comedy of American life in the '40s, of which another version is now current in New York. The cast:

Zeke.....	Richard Whorf
Millinette.....	May Ediss
Mrs. Tiffany.....	Elspeth Dudgeon
Mr. Tiffany.....	Francis Compton
Prudence.....	Violet Paget
Seraphina Tiffany.....	Marie Louise Walker
T. Tennyson Twinkle.....	Barry Jones
Augustus Fogg.....	C. Wordley Hulce
Count Jolimaitre.....	Alan Mowbray
Adam Trueman.....	Hugh C. Buckler
Snobson.....	E. B. Clive
Col. Howard.....	Harold Standing
Gertrude.....	Katherine Wilson
Guests.....	Jane Rahman, Margaret Wilson, Adele Fichter, Raymond W. Cardwell

Last night, the old Castle Square (now the Arlington Theatre), returned triumphantly to the fold of Boston's stock houses when Mr. Jewett opened the ninth season of his repertory company with a revival of one of the best of our early American plays—"Fashion," or Life in New York. Of this play Poe wrote that it "owed what it had of success to its being the work of a lovely woman"—showing that the author of "The Gold Bug" had a good eye both for the drama and the ladies. With his judgment of the latter, we would not venture to quarrel, and with his opinion of the former, as above expressed, we are in strict accord. If 70 years ago, and compared even to the atrocious concoctions of Dion Boucicault, it had "not a particle of originality of invention," still less can it boast such novelty today. Mr. Poe suggests that it might well have been designed as a burlesque on the conventionality of the theatre of his time. Seven decades later it has, indeed, become such a burlesque—and a rattling good one, too. Seldom has an audience been treated to more hearty laughs than was the crowded house which last night greeted "Fashion."

Seldom, too, has an audience—even a "Copley" audience—entered more completely into the spirit of the piece. The stilted soliloquies received their meed of applause no less burlesquing than the rendition of the actors; the old favorites of songland, introduced at intervals, were well received. Above all, when the cast paraded one by one across the stage at the end of act two, the villains were greeted with loud and prolonged hisses.

As for Mr. Jewett, in his character of Adam Trueman, the solid farmer from Catteraugus, his moral aphorisms were received always with the most respectful silence. Truly, the conduct of a Boston audience was, for once, inspired.

A good production of "Fashion" is essential. This, Mr. Jewett has seen to with even more than customary skill. To play the piece "straight" (as was so successfully done with "Caste") was a manifest impossibility. So Mr. Jewett and his assistant, Mr. Knight, have chosen to catch the spirit of the times, and by skilful and progressive exaggeration to turn the whole affair into a gorgeous burlesque. With consummate judgment he has selected six or eight of the famous songs of the period, each admirably satirical of the character who sings it, and interpolated them bodily into the plot. Thus Seraphina sings to the count "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"; Snobson (capital name for Thine Eyes); Snobson (capital name for Brown Jug); the love-lorn captain, "Would I Were a Bird," and his beloved, "I Want a Beau." Farmer Trueman has "Uncle Sam's Farm," a ditty rarely, if ever, heard today. Likewise

Millinette's bit about "Love's Chiding," admirably rendered by Miss Ediss, convulsed the house with its outlandish rhyme—schemes and cumulative banality. Truly, a priceless collection—and one which adds much to the amusiveness of the revival.

The company includes several newcomers, and, without exception, acquits itself well, though some parts are better done than others. Mr. Buckler, Mr. Mowbray, Miss Ediss and Mr. Whorf were excellent. Miss Walker was, in make-up and manner, admirable, and Mr. Compton gave a curiously symbolic twist to his portrayal of the fear-haunted banker. As for the inimitable Clive, his rendering of the drunken Snobson was one of the high spots of the evening.

In short, a most interesting, amusing and instructive piece, and one which should bring the Jewett company many new friends to grace its new home.

W. R. B.

### THEY WERE CONTINUOUSLY LUXURIANT

We are, indeed, indebted to G. H. for the words of "Still His Whiskers Grew." But has he given the chorus just right? The tune, as I heard it, calls for more lines, and the specimen of the chorus that I remember ran:

"But still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
He hacked them off and he sawed them off,  
He bit them off and he chewed them off,  
Still his whiskers grew, still his whiskers grew;  
They covered his face all over the place,  
But still his whiskers grew."

H. W.

Aug 31, 1924

into use when he was giving Scriabin's "Divine Poem" in Glasgow, and who did nothing—but laughed red hairedly, even when he dismissed her as useless.

It is said of the Russians that they are a melancholy race, and that Turgehev and Gogol were the merriest of the literary men—that with the exception of "The Inspector-General" there is not a single Russian comedy. And yet, despite the farcical drolleries of Balieff and his troupe, the legend still clings. We had expected M. Koussevitzky to be serious, perhaps a little melancholy—there's the romantic for you—but he is nothing of the kind, but a merry Russian whose sense of humor is always present—even when he is telling of the only woman he had ever heard of who wanted to play the double bass; she had come to him when he was still a professor of the Imperial Conservatory at Moscow, and had just written his concerto for double bass—and she had asked to be taught to play it. She had three lessons, and then he sent her away—she had only come because she was in love with me, he explained—you see I was young and beautiful then. Really.

He is very much interested in his audiences in America—almost the first question that he asked me was: "What do they expect of me?" It was not easy to answer. But he has his plans—although he refuses to tell his complete program—for much of his repertoire of course, barring the older music, is either new to America or utterly untried, except by himself. He will of course give Scriabin's "Divine Poem" and Prokofiev's "Tableaux of Exposition" as well as a piece of Mussorgsky's instrumentated by Ravel. He intends to introduce little known compositions of Albert Roussel, of Orceade, rather than the well limned piece for orchestra of the French Six, although he will give them as well as operas with choral accompaniments.

It is not as it was in Paris, he explained to me, for here I only gave a few concerts in the series—and so it was possible to give novel and bizarre things—the audiences were not only prepared for it—but demanded it. But one can not nor would he want to do so in a series of 30 concerts. So I shall give Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Berlioz, Tchaikowsky, not only modern but classic and romantic music as well. Write to your paper and say that I will give the "most beautiful music of all periods." I must have a ligne in my programs—a definite link between each of the pieces—that is one reason why modern music is not so much appreciated—because it is never given a raison d'être on the program—it is disconnected, and for the most part badly played. In Scotland they had heard "The Divine Poem" of Scriabin's the winter before I came, and disliked it. With classic music, the score is so familiar that one forgives many times inaccuracies in the playing—but with modern music, if it is not carefully played—there is nothing.

But one should not play only new music—each musician should interpret individually the older music and keep it alive, and so in my programs, there will be one of each—they will not be long programs—in Paris I never gave concerts of more than an hour and a half, with something like the Ninth Symphony. I will only play one other.

As for his soloists—M. Koussevitzky will not have many—10 perhaps—but only of the best. I asked him of his own music, and he demurred, said that he had written nothing since he was "very little," that his concerto for the double bass was good, but that he would prefer to say nothing of his other music, when there was so much else infinitely better to play.

He is a liberal man and musician, it seems, for he talked frankly of women in the orchestra—a custom much more widespread in Europe than with us—and he told me of the discussion that they had at the Moscow conservatory, when the director of the orchestra had refused to allow women who had graduated from the conservatory, to play in his orchestras. Even in his river days in Russia, he has had some women in his orchestra—harpists, violinists, piccolo players, even first violinists—and

The Herald has received from Miss Evelyn Gerstein the following interview with M. Serge Koussevitzky, dated at Paris, Aug. 14:

The romancers of Paris would have us believe that all musicians are bearded and velvet-coated, and without an exception dwell on the heights of Montmartre or somewhere on the left bank. So, although we knew that M. Serge Koussevitzky was Russian, and that he had not always lived in Paris, it was a slight disappointment to discover that he lived quite respectably somewhere in the Champs Elysees, and that after his summer at Biarritz, he was having a few more weeks in Paris, before sailing for America and Boston on the sixth of September.

Somehow it is not so difficult to discourse with a Frenchman, even when one speaks but fragmentarily, but with a Russian who knows no English, it is a different matter, and so with our bright red French dictionary, hidden discreetly, we set forth to beard M. Koussevitzky, and his secretary, who was not to arrive until the interview was almost over, and to add a few bright bits of English translation to the conversation, and to transfer Russian jokes into English, and to criss-cross M. Koussevitzky's story of the red-haired Scotch harpist whom he had had to drum



they have almost, without exception, been better than the men, they have been more businesslike—and he thinks it an excellent means of discipline, though it is often difficult to travel when there is but one woman in the entire orchestra.

Another thing that seemed to interest him was the conservatoire in Boston, which he of course thought comparable to those in foreign capitals. He wanted to know, too, about nearby choruses, for he intends to give some of Moussorgsky's operas with choruses.

When I asked him about his Russian music, he said that he would try to avoid the too familiar, and that he had many new and curious things to discover to us. That is all that he will say, and his secretary, who then arrived, reiterated it in English for me.

Here is no philandering musician, but a youngish man of great vigor, and esprit, if one may judge at all by talking with him for an hour or so—sound yet magnetic conductor—yet not one who seeks blindly for the bysses. And with all his winter before him he talks blithely of returning at the close of the season for concerts in London and Paris.

And at this point I should like to add a few words about Pierre Monux, who is spending his summer at Dieppe, and making ready for what sounds like an extensive winter. "It will be, for me, a resting season," he says, "after eight years spent in America. I am to be guest conductor for a few concerts in England and Scandinavia and for some French opera performances in Switzerland, Scandinavia, Spain and in Vienna. I may also conduct some few concerts in Vienna, Budapest and Prague, where I am asked to introduce Stravinsky's 'La Sacre du Printemps' in concert form, but with the exception of French opera in Vienna, these concerts have not been finally decided upon." . . . A resting season. . . .

SDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1908

## As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

"The word politics, Sir," said Mr. McKwilk, "comprises, in itself, a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude."

"Ah!" said the Count, drawing out his tablets again, "Ver good—fine words to begin a chapter. Chapter forty-seven. Politics. The word politics surprises by himself."

### EDITORIAL AMENITIES

We were all delighted when we read that the presidential campaign is to be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and good will. There will be no mud-slinging, no "nailing of lies," no "hurling of charge back in the teeth" of any candidate or any speaker on the stump. It has been admitted that Messrs. Taft and Coolidge are perfect gentlemen. Some one may say: "Yes, but here's La Follette." His friends might say of him as the Honorable Elijah Muhammad said of Mr. Hannibal Chollap: "Unspiced by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless ereaters! Rough he may be. So air or Barra. Wild he may be. So air or Buffalors. But he is a child of nature and a child of Freedom; and his painful answer to the Despot and the tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settlin Sun."

Only for "Despot and the Tyrant" had Wall Street and Capitalists.

And editors have promised to be the very pinks of propriety. There will be no imitations of Mr. Pott and Mr. Burk. Mr. Slinkers, that polished and graceful writer described by Artemus Ward, died long ago and left no lineal successor. Look over the files of the New York Tribune when Horace Greeley was raging against the South and all at the North who did not share his views. Would one editor today address another editor: "You lie, you little villain, you know you lie"? Some of us are old enough to remember "Brick" Meromy and his blackguard newspaper.

We were led to these remarks by reading the Plymouth Rock and County Advertiser of June 4, 1840, the year of the Harrison campaign. We remember the men in our little village of the times chirping:

"We'll sing the Harrison song by night  
And beat his foes by day."  
Or "Van, little Van,  
Is a used up man."

There were songs in praise of log cabins and hard cider which were ought to be peculiarly Harrisonian. But this Plymouth newspaper was utterly opposed to Harrison. It thundered against him: It echoed the thunder of others. Thus the Post was writhed at the thought of the Whig convention at Worcester. "Then banners and emblems, fur skins and conies, cider casks and log cabins, professions and speeches will fill the streets of this fated town." "The sizzling sound and savory smell" of the ands within the cabins "will tempt a people to drink!"

"And then the young men of the big delegations will be seen by the young ladies from the windows of the houses regalling (sic) themselves at

intervals by 'handing round their files a huge gourd filled with the refreshing beverage' of hard cider, drawn from barrels covered over with 'skins of wild animals and buck horns.' Then empty cider barrels will be raised upon poles, and labelled and gilded, and waved to the shouting throngs of young Whigs, inviting them to drink! . . . All this will be done here in the good old moral State of Massachusetts. . . . Here we have a powerful party resorting mainly to drink to carry their ends, and we even behold the most able and violent temperance journals in the country proclaiming that such proceedings will raise the price of real estate. . . . It cannot fail, however, to corrupt the morals of those who join in such proceedings. It cannot fail to bring many of the young, the giddy, the zealous, the now well principled, to the drunkard's grave."

The editor quoted from the New York Sun: "Such a paper, with its circulation of 33,000 copies, must be of great service in the cause of human liberty."

But the editor himself could speak right out in meeting:

"We must apologize to our readers for having filled so large a space with remarks upon the federal paper printed in this town. It is a dull, senseless concern; without wit, spirit, tact or talent, and we seldom think of doing more than crack a joke over any thing that appears in it. An argument in the case would be wasted. Upon the present occasion, however, we deemed best to expose its rascality."

Here is another example of his sturdy English:

"A knave, who professes to belong to Squantum, has sent us a letter from Boston, enclosing an Advertisement of the New England Truss Manufactory, which he cut from our paper. In his letter he says we are a publisher of lies. The design of the fellow no doubt was to cheat us out of 20 cents postage. In that, however, he was mistaken. The law allows post masters to refund the money in such cases. Unless, therefore, the fellow stole the paper whereon he wrote, he, and not we, lost money by the operation. We mention the fact for the government of those who may favor us in the same way hereafter."

What was not said against Harrison in this newspaper! Let us turn to a pleasanter side of journalism as shown in Plymouth.

"THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR! Curling Oil.

Glorious news from Boston."

This news was about the genuine "Buffalo Oil, far superior to Bear's Oil or any other animal preparation—it gives a satin gloss and causes the hair to curl beautifully; also, there is nothing like it to promote the growth of whiskers."

"Everybody in Boston who has a cough is using it." "It" was the "Compound Boneset Candy prepared from the root of Squills, Elecampane, Boneset herb, Ausenna root, and many other articles, all of the vegetable kingdom." It was especially recommended for "clearing the voice for vocalists and public speakers," which reminds us that the "true Democrats" of Wrentham heard O. A. Brownson, Esq., deliver an address for over two hours. "It was, we are told by a gentleman who heard it, a most able and eloquent performance."

"And an immense concourse of people" near Col. Thayer's, Democrats of

Weymouth and Braintree, heard Mr. Rantoul for nearly two hours. There were heroes in those days—in the audiences.

Mr. Horace Collamore at Pembroke had 30 bushels of the genuine "Rohan potatoes" for sale. They were of his own raising. Why "Rohan"?

And what were "Florence straw bonnets," sold by Mr. John B. Atwood?

Do not think that this Plymouth newspaper neglected the finer arts. This issue published "A Story of Olden Time: From the first night of the 'Giant Chronicles' as given in the new work by 'Boz'—Master Humphrey's Clock."

This newspaper was published 84 years ago. What will the readers in the year 2008 say of the newspapers of

this week if these journals will then be legible and have not crumbled into nothingness? Fortunately we shall not know, nor will the "housing problem" vex us. It was Dr. James Gow, headmaster of Westminster school, who wrote:

"Build me right soon a little house, where I  
May find a home at last and rest for good!

A tiny bungalow of polished wood,  
Some six feet long, and less than two foot high.

And nail upon the front for all to see  
A silver shield whereon is plainly writ  
The house's date and who inhabits it—  
A whilom Cambridge scholar, one J. G.

"Dig the foundations in some pleasant nook  
Where I can hear a blackbird sing,  
and where  
Sometimes a kindred spirit may repair

And sit him down to sketch or read a book.  
So round my house, however the  
heathen rage,  
Innocent joys shall live from age to age."

## "THE OUTSIDER"

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Lionel Atwill in "The Outsider," a play in three acts concerning professional ethics and other interesting matters by Dorothy Brandon. The cast:

Mr. Frederick Ladd, F. R. C. S. . . . A. P. Kaye  
Sir Montague Tollemache, F. R. C. S. . . . Thomas Loudon  
Mr. Vincent Helmore, F. R. C. S. . . . Gilbert Douglas  
Sir Nathan Israel, F. R. C. S. . . . John Blair  
Mr. Jasper Sturdee, M. S. . . . David Glasford  
Lalage Sturdee . . . Ann Davis  
Madame Klost . . . Octavia Kenmore  
Anton Ragatzky . . . Lionel Atwill  
Pritchard . . . Jessamine Newcombe  
Basil Owea . . . Pat Somerset

"The Outsider" is a piece to delight alike actor, audience and manager. For the actor it offers three roles of great power and range, as well as numerous excellent opportunities for the lesser characters. For the audience it provides exceptional emotional values, admirable suspense and well-turned climax. For the manager it reaps tumultuous applause from a delighted public, and such applause has a high correlation ratio toward box office receipts. All of which amounts to saying that it is a good play.

Without doubt, "The Outsider" is one of the strongest pieces on the current stage. Its point of departure lies in the refusal of certain eminent surgeons of the Royal College to "recognize" the professional standing of one Anton Ragatzky, who has cured many "hopeless" cases by means of a contrivance of superb mechanical ingenuity, together with a deep practical knowledge of anatomy (gained entirely, if we heard aright, from working in the Chicago stockyards!). The profession decrees that he must either pass the required medical examinations or else work under some licensed surgeon. This the fiery, untamed Ragatzky refuses to do, and further vows to make the Royal College of Surgeons grant him an honorary degree, by proving that he is greater than any of its members.

Thus goes the first act, notable rather for the vigor of its action than finish in the presentation of its information. The four eminent surgeons who are gathered to await the demonstration of Ragatzky's machine talk in over-long sentences, mumble not a little, and Ragatzky himself, when departing, leaves behind him the electrical attachment for his machine still screwed into the light fixture. The attitude of the "outsider" in this situation is well outlined, but the somewhat abstruse, but none the less important, statement of the attitude of the medical profession toward "charlatans" is less definite, less satisfactory. Why organized medicine should always be on the conservative side is a point too important not to be carefully brought out.

To the second act, however, the author brings new persons and new powers. One of the surgeons—the great-

est—has a daughter, lame since childhood and pronounced by all the profession incurable. To her, as the means whereby he may prove his mastery over those on the "inside," Anton Ragatzky turns. By stratagem, he makes his way to her presence, by glib tongue, by almost fiendish skill in reading her mind and heart and the suppressed desires therein, he revives in her the hope of a cure—a hope long since killed by the hopeless attitude of her father. From her music (she is a gifted composer) he reads the pent-up passion in her heart; from her attitude toward the young man present he guesses its object; with serpent-tongue he paints the picture of what she might look forward to—young, beautiful, accomplished—and of what she does, in fact, have before her. As climax to an act subtly conceived and skilfully sustained, she chooses between her father and his colleagues and submitting to the treatment of the "outsider." Of that choice there can be no doubt; love of life is strong within her; as a cripple, she, too, is an "outsider." Hope, youth, desire, lead her on.

Of the acting of Mr. Atwill, as the resourceful, dominating, impudent Ragatzky, too much praise can scarcely be given. The part is full of movement and color, and well suited to his talents. Flexible, well-shaded, forceful, was his handling of it. Miss Davis played the part of Lalage with skill, Miss Newcombe (formerly of the Jewett Company) got some good laughs with her presentation of the housekeeper, and Mr. Owen added nothing to a weak, unconvincing role. For the rest, the company performs adequately, and the whole effect is greatly enhanced by the fine lighting of acts one and two. Act three suffers from a 10,000 watt sunrise of surprising celerity. W. R. B.

## "HELL BENT FER HEAVEN" AT HOLLIS

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "Hell Bent for Heaven," comedy-drama in three acts by Hatcher Hughes, produced under the personal direction of Alonzo Klaw. The cast:

David Hunt . . . William W. Crimans  
Mae Hunt . . . Frances Brandt  
Sid Hunt . . . Buford Armitage  
Rufe Pryor . . . John F. Hamilton  
Matt Hunt . . . Walter Downing  
Andy Lowry . . . Frank Farley  
Jude Lowry . . . Marjorie Vonnegut

This is the play which three months ago was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best American play of the year. There were probably no persons in the audience last evening who entertained doubts as to the fairness of that decision. And there was a very large audience, despite the hot weather.

The general descriptive comment heard among the people as they left the theatre was the expression, "unusual." The unusualness of the play lies mainly, perhaps, in the fact that the author has caught, and successfully presents, the intricate and cunning machinations of the meddlesome, fanatic mind.

The hero, who is at the same time the villain and therefore might properly be called the villain-hero, is a mental and spiritual weakling who, through cowardice during the war, became a religious fanatic. Getting religion did not get him intelligence, nor yet a kind spirit. Like the devil, he quotes scripture for his own destructive ends. He lies, deceives, interprets the words and actions of others in the meanest way possible to interpret them—and all because he sees himself alone as righteous. He cannot convert the others to his own and only true conception of religion, therefore he considers himself God's instrument to cause their destruction, doing consciously what many fanatics in this world seem to do instinctively, and quoting the Bible as his authority from above.

Mr. Hamilton, who plays this role, does it admirably. His acting is powerful. His voice is aggravating. He inspires an impulse to annihilate him. It seems a thankless thing to do to work to get oneself so thoroughly hated, but the audience was quick to show its appreciation of his work.

In fact, every member of the cast deserves mention for the quality of the acting. There were no false notes anywhere. The dialect of the southern mountain region, with all its richness of profanity, was masterfully handled.

There is but one scene—the interior of a simple cabin among the Blue Ridge mountains—and the action takes place within the afternoon and evening of the same day. As the play unfolds there are moments as thrilling as melodrama, in the best sense, and throughout there is a sprinkling of humor.

Those who are familiar with fanatics of any brand will not be puzzled, and we can imagine no one finding the play boring or in any way uninteresting.

H. L.



## LT. RICE HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Lt. Gitz Rice, composer, famed for his war song, "Dear Old Pal of Mine," came back again to Keith's last night and delighted a happy holiday audience with his co-stars, Donald Brian, musical comedian, and Virginia O'Brien, who scored such a success as Rosie of George Cohan's "Rosie O'Reilly." The trio, who are booked as the headliners of a well rounded program of entertainment, presented a pleasing miniature revue, with each sharing honors.

Closely pressing them for honors is Miss Grette Ardine, dancing star, who is conspicuously assisted in her dances by John Tyrell and William Fynan. She thrilled the large house by her terpsichorean art, which at times assumed whirling form that dazzled the eye. This act, "The French Model," proved immensely popular with the audience, which repeatedly called for encore.

Another act which found big favor was Lewis and Dody of "Hello! Hello! Hello!" reputation. After answering at least a dozen encores Lewis made a little speech, saying he hoped Boston would like them much better in their new act soon to be produced.

Other acts include Al Striker, Kurtz and Cully, who delighted with songs; McCool and Reilly, assisted by Kathleen Murray, in songs and dances; the Gaudsmiths and their clown dogs, unusually good as tumblers; "Senator" Ford, and Mile. Dupree and company, in porcelain statuettes. Then there are Aesop's Fables, topics of the day and the ever-present Pathe Weekly.

### CONTINUING

**MAJESTIC**—"Poppy," musical comedy with Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields starring.

**WILBUR**—"Little Jessie James," musical comedy with large cast headed by Laura Hamilton and Allen Kearns.

**ARLINGTON**—"Fashion," revival of Anna Cora Mowatt's famous play by the Henry Jewett Players.

Sept 4, 1924

Two negroes died from drinking in a barber shop at Saratoga Springs. They began with whiskey and gin, but when the fire waters were all out, they quaffed hair tonic. Another proof that no one should mix liquors. The hair tonic put an end to the carousing; yet in barber shops of this city the bay rum is only "near bay rum," and though some might not find the beverage stimulating, not searching out the centres of life, not curling up the toes of the imbiber, it is supposed to be innocuous.

In our boyhood Florida water was used by many as a substitute for Cologne. (Is Florida water still manufactured?) We had smoked in the morning our first cigar. Contrary to tradition and the Sunday school books of that period, we were not made violently sick, not overcome by nausea, as the genteel would say, but fearing parental wrath and the consequent coddling, we thought to change our breath by not only dashing Florida water over our mouth, but swallowing some of it. Our wild shout for help brought parents from the next room, confession and punishment, for certain proverbs of Solomon with respect to parental duty towards offspring—"In Adam's fall, We sinned all"—were held in high esteem, preferable even to the solemn sentences in "The Parent's Guide."

Paul Bartlett's statue of Blackstone, unveiled in the Royal Courts of Justice, London, is warmly praised. Yet it cannot be justly called realistic, for although Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" with a bottle of old port before him, being thus "invigorated and supported in the fatigue of his great work," he is not represented as holding a glass, much less a bottle, in his good right hand.

### A MENTAL FAITH CURE

Seen in the window of an apothecary's shop:  
"Antiseptic tablets, 10 Cents a Box."

### WITH THE FRENCH

As the World Wags:

For years a longing to enjoy a "continental breakfast" possessed me. Having dutifully read my share of the "best sellers" written by these daring trav-

elers who sometimes wander as far as two miles from Greenwich Village, my anticipation was exquisite.

What is it—the "continental breakfast"? We have heard of how the Frenchman has coffee and rolls brought to his bed and so fortifies himself against the day's vicissitudes. Very nice, we think, indeed, a dream of luxury and ease. So we go to Paris and we, too, have breakfast served in bed.

We have, it seems to us, just reached the land of dreams, when our slumbers are interrupted by a knock on the door. Morning—no, it can't be. But it is, and Antoine is waiting with the breakfast tray. By a supreme effort we wrest ourselves from the seductive arms of Morpheus (sometimes called the hay), to a state of semi-consciousness. "Entrez," we groan. The door opens, and in steps an erect little man, covered with a long white apron. His ruddy face is beaming and his waxen mustache sends vague visions of a barber's sign through our muddy brain. It is Antoine, the houseman, with our breakfast.

"Voici, madame," he greets us, setting down the tray. "Il fait beau aujourd'hui."

"Bon," we grumble, trying to smile as he bows his way out with a cheery "Bon jour."

Now, slightly awake, our thoughts turn to the order of the day. We must arise, exercise, bathe, dress. But if we do all these the coffee will get cold. We can't drink cold coffee. It's poisonous. We'll omit the dressing. But even then—well, we can cut out dear old Walter Camp's daily dozen. We'll lose our figure. But breakfast in bed, we must sacrifice something to obtain such luxury. We'll only bathe. But can we? We must first warn Antoinette, the chambermaid, co-worker of Antoine. As yet we know not their relationship. Whether it be man and wife, sister and brother, or only fellow domestics. Antoinette can prepare the bath—but no, that is a matter of at least 20 minutes—out of the question. We will remain dirty—only one more recruit to the army of the "great unwashed."

We will breakfast now, as we are, in bed, unexercised, unwashed, undressed. We sit up, pour out a cup of hot milk and coffee, butter a roll, and settle down to gastronomic enjoyment of our meal. But where is the contentment that should follow? It doesn't exist. We are not really awake. So we are not actually hungry. Nevertheless, we eat for the food is there. And we drink the "café au lait," highly flavored with chicory; deadly weed, good for the health, we are told, but a villainous insult to the palate of a coffee connoisseur. We finish and think, now we will get up. But a lethargy has descended upon us. Gone is our desire to arise, to exercise, to go to lectures, to bathe even. Gone is our ambition. It vanished with the last crumbs of our "continental breakfast."

"What's the use?" we think, as a gloom gathers over our day and we settle ourselves for another sleep.  
CATHERINE FAMILIA ROBINSON.  
Paris, France.

### A SALUTATION

("Prof. Gregory quoted statistics covering the latter half of the last normal decade, from 1906 to 1910, showing that the population of the world was increasing at a rate which would cause it to double itself in 60 years, and that if this rate continued the 6,600,000,000 which it had been calculated was the most the world could feed would be in existence in 120 years, while even if the food supply were indefinitely multiplied, standing room on the earth would all be filled when the population reached 700,000,000,000 in the year 3000.")  
—British Association Report.)

"They change their sky but not their mind who roam across the sea,"  
And though the good old British Ass., as busy as a bee,  
Now functions at Toronto I observe, as heretofore,  
It is the same old British Ass., exactly as of yore.

As in the days of Huxley, and of Tyn-dall, Darwin, Ball,  
The rich, ripe, meaty subjects are expounded at its call;  
God bless, I say, its efforts, so industriously planned  
To provide the tolling journalist with topics to his hand!

I like it when it's solemn, and I like it when it's spry,  
I like it when it jests and when it seeks to terrify,  
As in the picture (see above) of this old world resigned  
To "House Full" stuck above its doors;  
"No Seats of Any Kind."

It doesn't worry me so much (I must in candor say),  
For I by then shall be among the "thousands turned away";  
I shall have seen an earlier show though later ones I miss,  
And the only observation I desire to make is this:—

In August or September of Three Thousand odd A. D.,

When standing room is all that's left  
I hope that folk will see  
In some most congested corner of that most congested throng  
The British Ass. in conclave and still going hot and strong.

—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

The Menestrel, giving the table of theatrical receipts in Paris last year, says that the Casino de Paris and the Folies Bergere were first among the music halls with receipts of over 9,000,000 francs. "The taste for nude women and witless shows does not die. One should not draw a conclusion injurious to our public. Let us say boldly that the great majority of the spectators in these theatres is composed of strangers, especially English and Americans, who come here to correct in a measure the excessive modesty which they parade at home. There they are; whole families, grandmother, father, mother, young girls and youths, and behind their huge shell glasses or with hands to their faces—the older women do this—exclaim Oh! in lubricious admiration at the sight of nudity, not at all veiled."

"To confirm our opinion, we went the other evening to one of these establishments and observed, not the show, but the effect produced by it on many English and Americans. The women were not abashed at any time, and the eyes of the men shone as brilliant jewels. In the theatre only the personnel spoke French. And the foreign spectators are the ones who, arriving home pretend that the French are a futile and immoral race. "Let us rejoice, however, in these receipts from rich tourists the balance of trade is thus to our advantage."

The receipts of the Paris Opera in 1923 were, in francs, 12,202,731; those of the Comedie Francaise, 6,941,101; the Opera Comique, 9,681,583; the Odeon, 3,508,236. The total receipts of the theatres, not counting the music halls, 87,563,740.

The dramatist whose plays, written by him alone and in collaboration, were peculiarly the most successful for himself and the theatres where they were played, is M. de Fiers.

The most successful theatre for moving picture was the Marivaux: 4,080,745 francs. This theatre commands the highest prices and does not change the picture every week. If the Menestrel is to be believed, the public is beginning to be bored by "the stupid American romantic feuilletons." Not long ago two American dramatic films were hissed. The theatres that have made a specialty of American films showed less receipts in 1923 than in 1922.

Some have asked about Zenatello, the excellent tenor, who was for a time an ornament of the Boston Opera House. In July he took the part of Radames in a performance of "Aida" in a huge open air theatre near Vienna. It is needless to say that Maria Gay took the part of Amneris. Mascagni conducted. There were over 1000 on the stage, chorus and "supers."

This reminds us that Mr. Charles S. Brooks, discoursing learnedly about trombones in the July number of a leading magazine, has much to say about the "trombones" in the grand march in "Aida," but these "trombones" he finds so effective are the Egyptian trumpets which were made expressly for the opera.

The Phoenix Society of London purposes to perform Wycherly's "Country Wife" and John Ford's famous play, which is prudishly announced as "Tis a Pity." This tragedy of incest was called "Annabella" when it was played in a French version in Paris. Even Mr. Bullen, who in his editions of Marlowe, Peele and Marston was not a bit squeamish, lecturing at Oxford on Dekker—this lecture is printed in Eullen's "Elizabethans," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co.—prefers to give the title "The Converted Courtesan," which the play bore in one or two of the old copies.

William A. Brady announces that he has signed for five years Catherine Willard, whose art, versatility, and charming personality were displayed at the Copley Theatre under Mr. Jewett's

management to the great delight of the audiences.

The July number of the Mask contains some Shakesperian limericks. One of them runs as follows:

"No doubt you have heard of Othello—  
An African sort of a fellow.  
When they said, 'You are black!'  
He cried, 'Take it back!  
I'm only an exquisite yellow.'"

M. Pierre Solze was moved to rhapsodic bursts by seeing Nazimova in the film, "L'Occident." He wrote in Paris Journal:

"Little dancing silhouette, great savage eyes, mute mouth, I think of you, Nazimova. In what corner of far-off California do you hide your life, supple girl, with the body of an amphora? Your expression is impenetrable and magnetic, feline and hard, caressing, dominating. It enchains. It assures you an empire, an empire a hundred times more real than Cleopatra's, since all those who have seen you are your slaves. In your look I see your soul sleeping, as on a summer night the moon at the bottom of a fountain, I think of you, I think of you, Nazimova, girl born on the border of mysterious Asia, sombre body, surcharged soul. You are women. You are The Woman. And all human love with all the harmony of the world could lie in the hollow of your pale hands."

As a New York delegate at a political convention in Buffalo, years ago, shouted in his ecstasy from a box: "Wow! Hot Stuff!"

The American Mercury of this month contains an article about Serge Koussevitzky by Ernest Newman: A biographical sketch and a study, or what some call an "appreciation," of this conductor's art. The article has more than local interest, for Mr. Newman digresses entertainingly, as in his remarks about the interpretation of Beethoven's music. Mr. Newman says that Mr. Koussevitzky's tastes are exceedingly catholic. "I have found his Haydn and his Boccherini as masterly as his Scriabin or Stravinsky. In genuinely classic music, indeed, his plastic line is even surer and firmer than in romantic."

"He has a volcanic temperament, but I have never yet known it to run away with him. I have often found myself disagreeing with him; but I have never disagreed with him on the score that he had lost control over his own fire. On the contrary, it is precisely when his temperament is at boiling point that his hand on the regulator is steadfast and surest. . . . He takes an enormous amount out of himself when he conducts and the wonder to me always is how he manages to get through the quantity of work he does, and to keep his nerves so steady and his head so cool through it all. . . . The excitement is always perfectly under control: one great plastic line runs round and through the work."

Mr. Newman's essay should be read as a whole. It is only one of several valuable articles in this excellent magazine.

Sept 4, 1924  
"Thou hast pearls and diamonds, my fair one,  
My darling, what would'st thou have more?"

Nearly every day we read of women leaving traveling bags containing precious stones valued anywhere from \$50,000 to \$200,000—so they unblushingly say—in taxicabs or Pullman cars. A week seldom passes without the statement that burglars have entered a summer cottage, seaside "residence" and removed priceless jewels which they found on a dressing table—why not "vanity bureau"—or on the mantelpiece of the living room. "Bungalows" apparently are seldom visited. At least the houses are not so named in the dispatch, though the word "bungalow" is loosely applied, whereas the true bungalow is a lightly built one-storied or temporary house. (The word comes from the Hindu "banga," belonging to Bengal.) Figaro defined the word last month as "a European house in the East Indies."

We are indebted to Mr. Herkimer Johnson for the following letter:  
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE

As the World Wags:

Our little village was excited when it learned that thieves or burglars had in the dead of night or just before cock-crow rudely entered the house of a summer sojourner and pocketed jewels of inestimable value, pearls the size of English walnuts—so it was said at Nickerson's store, while the mail was sorting—headlight diamonds, rubies and nearly all the precious stones that



ording to the 21st chapter of the  
velation of St. John the Divine, from  
per to amethyst, garnished the  
indations of the walls of the new  
usalem, though the 12 pearls in that  
y, being each pearl a gate, are prob-  
ly somewhat larger than those taken  
ay that wild night from our village.  
Why do women take with them in  
summer to the North or the South  
ore these costly ornaments? Why  
they wish in July and August to  
leeze with precious minerals?"

Capaciously when imitation pearls, for  
stance, can be purchased for a ridic-  
usly low price, and easily pass as  
guine? Why do the summer visitors  
follow the example of actresses who  
their tours and on the stage often  
zzle the eyes of spectators by these  
itations?

I am informed, and I have no reason  
doubt the statement, that in a town  
Cape Cod ingenious natives fashion  
rils of exquisite lustre from fish  
ales, pearls that might become a  
necess of Portugal or pork, and these  
rils, as far as the price of purchase  
concerned, are within reach of the  
mbiest.

Not that I object to the display of  
ms, necklaces, earrings, bracelets,  
gs, or even anklets, when they adorn  
r women on festive occasions. In my  
nger days I myself was fond of  
velry. I sported a huge moss agate  
nd moss agate sleeve buttons.  
y Aunt Vash!—Rest her soul!—pre-  
nted me on my 21st birthday with a  
aste ring woven from her own hair;  
t my slender purse forbade the lux-  
y of a ruby, a diamond collar button—  
be worn without a concealing cravat  
or pearl shirt studs. I say this only  
show that I am not prejudiced  
ainst these ornaments, although they  
e of barbaric origin.

I am like the penniless traveler who  
the old Roman poem sings in the  
essence of the footpad. There is  
thing in my humble shingled cottage  
tempt housebreakers or second-  
ory worker—not even, alas a bottle of  
e water. I forget—there is the manu-  
ript of my colossal work, "Man as a  
ocial and Political Beast," which I  
lue above emeralds, sapphires and  
cithras. But I fear that not even a  
blisher—if I may judge from my past  
nd unfortunate experience—would be  
mpted to journey here with the hope  
bearing away with him my treasure.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

HEY THOUGHT THEY MUST DO  
SOMETHING

(From the Baltimore Sun)  
The victim was hurried beneath a  
reet car and his skull was fractured.  
t Bay View Hospital the surgeons  
puted his left leg.

In every modern state which has  
tgrown primitive simplicity one of the  
lef public dangers is the multiplica-  
on of vicious or useless loafers among  
e well-to-do classes. Wherever much  
oney is going, and patriotism or civic  
brity is feeble, the parasite seeker of  
a good time," and of nothing else,  
ounds like fungi in wet woodlands.  
England as well as in the United  
ates the wilful unemployed among  
ch people are a more malignant so-  
cial tumor than the unwilling unem-  
ployed among the poor, and their num-  
bers form probably the most effective  
f all the popular arguments in favor of  
ourses and class wars.—Manchester  
uardian.

ALL OVER THE LOT

(St. Ignace, Mich., Enterprise)  
Mrs. Hiram Kelly's condition con-  
nues serious. She was tapped in 34  
laces last week by the attending  
hysician, Dr. Darby.

Suddenly there came a tapping,  
s of some one gently rapping, rapping  
at my chamber door."

Apropos of Hayden Jones's amusing  
artoon in last Sunday's Herald. A  
arning notice in the grounds of Horni-  
an's Museum, Forest Hills, England:  
For scattering orange peel, 5 shillings;  
or throwing down banana skins, 2s.;  
or throwing down nutshells, 10s. and  
is. costs."

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER?

Miss Jane Winterbottom sends us  
n absurdly easy way of memorizing a  
telephone number. "Suppose it is  
754. Now 47 is the nearest prime  
number above 41, and 54 would be the  
next if it were 53. Remember that  
754 is nothing other than the square  
root of 22,600,516 and you can al-  
ways have the number in mind."

BALLADE OF MAN'S LAST NEED

"A Pickax and a Spade"—Sir Thomas  
Wyatt.

Not silver, no, nor gold  
Nor silken banners blent  
Nor any pomps of old  
Along the ways they went  
Could in the end present,  
Nor could the tested blade;

On these their prayers were bent—  
A pickax and a spade.

How have men thought to hold  
High place and government,  
Who came to have the mold  
Drawn round them as a tent!  
How have rare dreams been shent!  
What loves have looked, dismayed,  
On hands that coldly hent  
A pickax and a spade!

Louder than drums that rolled,  
More soft than manners gent,  
As trite as tales twice told,  
Futile as argument—  
All songs the gods have lent,  
All tunes by fingers played  
Echo, like money spent,  
"A pickax and a spade."

L'Envoi.

Lady, when I am pent  
Where all dead men are laid,  
Have, of your mercy, sent  
A pickax and a spade.  
THE KING OF THE BLACK ISLES.

Sept 6 1924

Some one should write the history of  
inns in Boston; where the old ones  
were situated, what was served, prices  
of entertainment. Alfred Bunn, "poet"  
of "The Bohemian Girl," visited Bos-  
ton in 1853. In his queer book, "Old  
England and New England," he gives  
the bill of fare for dinner at the Revue  
House. (Dinner, Ladies' Ordinary, 2.30;  
Gentlemen's Ordinary, 2.30. Tea from  
6 to 9; Supper from 9 to 12.) The only  
soup was chowder; the only fish was  
baked cod with claret sauce; but there  
were six boiled dishes from leg of mut-  
ton to tongue; three dishes of cold  
meat; light roasts, from beef to ducks,  
and 14 side dishes including escalloped  
oysters, lobsters, curried chicken, pigs'  
feet; besides pudding, pastry and des-  
sert. Bunn gave the bill of fare for a  
game supper at Taft's Hotel, West Rox-  
bury. There were 19 different kinds of  
game for 20 guests.

The old English novels picture life  
at the inns, as a rule agreeably. Think  
of the adventures at inns described by  
Fielding, Smollett, Dickens. When Mr.  
Pickwick stopped at the Saracen's  
Head, where the encounter between the  
rival editors, Mr. Pott and Mr. Sturk,  
took place, "Everything looked (as  
everything always does in all decent  
English inns) as if the travelers had  
been expected and their comforts pre-  
pared for days beforehand." But when  
Dickens was editor of Household Words  
he sent George Augustus Sala on a tour  
of investigation into the condition of  
English inns, and Sala reported the  
condition of the great majority in the  
provinces as abominable.

(Are there any English inns today  
where the public slippers that once  
waited for a guest are preserved as  
curiosities?)

The elder Dumas told of good eating  
and general comfort in old inns of  
France. Some of us have thought that  
Charles Reade's Gerard was foolish  
not to give up his wandering, not to  
forget his Margaret and not to wed the  
landlady of the Tete d'Or, the fair  
young woman "cursed with nice white  
teeth and lovely hands; for these beau-  
ties being misallied to homely fea-  
tures had turned her head." Denys  
urged him—in vain, for Gerard was  
vexed because she had yawned while  
he was telling his story, and shocked  
because she called for hot water to  
wash her skin. "What had the saints  
said, which still chose the coldest  
pool?"

Pascal Covici of Chicago publishes  
W. C. Firebaugh's "The Inns of the  
Middle Ages," publishes it in a sumptu-  
ous form. Here is entertaining read-  
ing, not a dry, statistical, matter-of-  
fact volume, but a book of adventure,  
life and manners. Mr. Firebaugh—we  
do not know his "Inns of Greece and  
Rome," and we have not seen his trans-  
lation of Petronius—treats his subject  
with a peculiar gusto, showing, with  
appropriateness, his wide knowledge of  
the literature bearing on the subject,  
writing now enthusiastically, now cyni-  
cally, and delighting in retelling old  
tales and in unexpected but welcome  
digressions. He is anecdotal, but not  
tirelessly so. And he is by no means  
prudish.

It is his belief that "the tavern re-  
mained" (after the Renaissance) "what  
it has always been, and what it always  
will be, until human nature itself has  
passed through a crucible which will  
refine it of all dregs, kill its sense of  
humor, and populate the civilized globe  
with a race of beings no less self-  
righteous than any Pharisee or Round-  
head, no less constant to its own self-  
love than any zealot of the litter"

Naturally there is much about the  
tossspots that frequented inns from the  
time of Saint Caesarius to Chaucer's  
pilgrims on the way to Canterbury. Mr.

Firebaugh exclaims: "Who are we  
make odious and carping companion  
between our own arid era of spigot-  
bigotry, bootlegged domain, scoff-out-  
lawry and synthetic gin, and those  
more primitive and direct ages of the  
Merovingian dynasty, and conclude that  
because they yielded to a custom as old  
as the product of the vine and drank  
and danced under the light of the har-  
vest moon, perhaps with the very  
nymphs of the vintage, that their thirst  
was more ardent, unbridled and lawless  
than our own?"

Caesarius might with good reason  
have thundered against the inns of his  
century. They were generally hovels;  
the pork was leprous; the beef was from  
lean cattle which were probably tuber-  
cular; vegetables were badly washed  
and badly cooked; poultry was served  
only on royal tables, it was so dear; the  
wine was diluted or adulterated.

To illustrate the life in the inns of the  
later centuries Mr. Firebaugh quotes  
freely, often at great length, from con-  
temporaneous writings, books of be-  
havior, romances, and from the works  
of comparatively recent writers, as  
from Merimee's "Chronicles of Charles  
IX."

There is the story of Mary, who left  
her nun's cell to lead a joyous life in a  
tavern, but was taught the error of her  
ways; the story told by Hrosvitha, the  
abbess-dramatist, who appealed strongly  
to Anatole France. There are pages  
about Villon, with extracts from his  
poems, curious pages from an unknown  
author who traveled in France in the  
14th century—one chapter is entitled  
"The Manner of Spacking Between  
Companions Who Lodge Together in an  
Inn When They Ought to Go to Bed"—  
the surprising story of Henry Liegnitz  
as related by Hans de Schweinichen,  
Chaucer's description of his companions  
—the book is a rich storehouse of anec-  
dotes, all bearing on the subject, some-  
time illustrating life on the road or in  
palace, castle, monastery.

These inns were not for sensitive or  
timid persons. The beds were seldom  
clean; there was stabbing on the slight-  
est provocation in a drunken broll; the  
landlord was often in league with thief  
or assassin; if one thought to gamble  
a little for pleasure, the dice were  
cogged. "Merchants had loaded dice on  
sale, and in one document there was  
found a complete catalogue or stock list  
in which 'dice of Paris,' and such as  
'always fall to the ace,' are offered for  
sale." Loose women were often en-  
gaged as serving maids. A traveler was  
at liberty to ask intimate favors of al-  
most any hostess.

There must have been exceptions,  
for Gautier d'Aupais was represented  
as saying: "My faith, what an excel-  
lent thing a tavern is! You are well  
received, you are served, and, from  
keeper to kitchen scullion, they one  
and all lavish compliments upon you.  
There is not the slightest embarrass-  
ment, you merely pay."

One of the many poems translated in  
this volume is a version of "Mihl est  
propositum," an old song well known  
to certain Bostonians:

"In the public house to die is my reso-  
lution:  
Let wine to my lips be night at life's  
dissolution:  
That will make the angels cry, with  
glad elocution.  
'Grant this to her, God on high, grace  
and absolution.'"

Mr. Firebaugh should have found a  
better translation.

The book is illustrated with quaint  
wood cuts. The index might be fuller.  
The present edition is a limited one.  
Only 850 copies are for sale. The book  
deserves a much wider circulation, if  
only to convince praisers of the  
glorious past, that they are fortunate  
in the hotels of today. Even if they,  
perhaps, receive less flattering indi-  
vidual attention and T. P. Wilkins,  
Esq., a prominent man in Hockanum  
Ferry, is in Boston only No. 354 or  
whatever his number may be.

Sept 7. 1924

Psychiatrists are aware that when a  
man begins to talk a lot, to talk with-  
out end about everything on earth,  
without giving himself the trouble to  
think, merely intent on pronouncing  
the maximum of words in the minimum  
of time, this is a dangerous, but only  
too true, sign of the beginning or de-  
velopment of a mental disease. And  
when, in such a case, the patient is also  
fully convinced that he knows every-  
thing better than any one else, that he  
can and must preach his wisdom to  
every one, then the symptoms of men-  
tal disorder are beyond question. Our  
so-called civilized world is in this dan-  
gerous and sad condition. And I think  
it is nearing a downfall similar to that  
which befell the ancient civilizations.—  
Leo Tolstoy.

"THE ELEPHANT NOW GOES  
ROUND"

One by one long-cherished illusions  
are dispelled. We had believed from  
boyhood that if you gave an elephant  
a chew of tobacco, he would then and  
there whirl you about by his trunk or  
stamp on you, "trumpeting in a shrill  
manner"; or, if you then made your  
escape, he would keep you in mind for  
years, and, meeting you at last, would  
recognize you though your formerly  
smooth face were buried in whiskerage,  
and then, again "trumpeting in a shrill  
manner," would wreak his revenge.  
We had read stories to this effect and  
had not seen them contradicted. And  
Charles Reade, in that singular little  
story, "Jack of All Trades," assured  
us that the elephant was malicious,  
treacherous, revengeful after many  
years.

Now comes Mr. Courtney Ryley  
Cooper, and in his readable "Lions 'N'  
Tigers 'N' Everything," published by  
Little, Brown & Co., informs us that  
the elephant is passionately addicted to  
plug tobacco, that he will ransack a  
visitor's pocket searching for a chew.  
"Elephants eat tobacco just as they eat  
sugarcane or popcorn or peanuts or  
candy. To them it is a delicacy. Nor is  
the taste confined only to chewing to-  
bacco; if you'll keep your eyes open  
the next time you go to a circus you  
may even see elephants shooting snipes,  
where visitors have dropped their cigar  
butts along the picket line."

Mr. Cooper does not tell us when or  
where elephants acquired the habit of  
chewing. That they will drink beer was  
shown in "Wang" and has been shown  
off stage. Wine and firewater would  
probably not be distasteful. Marco Polo  
informs us that warring chiefs of Zan-  
zibar gave draughts of wine to their  
elephants, supposing that they would  
thus be more spirited and furious in  
the assault. Bhang, it is said, has been  
given to Indian elephants, but the Syro-  
Macedonians provoked them to fight  
by showing them the blood of grapes  
and mulberries.

The stories told by Mr. Cooper of  
elephantine intelligence, cunning, re-  
sources, humor are almost incredible,  
but he writes as one that knows. His  
love for the circus and menagerie is not  
that of the idle seeker after amusement.  
He is not like Mr. Blowhard, described  
by Artemus Ward, "Mr. Blowhard of  
Cleveland, who knew Dan Rice well,  
knew all his men and horses, was on  
terms of affectionate intimacy with  
Dan's rhinoceros and tolerably well ac-  
quainted with the performing elephant."  
It was Mr. Blowhard who told those sit-  
ting near him in the circus that "the  
rhinoceros was perfectly harmless, as  
his teeth had all been taken out in in-  
fancy. Besides the rhinoceros was un-  
der the influence of opium, while he  
was in the ring, which entirely pre-  
vented his injuring anybody."

Mr. Cooper has summered and win-  
tered with circus and menagerie. He  
knows the virtues, vices, weaknesses,  
whims and caprices of animals. In this  
volume he talks easily, instructively,  
humorously about the training, den,  
cage life, the young, the dog wagon,  
the psychology of the menagerie. He  
tells of the likes and dislikes shown by  
animals. Why should a leopard go mad  
at the sight of a baby and attempt to  
reach it if it is borne by the cage? Why  
should lions and dogs sometimes be  
friends, but tigers or leopards with dogs  
never? Why should an elephant fear  
dogs except the dog whose mission is  
to keep town dogs away?

All the chapters are readable, en-  
grossing, yet those about the elephant  
are perhaps the most striking. The ac-  
count of the huge beasts in Capt. John  
Lok's "Second Voyage to Guinea"  
(1554) should be added as an appendix.  
"They have continual war against  
dragons, which desire their blood, be-  
cause it is very cold"—then comes a  
glorious description of the fight. Add  
also the story about the King of Pegu,  
"the King of the White Elephants" and  
the manner in which he caught and  
secured them for a house, "all gilded  
over, and they have their meate given  
them in vessels of silver and gold,  
there is one blacke Elephant the great-  
est that hath been scene, and he is kept  
according to his bignes, he is nine  
cubites high, which is a marvellous  
thing." M. Caesar Fredericke, a mer-  
chant of Venice, went to Pegu and wrote  
about the wonders he saw there and  
elsewhere, and Mr. Thomas Hicocke  
translated bravely from the choice  
Italian of the adventurous Venetian.

A NATIVE BARD

As the World Wags:

This fragment of an epic by William  
Devere, "Tramp Poet of the West,"  
fairly breathes of the "great open  
spaces where men are men" (as cap-  
tion writer Marcus Lipkovitz of the  
Goldinger Billon-Dollar Moving Pic-  
ture Trust describes the great West),  
doesn't it?

But Higgins—I started to speak of him,  
In front of the dealer cool and grim,  
Was playing the limit at every turn,



Richard Aldington has compiled for E. P. Dutton & Co of New York "A Book of Characters," compiled and translated. It is a stout volume of 559 pages, belonging to the series of Broadway Translations. The "Characters" are taken from the writings of Theophrastus (B. C. 372-287); Hall, Overbury, Breton, Earle, Fuller, Butler (of "Hudibras"), and other English authors; La Bruyere, Vauvenargues and other French authors. Mr. Aldington supplies an excellent introduction, also foot notes.

We are concerned today with the book only so far as the theatre and musicians are concerned.

Let us begin with the unfortunate Marquis de Vauvenargues of the 18th century, whose legs were frozen in the retreat of the army from Prague, so that he was obliged to give up the military life, and with ruined health settle in Paris, where he devoted himself to letters. Mr. Aldington does not give these biographical details, but praises the prose of Vauvenargues—"that beautiful formal prose of the French 18th century, whose like will probably never be seen again."

We quote from his "L'Etourdi."

"Not long ago I was at the play near a young man who was making a noise, and I said to him: 'You are bored, but if you want to enjoy a play you must listen to it.'

"My friend," he replied, 'each man knows what amuses him; I do not like plays, but I like the theatre; you are very silly if you think you can teach someone else what he likes.'

"That maybe," I said, 'I did not know you came to the play for the pleasure of interrupting it.'

"And I know," he said, 'that a man does not know what he is talking about when he argues about other peoples' pleasures; and I should take you for an ass, my dear friend, had I not known for a long time that you are the most accomplished fool in the world.'

Samuel Butler's "Characters," first published as "Remains" in 1759, were reprinted in 1908 with additions, to the extent of 267 pages; with over 200 pages of sententious and satirical "observations." The volume of 1908 contains the "Characters" of a play-writer, a mountebank, a fiddler, a musician. Mr. Aldington chooses only, "A Play-writer."

He is "like a fanatic that has no wit in ordinary easy things and yet attempts the hardest task of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way; and is sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture. . . . Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a foolhardy wit, and Fortune, that favors fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age," these "Characters" were written in 1667-1669, in which his snotish fopperies pass with applause. . . . The world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions and repartees ready made to his hand, and it he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question. . . . he makes no conscience of stealing anything that lights in his way."

Bishop Earle (1623) wrote that the actor's profession has in it a kind of contradiction, "for none is more disliked, and yet none more applauded." The actor is "like our painting gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldom in his clothes; and he pleases the better he counterfeits. . . . He does not only personate on the stage, but sometimes in the street, for he is masked still in the habit of a gentleman. . . . The waiting-women spectators are over ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in their chambers."

R. M. (1692) was bitterly severe. "Sometimes he represents that which in his life he scarce practises—to be an honest man. To the point, he oft personates a rover and therein comes nearest to himself. . . . His audiences are oftentimes judicious, but his chief admirers are commonly young wanton chambermaids who are so taken with his posture and gay clothes, they never come to be their own women after. He exasperates men's enormities in public view, and tells them their faults on the stage, not as being sorry for them, but rather wishes still he might find more occasions to work on. He is the general corrupter of spirits, yet untainted. . . . He is a perspicuity of vanity, in variety, and suggests youth to perpetuate such vices, as otherwise they had haply ne'er heard of. He is (for the most part) a notable hypocrite, seeming what he is not, and is indeed what he seems not. He is one seldom takes care for old age, because ill diet and disorder, together with a consumption, or some worse disease, taken up in his full career, have only chalked out his catastrophe but to a colon: and he scarcely survives to his natural period of days."

While D. Lupton ridiculed playactors—"All their care is to be like apes, to imitate and express other men's actions in their own persons; they love not the company of geese and serpents, because of their hissing. They are many times lousy, it's strange, and yet shift so often"—while he gave as a reason for their flying into the country, that they were "either poor, or want clothes, or else company, or a new play; or do as some wandering sermonists, make one sermon travail and serve twenty churches"—he, nevertheless concluded: "Well, I like them well, if when they act vice, they will leave it, and when virtue, they will follow. I speak no more of them, but when I please, I will come and see them. And he began his little essay by this profound remark: "Time, place, subject, actors and clothes either make or mar a play."

We wish, if only for the sake of this little review, that Mr. Aldington had included "A Player," by Samuel Butler, the satirical rogue.

"When he plays love and honor in effigy, the ladies take him at his word, and fall in love with him in earnest; and, indeed, they may be truly said to fall in love, considering how much he is below them. . . . His prime qualifications are the same with those of a liar, confidence and a

good memory; as for wit—he has it second hand, like his clothes. The ladies take his counterfeit passions in earnest, and accompany him with their devotions, as holy sisters do a gifted hypocrite at his holding-forth, and when he gives the false alarm of a fight they are as much concerned as if he were in real danger, or the worst were not past already. They are more taken with his mock love and honor than if it were real, and, like ignorant dealers, part with right love and honor for it. His applause and commendation is but a kind of manufacture form'd by clapping of hands; and though it be no more than men set dogs together by the ears with, yet he takes it as a testimony of his merit, and sets a value on himself accordingly."

Frenchmen, Germans and Englishmen of the 17th century had much to say about the dissolute behavior of singers in the churches. John Earle began his condemnation of "The Common Singing Men in Cathedral Churches": Are a bad society, and yet a company of good fellows, that roar deep in the choir, deeper in the tavern. . . . Their gowns are laced commonly with streamings of ale, the superfluities of a cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better com-

panions abroad, and their anthems abler to sing catches. Long lived for the most part they are not, especially the bass, they overflow their bank so often to drown the organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in God's service; and to take their death with more patience, they have wine and cakes at their funerals, and now they keep the church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones and before with their noise."

But Arthur Bedford 50 years later in his "Great Abuse of Musick," accused the organists of doing the church the most mischief. "They who guide the congregation in singing praises to God, do afterwards compose tunes for the synagogues of satan, revel at a tavern or an ale-house, in serving the Devil, and teach such songs as are incentives to profaneness, athelism and debauchery. Besides how many singing men at church meet there hardly for anything except to make assignments for another place. . . . How many have there been (and I wish may not be still) who serve first at the church and then at the playhouse; first singing (hallelujahs to God, and then spending the evening in the worship of the devil?")

In Mr. Aldington's compilation the only other "characters" of musicians are Earle's "A Trumpster" and "A Poor Fiddler." The former is likened to the elephant with the great trunk,

"for he eats nothing but what comes through this way." He is puffed up, though his profession does not call for insolence. His face is as brazen as his trumpet, and his impudence outvies that of a fiddler. "The sea of drink and much wind makes a storm perpetually in his cheeks, and his look is like his noise, blustering and tempestuous. No man proves life more to be a blast, or himself a bubble, and he is like a counterfeit bankrupt, thrives best when he is blown up."

As for the "poor fiddler" he is "one that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire), and rubs a poor living out of it." He is "just so many strings above a beggar." "A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent. . . . The rest of him is drunk, and in the stocks."

Butler's description of a "fiddler" is still more contemptuous. "The ancient Romans us'd to torment men with fiddle strings, and he retains and observes the custom most exactly to this day." Here is probably an allusion to the monstrous torture invented as Suetonius tells us, by the Emperor Tiberius, though his strings were those of a harp or lyre.)

The late A. H. Bullen's "Elizabethans" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. As editor of the plays by Marlowe, Peele and Marston and of other Elizabethan literature, also works of the Restoration, Bullen won an enduring fame. As John Masefield said of him shortly after his death: "He talked of Elizabethan books and people much as though they were alive in the streets outside, like the time come back." If Bullen was distinguished for his scholarship, he was also distinguished for his common sense. Loving the Elizabethans as he did, he was not led into extravagant praise, the besetting sin of Swinburne in his rhapsodical enthusiasm, and even of Charles Lamb; extravagance that became a weapon in the hand of William Archer when he, almost blind to the poetry of the Elizabethan plays recently attacked this drama is drama for the theatre.

The Elizabethans in this volume of Bullen's revised lectures and sundry articles are Drayton, Daniel Chapman, Dekker, Breton, Campion—"the long neglected ghost" who, thanks to Bullen, "ought to be rejoicing in Elysium," William Bullein, Hakewill, Fulke Greville, and "Shakespeare, the Englishman." Students of the drama will be especially interested in the articles about Chapman, Dekker, and Shakespeare, though Greville wrote "Mustapha" and "Alaham," saying they were not "plays for the stage."

What Bullen says with regard to Dek-

ker in a sympathetic study should interest all those uneasy about details in Shakespeare's life: "Our knowledge of the lives of the Elizabethan dramatists is usually very scanty. We gather that most of them lived and died poor, and that is often nearly all we know about them." Saying that where Shakespeare went and what he did after he left Stratford-on-Avon will probably never be ascertained, Bullen reminds us that there are passages in Balzac's life that "despite endless search, are shrouded in baffling obscurity." In this essay Bullen treats Shakespeare as the lover of England, the patriot, is shown in the series of historical plays. Referring to the whitewashing in recent years of Richard III, Bullen says he cannot be persuaded that this "ruthless crafty king is undeserving of the abhorrence in which his memory is popularly held." Other plays of Shakespeare are discussed as an Englishman's work; the poet who is "the chosen spokesman of the English race to the nations of the world. Hence when we read that a learned German professor is typical claiming that the sympathy of Shakespeare—the greatest and most typical of Englishmen in all the tide of times—would today, if he were living, be with Germany, we are tempted to exclaim with Touchstone, 'God held thee, shallow man. God make incision in thee! Thou art raw.'" (This article was first published in 1916 for Khaki, a magazine supported by voluntary contributions wholly for the benefit of our fighting men and prisoners of war.)

In the study of Dekker, originally a lecture at Oxford, Bullen apparently shrank from giving the title Dekker's famous play that was eloquently praised by Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, Swinburne. As an editor, Bullen was not as squeamish. These essays are models of balanced praise, free as they are from "Uncritical adulation"; there is always the emphasis of under-statement.

To doubles and single, his bright eyes burn,  
With anticipation of what he'll do,  
When he's won them all, every red,  
White and blue;  
Of the bottles he'll crack, of the songs he'll sing,  
And of Maude's laugh with its merry ring,  
As they sit vis-a-vis and they merrily sip,  
Of the sparkling champagne that caresses the lip  
Of the loveliest creature beneath the sun,  
The one that he loves, and the only one,  
For so he believes, while her arms entwine,  
And her lips bedewed with the rosy wine,  
Are pressed to his, in one mad caress,  
One moment of heavenly blessedness  
While her bosom heaves, and his senses reel,  
And her ivory arms around him steal,  
And Maude swears she loves only him,  
And the bubbles dance on the wine glass brim,  
As they pledge each other in seething wine,  
And float in an ecstasy divine,  
Another deluge of pink champagne,  
And they pledge each other again and again,  
While Maude—warbling an aria clear—  
Is striving to kick the chandelier,  
And the rustling swish of the filmy lace  
Is swirling and whirling around the place,  
As she sways and whirls and pirouettes,  
Through the curling smoke of the cigarettes,  
Until quite overcome with display of charms,  
She falls with a sigh into Higgins's arms,  
And forgets the world, in a dream of bliss,  
And one long, lingering, loving kiss,  
And the game closed.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.



Sept. 1924

## THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

hip goes sailing out to sea,  
re's a guy on her deck that sings  
with glee,  
runs an' jumps an' laughs so free,  
you take a good look you'll see it's  
me.

going back to Paris, I'm going back  
to Paris,  
air is fine, the food is good,  
there's better things in France than  
food.

going to see the Folles Bergere,  
a place where the girls all are fair,  
y walk around with their stummicks  
bare,  
there's lots o' places better than  
there.

going back to Paris, I'm going back  
to Paris,  
an' me an' all of us know  
t France is a peach of a place to go.

ere's no M. P.'s Americans,  
an stay out as late as any man,  
an holler an' yell as loud as I can,  
not get put in the brig St. Anne.

going back to Paris, I'm going back  
to Paris,  
going to drink till my money is gone,  
not be sober from noon until dawn.

o girls that sing at the Blstrot Rat,  
y don't wear much besides a hat,  
ne are lean an' some are fat,  
I'll see some places that's better'n  
that.

going back to Paris, I'm going back  
to Paris,  
ybe I shouldn't be singin' this song,  
use I'm goin' to take my wife along.  
STEAMER.

## the World Wags:

Four remarks about campaign songs  
the past doubtless set many trains  
memory in motion. Apropos of the  
rrisonian song you recalled, I send  
a fragment which you or some one  
e may possibly complete. My mother  
members hearing her mother sing it  
me 70 odd years ago in a Maine  
ntry town:

Maine went hell-bent  
For Governor Kent.  
Tippecanoe,  
And Tyler, too!"

ALICE W. COLLINS.

Dorchester Centre.

## NANTUCKET'S COCKTAIL SHAKERS

the World Wags:

A letter from Mr. Anderson of New-  
n Centre and one from "H" of Nan-  
cket, which appeared recently in The  
erald, indicate that the former has  
ver read Joe Lincoln's poem  
When the Minister Comes to Tea,"  
d the latter has not had a confiden-  
l chat with a real "islander."

The writer from Newton Centre of-  
rs as evidence of the country's aridity  
e fact that he is never asked to take  
drink in the households which he  
its. He appears not to realize that  
ry few households are seen in a  
ate of normalcy by a guest. I have  
een offered a drink, but I am  
lved to believe that the nature of  
spitality is influenced more often by  
alysis of character than by lack of  
eck.

The obvious explanation of Nan-  
cket's supply of cocktail shakers is  
at many summer visitors arrived un-  
lipped; they forgot in the confusion  
packing to bring one, or they lacked  
nfidence in the ultimate delivery of  
eir lost baggage. Hollow thwearing may  
e come hopelessly crushed in closing  
e cover of an overloaded trunk.

While I agree with all of Mr. Ander-  
n's arguments for law enforcement  
d offer in explanation of Nantucket's  
aticipation of the needs of summer  
sitors, my reply to the two letters  
written to impress again the neces-  
sity of selecting the proper color of  
asses. Does Mr. Anderson know that  
any college students this summer are  
ving in the most expensive hotels and  
accumulating sufficient funds for the  
ext academic year by the sale of bot-  
ed beverages? This may explain  
H's" paradox of the cocktail shaker.  
OFF ISLANDER.

## COMPENSATION

the World Wags:

This old nursery rhyme is haunting  
y memory still, like Longfellow's  
ollection of a Lapland song:

There was an old woman of whom  
I've heard tell,  
he went to market her eggs for to  
sell.

he went to market all on a market  
day,  
and she fell asleep on the King's high-  
way.

There came by a peddler, and his name  
was Stout,

And he cut her petticoats all round  
about.

He cut her petticoats up to her knees,  
Which caused this old woman to shiver  
and freeze."

I used to think in my juvenility that  
this was a cruel deed, but now that  
the women go even to church in cos-  
tumes approaching the Eve period of  
banishment from the Garden of Eden,  
I do not regard it with unwavering pity.  
Mr. Stout apparently did not steal her  
eggs. If she got anything like the  
present prices for her hen fruit, she was  
not without compensation for her tem-  
porary affliction, and could easily buy a  
petticoat of the comforting length she  
most affected.

Dorchester.

BAIZE.

## As the World Wags:

I nominate for your Hall of Fame  
Mr. Hen. House of Springfield. Ill.  
PLYMOUTH ROCK.

## As the World Wags:

Just after entering Lowell from Bil-  
lerica, I saw a nice board sign reading  
"ANTIQUES"  
Attached to it was another sign on  
cardboard underneath.  
"EGGS"

Query: Was he catering for Chinese  
trade?  
Lawrence.

## THE BETHLEHEM BUGLE SONG

(Apologies to Tennyson)

## As the World Wags:

The 51st annual meeting of the Na-  
tional Hay Fever Association was held  
at Bethlehem, N. H., on Aug. 28. The  
association was founded by Henry Ward  
Beecher. It has been enthusiastically  
carried on by many ardent devotees of  
the game.

The White Mountain Echo is the au-  
thorized organ of the association. As a  
late lamented laureate might have  
tuned in:

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild sneezes  
flying.

Blow, bugle; answer, Echo, dying, dying,  
dying."

LAVENGRO.

A correspondent asks: "Has Mary  
Garden appeared at any time in 'The  
Miracle'?"

Not to our knowledge, but it was an-  
nounced last week that she would ap-  
pear in it several times this season.  
Like Habbakuk, Miss Garden is "capa-  
ble de tout."

## AN OLD DIARY

## As the World Wags:

Does any one remember an old song  
my father used to sing to me seven  
decades or so ago? I can recall only  
one line; it runs as follows:  
"Reror, my true love, for I'm going  
over the mountain."

J. W. R.

## 'THE GREEN SCARAB'

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Green  
Scarab." A mystery comedy in four  
acts by Isabel Parker, staged and pro-  
duced under the personal direction of  
Henry Jewett. The cast:

Sarah.....May Edise  
Tina Rock.....Alan Mowbray  
Mr. Nestor.....E. E. Clive  
Mrs. Rock, "Kitty".....Marie Louise Walker  
Julia Moore, "Jule".....Katherine Standing  
Captain Nicholas Markee

Hugh C. Buckler  
Isoda.....C. Wordley Hulse  
Murray.....Harold West

This play, presented by the Henry  
Jewett Repertory Company, made its  
first appearance on any stage last even-  
ing. Its four acts take place in the liv-  
ing rooms of two New York city homes  
and the characters are taken from  
among the city's affluent citizens, quite  
naturally.

As it is a mystery play, the less said  
about it, perhaps, the better. The en-  
joyment in mystery plays and detective  
stories lies in their "thrills" and sur-  
prises, and each person is entitled to  
get these at first hand. The highly  
critical—those non-professionally so—  
may not find them; yet tastes differ.

The players are well cast and the  
acting throughout is up to the cus-  
tomary Jewett standard. One might  
wish for better enunciation from  
Messrs. Mowbray and Clive; the audi-  
torium is larger and not so intimate as  
that of the Little Copley Theatre. Until  
one's ears grew accustomed to their  
respective mumbbling, it was difficult  
to follow their parts with much pleas-  
ure. Mr. Buckler's work in this regard  
was a relief to the ear. Also Miss  
Walker and Miss Standing gave their  
lines audibly and with charm.

The theatre was not exactly crowded  
last evening. That is rather surprising.  
The scale of prices, if nothing more,  
ought to be attractive, and the Arling-  
ton Theatre, from many points, would  
seem easier to reach than the tucked-  
away little Copley. However, the sea-  
son is young, and it takes a while for  
people to become aware of an unac-  
customed location.

About the play, nothing more can be  
said without saying too much. It is  
entertaining; it is well staged, well  
cast, well acted. The plot, it is but fair  
to leave to each audience.  
H. L.

## Play, "Civilian Clothes"

ST. JAMES—Boston Stock Company in  
"Civilian Clothes," a play in three acts  
by Thomas Buchanan. William Courten-  
ay starred in the piece about four  
years ago at the Selwyn. The cast:

Billy Arkwright.....Houston Richards  
Nora.....Mario Lalloz  
General McInerney.....Frederick Murray  
Jack Rutherford.....John Collier  
Florence Lanham.....Kay Hammond  
Mrs. Lanham.....Anna Layne  
Elizabeth Lanham.....Nina Oliver  
Sam McGinnis.....Herbert Heyes  
Mrs. Margaret Smythe.....Olive Blake-  
ney  
Bessie Henderson.....Caroline Murphy  
Zack Hart.....Harvey Hays  
Mr. Lanham.....Louis Leon Hall  
McGinnis, Sr.....Ralph Remley  
Bell Hop.....Harry Lowell

The play isn't the thing on the open-  
ing night of a Boston Stock Company  
season. It is truly like old home week  
with the welcoming back of old favor-  
ites and the hearty reception extended  
the new members of the company.  
Everybody makes speeches, the audi-  
ence forgets about catching trains, and  
the show runs very late indeed.

"Civilian Clothes" is an after-the-war  
play. It concerns the marriage in  
France of a southern girl of social  
prominence with one Capt. Sam McGin-  
nis, whose social standing is not all  
that it should be in her estimation.  
Florence Lanham, the girl, met her hero  
in France during the war, when she  
was working as a Red Cross nurse.  
McGinnis, in his captain's uniform,  
looked the hero, indeed, but when he  
appears at her home in his civilian  
clothes romance disappears, so far as  
the young woman is concerned. Their  
marriage was secret, so McGinnis de-  
cides to work in her home as the family  
butler.

Interesting situations naturally de-  
velop, but in the end our proud and  
haughty lady is made to see the real  
worth of her hero captain. It's a good  
play, even though it may contain a little  
bit too much of after-the-war atmos-  
phere.

Herbert Heyes, the new leading man,  
had the Courtenay role. He is excellent  
in the part, making Sam McGinnis the  
rough and ready he-man that he was.  
Mr. Heyes is familiar with the part,  
having played it for a record engage-  
ment in San Francisco, and the audi-  
ence last evening gave him a wonderful  
reception. Miss Hammond, the new  
leading woman, was charming as Flo-  
rence Lanham, an effective role for an  
opening season. Then, of course, there  
was Houston Richards, the popular  
juvenile, who held up the performance  
at every entrance, so insistent was the  
applause of last night's audience. He  
has one of his straight juvenile com-  
roles that he does so well. Olive Blake-  
ney, second woman, possesses poise and  
good looks, wears her clothes well and  
made Mrs. Smythe interesting.

John Collier, well known in Harvard  
dramatics, made his debut last evening  
as a member of the company. He gave  
a finished performance and made an  
especially graceful curtain speech. And  
so it goes. The whole company gave  
their best last night and the new mem-  
bers had a rousing welcome. Samuel  
Godfrey, versatile stage director, acted  
as master of ceremonies and introduced  
all the members of the company, who  
made speeches. George A. Giles, man-  
aging director, said a few appropriate  
words. It was an auspicious opening  
for the fourth season of the Boston  
Stock Company.  
A. F.

## HOUDINI AGAIN ON B. F. KEITH'S STAGE

Exhibiting a seeming greater mastery  
over locks, straight jackets and other  
restraint than of yore, returned to B.  
magician of the stage, returned to B.  
F. Keith's Theatre last night after an  
absence of nearly three years and held  
an audience bewildered with a series  
of tricks both mystifying and enter-  
taining.

The act differs from any previous  
Houdini performance, moving pictures  
showing the magician escaping from  
handcuffs, locks and chains are an ad-  
ded feature. One scene depicts Hou-  
dini's escape from the Paris police 18  
years ago after being arrested for at-  
tempting to jump into the Seine bound  
hand and foot, and his subsequent leap  
into the river and escape from the  
locks which restrained him.

This and another film shown, the lat-  
ter depicting his escape from locks and  
chains while suspended head downward  
over Newspaper row in Boston nearly  
three years ago, were taken without  
anyone but Houdini and the photog-  
raphers being in the secret.

Ruth Budd, named the "Girl with  
the Smile," earned her right to a foremost  
position in the bill, delighting the au-  
dience with a thrilling performance on  
the trapeze.

Swift and Kelley kept the audience  
in an uproar of laughter with their dia-  
logue. Dolly Connolly, contralto, sing-

ing new and old songs, probably owed  
the success of her act as much to her  
charm as to her excellent voice.

Eddie Cole and George Snyder, Diaz  
Sister and company, Jackle and Kellie,  
"Thinking and Talking" Eldrs, "Danse  
Varieties," and the Kikutas Japs com-  
pleted the vaudeville bill.

## CONTINUING

MAJESTIC—"Poppy," musical  
comedy, with Madge Kennedy and  
W. C. Fields starring. Last week.

WILBUR—"Little Jessie James,"  
musical comedy, with large cast,  
headed by Laura Hamilton and Al-  
lan Kearns.

HOLL S—"Hell-Bent for Heaven,"  
the Pulitzer prize play, a comedy  
drama. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—Lionel Atwill in  
"The Outsider," a three-act drama.  
Second week.

SYMPHONY HALL—"The Sea  
Hawk," Sabatin's adventure story  
filmed, with Milton Sills, Wallace  
Beery and Enid Bennett leading  
cast.

TREMONT TEMPLE—"Abraham  
Lincoln," pictured biography, with  
George Billings an ideal Lincoln.

FENWAY—"The Covered Wagon,"  
Emerson Hough's story of the Ore-  
gon trail pictured by James Cruze.  
Third week of return engagement.

Sept. 10 1924

We respectfully call the attention of  
Mr. Otto Grow to the animal farm of  
Mr. Ollie J. Bernard, Canaan, N. H. We  
read in the Lisbon Transcript that Mr.  
Bernard and Mr. Leslie Whipple will  
travel through New England and ex-  
hibit at state fairs a pig with no ears  
and no tail; a calf with no eyes; also  
other wonders of nature. The show  
will travel by truck. Messrs. Bernard  
and Whipple buy "freak animals," but  
"alive only." There should be a whim-  
per and a gyascutus on the truck,  
and we are informed that they are ne-  
gotiating for a whiffus.

The Lisbon Transcript was delayed  
in coming to us, owing to the fact, as  
we read in its Personal Column, that  
"both Editor and Mrs. Thayer" were  
obliged to attend a funeral, "and as  
Mrs. Thayer is the linotype operator  
there was no one to set the type for  
the Lisbon edition until this morning  
(Saturday). We will endeavor to see  
that it doesn't happen again."

## OTTO IN FLORIDA

As the World Wags:

If Otto Grow really wants to get a  
whiff of the wild whiffus, and is not  
simply out for another vacation, he  
should go where the "animal" can be  
found in its native haunts. Down in  
Florida all the little colored boys are  
well acquainted with the whiffus and  
its habitat.

Mr. Grow gives a concise description  
of the whiffus (better than I could do  
myself), but he is very vague about  
where it is to be found. If he knew  
anything at all about the habits of  
whiffuses he would know that they  
share the nest of the Hooraw Bird, and  
live together very happily.

To get to the nest the whiffus  
climbs to the highest branches of a  
nearby Zee-Zee palm and makes one  
wild leap to the neighboring gum tree,  
where the nest is located. Mr. Grow  
could possibly make it in three jumps.

Herewith is an accurate account of  
the bird and its nest, written by an  
eminent southern ornithologist.

Yours truthfully,

NAT GARD.

P. S.—There would be no occasion (or  
opportunity) for Mr. Grow to jump  
back.  
N. G.

## "DE HOORAW NES"

Oh, hits down in de swamp in er big gum  
tree,  
De bigges ole gum dat I eber did see;

Er mile fum de groun and er foot fum de  
sky,  
Oh, I tell yer dat nes am er hangin  
mighty high.

Hits er Hooraw Nes; hits er Hooraw  
nes.

And down in de bottom mongst de water  
and de slush,  
De alligator tall go swish, swash, swash;

An whut gits bawn fum de Hooraw a'gs,  
Dey got no wings an dey got no laige.

Dem's Hooraws, great big Hooraws.

When de moon dons gone an de ghostes  
walk,  
Den de Hooraw bird, she mek er big  
squawk.



An yer soul gits ter slippin and yer chis  
gits er pain,  
An yer foot gits tangle do de road mighty  
plain,  
Yer studin bout runnin, but hit ha'nt no  
use,  
Fer she trabble thru de air lak lightenin  
juice,  
Yer neber would er lowed sech er bird  
been bawn  
Tel she comes er lang squarkin lak Gabel's  
hawn.  
Oh, Lawd, dem Hooraws, sech Hoo-  
raws.

Dey mouf lak er fire place, face lak er  
snake,  
Neck bout es long ez er gyardin rake;  
Got er body lak er ostrich, teef lak er  
bar,  
Body all klivered wid yaller green har,  
Des ez sho yer git ter sinnin dat bird  
gwine ter come,  
She nibble at yer heart an she gobble  
at yer bres,  
An tote yer right off ter de Hooraw Nes,  
Um, Umph, Dat Hooraw Nes,  
Yas, Lawd, Dat Hooraw Nes;  
Tek keer an kep out fum de Hooraw  
Nes.

### IS THE WHIFFUS A WHIZCUS?

As the World Wags:

Without seeming to question the ve-  
racity of any correspondent, it seems  
to me that many of these tales of un-  
natural history lack sufficient verifica-  
tion to entitle them consideration by  
the seeker for truth in this field of  
investigation, the sole exception being  
Otto Grow's excellent picture of the  
wild whiffus; hence in recounting an ex-  
perience in the country lying between  
Shoeshank and Ponikn I can refer any  
doubters to my companion, Prof. Zowie-  
ski, who, prior to the late war, occu-  
pied the chair of "Vertebrate Paleon-  
tology" at the University of Irkutsk.

Late in the afternoon of February  
30, 1923, the professor and I were  
searching in the vicinity of Shoeshank  
for eggs of the bozo-bird, which are  
found only in hollows of wumble nut  
trees.

Our search proving futile, we re-  
traced our steps along the banks of the  
Nashua to the point where we had left  
our lunch basket, when to our amaze-  
ment, we discovered a strange creature  
purling our vlands.

The professor instantly recognizing  
the beast as a Siberian whizcus warned  
me to close my eyes and stand per-  
fectly still. He then stealthily ap-  
proached the beast in an attempt to  
photograph it, but our presence was dis-  
covered, resulting in the animal adopt-  
ing a peculiar defence, encircling us  
with such rapidity that the professor  
was soon overcome by dizziness and  
fell helpless.

The professor regaining his senses in  
a few moments, we proceeded to in-  
vestigate the path traversed by the an-  
imal, and found it strewn with hot  
ashes, proving conclusively that it de-  
veloped such speed in its gyrations that  
it was entirely consumed by the result-  
ant friction.

Prof. Zowieski states that he has  
never before known of these animals  
wandering so far south, and informs  
me that although great heat is always  
developed in their gyrations, he never  
before heard of one being thus con-  
sumed.

We are both convinced that Otto  
Grow's wild whiffus and the whizcus  
are of the same species.

L. I. R.

Fitchburg.

(From the Florida Sun, Orlando)

It is a wonderful privilege to live in a  
community that has its future ahead  
of it.

Sept 11 1924

The press agent of Miss Esther Dale,  
a soprano, announces that when she  
lived in Northampton, she "was wont  
to have her shoes shined three times  
a week by the same cobbler who pol-  
ished the then gubernatorial boots.  
Naturally, therefore, Miss Dale is an  
ardent Coolidge supporter." She sang  
recently in Northampton at a meeting  
of the Woman's Republican Club. "As  
a result enormous enthusiasm was  
aroused and election authorities are of-  
fering five to one that the city will go  
solid for Coolidge." Whether she wore  
on that memorable occasion shoes pol-  
ished that day by Mr. Coolidge's guide,  
philosopher and friend, is not stated.

De Wolf Hopper will be seen and  
heard here in "The Mikado" Satur-  
day night. When this delightful oper-  
etta was first performed in London a

prominent writer described Pooh-Bah  
in all seriousness as "a very nonpareil  
of infamy" who "expresses his pride  
in his ancestry by the basest venality."  
The critic deplored the fact that all the  
dramatic personae should be "unsus-  
ceptible of a single kindly feeling or  
wholesome impulse."

Mme. Gall-Murch, visiting England  
for the first time, will sing there in  
October. "Thousands of pounds' worth  
of seats for the prima donna's concerts  
have been already booked. Yet the  
British public has only heard her, as  
yet, on gramophone records." The Daily  
Chronicle adds: "It is a proof, as in the  
case of Heifetz, the violinist, that the  
gramophone is the best advance agent  
that any artist can desire."

The Lisbon (N. H.) Transcript was  
moved to this rhapsodic outburst by the  
showing of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as  
a picture play:

"Loveliest of All Stars." Our Mary of  
today, with the beauty of Mary Ander-  
son, the charm of Ellen Terry, the sim-  
plicity of Ada Rehan. A marvellous  
combination of beauty and genius in one  
human being—that is Mary Pickford, of  
whom may be said as of no one else,  
"that the whole world knows her and  
loves her."

"To see her beautiful face, inspiring  
in its beauty and goodness, swept with  
emotion as the clouds sweep across the  
sky, is to feel new hope and respect for  
the human race and the possibilities of  
our higher development."

Kundry in "Parsifal" at Munich. "Her  
dress in this scene did not help her to  
suggest the temptress; its chief feature  
was a large bow of red and violet silk  
at one side of her head, which gave her  
rather the appearance of a young Ger-  
man lady going to her first party." The  
London Times adds that "the whole  
drama was played behind a thin veil,  
which certainly added to the mystery  
of things. But by the end of the even-  
ing this dimness became monotonous."

Sir John Martin Harvey, who was  
neglected in Boston, much to his dis-  
gust, is playing in the English provinces  
in "The Corsican Brothers"—we should  
like to hear the "Ghost" melody again;  
also the line "Pray for me, mother;  
Louis is dead, but I—Ha! ha! go to  
avenge him." He will also play in  
"David Garrick" and "The Only Way."  
He hopes to revive "Richard III" in  
London.

Basil Macdonald Hastings writes that  
Joseph Conrad was very proud of his  
little one-act play, "One Day More."  
"Personally I thought it hopeless from a  
theatrical standpoint, and largely be-  
cause of this divergence of view I had  
most reluctantly to decline collabora-  
tion with him on a new play. The lit-  
tle work has a definite technique, but it  
has no stagecraft. Yet Conrad believed  
it perfect and never could understand  
criticism of it. The truth of the matter  
is that his mental attitude, prompted  
by his temperament, did not allow him  
to appreciate what is theatrically sig-  
nificant. I asked him if he had ever  
seen the play acted. 'Yes,' he replied,  
and it was a painful experience. I as-  
sure you.' He blamed the actors, but  
it observed, but no actors could make  
'One Day More' actable."

The Mask, published at Florence,  
Italy, contains a few Shakespearean  
limericks. We quoted one some time  
ago. Here are three more:

There once was a king named Macbeth;  
A better king never drew breath;  
The faults of his life  
Were all due to his wife,  
The notorious Lady Macbeth.

Hamlet, I'm sorry to find,  
Was unable to make up his mind;  
He shilled, he shilled,  
He dilled, he dilled—  
In fact, he was over-refined.

The doings of Coriolanus  
Shall not for one moment detain us;  
It's clear that we can't,  
And we won't and we shan't  
Be bothered with Coriolanus.

"Every repertory theatre should have  
a circle attached to it for play reading  
and lectures, as such an organization  
proves an invaluable backbone and sup-  
port to the theatre itself."

The Daily Telegraph of London adds  
that at Bristol, the supporting playgo-  
ers club has a membership of over 300.  
At Liverpool the Playhouse has a circle  
with a membership of nearly 900 who  
meet in the theatre on alternate Sun-  
day evenings for play reading and lec-  
tures. This society has been formed by  
citizens of Liverpool to help and further  
the aims of the Playhouse, which has ar-  
ranged to broadcast plays.

Mr. Ziegfeld, since Miss Billie Burke  
has bobbed her hair, believes in the bob-

bing. He even waxes eloquent:

"Bobbed hair, in the first place, is  
as natural as the wind blows. It is a  
healthful way to wear the hair. It  
does away automatically with all the  
false hair abominations. This in itself  
is a boon, for any specialist will admit  
that false hair is detrimental to the  
health, harmful to the scalp and pre-  
vents a luxurious growth."

It seems that he receives daily "scores  
of letters from mothers and daughters"  
asking if bobbed hair will serve to en-  
hance charm and increase chances for  
success in the artistic and social world.  
"My answer to all is yes, decidedly. Do  
not let any one persuade you differ-  
ently."

There is a demand in Rome that the  
chorus of the Sistine Chapel should be  
reorganized. Camillo Sabatini states in  
La Tribuna that since "the disgrace" of  
Lorenzo Perosi, the choir has fallen  
into mediocrity and anarchy. "It exists  
now only in name."

The Italian newspapers speak of  
Busoni as "the greatest pianist since  
Liszt."

Eugene Hildach, whose songs have  
been sung in Boston, died recently at  
the age of 74.

Turin wishes to hear Boito's "Ne-  
rone," and offers 500,000 lire. Toscanini  
asks for six months' rehearsal and a  
credit of 1,500,000 lire.

Alfredo Casella is at work on a bal-  
let based on Pirandello's novel, "La  
Giara." The Swedish Ballet will pro-  
duce it at Paris in November.

It is said that Puccini thought of these  
subjects for opera: "Tartarin of Taras-  
con," "The Fault of the Abbe Mouret,"  
and "La Femme et le Pantin," but  
abandoned them.

Sept 12 1924

When verses signed "The King of  
the Black Isles" were published from  
time to time in this column they ex-  
cited comment. There was curiosity  
concerning the authorship. Some named  
Mr. Herkimer Johnson; others suspected  
an editorial masquerade. Booksellers  
were asked where this poet's volume  
could be obtained. We were reminded  
of the interest shown in the verses of  
the late, lamented Frothingham Clancy,  
who had fallen into an undeserved ob-  
scurety.

At last the "King's" volume was pub-  
lished and the King turned out to be  
Mr. J. U. Nicolson of Chicago, Ill.

Pascal Covici of that city now pub-  
lishes in sumptuous form Mr. Nicol-  
son's "The Sainted Courtesan," a  
volume of 167 pages with a decorated  
title page and illustrations by Boris  
Riedel.

In the earlier volume there were a  
few pages that showed the influence of  
Swinburne, the Swinburne of the  
"Poems and Ballads" that shocked  
many and were hailed with delight by  
others, who in turn began to extol in  
verse the raptures and roses, as well as  
the "roses and raptures of vice."

In "The Sainted Courtesan" Mr.  
Nicolson is not only frankly Swinburni-  
an, he attempts to go his master one  
better. He does not go back to  
Anactoria and Sappho, but Phryne does  
not escape him. Her advocate, Hyper-  
ides, tells his story; how he loved her;

now he glorified her profession; how he  
freed her by revealing her beauty to  
the judges, as in Gerome's famous pic-  
ture; how Thebes afterwards spurned  
her and did her grievous injury.

Mr. Nicolson also went to the old  
Hebrew chronicles: he sings of Abishag,  
Judith, Michael; he gives an Irish to  
Absalom; he does not forget Semiramis.  
And, lo, Robin Hood and Mald Marlon  
bring with them a breath of fresh air.

In "The Streets Beyond Bagdad," a  
wanderer in a ruined and deserted city  
meets a woman whose name is Chaos,  
also Form. She assures him, after she  
is through laughing wildly, that she  
is "death's doom undaunted," the  
"Malden Mother Mystery"; also "the  
human story." "The Wanderer" is not  
like Schubert's. Mr. Nicolson's wan-  
derer along the road to Ispahan is re-  
minded of all sorts of unpleasant  
minded of all sorts of towns: "young boys  
things, the sack of towns; but he is  
played wantonly with cords"; but he is  
cheered by seeing in his soul "the deep  
divan whereon one waited him." There  
are short poems with various titles,  
from "Daughters of Joy" to "Why?";  
from "Ballade to a Lady in Idleness"  
to "Yet Again and Yet Again."

The poet publishes as a preface, per-  
haps as a defiant apology, his "Ballade  
to the Purlans," with a motto from  
Ecclesiastes vii, 16: "Be not righteous  
overmuch, neither make thyself over-  
wise: Why shouldest thou destroy thy  
self?"

"Hear me now for my good lay,  
O canting Pharisees and cheating!

It is meet that men should pray,  
Since that life is frail and fleeting.  
Yet on shining days and sieging,  
Lest ye lose the human touch,  
Joy in drinking and in eating—  
Be not righteous overmuch."

After two more verses comes L'Envoi:  
"From the grave there's no retreating.  
Death guards well the wormy hutch,  
Never parting more nor meeting—  
Be not righteous overmuch."

For an example of Swinburne's in-  
fluence in rhythm and even in subject  
matter, see "Disavowal." We quote  
one verse for the rhythm:

"Let us go hence when our parting is  
over,

One to the sunset and one to the  
dawn;

We have eaten the honey and lain in  
the clover,

Now it is over, come, let us be-  
gone!

For love that we worshipped with many  
libations

Is broken, is banished, and reigns in  
his room

One perfect, implacable, halled of the  
nations,

A doer of doom.

The publisher's blurb reads: "Ancient  
glorious tales told in mellifluous ca-  
dences and vibrant imagery." We have  
asked how Iris entered into the life of  
Absalom. There are few details in the  
Old Testament about his love affairs.  
In II Samuel, 18, he is represented as  
saying "I have no son." In the 14th  
chapter the narrator says: That he had  
three sons and a daughter named  
Tamar; "she was a woman of a fair  
countenance." Mr. Nicolson's Iris glo-  
ries in the arms, brows, splendor of Ab-  
salom's face, but she says nothing  
about his justly celebrated hair. When  
it was once cut it weighed 200 shekels,  
"which," remarked Don Calmet, might  
be about 31 ounces. "Indeed extraor-  
dinary, but not incredible; since by the  
relation of hair dressers, some women  
have 32 ounces of hair on their  
heads."

In the longer poems, "The Sainted  
Courtesan" (Phryne), "Judith,"  
"Abishag," "Michael," Mr. Nicolson  
shows true dramatic force and an  
ability to voice in poetically dramatic  
form the emotions, the passions of each  
woman. Here his mastery of sonorous  
versification does not forbid directness  
of expression. The pleading of Phryne's  
advocate is not merely for the woman;  
it is for all of whom she was the su-  
preme type. Hyperides himself is much  
more than a conventional stage lawyer.  
Mr. Nicolson's "Judith" is not un-  
like the heroine in Bernstein's powerful  
and extraordinary play and the heroine  
of a recent opera bearing her name;  
the widow who burned with love for  
Holofernes before and even after she  
slew him.

Abishag, the Shunamite, the damsel  
was very fair—cherished David in his  
old age, as is related in the first chap-  
ter of the First Books of the Kings, or  
as Byron tells the story:

"'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle  
How the physicians, leaving pill and  
potion,

Prescribed, by way of blister, a young  
belle,

When old King David's blood grew  
dull in motion."

Michael, who mocked her David when  
he was dancing before the ark, mourns  
because she is childless. It is said in  
II Samuel, chapter 6, that she had no  
child unto the day of her death, yet in  
chapter 21 there is mention of the five  
sons of Michael, whom she bore to  
Adriel. Now Adriel married Merab  
the daughter of Saul that had been  
promised to David, and so the chron-  
icler either confounded the two sisters  
or Michael adopted her sister's sons. All  
this is interesting but confusing and  
for dramatic and psychological reasons  
Mr. Nicolson acted wisely in allow-  
ing childless Michael her bitter and pas-  
sionate lamentation.

Mr. Nicolson has the great gift of  
imagination. This was shown in his  
former volume; and imagination among  
American poets and musicians of to-  
day is a rare quality. He has learned  
from Swinburne, and his own ear has  
helped him, the secret of sonorous  
verse. At times his facility betrays  
him into weakness of thought; but in  
the long monologues he is dramatically  
passionate and eloquent.

Mr. Riedel's illustrations show beauty  
unadorned and in all frankness. Only  
1500 copies of this luxurious volume  
are for sale.

Sept 13 1924

We know a man who is collecting the  
verses of Augusta J. Evans and Mrs.  
Amanda McKittrick Ross. We read  
"St. Elmo" years ago, and remember a  
passage in "Macaria," which was  
something like this: "Cherish the micro-



of the limitless macrocosm—  
the boundless, rushing chaos of the  
ons of the mighty deep." Alas! we  
never seen Miss Evans's "Beulah."  
"Beulah" is unknown to us. Mr. Louis  
McQuilland quotes from the latter  
in his amusing article, "The Vic-  
tain Touch in Literature," published  
in the Book Notes of Mr. Mitchell, pub-  
lished in Hartford, Ct. The quotation  
is from Miss Evans in her light and airy  
drama:

"Mother, what did you say to her,  
way of a dose of orthodoxy to anti-  
the metempsychosis poison?" asked  
Lindsay."

to mother responds:  
"Tell me, you bewitching Gamaliel,  
re you accumulated your knowledge  
tive to the education of girls. Pre-  
sue a chart of your experience. You  
of hampering and cramping Re-  
s faculties as if I had put her  
ns in a pair of stays, and dally  
tened the laces."

a copy of Miss Ross's "Irene  
selegh" in any one of our second-  
book shops? A husband, having  
reled with his wife, thus addresses

Was I duped to ascend the ladder  
berty, the hill of harmony, the tree  
triumph, and the rock of regard,  
when wildly manifesting my act of  
nition, was I to be informed of  
ling still in the valley of defeat?  
K! Irene! Wife! Woman! Do not  
n silence and allow the blood that  
bolls in my veins to ooze through  
les of unrestrained passion and  
le down to drench me with its  
son hue."

e must read Ouida's "Strathmore"  
n. "Valdor was one of the most  
icant of blondins, and boasted that  
ever reflected but on two subjects  
the fit of his gloves and the tempera-  
of his eau-de-Cologne bath." As  
Strathmore, who looked like a por-  
by Vandyke, he smoked the strong-  
 Havana cigars, as Jane Eyre's Ro-  
ter did before him, "breathing a  
of Havannah (sic) incense on the  
ging and sunless air."  
t. McQuilland suspects Rochester of  
ting side-whiskers; he does not  
tion the delightful parodies of  
e Eyre" by Orpheus C. Kerr and  
Harte: The Higgins of the former  
six feet high and broad in propor-  
and his "majestic and spaciuous"  
betokened "realms of Elysian  
light and excremental idealism." "His  
d tresses hung in curls down his  
and an American flag floated from  
Herculean shoulders."

cherster, speaking to Jane: "Or-  
No snivel! no sentiment!—no re-  
sten to Higgins addressing Galu-  
dianna: "Come, don't speak like a  
ey. I'm no priestly confessor.  
e the priests! Curse the world!  
e everybody! Curse everything!"  
he placed his feet upon the mantle-  
ages, and gazed meditatively into the

t "Orpheus C. Kerr," with all his  
of humor, wrote that strange  
1, "Avery Gibbon."

Our school days at Exeter we saw a  
formance of "Strathmore" in the  
hall by Dolly Bidwell and her  
pany. The stage settings were  
le, some might have said, shabby,  
the performance was passionate.  
Bidwell that week was also seen  
Pretty Panther."

me day—"our days are passing  
ly by" and unlike the singer in the  
n, we would gladly "detrain them  
hey fly"—some day, we hope to have  
re that we may re-read Ouida's  
s, especially the hifalutin ones—  
andos, "Strathmore," "Moths,"  
nda," "Puck." The last was once  
sidered a shamelessly immoral book,  
having renewed acquaintance

"With a countess shady,  
A lord and a lady,  
And guardsmen all in a row,"  
ardsmen who were always wringing  
sparkling Moselle from their amber  
aches, we'll revel in "Guy Living-  
s" and its companions, also the  
ances of M. T. Walworth, who came  
tragic ending; Walworth whose life  
as stormy as his novels.

A BURMA BELLE  
tiffin, when Ma Chit Yin  
resses up to make a call,  
per-girls across the ocean  
even't any show at all.

ingly in silks she flashes,  
diant with rainbow dyes:  
In the sunlight falls upon her,  
ddenly you shade your eyes."

holding ears adrip with rubies;  
did about her slender wrists;  
and her neck a chain of pendants—  
iamonds and amethysts.

as black as cloudy midnight,  
ssy with an oil veneer.

With a lovely yelow oronic  
Perching just above her ear.

Slippers rhythmically flapping  
Makes her shimmy when she walks;  
Voice like bells at the pagoda  
Makes her tinkle when she talks.

Neck and cheeks are soft and creamy,  
Rubbed with dust of sandalwood;  
Crimson lips from juice of betel—  
You would kiss her if you could.

I can love her and adore her  
Till she lights her long cheroot:  
Then I'll ask her to excuse me;  
For it's time for me to scoot.

WAYNE GARD.

Rangoon, Burma.

#### CONSIDERATE AL

As the World Wags:

My old sidekick, Buzzard Bill is here  
on a visit. There is a lot uv things wich  
ls two deep fer Buzzard ter figger out,  
an' I dersent go inter eny sientifio ex-  
planashun on acct. he wood think I wuz  
puttin' on sum hlbrow stuff an' his  
feelln's wood be hurt. Reallizin' that he  
wood never be able ter understan' the  
workin' prinshpls uv my new radio set,  
I put a handle on the side an' called it  
a grind-organ. Buzzard is kookoo about  
moosic an' he sits in frunt uv the loud  
speaker every nite till 3 A. M. an' I  
have ter sit along side it an' turn the  
handle. Pleeze help me figger out a way  
ter git out uv this hellish sitoashun.  
on acct. he will be here fer a month  
an' my dam arm is almost busted, but  
remember, it's gotta be done in a way  
so as not ter hurt his feeln's.

SNOWSHOE AL.

Sept 14 1924

#### THE FORSAKEN ALTAR

Sheer on a cliff that signals the sunset—  
A summit that only the long shadows  
gain—

Are the lichened stones of an old faith's  
altar,  
Whose fires are quenched in the far  
cloud's rain.

No one knows in the world's wide  
reaches  
Of the fires that burned to purge from  
shame,  
And no one knows of the creeds that  
were chanted,  
For the altar was old when the new  
age came.

Once from the sea on the ships of the  
ancients—  
So the story was told in a later time—  
Shone a fire like the sun on the high  
cliff altar,  
And the winds waited down a music  
sublime.

But just this once in the oldest legend  
Did the cliff shrine signal the ships at  
sea,  
And only once in the span of the ages  
Did a song float down to the boats in  
the lee.

The fires died down and the old faith  
faltered—  
Did new gods promise some greater  
bliss?  
Or did a woman toll to where a man  
worshipped  
And quenched altar fires in the fire of  
a kiss?

#### ABORIGINE.

ADD "NATURAL HISTORY NOTES"  
Jules Janin was laughed at because  
in a feuilleton he characterized the  
lobster as "the cardinal of the sea."  
Yet a live lobster, bright scarlet all  
over, with ruddy orange claws, was  
taken in a pot off Eastbourne and  
reached the London 300 on Aug. 16. We  
have read that the Norway lobster has  
an orange-red shell and a bright red  
epidermis, and we have seen American  
"lobsters" with a red nose.

#### WORDS, WORDS

The French Academy has been con-  
sidering whether the word "Apache"  
should be admitted into its dictionary.  
(Volume A to H has been published  
after 46 years of preparation. It is now  
calculated that the work may be com-  
pleted in the year 2022.) A French re-  
porter had read about the tribe of  
Apaches, their cruelties and massacres.  
Some years afterward, describing a  
peculiarly savage crime, he wrote that  
the assassins had the "manners of the  
Apaches." The word found favor. It  
is said that M. Lepine, the prefet de  
police in Paris, having a taste for the  
picturesque, welcomed the term.

This reminds us that the current  
number of the new English dictionary  
"has to do with the U's. "Unless,"  
meaning "On less than," has been  
spelled in about 20 ways. Horne Tooke  
in his "Divisions of Purley," a mis-  
leading title for the book, is anything  
but diverting, has many pages about  
"unless." Giving the early spellings,  
onless, onlesse, oneles and onelesse, he  
says: "I believe that William Tyndall,  
our immortal and matchless translator

M. Gaston Derys, commenting in *Figaro* on an exhibition in Paris of  
"Art in the French Cinema," names men—poets, philosophers, artists—  
who foresaw, anticipated moving pictures as they are known to us. He  
goes back to our old friend the Witch of Endor, the "Pythoness of Endor,"  
as the editor of Dom Calmet's "Dictionary of the Holy Bible," published  
at Charlestown 110 years ago, preferred to call her.

We say "old friend" because in our childhood we looked at the pic-  
tures in a gift-book, "The Women of the Bible," which had the place of  
honor on the centrotable in the parlor of a neighbor. (There were shells  
on the mantelpiece, and on a little stand in a corner were huge, elaborately  
carved ivory chessmen, brought from the East by a scafaring rela-  
tive.) One picture fascinated us, though, seeing it at night, we dreaded  
going upstairs in the dark to our bedroom. It was a representation of  
this witch invoking the dead Samuel at Saul's command. "And the woman  
said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth," a strange saying  
that still perplexes us. In the picture she was of a wild, unearthly beauty.

M. Derys says: "The magic lantern, that is to say, the projection,  
the principle of the cinema, was known to the Hebrews. Thanks to this  
device the pythoness of Endor made King Saul see the prophet Samuel.  
And it was by means of these luminous projections that the priests of  
Eleusis revealed the mysteries to the initiated."

This is a bold, bald statement, and how, with reference to the pytho-  
ness, can M. Derys substantiate it from Holy Writ?

Some find En-Dor, or "Oin-Dur," the fountain of the circle, a magic  
circle. One commentator argues that the witch was a person of conse-  
quence, for she had "a fat calf in the house," which she killed and offered  
with unleavened bread to fainting Saul. But many believe that she was  
an accomplished ventriloquist; that Saul, some distance from the in-  
cantation, did not see Samuel nor hear him; he accepted only what the  
witch told him.

M. Derys then quotes passages from Plato's "Republic," from "the  
sixth book"; but in the translation, now before us, Dr. Spens's, this  
passage is at the beginning of the seventh book. Pluto speaks of men  
in a cave with its entrance opening to the light. They have been there  
from childhood with chains on legs and necks.

Suppose them to have light of a fire, burning far above and behind  
them, and that between the fire and the chain of men there is a road  
above them, along which observe a low wall built, like that which  
hedges in the stage of mountebanks on which they show to men their  
wonderful tricks. . . . Observe now, along this wall, men bearing  
all sorts of utensils, raised above the wall, and human statues, and other  
animals, in wood and stone, and all sorts of furniture, and, as is likely,  
some of those who are carrying these are speaking, and others silent.

"You mention, said he, a wonderful comparison, and wonderful  
chained men.

"But such, however, as resemble us, said I."

In Lucretius M. Derys finds the theory itself of the cinema, based on  
the prompt succession of impressions on the retina. "After the first image  
has disappeared another appears in its place, in a little different position  
and the effect of the new apparition is to make one suppose that the first  
image has changed its position. This illusion ought to be produced by the  
matter of speed. The movement is so rapid, the number of the object's  
parts that affect the eye at the same time is so great, that the multi-  
plicity of fixed images can replace divers positions of a single movable  
image."

In Lucian's "True History" there is mention of a huge mirror. If  
a man looked in it he saw towns and peoples as if he were there. "I thus  
saw my friends and my country." Where in Milton's "Hymn to the Sun"  
is there a vision that suggests "animated projection"?

A necromancer in the Coliseum at night showed Cellini animated  
visions. M. Derys speaks of Leonardo da Vinci, who studied the flight of  
birds, and this gave Marey in 1882 the idea of his chronophotography.  
Fenelon, considering the education of young girls, asked why there was  
no way of making pictures move before one and arrest them in turn so  
that each one would be impressed on the child's mind.

In 1760 Tiphaine de la Roche was told for his "prophecies" by an Ele-  
mentary Spirit that rays of light reflected by various bodies make a pic-  
ture and paint the bodies on all polished surfaces, as on the retina, water,  
looking glasses. "The Elementary Spirits have sought the means of fixing  
these fugitive images. They have composed a subtle, very viscous matter  
which in a short time dries and hardens. They cover a species of cloth  
with this substance and place it before the objects to be reproduced. The  
cloth retains the images. This cannot be done by a mirror. One takes  
away the cloth and puts it in a dark place. An hour afterwards the  
viscous stuff is dry and there is a picture whose truthfulness is not to be  
equalled by any art."

Baudelaire in "L'Art Romantique" gives a minute description of  
the "phenakistoscope," which, according to M. Derys, is an ancestor of  
the cinema, an apparatus that gave the illusion of movement by the  
persistence of optical sensations. In Gerard de Nerval's "Aurelia" the  
visions suggest a film in which images are elaborated in continual  
changes of form. And in Balzac's "Seraphita," M. Derys finds a sort  
of ecstatic and philosophic film. "The 'Assumption of Seraphita' should  
tempt a poet of the screen, Marcel L'Herbier, Jean Epstein, Abel Gance,  
for whom the seventh art is not a little anecdotal amusement, but a new  
aesthetic form in which all rhythms have life, in which all arts are  
blended."

Sir Thomas Browne found quincunxes in everything, in the heavens,  
on the earth, in the waters under the earth, and so M. Derys finds fore-  
runners of the cinema the world over and through the centuries before  
the Lumiere brothers discovered the cinematograph a little less than 30  
years ago; the miracle of a continuous projection that would provide  
a new form of spectacle by presenting the multifarious image of life.

We should like to know more about the use of the magic lantern by  
the ancient Hebrews. Saul had put down witchcraft and the pythoness  
of Endor would not do his bidding until he had sworn solemnly that she  
would come to no harm. We do not believe she was a ventriloquist. We



believe she was a witch of indisputable ability, not to be exposed by any arrogant Houdini of her period. Would that we had known her! She was certainly an unusually interesting woman; she was probably comely. She was hospitable and of a compassionate nature, as was shown by her care for Saul. She spoke of herself as a "handmaiden." Was this as a servant of the King? Unfortunately we do not know from the Old Testament even her name. And so in the Bible are unnamed the Queen of Sheba and the daughter of Herodias. Perhaps the great and excellent Jewish Encyclopaedia, or the Talmud, could tell us more about the pythoness, but we are far from those books of reference.

Basil Macdonald Hastings, who dramatized Conrad's "Victory," says that a great deal of nonsense has been written about the dramatization; some have stated that Conrad disowned it. "He approved of it most warmly and begged me not only to dramatize other of his novels, but to collaborate with him in an entirely new work. It is true that by agreement there was no collaboration, but the reason was that I was then in the army, and the daily intercourse necessary for collaboration was out of the question. Still this did not hinder Conrad from scheming and suggesting in letters a great deal of the building of the play, and writing many scenes of vivid dialogue."

"I used to press him to go to the theatre frequently, as the only way to acquire the ability to visualize scenes. He would shake his head and say, 'I admit that I cannot even imagine a scenic effect, but I cannot learn anything from watching.' Talking of casting plays, I pointed out how valuable it was to know the abilities of all the actors and actresses available. 'You must not ask me to watch actresses, Hastings,' he would reply. 'I was fed once with chocolates by Madame Modjeska, but that was in the middle ages.' I did persuade him, however, to see H. B. Irving's Hamlet. When I sought his views, he praised warmly the actor who played Horatio, whose name I do not remember, and the actor who played Polonius, Mr. Holman Clark."

What did Conrad think of "Victory" as a film play, with its happy ending?

Conrad thought highly of his friend, Catherine Willard, who, once with Mr. Jewett's company, is now under William A. Brady's management. He wrote to a friend about a year ago:

"Our close friendship had given me opportunities of fuller appreciation of her capacities, which seemed to me even then marvelous. I have seen her study many of her parts (some that seemed quite overwhelming for one so young) with an intuitive grasp of character which aroused my admiration."

"The art des grands moyens, without the slightest doubt, forging instinctively the best way to prepare herself for the opportunities which

must come to her. Her charm, her personality, and her inborn dramatic gift will make themselves felt."

"I had made up my mind early to move heaven and earth to get Catherine for the part of Winnie Verloc if ever 'The Secret Agent' was put on the stage. However, her engagements had taken her from London to America then. I am certain that she would have had a brilliant success."

Miss Willard received the original manuscript of "The Secret Agent" from Conrad three weeks before his death.

## CONTINUING

DE WOLF HOPPER and his Comic Opera Company, which opened at the Boston Opera House last evening, will continue to give "The Mikado" for the coming week. The following Monday "Robin Hood" will be presented.

"HELL BENT FOR HEAVEN," the Pulitzer prize play, enters upon the last week of its Boston engagement at the Hollis tomorrow evening. It is a vigorous drama of southern mountain folk, with a religious fanatic, sub-conscious, yet malicious villain, played by John Hamilton, as central character. Last week.

"LITTLE JESSIE JAMES" continues at the Wilbur, where it will begin the seventh week tomorrow evening. Allan Kearns, the juvenile comedian, with an individual style of comedy; the vivacious Laura Hamilton, who plays the title role; the Paul Whiteman band and the well heralded song, "I Love you," are chief attractions.

of the Bible, was one of the first who wrote this word with an "U"; and by the importance and merit of his works gave course to this corruption in the language."

"O WATER FOR ME, O WATER FOR ME, AND WINE FOR THE TREMULOUS DEBAUCHEE."

As the World Wags:

As our government is encouraging us to drink cold water, the following incident may be of interest, to show how a Briton feels on this subject. A lady I know has recently returned from a trip to England. One day she was telling an English lady, who happened to be living at the same hotel, that she had the greatest difficulty in getting a glass of cold water with her breakfast. She said she had repeatedly told the maid to give her one, but every day she had to give the order over again, and she thought it very strange that such a simple thing should be so hard to obtain. The English lady said, "But what do you want the water for?" "Why, to drink, of course," replied the American lady. "Oh, how very nasty!" said our British neighbor. F. C. F.

A "Poem" for string quartet by John Beach of Boston, dedicated to Charles Martin Loeffler was published recently in miniature score by J. and W. Chester of London.

This reminds us that Lawrence Brown's arrangement of "Five Negro Songs" ("spirituals") have been published by Schott & Co. Each of the songs is also arranged for violoncello and piano. Mr. Brown, an excellent pianist, went as accompanist with Roland Hayes when he first visited London. The Daily Telegraph says: "The slight sophistication that he has acquired only enhances the beauty of these songs of his race."

## DE WOLF HOPPER

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—De Wolf Hopper, with his own Comic Opera Company, everything, in a gala revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's famous "Mikado." The cast:

Mikado of Japan.....	Mr. Arthur Cunningham
Nanki-Poo, his son.....	Mr. Forest Huff
Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner in Titipu.....	Mr. De Wolf Hopper
Poo-Bah, Lord High Everything Else.....	Mr. Herbert Waterous
Pish-Tush, a Noble.....	Mr. Henry Kelly
Nee-Ban, official umbrella bearer.....	Mr. John Douglas
Ko-Ko's Three Wards—	
Yum-Yum.....	Miss Ethel Walker
Pitti-Sing.....	Miss Ethel Clark
Peep-Bo.....	Miss Annette Hawley
Katisha, a Lady of His Majesty's Court.....	Miss Bernice Mersohn

Saturday night, the Mikado returned triumphantly to Boston after an absence of nearly three years. With him came the lord high executioner, Nanki-Poo, Pitti-Sing, Yum-Yum, and all the other favorite characters of this, the greatest of all comic operas. Again Nanki-Poo, guitar in hand, sings plaintively about the "Wandering Minstrel"; still do the "Three Little Maids From School" enchant us; once more the priceless tale of the "Little Tom-tit"; for yet another time is the "Object All Sublime" successfully achieved. In fact, most successfully. Seldom have we heard this masterly lyric better presented than by Mr. Cunningham as the Mikado. It is a hard song to "get across," for the rich humor depends for its effect on the clear enunciation of every word. But how much more enjoyable, when adequately recited!

The "Mikado," and indeed all of "G. & S.," retains its youth and freshness with surprising vigor. These pieces, written nearly 40 years ago, some of them, are so completely in a genre of their own—a genre to which our best musical comedy is slowly returning—that they still are, and probably will always be, the masterpieces of their kind ways be, the masterpieces of their kind of entertainment. Here is such sublime fooling, such delicious idiocy, as many dream of but few dare to attempt. Here is the utterly ridiculous which provokes soul-purifying mirth, but withal, so charmingly, so delicately, so deftly done. Lyric and music, perfectly adapted each to the other, inextricably interwoven, each supplementing and enhancing the other—that is "The Mikado." To see it once is everyone's duty to himself; to see it again and again is his blessed privilege.

The company which surrounds Mr. Hopper is much more balanced than many such, and on the whole plays very well. The chorus work is for the most part vocally ineffective, but the stage pictures, particularly in act two, are often excellent. The opening chorus of this act is especially fine, with its soft lights, pretty costumes, and haunting melody.

The principals all have pleasant voices, though none of them is over heavy for so vast an auditorium as the opera house. Miss Walker as Yum-Yum was at her best in "We Are Not Shy, the Moon and I"—a delightfully saucy bit. Miss Clark played Pitti-Sing to the limit of a light but otherwise attractive voice, and was especially graceful in her small dancing part. The men all sing well and were most agreeable in the "Wedding Day" trio. Otherwise the ensemble numbers were marred somewhat by indistinctness of speech. In the solos, this defect is largely absent.

The whole company is especially to be commended for its by-play. Despite the handicap of having to compete with so many other past productions, its members managed to get in quite a lot of new tricks, and novel ways of doing old scenes. Mr. Hopper, roundly greeted as the old favorite that he is, of course excels at this sort of thing. Not only are his antics of the best—broadly conceived, but executed with dash and restraint—but his rendering of the capital lines which fell to his lot leaves nothing to be desired. Three assets he possesses: a mobile face, a voice well placed and under perfect control, and—unlimited experience. On these three things he has built himself an enviable reputation as a comedian, and from his performance of the lord high executioner, he should reap still further laurels.

On the musical side, the orchestra is sympathetically led and plays in an admirably subdued manner, but it is weak and ineffective through lack of sufficient instruments to bring out the full, rich flavor of the orchestration. Too many parts are lacking to do real justice to Sullivan's exquisite handling of his themes. Otherwise, the production is adequate, and a large audience, even for the location, applauded loudly. Mr. Hopper made a most amusing speech. W. R. B.

Sept 15 1924

The London Times recently reviewed J. C. Snaith's novel, "Time and Tide," as follows:

"Of course she was a little brick. But, as cuteness was Mame Du Rance's long suit, the bunch of fossilized moss-backs she met at Fotheringhay House in London, England, had no need to rub her rusticity into her quite so good and hearty. She might be an obvious simp at first, but she was also a fierce go-getter, and not only made good with a smart skirt who was the top of her class, although not in the true sense of the word a looker, but also cut ice with the skirt's brother, a blood peer, who was dressed to beat the band. Having been wised by a common roughneck to the fact that a four-flusher had put one over on her, she, in turn, put over some he-stuff and soon was drawing down a salary of 600 bucks a week in company with the aforesaid queen. Thereafter troubles and adventures in journalism and society followed in amusing sequence, and the reader will doubtless enjoy translating this account of Mame's career in this country as much as did Mr. Snaith the displaying in cold type of his mastery of the American language."

## PREPOSITIONS

As the World Wags:

I have noted during the past year comment, editorial and otherwise, on the propriety or impropriety of ending a sentence with a preposition.

I noticed in a Boston newspaper (not The Herald) the following sentence in a dispatch regarding a certain Mr. Firpo: "Eating is the fondest thing he is of." Should not this gem be cited in future editions of Boston school grammars, as an example of 20th century English "pure and undefiled"? CHARLES ST. C. WADE.

Taunton.

Some one—was it William Cobbett?—said: "When a writer comes to his adjectives I tremble for him." Prepositions and conjunctions are also stumbling blocks. In Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly's little book on "Prepositions," this example is given:

Gladstone once disagreed from Disraeli, and Disraeli disagreed to a question before the House, that the House disagree to the Lords' amendment. This amendment was disagreed from by the Commons. Further to complicate prepositions, Mr. Gladstone moved to disagree to the clause, and also moved that the House disagree with the Lords' amendment.

The question of euphony may sometimes enter into consideration of the ending of a sentence. Surely a sentence like the one quoted by Mr. Wade, would not be found in Swift's, Cobbett's, Pater's or John Henry Newman's writings. Nor in familiar speech does one say: "I find that Brussels sprouts my digestion disagrees with."

## "WHAT IS GREECE?"

An English schoolgirl wrote this answer:

"Greece is the fat of beef or mutton the mountain what is urope bound by

## REFERRED TO MR. JOHNSON

As the World Wags:

While it is a real delight to read a letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, it has been a keen disappointment to me that this great student and sociologist has hitherto shown no public interest in what seems to many of us a forthcoming event transcending most of the items featured on the front page of the newspapers.

I refer to the date, July 23, 1926, which is established as the time of the Great Desolation, and Sept. 1, 1932, the beginning of the millennium. These two fast approaching dates are well known to all astrologers and seers. They are not matter for argument. And yet, how many readers of The Herald have made any intelligent plans for either of these occasions? Even the pulpits maintain silence and waste time in piffling wrangles over modernism and fundamentalism, bound to be swept aside in less than two years. We delude ourselves with the slogan, "Business as usual."

Doubters of course will point out the premature attempts of Mother Shipton to establish a date for the auditing of mundane affairs, and that when the Millerites gave away all they had and donned white robes and climbed trees, nothing whatever happened upon the day they had set, save sunset as usual. But real thinkers like Mr. Herkimer Johnson and myself cannot deceive ourselves with sophistries. Why does not he express his views as to what should be done about it?

JOHN H. CARRICK.  
Gloucester.

## A CORRECTION

As the World Wags:

"Boze" in The Herald of Sept. 1 was mistaken in at least one respect. One of the letters of the alphabet is "O," which stands for Otis in the verses quoted. He is very much alive and comes up every day to see his daughter when she spends the summer on "Hart's Neck." Then there is "I" which means Ira. He lives right above us here the whole year round, as does Otis. "Boze" also omitted one member of the quartet, three members of which he named: Whisker Bill, Pinter Bill, Man-o-War Bill. The fourth was Wreck-o-Bill, so called because he "got a boat ashore" on Martinique, according to Otis, his son, who has just arrived with some cod he caught off Hart's Ledges.

This letter is signed by one of his daughters' who is proud of her ancestors. Man-War Bill and Wreck-o-Bill. EVELYN HART WARD.

Elmore (Hart's Neck), Me.



mediterranean sea on every side but the western parts of Europe, Japan and many other parts of the world and the happenings and the alps and the urals and many other parts of the world and turkey.—harriette waby, aged 7 years."

**THANK YOU; BUT I'LL TRY STEWED FLAPPER.**  
(From the Dayton, O., Daily News.)

**TED**—Middle aged lady for cook-desirable family. G. 5677-I.

**AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON**  
(From the Evanston, Ill., News-Index)

**SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.**  
**CAUFFEUR-BUTLER-GROOM**—7 years' experience. Best driver and caretaker. A-1 ref. Makes homebrew. Phone Lincoln 2342.

**SUBSTANTIAL GRATITUDE**  
(From the Monadnock, N. H., Breeze)

**CARD OF THANKS**  
I wish to take this way to thank the firm of Mfg. Co. for the reward of fifty dollars which I received for giving notice of fire at the factory yesterday. Francis Cassin, New N. H., Aug. 25, 1924. It is said that the loss was about \$10,000.

**PLANETARY REFLECTIONS**  
Martian affairs so affect us? The trials of our own to perplex us. At we Ma's tongue, indeed, down in Texas? Chester. BAIZE.

**THE PEACEFUL PLANET**  
(The alleged discovery of vegetation on Mars)  
Books that tell of Martian charms, search among your learning's riches for wondrous irrigation farms, half-mile wide canals for ditches.

net with the fierce red glow, war that hue no single part owes, scientific hints, I come to know but the hue of ripe tomatoes.

olve the riddle of hey white caps dedicate my future powers; ups they tell of snow and frost—perhaps they are but fields of cauliflowers. A. W.

**the World Wags:**  
The city of Boston has apparently received official recognition to Kipling's female of the species is more doct than the male. The street books are entitled as follows.

**ard.**  
ty of Boston  
st of Residents.  
twenty years of age and over.  
emales indicated by dagger." W. R. E. J.

**the World Wags:**  
There is room in the pantry of The old's Hall of Fame Mr. Lemonjelly, recent bridegroom, would seem to be titled to a place. DELLY K. TESSEN.

**CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE**  
(From The Boston Herald)  
The American ponies seemed superior to their hitting was more accurate than that of the British.

**IT'S AN ELOQUENT LANGUAGE**  
(The World Wags)

With a sweater that buttons in the front we are of the opinion that a four-in-hand tie of stripes rather than a solid shaped (o shrdl cmfwyp shrdlu) looks better.

Why does the linotype when running invariably write in Welsh? And if it does, you will observe, ch this closely and see if I'm not right. It never fails. Having read Welsh, I note that this sentence is merely the old Welsh lullaby, "hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a bird," or bird, I've forgotten which. Boston. L. R. R.

**L. H. Mudgett,**

Louis H. Mudgett, formerly manager of the Boston Opera House and symphony hall, died yesterday in his summer home in Centre Harbor, N. H., after a long illness.

For the last year he had been in failing health and gave up his duties at the Opera House in April and went to his summer home to rest. A month ago he suffered an attack of double pneumonia. He apparently was recovering from this illness and had

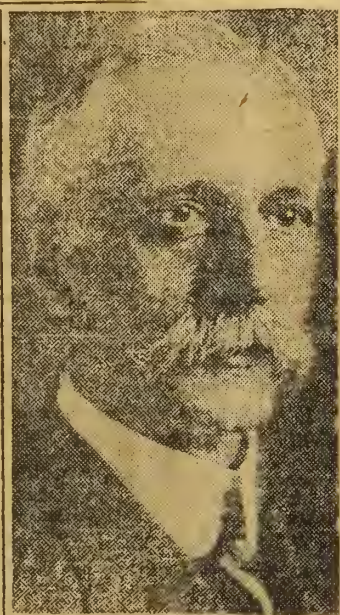
made plans to return to Boston this week when a relapse resulted in his death.

**ORIGINATED SUNDAY CONCERTS**  
Mr. Mudgett was born in Maine on Aug. 26, 1860. Before beginning his long and successful career as an entertainment manager in this city he was a traveling salesman. He was the first manager in the United States to introduce Sunday concerts, and in all his different enterprises displayed ability to engage successful attractions. During his long career he presented to the Boston public all the noted musicians, lecturers and other celebrities of the day.

He began his career as manager of the old Music hall, Aug. 1, 1891, when the Boston Symphony orchestra was under the direction of C. A. Ellis, with whom he was associated for many years. He remained there until the building was remodeled to serve as a vaudeville theatre in 1900 and then became manager of Symphony hall, which had just been completed.

After serving as manager of Symphony hall for more than 20 years, Mr. Mudgett resigned in April, 1922, to become manager of the Boston Opera House, with which he was connected for two years. He brought before the Boston public Paderewski, De Pachmann, Farrar, Sembrich, Eames, McCormack, Galli-Curci, Heifetz and many others in concert work.

Mr. Mudgett's home was at 78 Gainsboro street. He is survived by a widow, Mrs. Susie E. Mudgett, who was at Centre Harbor with him at the time of his death, and a son, William Mudgett, a Dartmouth graduate, now in business in California. Arrangements for the funeral have not been completed.



Sept 16 1924

Howthorn has told us how a slight blemish of the skin, a birth mark hardly noticeable, so beautiful was the woman, tormented the aesthetic soul of her husband, until there was a tragic ending. A European newspaper acquaints us with the strange story of Mme. Possi of Geneva.

Her beauty was so radiant that her husband was furiously jealous; without cause, for she was not even flirtatious. She listened indifferently or not at all to flattering words; she was deaf to sighs of admirers; blind to amorous glances. But Possi wishes that this beauty should exist only for him; that he should be the only one to see it.

Mme. Possi, loving her husband, sought all means to dispel his jealousy. That other men should no longer be drawn towards her by the fatal gift of beauty, she determined to sacrifice herself. She disfigured her face with an acid.

Was her husband thus freed from jealousy? Did he find her soul more beautiful than her face? He at once summoned surgeons and begged them to repair the damage which she had hoped would be irreparable.

This incident in domestic life excited various comments in Paris. One journalist hopes that the surgeons will restore her beauty. "Mme. Possi has shown great imprudence and a profound ignorance of the male heart. Men love women because they are beautiful. It matters not what takes place behind the eyes and forehead. As a rule they will never know. Then why should they not love that which first of all is perceptible and to be appreciated?"

"Colette," writing to Figaro, contrasts Mme. Possi with a Rumanian beauty who killed herself because she found a wrinkle in her face. Of the two, "Colette" finds Mme. Possi the more "naive." She was loved only for her fatal beauty. She has lost everything by sinning against it. "Was a drama impending? If so, it would be a normal one: Suicide of the husband, or a duel between him and a supposed lover. All that rests in tradition: banality, savagery and ordinary love. A jealous woman exclaims, 'I shall kill you.' That's your affair, replies her sensible husband. There was no guarantee in Mme. Possi's case that tragedy would ensue. . . . destroying her beauty, she shows that she counted on her husband's nobility of soul. 'He will now be happy,' she said to herself. Also, if he had loved her chiefly on account of her incomparable beauty, he would now forget that she was once the most beautiful woman in the world. Obsessed by jealousy, he dreamed only of this beauty."

As for the Rumanian, who had reached her 50th year, "Colette" says if she had visited the offices of violet rays, blue light, tinting, massage and facial surgery, she would not have found time to quit the world. "But this haughty woman no doubt lived in retirement, between two pitiless spies, her mirror and her love. In which one of the two did she see for the first time her wasting face?"

What does Mrs. Gollightly, the charming Eustasia, or that stern moralist Miss Jane Winterbottom, think of Mme. Possi's action? ("Gesture" is a word sadly overworked). We should like to hear from them.

#### LODGING-HOUSE

He shuffled in his gait  
And stooped  
As if with years.  
His face was fallow-pale  
Yet young,  
As aged baby faces  
In the narrow streets  
Where youth flees  
Whilst it is attained.  
"Had breakfast at  
"The One-armed Ritz," he said  
(Some coffee and a doughnut  
Round and hard)  
Then long hours in a dim  
Department store.  
A lurid movie  
Shaped his summer eve  
And then  
Wan gaslight led him  
Up the endless stairs.  
He shuffled in his gait  
And stooped  
As if with years.  
Brookline. MARGARET LLOYD.

**As the World Wags:**  
**"NORMAL EDUCATORS  
AT BRIDGEWATER"**  
Are there such educators any more and anywhere?  
ROGER ASCHEM, JR.

"I like Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's frank declaration that 'one may detest a man's work while admitting his greatness.' Perhaps there are some pure-blooded critics who wouldn't agree. I think that when the pressure upon posterity becomes too great we might take the opportunity to get rid of the more disagreeable great men. Of course, if they are out-and-out villains of a picturesque kind, such as Benvenuto Cellini, they will have to remain. A. N. M.

#### PROGRESS AND LIGHTNING RODS

The writer who is contributing unusually interesting articles about the life of farmers in western states to the Christian Science Monitor says that in Nebraska no house is complete without lightning rods. "They perch jauntily on nearly all roofs, even to (sic) the roofs of chicken houses. . . . Kansas, evidently, is a progressive state, for it also is well equipped with these same lightning rods."

This traveling correspondent should read Herman Melville's "The Lightning Rod Man." He might then think that lightning rods, even on chicken houses, are not necessarily a sign of progress. As the rods were adjusted in the sixties and seventies they were often a source of danger and were laughed at by Jupiter Tonans. We are told that they are now adjusted in a more scientific manner.

In our little village on the Connecticut 60 or 60 years ago these traveling solicitors were looked on with suspicion if not fear by the prosaic God-fearing inhabitants: the sewing machine agent, the lightning-rod man, and the handsome woman with books "sold only by subscription." Then there was the woman that called on "prominent" citizens and urged them to allow

biographical notices to be written for a book about "leading men of Massachusetts" on payment of a ridiculously small price—a steel engraving (whiskers and all) extra.

**TO BOOST NEW ENGLAND**  
**As the World Wags:**

When a boy at school toward 60 years ago, we used to sing a song, one of the lines of which ran something like this: "Hurrah for old New England with its lakes and granite hills!" Apropos of the approaching occasion for boosting New England, perhaps some one can resurrect the words of the song which the lapse of years has dimmed in my memory.

Sharon. W. T. O.

Lovers of farce-comedy of the broader kind may be bitterly disappointed in "Strange Bedfellows." The original title was "So This is Politics." It is said that the change in title has bettered the business.

**By PHILIP HALE**  
**COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Sun Up," a play in three acts and four scenes by Lulu Vollmer:**

Widow Cagle. . . . . Lucille La Verne  
Pap Todd. . . . . Owen Meech  
Emmy. . . . . Anne Elstner  
Rud. . . . . Eugene Lockhart  
Sheriff Weeks. . . . . Edward H. Loeffler  
Rufe. . . . . Kerett, Allan  
Preacher. . . . . Charles MacDonald  
The Stranger. . . . . Glenn Burdette  
Bob. . . . . William Edwards

This was the first play produced at the Copley Theatre under the management of the Shuberts. The theatre was well filled. There were some in the audience who saw fit to snicker, giggle and laugh out loud whenever there were pathetic situations or lines of tense emotion.

The play is pleasing by its simplicity. Whether the players speak faithfully the dialect of the dwellers in "The Carolina Mountains" we cannot say, for we have never heard these mountaineers talk. But this is immaterial. The characters themselves might have dwelt in any place where moonshiners cannot understand why they should be molested by the law and are constitutionally "agin" the law. Where, as in many places in the South during the world war, the natives believed that men were drafted to fight against the "Yankees."

Widow Cagle's husband had been killed by a revenue officer. Her son went to the world war thinking it his duty. Before leaving he was married to Emmy, who had been courted by the sheriff. The mother argued against the boy's going and when he left played the Spartan mother—until he was out of sight. One wild night some months afterward a stranger asked for shelter. It turned out that he was a deserter, saying that his mother was weeping; thus he appealed to the widow. He read—for she could not read or write—a dispatch saying that her son was killed in action. She was then the more resolved not to give him over to the sheriff. At last she learned from him that this stranger was the son of the man who slew her husband. She, in turn, in true mountain and Corsican spirit, would kill him, though she, loving fair play, offered him a gun. As she was about to shoot, she heard her dead son's voice. The deserter, disguised, was allowed to escape—not to his mother but to the camp, for he was shamed into serving his country.

The last scene is, unfortunately, the weakest in the play, the least plausible, but it is short and it does not wholly destroy the effect of the preceding acts. The effect is not gained by attention to details for the sake of local realism; the widow constantly smoking a pipe, the gourd for drinking water, etc.; the effect is due to the, for the most part, skillfully drawn character of the widow, her stoicism, her opinions about law and order, her revulsion when she

finds that the man befriended is the son of her husband's murderer. The "spirit voice" heard only by her that frees the deserter is wholly out of keeping with the movement of the play and the character of the widow.

The other characters are simple people, although the sheriff is an old friend in melodrama. The part of the widow was admirably played by Miss La Verne. Her personation was consistent and forcible, without any undue emphasis, with a quiet intensity that made one forget that a part was acted. One could have wished that Miss Elstner had been less lacrymose, had whined less in the earlier scenes. The other parts were adequately taken though Mr. Meech at times in the first act was almost unintelligible in speech.

It was a pleasure to find that the bill requested the audience not to demand a curtain call until the end of the play. At the end the applause was hearty.



**THEATRE—"Mr. Battling Butler,"** a musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Ballard McDonald from an English original; music by Walter Rosemont; produced by George Choos. The cast:

Deacon Grafton.....Eugene McGregor  
Mrs. Alfred Butler.....Helen Eley  
Nancy.....Lucille Arden  
Margold.....Polly Walker  
Edith.....Marion Hamilton  
A chauffeur.....Arthur Burns  
Alfred Butler.....Charles Ruggles  
Frank Bryant.....Sam Critcherson  
Ernest Hozler.....Frank Sinclair  
Sweeney.....Eugene McGregor  
Spink.....Teddy Freeman  
Battling Butler.....Howard Freeman  
Bertha Butler.....Esther Muir  
Exceptional dancer.....George Dobbs  
Professional boxers.....

Charles Paker and Billie Myers  
George Choos's first legitimate production was originally English, bearing the slightly different title of "Battling Butler." In this country it was first called "The Dancing Honeymoon" and then "Mr. Battling Butler." It has been thoroughly Americanized by Ballard McDonald, who has made the locale Silver Lake, N. H., and New York. There is no strangeness in the new setting; in many countries, the farce situation of the poser forced to a show-down is familiar.

Not many years ago, Frank Craven, as a pseudo-aviator in "Going Up," was forced to drive a plane; more recently, in "The Hottentot," William Collier was unwillingly set upon a savage racehorse because he had boasted of his riding triumphs. This same set of circumstances has been used here. Charles Ruggles is engaged to battle the Alabama murderer, and it will be used many times again.

"Mr. Battling Butler," despite its familiarity, has some hilarious moments. The play concerns Alfred Butler (Mr. Ruggles) a peaceable citizen of Silver Lake, who is remarkably like the lightweight champion in appearance and name. To evade his wife's strict discipline, he poses as the champion; when the champion trains, he trains also—far away from Mrs. Butler. With this premise, the rest may be guessed—that the wife will become suspicious and that the false pugilist will be compelled to fight. It is just before the encounter—when the trainer gives Ruggles last minute instructions—that the fun is most infectious. Most of it is slapstick and knockabout, but it is funny.

There are two very good tunes in the show, "The Dancing Honeymoon" and "Will You Marry Me?" both sung by the engaging Miss Polly Walker. There are two or three clever lyrics moderately well delivered. The production is excellent—scenery, costumes and staging; and the cast does well enough, although, except for Charles Ruggles, who is an invaluable comedian, and Miss Walker, there is a distinct lack of personalities. Particularly the absence of William Kent, who was in the New York cast, is felt; he would have given individuality to the role of the helpful friend.

Almost perfect is the dancing, and in the dancing the show excels. Following the sure fire Cohan procedure, Mr. Choos throws into every other number an eccentric dancer and he is sure that all of his principals dance well. For fast stepping good measure, he imported a troupe of those uncannily precise English girls this time called the "Rockets." They are less comely than their American colleagues, but are decidedly better trained. Little different from any one of the other English groups now in this country, these girls made the unmistakable impression of the evening. They always do.

"Mr. Battling Butler" has no startling deficiencies nor virtues. It is a good example of its kind, and the kind is legion. Those who have liked similar shows will find familiar things to like in this one. J. C. M.

## CONTINUING

**WILBUR—"Little Jessie James,"** musical comedy, with large cast, headed by Laura Hamilton and Allan Kearns. Seventh week.

**HOLLIS—"Hell-Bent for Heaven,"** the Pulitzer prize play, a comedy drama. Last week.

**SYMPHONY HALL—"The Sea Hawk,"** Sabatini's adventure story filmed, with Milton Sills, Wallace Berry and Enid Bennett leading cast.

**TREMONT TEMPLE—"Abraham Lincoln,"** pictured biography, with George Billings an ideal Lincoln.

**SHUBERT THEATRE—"Innocent Eyes,"** the latest Winter Garden revue, comes to town after a summer only in the big city. Book by Harold Atteridge. Lyrics by Harold Atteridge and Tot Seymour. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. The cast of principals includes:

Vannessi, Lew L'arn, Fay Marde, Douglas Leavitt, Frances Williams, Marjory Leach, Franklin Byron, Cleo Pergain, Ted Doner, Grace Bowman, Mae Cairns, Ruth Lockwood, Charles Howard, Mabel Carruthers, James E. Phillips, Dolores Farris, Frank Dobson, Charles Mac, Eddie Rogers and Dot McNulty.

It was an altered "Innocent Eyes," and a curiously vitalized one which opened last night at the Shubert. Crippled by the loss of Mistinguett—for whom the show was especially designed—it nevertheless managed to hobble along with no little assurance, and was still exhibiting considerable signs of life when the curtain went down at 11:20. A pair of French heels and a piquant French face were everything of value that the show originally contained; last night not a little of the old material still lingered. The disaphanous, delectable, desirable, different tableaux, depicting Venus rising from the sea and other interesting matters, "adequately lighted, so as to be visible from all parts of the house," were, as invariably happens with Shubert adventures into "high art," a complete frost. The director was quite unable to live up to the subtle insinuations of the Shubert press agent. Either the press agent knew Boston audiences or the director did not. Anyhow, they failed utterly to work together and many false hopes were dashed at last night's opening.

Something should be done; such gross deception of the public is illegal and unwarranted. Messrs. Lee and "Jake" should fire either their director or their press agent. Personally, we suggest firing them both.

For other fare, "Innocent Eyes" boasts four comedians of more than average talent: Mr. Howard, Mr. Hearn, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Leavitt. In the order named. Somebody has succeeded in pulling the book together a good deal since the New York critics described it as without a trace of humor, and the four gentlemen aforesaid make very good use of it. Witness the 10 minutes of excellent farce with which the piece ends. Then there is a quite perceptible thread of plot running through the show—the point of departure being when the head of the Purty League inherits the Moulin Rouge, and goes down to "look it over." There are a lot of good lines sprinkled around, and such songs as were intelligible seemed to possess some wit in the wording.

The music is regular Winter Garden stuff—considerable swing, occasionally interesting rhythms, and lots of noise. Miss Marde, Miss Bowman and Miss Williams have pleasing voices; with the exception of Mr. Leavitt, the men are a total loss. Of the songs, the name piece is the only one to linger in the memory. However, Miss Williams had some clever lyrics in "Tweet-Tweet" and "Red-Hot Mama," and with "Hard-hearted Hannah" she nearly broke up the show.

Of the other principals, Miss Marde, who has most of Mistinguett's abandoned role, is more than adequate for the duties which are thrust on her. Hers is a pleasing performance. The dancing falls to Vannessi, who possesses extraordinary suppleness, and a modicum of grace. "The Peacock Strut" is her big number. As for the chorus, it is uniformly ragged—a combination far more intricate than any of its proper evolutions. One fine number there is: "Behind Milady's Fan." The rest is straight drag 'em on and push 'em off stuff.

The burden of "Innocent Eyes" rests on the four comedians. If they falter, all is lost. But they do not falter. W. R. B.

**ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Brown Sugar,"** a comedy in three acts by Lady Arthur Lever, presented for the first time in Boston by the Henry Jewett repertory company, and produced under the personal direction of Mr. Jewett.

The cast:  
Raymond W. Cardwell  
The Earl of Knightsbridge.....Francis Compton  
The Countess of Knightsbridge.....Elspeth Dudgeon  
Lord Sloane.....Alan Mowbray  
Lady Sloane.....Stella Deering  
In the Chorus of "The Daffodil Girl".....Marie Loulae Walker  
Lady Honoria Nesbitt.....Katherine Standing  
Mrs. Cunningham.....Violet Paget  
The Hon. Archibald Wentworth.....Barry Jones  
Saunders.....C. Wordley Hulse  
Crouble Carruthers.....Hugh C. Buckler

Mr. Edmondson (a theatre manager).....E. E. Clive  
Miss Gibson (his typist).....May Edies  
Snelling (his assistant).....Harold West

There is no particular novelty attached to the chronicle of the sprightly chorus girl, uncultured but pure of heart, who marries the scion of nobility; first shocks, then wins his upish family, except for the proud mother and

the snobbish damsel he was to have wed, and, having nearly precipitated a scandal by running away to return to the stage, is finally received into the fold with full appreciation.

This familiar tale is told again in Lady Lever's piece, but sauced with witty lines that make it easier to bear. If the author has not spared the use of sentiment, neither has she forgotten the redeeming humor. And she has provided the members of Mr. Jewett's company with some extremely actable parts.

The lady of the chorus would be an alluring starring role for some young woman of similar antecedents. She is the centre of every situation, the reason for every contretemps. Her high spirits carry the comedy along, her stormy scenes rivet attention—on her. Miss Walker is equal to every demand of the part save that of unforced gaiety. Her crudeness is happily artless, her exuberance youthful. Her quick temper tones in with her auburn tresses. When called upon to sing and dance she does so acceptably enough to pass for a musical comedienne—so much so that in the final act her audience forgot that it was not viewing a musical comedy and almost secured an encore.

Perhaps the impression that Miss Standing made as the catty Lady Honoria was due quite as much to her appearance as to her acting. She looked extremely beautiful in her dignified and graceful gowns.

The Honorable Archie of Mr. Jones was a likable character, especially because Mr. Jones did not seize an opportunity to overdo the "silly awss" effect.

Miss Dudgeon gave the stiff and starchy mother-in-law the appearance of reality. Francis Compton's sympathetic earl was well liked by the audience. Mr. Buckler is unrecognizable but undoubtedly effective in a defacing makeup and an almost effaced enunciation. Mr. Clive does an arresting bit as the theatre manager.

However, "Brown Sugar—the name applies to the heroine," obviously enough, because she is "sweet but unrefined"—circulates around the person of Miss Walker. Her merits were sufficient to enthrone a large audience last evening.

## TREMONT THEATRE—Henry W.

Savage, Inc., offers Ada-May in "Lollipop," a musical comedy in three acts. Book by Zelda Sears, music by Vincent Youmans, lyrics by Zelda Sears and Walter de Leon, dances arranged by Bert French. Russell Tarbox conducted. The cast:

Mrs. Mason.....Adora Andrews  
Virginia.....Marie Stag  
Don Carlos.....Leonard Celly  
Omar K. Garrity.....Nick Long, Jr.  
Petunia.....Evelyn Bennet  
Laura Lamb.....Ada-May  
Rufus.....A Dark Secret  
George Jones.....Gas Shy  
Bill Geohagen.....Walter Craig  
Mrs. Garrity.....Daisy Belmont  
Helene.....Florence Webber  
Specialty Dancer.....George Kidson  
Specialty Dancer.....Gertrude Dolan  
Parkinson.....Mark Smith  
Ludsay.....William C. Gordon  
Eve.....Evelyn Kindler  
1823 Girl.....Mary Jayne  
Houri.....Maude Troupe  
Ballet Girl.....Ruth Tester  
Hungarian Girl.....Guerrida Crawford  
1723 Girl.....Mildred Belson  
Little Miss Muffit.....Irene Spary  
Strutter.....Beatrice Conif  
Collinette.....Jackie Dola  
Fencing Girl.....Emily Marth  
Orchid Girl.....Irene Comer  
Dancing Girl.....Patricia Parker

Back to the very scene of her extraordinary triumph comes once again Ada-May and her company, and once more, and pleasurable, too, is spun the alluring tale of the wild plumbers, of a new Cinderella, of a newer type of the newer rich, of a butler made and fashioned along other than the overworked styles of our workaday theatre.

Once again there is musical comedy—albeit surfeited again and again with the interpolated specialties of lights of our vaudeville theatre—but musical comedy showing its heels to many of our contemporaneous "shows," with often a good "line," with more good laughs, with a company of unusual talent; with music that takes a higher plane in inventive significance, with tunes that arrest attention, with an orchestration that delights the ear and speaks of a future for Mr. Youmans. And when all this is said, we turn with wondering eyes to the dancing—dancing that bewilders in this or that solo, as essayed by Ada-May, by Gus Shy, by Nick Long, Jr., or again in the colorful manoeuvring or ensemble dancing of the chorus. And, lo! "gentlemen of the chorus," who can behave as others than sticks of the theatre, utilitarians all!

And so the entire company repeated its success of 10 months ago. Ada-May's performance, away beyond her years, is a lingering picture in the mind. Not often is it given to theatregoers to witness a performance in which the descriptive "well-rounded" is something more than an idle phrase.

In her dancing specialties she has much to offer to her sisters of the stage. Light and fleet of foot, indefatigable in the length of her numbers to please a clamoring audience, with many a new trick in this or that step, she is all over the broad expanse of the stage. Beside this is her keen sense of comic values avoiding the tendency to overdo or hammer in, and then there is the advantage of a voice of musical beauty, which she discreetly avoids forcing, knowing that after all, in this respect, if in none other, she has her limitations.

Gus Shy, delightful in his burlesquing, offers a style obviously individualistic, now in rugged method, now in subtlety of step. Besides, he was a good union man, and his plumber is a pleasing recollection. As well was the performance of his colleague, Walter Craig, as Bill Geohagen, a dancing treat, but less to the point in his singing numbers. Nick Long, Jr., too, "danced his head off," as the youth behind us put it. And the Mrs. Garrity of Daisy Belmont, measured well, as the nouveau riche, despite the handicap of the admirable performance of Zelda Sears still fresh in the memory. And so down the line, all had their hand in this admirable performance. Of the butler of Mark Smith—gorgeous. "Give us more 'Lollipops,'" said the young man in the lobby. So say we, hopeful of the future of our musical comedy theatre.

**ST. JAMES—Boston Stock Company** presents "Good Gracious, Annabelle," Clare Kummer's three-act farce, featuring Kay Hammond as Annabelle.

The cast:  
Wilbur Jennings, an indigent English poet.....Samuel Godfrey  
James Ludgate, George Wimbledon's man.....Louis Leon Hall  
Wickham, a house detective.....Ralph Remey  
Ebel Dean, an artist in distress.....Olive Blakeney  
Gwedolen Morley, a poor girl at the mercy of her rich parents.....Nina Oliver  
Alfred Weatherby, whose father can no longer pay his bills.....John Collier  
Alec, a page boy.....Joseph Lee  
William Gosling, a lawyer.....Frederick Murray

Titcomb, a clerk.....Ralph Morehouse  
George Wimbledon, who has inherited his father's millions.....Houston Richards  
Annabelle Leigh, who has a husband somewhere.....Kay Hammond  
John Rawson, a western mine-owner of great wealth.....Herbert Heyes  
Harry Murchison, whose income is large but uncertain.....Harvey Hays  
Lottie, under-cook at Wimbledon's.....Anna Layne

The performance is delightfully amusing from the rise to the fall of the curtain. It bubbles with witty chatter and there is enough of the mystery in it to stimulate the interest to the end.

The curtain rises on a lounging room setting in a New York hotel. A needy poet sits scanning a paper. He hears the houseman of the wealthy George Wimbledon tell stories of expensive parties conducted by his master at the palatial Long Island estate, to the hotel detective. He is joined by a woman artist in distress and together they are joined by the talk of lavish living. They hope for the advent of two friends who might have sufficient money to pay for the luncheon, but fate is against them, the father of one friend failing to meet the demands of his child while the other cannot longer make allowances to his scion.

"The last hope of the quartet lies in the arrival of Annabelle, who has a husband somewhere, but from whom she gets quarterly remittances. These allowances, however, do not begin to meet her needs, and she frequently finds herself without funds. She is in such a plight at the meeting of her four friends, but is quick witted enough to make herself and her needs known to a strange man, who likes her style and who willingly appeases the hunger of the five by paying the bill.

Prospects for immediate financial relief appear far distant to Annabelle. She had borrowed on shares of stock and needed money for their redemption, for they were valuable and would tide her over in the future, if redeemed. They fall into the hands of the wealthy Wimbledon. She is not aware of that, however, until she and her four indigent friends hire out as servants in his household.

The second act is set in the servants' hall at Wimbledon's place. Many interesting incidents occur, including the stealing of the stock. The last act in the lodge garden unites two wealthy families, the Wimbledon and the Rawsons, and gives to Annabelle the husband she did not know and had not seen for years.

Louis Leon Hall gave a splendid portrayal of the English house servant, and Anna Layne, as Lottie, the under-cook, played her part in a convincing manner.

## KEITH'S BILL

A splendid and varied entertainment is furnished at Keith's this week and if applause is the final verdict, the show should not be missed. From the opening of the bill, to the closing act of the



Hotel orchestra of London, head-  
Frank Dio Data, the house was  
fully applauding.  
Ethel Grey Terry, of stage and  
fame, and her company, head-  
ed in a crook sketch by Willard  
called "Sharp Tools." The plot  
it around a big haul of diamonds  
as a surprise climax that really  
ed. Miss Terry acted her part in  
vincing manner and, in fact, the  
company played their parts just

ny Duggan, local ballroom dancer,  
his partner, Ann Aker—formerly  
Pierce—assisted by Freddie San-  
have a neat terpsichore number  
went over with tremendous suc-  
leen O'Hanlon and Theodore  
ml, European character dancers,  
ed by Senorita Grassi and the Ar-  
orchestra, supplied some whirli-  
dances, the Apache number scor-  
avily. There is plenty of paprika  
act. The Arnaut Brothers, famed  
olists and comedians, clicked as  
with their bright little act; Alan  
n, who can always be depended  
many laughs, has a good sketch  
adding Her Good Night" with his  
r. Mary Casey: "Oklahoma" Bob  
nt in a cycle of songs that pleased  
ly; Harry Rose, the "Broadway  
y" in some humorous nonsense,  
ic Sterlings in an unusual roller  
g dancing act complete the show.  
ws reel and fables are up to their  
standard. It is a fine bill.  
H. M.

Sept 17 1925

Miguel Zamacois is shocked and  
dusted by the carelessness, the crim-  
ity of many motorists, and he sees  
help in any plan thus far pro-  
d in France to lessen, much less do  
y with, accidents. He regards the  
duction of automobiles as a mys-  
rious dispensation of Providence, and  
es as follows.

ter providence had created man  
ome inscrutable purpose, he sought,  
another inscrutable purpose, to  
se them disappear. There were sev-  
ways of doing this. At first wild  
its ate enough human beings to  
lish an equilibrium. At last man,  
ng been endowed with intelligence,  
nted ways of killing the beasts.  
ill an equilibrium was desirable.  
ases were inflicted on the race.  
e retaliated by inventing medicinal  
dies, hygiene, pharmaceutical spe-  
cies. And then Providence made us  
man's inherent foolishness. Winter  
e created for skating; summer for  
baths, Alpine-climbing and mush-  
rooms. For many years this device  
oked admirably. Men and women fell  
ugh thin ice, and disappeared down  
asses; they went in swimming in  
lgerous places or too soon after eat-  
g. They wished to be on top of tower-  
peaks which were evidently intend-  
ly to ornament the landscape and  
een from afar. They ate from one  
uration to another, at the same time  
he year, funny and venomous little  
rella shaped mushrooms.

It there is a limit even to folly.  
a more intelligent men came to the  
se of their silly fellows. They put  
signs: "Danger," "Thin ice," "Skat-  
ing forbidden," "no swimming here."  
y put ropes on beaches, appointed  
eavers, built funicular railways,  
ed in film theatres the mushrooms  
could be safely eaten and the  
rooms that were poisonous.  
then providence induced men to in-  
the automobile, that it might  
ly enrich the Lower World. Intelli-  
e served men in making the ma-  
ne. Foolishness—with its various  
adonyms, proper pride, craze for  
d, sporting blood—foolishness served  
in killing themselves by the ma-  
ne.

One wishes to see an amusing sight  
should visit on a Saturday the ga-  
and see the process of preparing  
or cars for the Sunday excursion.  
they fly, a joyous crowd, with their  
s intact, after the manner of the  
e adventurous of the "Two Pig-  
n in the old tale. But what is  
h more curious and amusing is the  
rn on Monday morning. The droll-  
of this return is a classic in the  
ages. The motor cars are limping,  
h shields broken, tires "bust." The  
ons return to the dove-cote drag-  
a leg, wings lamed, happy if they  
rn at all, and have not swollen the  
y list of victims of imprudence and  
d.

ortality through the automobile has  
aced—and to its terrible advantage  
e mortality due to cold baths, "Al-  
sme" and mushrooms. And this has  
egun, for as more and more cars  
produced and more licenses are  
ted, they increase by virtue of  
mathematical laws of the square  
cube roots, the number of possible

accidents  
It is not fair that dangerous madmen  
should be shut up in asylums, and the  
still more insane be allowed to go free  
on the highways. There should be a  
summary stop put to this murderous  
"auto mobilism." It is up to tech-  
nicians and specialists to find some  
remedy against the massacre of the  
guilty by themselves; something be-  
tween the total reduction of speed and  
the reduction of breakage. We should  
prefer preventive and reassuring inter-  
vention by the office of "Ponts et  
Chaussées" to the intervention of  
"l'Assistance publique"—after the ac-  
cident.

EASY ODDS

[In motoring to a hastily summoned  
conference, King Alfonso recently cov-  
ered the distance between Santander  
and Madrid in seven hours, which rep-  
resents an average speed of forty miles  
an hour. "This," observes a Reuter  
message, "is believed to be a record for  
a motor journey by a monarch over  
such a distance."]

Some talk of Alexander,  
And some of Norman Bill;  
Some think Queen Bess was grander,  
Or Cromwell grander still.  
But which of these could motor,  
For all their pride and power,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
At forty miles an hour?

Did Xerxes e'er go on so?  
Darius—could he drive?  
Why, no—the fleet Alfonso  
Has got them skinned alive!  
When Alfred burned the biscuits,  
Or Richard hacked and mauled  
Fierce Paynims to their briskets,  
Kings didn't move; they crawled.

This record, then, convinces;  
But let it not be hurled  
Too hard against the princes  
Who ruled the ancient world.  
One thought should check the gloaters,  
One thought that swiftly springs—  
Their world was short of motors;  
Ours—rather short of kings.

LUCIO.

Let us quote from "Incidences" by  
Andre Gide:

"The young persons whom I have  
known to be the most fanatical motor-  
lists were formerly the least anxious  
to travel. Pleasure is now no longer  
in seeing a country; not even in ar-  
riving quickly at a certain place where,  
by the way, nothing attracts them—  
but in precisely this, the going quickly.  
And that one thus enjoys sensations so  
profoundly inartistic, as anti-artistic as  
the sensations of Alpine climbing, it is  
necessary to admit that the sensations  
are intense and not to be simplified.  
The epoch that has known them will  
undergo the consequences: it is the  
epoch of Impressionism, of rapid and  
superficial vision. One forsees what its  
gods and altars will be."

"ON," NOT "IN"

The Daily Chronicle of London says:  
"In the water wagon" used to be in the  
United States a picturesque term for  
total abstinence from liquor before such  
abstinence was compulsory.

The Daily Chronicle means well, but  
the total abstainer was "on," not "in"  
the water wagon. The Chronicle quotes  
"a well-known American scientist" as  
saying with regard to diabetes: "Many  
a patient ends his life by deliberately  
falling off the insulin wagon in his pas-  
sion for a porterhouse steak." Who is  
this scientist?

And is not this phrase, "well known"  
overworked? In almost every obituary,  
every notice of an accident or announce-  
ment of a betrothal, X, or Y, or Z, is de-  
scribed as "well-known," when in nine  
cases out of ten he is known only by the  
relatives, friends and a few tradesmen.

"Spring Cleaning" N

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First per-  
formance in Boston of "Spring Clean-  
ing," a comedy in three acts by Fred-  
erick Lonsdale.

Walters.....Stanley Rignold  
Margaret Sones.....Violet Heming  
Ernest Steele.....A. E. Mathews  
Pay Collen.....Penelope Hubbard  
Lady Jane Walton.....Maud Andrew  
Archie Wells.....Dallas Henderson  
Bobbie Williams.....Robert Noble  
Billy Sommers.....C. Haviland Chappell  
Connie Gillies.....Dena Sorey  
Richard Sones.....Arthur Byron  
Mona.....Estelle Winwood

This comedy was played in Chicago  
in September, 1923. It is, indeed, a  
comedy of manners, which at times is  
fantastical, at other times almost far-  
cical. Satirical in a more or less ex-  
aggerated manner, probability and pure-  
ly theatrical interest being often sacri-  
ficed for the sake of witty lines; a  
comedy grossly improbable in the mo-  
tive and construction of the second act.  
Sones, a novelist, is disgusted with

his wife on account of the company  
she keeps—the men all pursuing other  
men's wives, the women, frivolous, ex-  
travagant, and of loose morals. His  
wife is courted by a notorious rake,  
Ernest Steele. As Sones loves his  
wife, although as the years have  
passed, he has not courted her daily  
with flowers and affectionate telephone  
calls, he remonstrates with her, but in  
vain. He forbids her to entertain her  
friends. She is obstinate. They are all  
to be at dinner. He hits upon inviting  
as his guest a girl of the streets, and  
introduces her to the amazement and  
horror of his wife's friends.

Not content with this, he abuses  
them roundly one by one, and tells  
Steele that if he enters his house again  
he will kick him out. He thus hopes to  
shame his wife into abandoning the  
rakes and the loose women, saying  
boldly "that as regards the street girl  
Mona, he prefers the professional to the  
amateur."

It may be remembered that in Smol-  
lett's "Peregrine Pickle," a woman of  
the town, far less attractive and intel-  
ligent than Mona, is introduced by  
Peregrine into supposedly polite com-  
pany.

But Mrs. Jones, incensed, threatens  
to leave her husband and go to Steele,  
even though she would be only his  
mistress. There is talk about her  
children, but her husband tells her he  
would prefer them to associate with  
Mona rather than grow up under the  
influence of Margaret's friends.

The rest of the play is concerned in  
the duel between husband and wife.  
Will she leave him? Will the cynical  
rake marry her? Will she forgive her  
husband for the trick he played her.  
After the interview between the two  
men in the last act, the final scene  
that brings reconciliation drags, per-  
haps by reason of the slow pace taken  
by Mr. Byron and Miss Heming, and  
the reconciliation itself is awkwardly  
managed by the dramatists.

The second act is wildly improbable.  
Even the male friends of Margaret,  
cads and hounders as they are, would  
not have submitted so tamely to the  
husband's insults. And it may be ques-  
tioned whether any husband, even a  
novelist, would have ventured to in-  
troduce a girl of the streets as his  
dinner guest.

But grant the probability, grant the  
artificiality of the chief scene, the fact  
remains the comedy is interesting, often  
engrossing and very amusing.

Some of the characters are sharply  
defined, especially Steele, the suave  
and cynical rake, and Mona, who in a  
scene that is again highly improbable,  
endeavors to lead Margaret back to her  
husband. And Mona, though we may  
doubt her statement that in her spare  
time she attended night school, which  
accounts for her manner of speech as  
being more refined when occasion de-  
mands than her calling, is on the whole  
the most genuine and original char-  
acter in the play.

From what we read in frothy, sensa-  
tional "Sexy" novels, descriptive of life  
in London as imagined by female novel-  
ists, especially those written by Lady  
This or Lady That and daughters of  
clergymen, there is basis for Mr. Lons-  
dale's satire. His dialogue is often  
natural and witty; but epigrams are  
sometimes introduced merely for the  
sake of the line and are not appropriate  
to the sentimental or emotional situa-  
tions. The lines of Mona more often  
ring true than those given to Steele,  
Sones and Margaret, in their too evi-  
dent and deliberate combats of wit.

The comedy is played for the most  
part with great spirit, with fine brio.  
The four leading parts are taken by  
well graced actors and actresses. If

time permitted it would be a pleasant  
task to speak more in detail of their  
performance. We shall refer to it later.  
The other parts were played so that  
they did not suffer in comparison.

A large audience was greatly pleased.  
The comedy should have a long and  
successful run.

Sept 18 1924

"The smile of dancers does not nec-  
essarily translate a state of soul."

We have received from a reader of  
The Herald a "dodger" of Whitmore &  
Clark's Minstrels and Brass Band,  
"now on their annual tour." Four end  
men, George M. Clark, Hank White,  
James and Frank Hennessey were  
among the "entirely new features."

"Every Man a Star Performer."  
"Their Lustre is Enhanced with Age."  
"Eighteen Consecutive Years of Pop-  
ularity."

And this program, as we learn from  
the back, was perfumed with Hoyt's  
German Cologne, "the most fragrant  
and lasting of all perfumes."

The perfume of this program evap-  
orated long ago.

Where now are the four end men  
and the others, all star performers?

This friend sends us a clipping from  
the Somersworth (N. H.) Free Press.  
He has pencilled under Somersworth,  
"Great Falls, 50 years ago."

The clipping sounds the praise of Mr.  
Joseph F. Noyes, who has been in the  
bill posting business at Somersworth  
for 56 years, and "can slap a big poster  
on the boards today with his old-time  
vigor and skill." The Free Press says  
that Somersworth was a "grand show  
town" 50 years ago. Mr. Noyes was  
for many years a manager of amuse-  
ments there. He kept a diary in his  
earlier years. From it he compiled a  
list of entertainments that visited  
Somersworth in 1866. This list may  
bring pleasant recollections to the minds  
of some of our readers:

Tony Denier company, Bohemian  
Glass Blowers, the Albino (colored)  
company, Ducllo Variety company,  
Elderger Gift Show, Milton company,  
Paradise Lost, Yankee Glunn, Prof.  
Harrington, Virginia Minstrels, Allayn's  
Gift company, Hayward-Woodward  
company, Bailey's Dramatic company,  
Dollie Bidwell-Yankee Locke, Hayward  
company (Holy Land), S. O. Wheeler's  
Circus, Shorey and Mowey's Minstrels,  
Boyce and Mudge's Minstrels, George  
F. Bailey's Circus, Vocal Concert com-  
pany, Barker Family Concert company,  
Whitmore and Clark's Minstrels, Car-  
ter's Female Minstrels, Charles Shea's  
company, Duprez & Bendict's com-  
pany, "Streets of New York" company,  
Charles Pettingill's company, Pano-  
rama of the War.

In our little village in the sixties we  
saw the Bohemian Glass Blowers, and  
the Barker Family. The negro min-  
strels named, that is, the greater num-  
ber, played in our hideous town hall,  
but many parents regarded these  
shows as immoral. We do not remem-  
ber seeing "The Albino (colored)  
Co." billed, and we certainly would not  
have been allowed to attend the no  
doubt innocuous performance of Car-  
ter's Female Minstrels. As we have  
already said, we saw Dollie Bidwell as  
the heroine of "Strathmore" and  
"Pretty Panther" at Exeter, N. H., on  
nights when we were supposed to be  
studying Felton's Greek Reader and  
enjoying Lucian's irreverent "Dia-  
logues."

Somersworth in 1866 was a lively  
town, by heck. Besides the entertain-  
ments named above, there were that  
season, six big dances, three big  
levees, four vocal concerts, five lect-  
ures, and three street-fakers." The  
Free Press says there were three  
"fakirs," but we do not believe that  
Mohammedan or Hindu religious men-  
dicants, devotees, found their way to  
Somersworth.

Was there no tight rope walker in  
Somersworth that season?

The conductors of the London Sym-  
phony orchestra this season—it begins  
Oct. 20—will be Albert Coates, Furt-  
waengler, Weingartner, Schuevoigt—  
he conducted a concert of the Boston  
Symphony orchestra last season, a vio-  
lent conductor—and Koussevitzky, or,  
as the Daily Telegraph prefers, "Kusse-  
vitzky." No doubt the "o" is inserted  
in France and America, so that the  
pronunciation "Cussevitzky" will not  
grate on the ears of those acquainted  
with foreign tongues.

The Telegraph says that Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky will conduct the two final con-  
certs of the London orchestra in May.

As for Felix Weingartner, he has  
been dwelling in Great Britain. He will  
conduct in various cities his new sym-  
phony, which bears this inscription:  
"Written for the English people."

Some of the New York critics said  
that "The Mask and the Face," adapt-  
ed from the Italian original and pro-  
duced in New York last week, with Mr.  
Faversham and Catherine Willard in  
the leading roles, is a dull play. It had  
reached its 100th performance at the  
Criterion, London, Aug. 21.

Mr. Walkely of the London Times  
thinks that the word "convincing" is  
misused in current theatrical criticism.

"You read that 'Mr. A. as Claude Mel-  
notte was hardly convincing,' that 'Miss  
B. was not so convincing as her pre-  
decessor, Miss C., in the part of the  
singing chambermaid,' or even that 'the  
dancing of Mlle. D. lacked conviction.'  
As though the art of stage-presentation  
were a ratiocinative progress, proceed-  
ing syllogistically, and leading up to a  
final Q. E. D.! Here again the imitative  
instinct is at its fell work. Some critic  
once used the word in a newspaper, let  
us hope correctly; other writers are  
taken with the look of it, think it a  
'boss word,' and use it mechanically,  
without giving a thought to its prop-  
riety. 'Arresting' is another word that  
is being overdone in criticism; it is be-  
coming as great a nuisance as the  
'amazing' of the contents bills. But  
we all form habits, especially bad habits.



Sep 19 1924

If any fellow-scribbler wishes to attack my own weaknesses, here are some of them to go on with: 'delight,' 'subtle,' 'engaging.'"

And so Andre Gide finds that Jules Lemaitre abused in his "Fenelon" the adjective "delightful" applying it to all sorts of nouns and ideas, as "priest," "book," "heresy"—"quietism is a delightful heresy"—"the beginnings of quietism," etc., etc.

Would Mr. Walkely object to the word "authoritative" as descriptive of a personation, or to the phrase "He lacked authority"?

It was M. Lyon, one of Gide's teachers, who, correcting a paper in philosophy, said to him: "There are certain words in a language that are made to go together."

Frank Vernon writes in "The 20th Century Theatre" that many go to revues "to procure the emotions of mixed bathing in a place where these emotions are not corrected by cold water."

Thomas Hardy's "Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" has been turned into a one-act opera. Music by Rutland Boughton. It was produced at Glastonbury, England, on Aug. 21. There are at least two operas with Hardy's "Tess" as heroine.

Here is an instance of constructive criticism from the London Times's description of "Siegfried" at Munich: "Frl. Gahrle Englerth would be a good Brünnhilde if she did not produce a conspicuous vibrato on every sustained note, if she did not attack her high notes from some distance below their proper pitch, and if she were a somewhat better actress."

## CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL BEGINS

### Seventh of Berkshire Entertainments Begun—American Composer Winner

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

PITTSFIELD, Sept. 17—The seventh of the Berkshire festivals of chamber music was begun this afternoon in the charming little chamber music hall on South Mountain. These festivals, as musicians and music lovers all over the East and in an ever increasing radius know, are the creation of Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, an ardent devotee of chamber music.

The practice that Mrs. Coolidge formerly followed of offering a prize for a new composition each year has wisely been modified. A prize is offered only every other year. This enables the contestants really to write something well considered instead of ransacking drawers and portfolios for something that will do.

This is the prize year. The winner is Wallingford Riegger, an American composer who has not yet reached the top of the ladder of fame and whose prize composition is a setting of Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," for the altogether unusual combination of two sopranos, contralto and tenor, violin, viola, cello, double bass, interchanged with English horn, clarinet and French horn.

This will be played at the last concert, with the composer conducting. There will be an American program, comprising works by John Alden Carpenter, Leo Sowerby, recently returned from the American Academy in Rome, and Samuel Gardner. There will also be a Bach program, and among the most conspicuous unfamiliar works in other programs will be Schoenberg's second string quartet, with soprano, voice and half a dozen of Beethoven's settings of Scottish and Irish songs, with trio accompaniment. The rest of the programs are made up of Beethoven, Brahms, Chausson, Mozart, D'Indy and Suk.

The last three furnished the program for the opening concert this afternoon. It included Mozart's quartet in F—one of the so-called 'cello quartets—Vincent D'Indy's quartet in E major, op. 45, and Josef Suk's piano quintet in G, op. 8.

These were played by the "Festival Quartet of South Mountain," an organization maintained by Mrs. Coolidge especially for the festival, but which played, as it did last year, like a veteran organization. It is made up of William Kroll, Karl Kraeuter, Hugo Kortschak and William Willeke, and was assisted today by Aurilio Giorni, pianist.

Not long ago Mr. Charles St. C. Wade deplored the fact that this sentence, "Eating is the fondest thing he is of," and he asked if the old rule did not forbid the ending of a sentence with a preposition.

Mr. Ralph Sadler writes in answer: "Mr. Wade seems to be under the impression that a Boston news writer was serious in his use of the expression. 'Eating is the fondest thing he is of.' I don't know who wrote the phrase, but its use does not necessarily indicate that the writer is incapable of writing good English. The peculiar form of the expression is, I think, a dialect colloquialism, and it has attained some acceptance largely because of its use in 'the negro stories of Octavius Roy Cohen. It seems to me to have some pertinence as applied to characters not noted for their dignity, and I don't believe that its use in the 'sports columns' is any serious reflection on the state of diction in Boston, or on the conduct of the newspapers."

"L. R. R." writes to the same effect, quoting Mr. Cohen's use of the expression in his stories of life among the negroes in Alabama. Jane Brewster Porter quotes Mr. Cohen. "F. E. H." writes: "The sentence is one frequently used by the southern negro and is often found in the writings of Octavius Roy Cohen, Kenneth Harris, Harris Dickson and other writers of negro dialect stories."

#### ABSENT TREATMENT

(From the Wellesley Townsman.)

Albert D. Swanson, formerly of Wellesley, received a silver medal from the Massachusetts Humane Society. He rescued Miss Callahan from drowning July 9, at Gennings pond, being ill in bed at the time.

As the World Wags:

The doctrine of the pacifist reminds one of the refrain of the Arkansas Traveler: "What's use shinglin' when it don't rain?"

OLD BAILEY.

#### ACCORDING TO EINSTEIN

(From the Woburn Daily Times)

Mayor and Mrs. Stephen S. Bean are expected to sail from Cherbourg, France, the early part of next week, arriving in Woburn the latter part of this week or the early part of next week.

#### WE THINK BETTER OF DOCTORS

(From the Manchester Union)

Special to the Union: "Hypocrites, the Father of Medicine," was the subject of an address by Dr. Fred B. Lund.

As the World Wags:

Seen in a newspaper—"We have added a few words and phrases to the English language that would make Shakespeare and Milton scratch their heads and look around with a 'nobody-home' expression on their faces."

Judging from the following couplet, how much head-scratching would Alexander Pope do?

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."  
TWICKENHAM.

#### LOOKS LIKE WINE, WOMEN AND SONG FOR YALE

As the World Wags:

The Herald sporting pages say: "There was no falling on the ball or tackling the rummy, which will come later in the week, after the men get harnessed up."  
L. P. CARR.  
Andover, N. H.

#### CONCERNING POSTURING WHEN WELTERING

As the World Wags:

"That was the moment for which the colonel staged his prettiest effects. It was the moment in which he so delicately weltered now, standing in the dim twilight cast by a blooming clematis vine, turning his long black cigar about and about, rocking a little on his heels and toes, smiling a little beneath the clipped and military grizzle of his short mustache."—Sat. Eve. Post, Sept. 13th, "The Right Voice," Fanny Heaslip Lea.

If you welter delicately, then you show a cultured mind;  
If you welter like a pig, you show that you are not refined.

Weltering befits a colonel; we have seen the word before  
Frequently used of a soldier who was "weltering in gore."

Though the soldier when he welters always lies down, we suppose,  
While the colonel welters standing, smoking, rocking on his toes,  
We must never make on Fanny such a final attack

As to say she should have made him welter prone upon his back.  
East Douglas. PAUL F. ELA.

#### GOINOVERITIS

As the World Wags:

Have you noticed the brand new disease which has become epidemic during the last few summer seasons? I would like to christen it Goinoveritis.

The most characteristic symptom of the disease is the poor victim will stand for hours in the hot sun, on the public highway, facing the stream of autos, and with a nervous jerk, point his thumb over his right shoulder, and at the same time exclaiming in a pathetic voice, "Goinover, goinover?"

This symptom seems to be accompanied by a complete paralysis of the legs. I understand that the disease is not contagious, but highly infectious.

The cure seems to be to compel the victim to walk very briskly, and under no circumstances should he look at an auto going in the same direction.

JAMES D. D. COONEY.

Fall River.

#### A NEW PICNIC GROUND

So Mount Ararat is to be made a picnic ground. The long venerated mountain will be visited by persons with lunch baskets. A funicular railway may desecrate its sacred side. Paper bags, boxes and empty bottles will be thrown on the long forbidden snow, for the Armenians maintained for centuries that since the time of Noah no one has ever been able to climb Ararat, because the snow is perpetual; it never melts, except to make room for other snow, newly fallen. They say that Noah, when he left the ark, settled at Erivan, 12 leagues from Ararat, and a league from that city, "in a very happy aspect," planted a vine, in a place that still yields excellent wine.

Marco Polo says that the melting snow fertilizes the ground near the plain and occasions abundant vegetation, so that cattle find there a never-failing supply.

But the Mahometans insist that the ark rested, not on Ararat, but on Jeudi, a part of the Carduchian mountains. The dervishes keep a light burning there in honor of Noah.

According to Tavernier, there were monasteries on Ararat; he wrote that the city of Nekliven or Nakschivan, three leagues distant from Ararat, is the most ancient city in the world, for Noah settled there. Rabelais, on the other hand, says Chino in France is the oldest city. All this is confusing.

We believe Ararat has been climbed, yet we do not like to think of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wellington Boggs of Terre Haute searching for a fragment of the ark as a souvenir for their parlor.

SEP. 20 1924

Louis Mudgett was more than a far-sighted and successful manager of concerts and other entertainments, he was scrupulously honest in his relations with artists and the public; honest and singularly courteous, always without obsequiousness. It was a pleasure to talk with him about the artists he had engaged, to hear him tell about his experiences. While he could see the humorous side of managerial life, personal peculiarities of singers and players, their self-appreciation, not to say their vanity, did not lead him into caustic speech or the underrating of their ability. While he was not a trained musician, he had a native sympathy with what is fine and noble in art, and his criticism was keen and discerning. He had a flair. He would recognize ability, where other managers would fail to recognize it. When the Flonzaley quartet first came to Boston the audiences were lamentably small. Mr. Mudgett had faith in the ultimate popularity of the quartet. This faith was richly rewarded. Here was only one of many instances showing an almost uncanny perspicacity. A small audience did not discourage him when he appreciated the worth of the artist. He knew that at last the public would also be appreciative.

As a manager, he was a beneficent power in the musical life of this city. Artists and the public believed in him and trusted him. His statements were never questioned. When, by force of circumstances, a concert was of mediocre worth, an artist only of moderate ability, he did not send out extravagant, misleading announcements. It was not in his nature to bluff.

He was a lovable man, and those who had dealings with him, artists, concertgoers, acquaintances of every

sort, held him in affection. Not to be imposed upon, he was always obliging. A quiet man, not given to self-display; a modest man, who would have been greatly vexed, if he had known that in obituary articles, he would be described as "a manager for many years of the Boston Symphony orchestra." He was never that manager; nor was he "the first to give Sunday concerts in Boston." But he was loyal and zealous in assisting the manager of the orchestra, and Sunday concerts under his management attained an importance that they had not known before.

Those who knew Louis intimately will hold him long in affectionate remembrance.

#### "CAT'S ELBOW"

As the World Wags:

Reading in Carlyle's "History of Friedrich II of Prussia," I remark that what we supposed to be the very last word in slang is old after all.

Nearly 200 years ago, King Friedrich Wilhelm started out with his erring crown prince on the famous journey which came so close to proving the latter's total ruin and end. On the way they passed through the old country called Katzen-ellenbogen, which is not far from Frankfurt-on-Main, "Cat's Elbow!" says Carlyle. "A name ridiculous to hear." Not thought so ridiculous in this day of "cat's whiskers," "bea's knees," and other examples of argot in the nth degree.

Surely, had not father and son been so at loggerheads, they might have exclaimed upon driving into this fine country of the mastyards:

"So, THIS is the Cat's Elbow!"

My knowledge of present-day Germany is too superficial to permit me to say whether this ancient regional name is yet extant. I am curious to know.

Carlyle gives a reason for the "ridiculous name," which modern slanders would strangle trying to give me for their off-spring. "Katzen-ellenbogen" came from "Cattimelbocum," says he. That is, Cattum-Melbocum (Catti, a famed nation, and Melibacum, their principal fortress). The alteration occurred in the same way that "Aballaba" became "Appleby," and "God encompasses us" was metamorphosed into "The Goat and Compasses."

C. F. BOWEN.

Manchester, N. H.

#### MINE EASE IN MY INN

As the World Wags:

You asked if there are any English inns today where the public slippers that once waited for a guest are preserved as curiosities? It may be that in the very large cities where great hotels have superseded the old-fashioned inn, and the American shoe black stand is in evidence, guest slippers are out of date. I speak by the book when I say that on my last visit a few years back I stopped at inns without number where I had put up 25 or more years before, and found that "Boots" still came into the commercial room (sacred to drummers) with his basket of slippers and piece of chalk. He used the old formula: "Does any gentleman wish for a pair of slippers?" About every one did want a pair, whereupon the room number and hour to be called in the morning were duly chalked up on the soles of the boots. In one instance I found that "Boots" himself was the same man who had asked the same question a quarter of a century before. My journeying, I ought to say, took in the west of England and all of Wales.

Some 30 years ago I was the victim along with 30 or more other travelers of a practical joke in Connemara with this slipper, or rather, boot shining business. I was at a large inn in Wales where Mr. Funny Man got up in the night and went round from door to door and changed all cleaned boots, so that room No. 45, instead of a 10 lace shoe, found an eight Congress at his door, and in many cases not pairs at all. The uproar in the morning was terrific. I had to go without breakfast to catch an early train. The landlord, a quick-tempered Welshman, was early on the scene. He offered a reward of a guinea for discovery of the offender, who, having had the sense to change his own boots also, was never found out. If he had been, two glorious black eyes would have been his portion. To look back, this seems quite funny. The humor was not apparent at that time.

I wonder if Mr. Firebaugh in his history of inns ever ran across another Saracen's Head Inn other than Pickwick's. This one at Ware, Hertfordshire, where at any time the past 300 years he would have seen "some bed," to drop into slang; made of heavy oak, 12 feet across and about eight feet high with fixings to match. The date it was made is carved at the top—I think, early in the 16th century. Shakes-



There is a bed in the room at Ward No. 12, Twelfth Street, (Act 3, scene 2). Within the past few years the bed has been removed a few miles away to the famous Rye House, the scene of the historic Rye House plot, where Lord Russell and other Whigs planned to blow up Charles the Second, somewhere about 1680. V. F.

This bed is believed to be not older than Elizabeth's reign. It is a square, of 10 feet 9 inches, 7 feet 6 inches in height. It is said that 12 persons can be in it. There was once a pleasing custom, when a visitor saw the bed for the first time he drank from a tin of beer an appropriate toast. He also sworn on a pair of horns hanging in the room.—Ed.

## PITTSFIELD CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL ENDS

Last Day's Program Has Several Interesting Items

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

PITTSFIELD, Sept. 19.—The last day of the Pittsfield Chamber Music Festival again brought pleasant weather. In the morning concert the Rln Kindley Hamman trio and the Rich quartet had much to do. Both organizations are headed by Dr. Thaddeus Rich, concert master of the Philadelphia orchestra.

In the afternoon the Lenox string quartet of New York gave one performance and was the nucleus of another. In the morning there was nothing new; the program was made up of Beethoven's trio in D major, op. 70, No. 1; Brahms's sonata for 'cello in F, op. 9, played by Hans Kindler and Carl Friedberg, and Chausson's concerto for violin in D major, op. 21, with piano and string quartet, the solo part being played by Mr. Enesco of the Rich quartet, and with Mr. Friedberg as pianist. This is a high characteristic work of the talented composer who was cut off in his youth by a bicycle accident.

Mr. Enesco's performance was mainly in its breadth and freedom, its intimate discernment of the composer's intentions and its true and eloquent exposition of them.

Sept. 21, 1924

"But people, except a few pernickety critics, are seldom content to say that middling book or picture is middling, perhaps because it is easier to say in a vivacious way that it is, in some direction or other, 'the limit'—which very few human productions are."

OTHERWISE SHE WAS PERFECTLY WELL

(Los Angeles Times)  
Mrs. — died shortly afterward. Her death was certified by Dr. Peeves, who was not present at the time of death, as occurring from acute nephritis, cardiac decomposition, and pulmonary endema complicated with loss of kidney function.

ATTENTION OF W. J. BRYAN  
(Parsons, Kansas, Republican)  
Just the extent of his injuries had not been determined, Dr. E. T. Johnson, chief physician said. An X-ray photograph showed the tail bone had been fractured.

ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"  
Seen at the Versailles railway station:  
"Senateurs et deutes pour les Invalides."

EXTREME CRUELTY  
(Hartford, Conn., Courant)  
Mrs. Snyder told the court, among other things, that her husband hit her in the bakery and broke her gas range.

As the World Wags:  
Mr. Wadlin seems to have made quite a profitable study of signs in Ogunquit. He missed one, however:  
THE SHOP OF THE TOO YOUNG MEN  
At least, that is the impression I have of it. E. Q. McBILLOW.  
Scheneectady, N. Y.

ADD "SETTING COWS"  
(Omaha World Herald)  
He has his own farm in connection with the resort and the garden supplies the table with vegetables, his own cows furnish milk, cream and eggs.

CONCERNING COLLECTIONS  
(Very many more people are going in for collecting nowadays, we are warned) Collectors increase; in the house adjacent  
Are several curio seekers.  
I marvel to find them with manners complaisant

Collecting loud-speakers.

From fierce oscillations on new installations.

By wireless prospectors,  
I gather we're in for a few generations Of wave length collectors.

Today, as a proof I was slowly correcting.

A friend of the rector's  
Demanded my hobby; he said, "I'm collecting  
The names of collectors."

—A. W. in the Daily Chronicle.

### ATTENTION, COLLECTORS!

As the World Wags:

I found in my dusty attic the other day a very curious song, "General Lily and Corporal Violet," printed by James Peck, 47 Lombard street, London, June 5, 1815. At the top is a colored lithograph showing a lily with a profile of Louis XVIII, overlooking a violet plant with oddly concealed profiles of Napoleon, Marie Louise and their son, the King of Rome to be. At the end of the second sheet is announcement of a new song, "The British Oak," in honor of the success of the British arms in France, with a date, July 11, 1815.

The two sheets can be easily mended and backed up. I should think the song worth a special case for exhibit, from time to time in some museum or collection of music.

The last line says, "And the Lily shall flourish where the Violet Bloomed."

The song was probably printed before Waterloo and then not issued until July 11, when the news of the battle was pretty well known all over Europe.

The lily plant is colored white and green; the violet green and two shades of violet, pale and dark. The profiles are ingeniously arranged. J. A. S.

Portland, Me.

### WHY MEN ARE JOVIAL AT BANQUETS

"Alcohol undoubtedly diminishes the control of the intellect and the will over the emotions, and it appears not improbable that this passing phase of excitement may be sufficiently accounted for by exciting influences of the environment, the jovial company, the bright lights, the unrestrained talk and song, the general sense of festivity, which are the common setting of the feast."

### ADD "HOWLERS"

The young Adolphus, a bright-eyed boy, was asked in examination, "How and where was slavery introduced into America?"

He wrote: "No woman had come over to the early Virginian colony. The planters wanted wives to help them with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them and slavery was introduced into America."

### CHANGE AND DECAY ON EVERY SIDE

As the World Wags:

We are told that "All on earth is change." Nowhere has the change been greater than in the names of country villages. Fifty years ago, in one town in Maine the names of the villages were as follows:

Herring Gut—Known to every seafaring man along the Maine coast. One of the stories of that time concerned the country doctor. Some one called at his home to get him to go out on a professional call. His daughter is said to have told him this:

"Father has gone to Herring Inwards." A politer term. The name has been changed to Port Clyde.

Mosquito Harbor, changed to Martinsville.

The Neck or South Side, the inhabitants thereof were always called Neckers. The war was always on between the Neckers and the Harbor boys on the North side. This name was changed to Elmore. Just why I never could understand.

Turkey, and Turkey Ridge, changed to Glenmere.

Wild Cat and the Harbor boys were always at war with the Wild Caters—changed to Wallardham.

Gabbletown—There was a cuphonious name, and meant a lot—changed to Wallston.

Somewhere there is this command: "Destroy not the Ancient Land Marks." They did not heed the command. When the early settlers return from that "far country" and ask: "What's the news from the Gut, the Neck, Wild Cat and Gabbletown?" what will the folks tell them? BOZE.

As the World Wags:

Noting the exploiting of the prowess of "Pop" Geer as a horseman, I am reminded of a scene at the Weymouth agricultural fair this last Labor day (Norfolk County this year) where Henry A. Baker of Rockland, 84 years of age, drove to victory in three straight heats at 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$  and 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$  on a presumably slow country race track. "Henry" has been driving in that

locality for 30 or 40 years, and he knows how to pick a horse as well as guide him. BATES TORNEY, South Weymouth.

There naturally was, there is, curiosity about Mr. Koussevitzky's programs. Shocking reports of his fell purpose had come across the Atlantic. It was said that he actually had encouraged the ultra-modern composers, the demons of dissonance, by performing their nerve-rasping monstrosities. Conservative Bostonians, those who believe that music ended with Johannes Brahms, shuddered in anticipation of seeing the red flag hoisted on Symphony hall and flapping there defiantly. What has already been said by Mr. Koussevitzky since his arrival reassures the timid in a measure. He speaks favorably of the ancients; there is only one Beethoven—not even in the United States, not even in Boston will another Beethoven arise; and Mr. Koussevitzky is going to lead a symphony or two by our old friend Bruckner—Bruckner, a composer dear to conductors. Did not Messrs. Nikisch, Gericke, Muck in turn show their devotion to him.

Audiences, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts. There are the ultra-conservatives, the reactionaries; who applaud only the composers that in their opinion are "classical." They have no desire to hear any music that is contemporaneous, unless from patriotic or parochial motives. They approve mildly a composition by an American if it is constructed in accordance with the old rules and traditions.

The second group is made up of the irreverent young, who already dub the Debussy's music "old hat"; who insist on hearing only the works of the most "advanced" school; who talk knowingly of the "Six" (now five, and perhaps they are disbanded); who talk volubly about "impressionisme" and "pointillisme," and speak knowingly of Erik Satie, although they have never heard a note of his music except, possibly, the "Gymnopédies" orchestrated by that old foggy, Achille Claude Debussy.

The members of the third group plume themselves on their catholicity of taste, their eclecticism. They enjoy Bach because he is "quaint." "You can find all possible harmonic devices in his music." They think symphonies by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven should be played if only for the benefit of the younger generation. They are impressed by the architectonics of Brahms. As for the ultra-moderns, they of course should be heard. "It is necessary to know what is going on in the musical world." So Bach and Honegger are alike to them; they applaud Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" and the overture to "Oberon" with equal fervor, and say boldly, "one must be broad-minded."

Yet M. Andre Gide in a lecture delivered at the Grand Ducal Court at Weimar twenty odd years ago argued that this intelligent eclecticism proved that art is no longer a natural production; that it no longer responds to any precise need of the public. "A decomposed society, without any distinct ideal that may be formulated in any style, accepts rashly, at the risk of hostile meetings, all the ideals of the past and each one that each of the new artists offers."

And it was Gide who said on another occasion: "After a Sebastian Bach, one thinks: This is music. Then come a Mozart and a Beethoven; after them one can still say: This at last is music, unless one, already informed or prejudiced, thinks to himself, 'What is music?' and understands that music is neither Bach nor Mozart nor Beethoven; that each one of them knew how to limit only himself; that music, to continue to be music, ought to be incessantly something else than what it was as expressed by them."

There are some who would say with Gide: "I await always something unknown, new powers of art . . . and though they should come from the planet Mars no one will persuade me that they ought to be injurious to me or remain unknown."

And this is the same Gide, who a month later in a letter to Angele, recognizes the fact that in theatre or concert hall there are torrid zones and cold islets. "How often the fear of being called on for an opinion on leaving has made me shun plays or concerts!"

"How did you like the way . . . conducted the 9th symphony?"  
"Don't you prefer X or Z?"

The London Times regretted recently the noteworthy absence of "novelties" at the Promenade concerts this season. "It may be true that a good many of the new works produced in former years have not much interested the general public, but if the Promenades are to be no longer an open forum where new things can be tried—and new composers, both native and foreign, can make their mark, the loss will be incalculable, not only to the composers and possibly to the public, but ultimately to the concerts themselves as an institution. Once the programs become stereotyped into an annual repetition of accepted works their days are numbered." That may justly be said of Symphony programs in Boston.

There was a time when the audience expected to hear at least five symphonies by Beethoven, three by Mozart—the "great three"—a half dozen familiar symphonies by Haydn, three overtures by Weber, at least three of Brahms's symphonies—to hear them year after year. No one wishes all these works to be dropped for a season. But who wishes to hear them all, even though a conductor should promise to interpret them in a new way? New wine in old bottles—or old wine in new bottles, in whatever way you wish to look at it.

Malipiero was right in saying: "Modern music has always existed. No one has written ancient music."

A glance at some of the programs prepared by Mr. Koussevitzky for his concerts in Paris may be of interest.

1921  
April 22—Glinka, Overture to "Russian and Ludmilla"; Moussorgsky, Night on Bald Mountain; Scriabin, Poem of Ecstasy; Prokofiev, Scythian Suite.

May 6—Liadov, Apocalypse; Stravinski, Petrouchka; Scriabin, Prometheus.

Nov. 10—Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Debussy, two nocturnes; Moussorgsky, Overture to "Khovantchina"; Rimsky Korsakov, music from the "Legend of the Invisible City," and "Tsar Saltan"; Bach, C minor Symphony.

Dec. 1—Honegger, Victorious Horatius; Brahms, Song of Destiny, Wolf, the Fire Rider; Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Spanish caprice.

Dec. 15—Beethoven, 9th Symphony; Haydn, Symphony No. 3; Borodin,



## Dances Polovtsiennes.

1922

April 20—Rimsky-Korsakov, Sadko; Borodin, Symphony No. 2; Honegger, Victorious Horatius; Koechlin, Pagan Forest.  
 April 27—Stravinsky, Petrouchka; Mozart G minor Symphony; Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Schcherazade; Lladov, eight Chansons Russes.  
 In May—Handel, Concerto grosso, Scarlatti—Manuel, three pieces; Ravel, the waltz; Milhaud, Suite No. 2. Also, Moussorgsky's "Fair at Sarotchinski and Night on Bald Mountain."

1923

May 3—Berlioz, Roman Carnival; Schubert, unfinished Symphony; Riegel, Symphony in D; Honegger, Chant de Joie; Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures of an Exposition.  
 May 10—Bach, Overture in B minor; Stravinsky, The Nightingale's Song; Prokofiev, Classic Symphony.  
 May 17—Bach, Garden of Pfand; Tansman, Symphonic Scherzo; Recal, Feu Follet; Prokofiev, Scythian Suite.  
 May 24—Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Stravinsky, Sacre du Printemps; Mozart, Night Music for strings.

In October—Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Roussel, Symphony; Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso, and The Walse; Stravinsky, octet for wind instruments; Prokofiev, Violin concerto; Polaci (18th century) Symphony; Boccherini, Symphony C major; Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel; Debussy, La Mer; Stravinski, Sacre du Printemps; Beethoven's Third Symphony; Mozart, Concerto for two pianos.

In November—Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Satie, Parade; Delage, Ballet; Borodin, fragments from "Prince Igor"; Boulanger, Buddhist Prayer.

1924

On May 8, Locatelli, Concerto (Symphonie Funebre; Tansman, Legend; Honegger, Pacific 231; Prokofiev, Piano Concerto; De Falla, L'Amour Sorcier; Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures of an Exposition.

May 15—Schubert, Symphony No. 5; Manuel, Tempo di Batto; Malpiero, Impressions III; Respighi, Concerto Gregoriano for violin (Mr. Spalding); Scriabin, Poem of Ecstasy; Honegger, Pacific 231.

May 22—A Stravinsky program: Fire Bird, Petrouchka, Sacre du Printemps, Concerto for piano and wind instruments.

May 29, as announced—Corelli, Concerto Grosso; Schmitt, Mirage; Debussy, Nocturnes; Stravinsky, The King of the Stars; Prokofiev, Seven They are Seven (Incantation for tenor, chorus and orchestra); Borodin, Dances from "Prince Igor."

It should be noted that these programs were arranged especially for Paris.

## FETE DES NARCISSES

(Correspondence from Montreux, June 2, 1924)

The fete des Narcisses long ago became an important annual event at Montreux on the lake of Geneva. Each succeeding festival has outshone its predecessor in artistic charm and splendor. This year's piece de resistance was furnished by Strauss's Vienna ballet, which during the first half of the program presented the "Valse en Blanc" from Johann Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube," and a fragment from "Legends of the Vienna Forest" by the same composer. The children's ballet and a musical interlude, "The Ride of the Valkyries," and "Votan's Farewell," formed in addition a much applauded part of the entertainment.

During the second part of the program the audience was treated to the first performance in Switzerland of "Francois Couperin," a new ballet by Richard Strauss, a "dance humoristique," "Le Musicien Ambulant," "La Danse des Soldats de Bois" from Anderson's "Fairy Tales" and "Les Fleurs de la Petite Ida," a ballet by the entire company.

Upon conclusion of this performance the usual and ever picturesque procession of cleverly decorated cars, carriages, bicycles and "scooters" wound its way along the lake promenade and through the streets of the city. Never had there been such a great number of spectators, but both foreign and native onlookers were unanimous in their praise of the Montreux police department. The crowds, the traffic and the problem of hotel, restaurant and refreshment facilities were so handled that the enjoyment was not marred by any inconveniences. A huge battle of flowers and confetti concluded the afternoon program, and a Venetian night festival of fairyland splendor, followed by further gay festivities at the Kursaal and sports pavilion, furnished a befitting climax to the two joyous days.

52/22-1924

We are indebted to a reader for becoming acquainted with the Avon (N. Y.) Herald. Avon must be a pleasant village. Our belief is not founded merely on the reports spread by its inhabitants. We quote from the Herald:

"While our senior reporter was seated in the Village Park, Sunday afternoon, studying the hundreds of cars and their occupants passing by, an elegant Packard drove near and stopped.

In addition to a uniformed chauffeur, was an elderly gentleman and lady, and a young man and woman, in riding attire. 'My dear sir,' accosted the gentleman, of pleasing manner and diction, 'is this the village known as Avon, in the Genesee valley, the home of the Herbert Wadsworth estate?' He was answered: 'Yes.' 'We are glad to know it,' was his reply. 'We are from Boston, on our way to Buffalo. We have been told by our neighbors so many times of this place—of its beautiful village park, its clean and tidy streets, the charm of several of its nearby estates, and delightful prospect across the valley, that we have driven this way to see it, and we are not disappointed.'"

Among the inhabitants are modest heroes:

"Jimmie Smith is walking around the Lakeville streets as unconcerned as if he had not recently had the top of his skull taken off in an automobile accident."

"Jack Crown has just returned from a motor trip to Chicago. Jack is the man who shot the two-ton bear up in the Adirondacks a few years ago, believed to be the world record for bears."

And there are also men diligent in their business:

"Fred Weber, our village cobbler, has put a sheet of tin in where the glass was blown out in his shop window two years ago. Mr. Weber is one of our most progressive citizens."

Not to mention masters of strategy: "Hearing that his cousin, Elmer Ray of Genesee, was about to visit him again, Jake Carpenter took the first train to Buffalo."

The prevailing spirit of the Avon Herald is so optimistic that we were pained by this paragraph:

"The local horoscöplst forecasts many weddings in Lakeville during the present phase of the moon. Much domestic discord is also predicted."

Is there notice of a commercial transaction? Note the manner in which the statement is introduced:

"Few readers in mythology of the story of Icarus, the son of Dedalus,

who flew so near the sun that his wings, made of wax, melted and he fell into the sea and was drowned, ever dreamed that they would live to see the airplane, an achievement of man, and as they read of its development and carefully watched it, soaring thru the sky, little that it ever would become a commercial craft of the air. But as I have often said before, 'times change and we change with them,' civilization is sweeping on, and this very moment Major Macy, just across the river, has purchased one, and his son is being taut to operate it.—Editor."

If we read in one editorial article entitled "Compatible":

"Youth, be careful, be careful who you marry"—more careful than in the use of pronouns—we also find this editorial rhapsody:

IS IT  
REAL  
OR

A DREAM?

"The souls, each true to their civic bond, but in attune and psycho harmony with another soul in the ethereal space, brush aside the barriers of family, society, and wealth, and take their flight into an atmosphere of joy, of peace, and of happiness, to the end of mortal life, and then are one. Is it real, or a dream?—Editor."

And now we see this editor donning slinging robes for  
FELLOW TRAVELERS

## IN THE LAND OF THOT

"While I assist in collecting the happenings, and report the activities of our community, I seek and cultivate the companionship of the master minds of the past ages, and pull back the veil of the future, and often join them in voyages across the deep and silent waters of Time.

"Often, they joyously ramble through the fields and woods and listen to the warbling of the birds; stroll along the banks of the gurgling brooks, and the torrent streams; roam over the hills, and down through the dales; climb up to the mountain tops, and descend into the valleys; push their way through the jungles; note the splendor of the sun, the silent mystery of the moon, and watch the twinkling of the stars; study the elements of the sea, and the earth, and the heavens; and visit the gardens of the gods, searching for the sparkling gems of thot, inhaling the perfume of the flowers, and partaking of the sweet and pleasant savors of the fruit, and, upon returning home, place it all before the passersby, that they too, may enjoy the pleasures of the journey.—Editor."

## CONCERNING LAWS

As the World Wags:

Let those who howl—and there are plenty of them (and have been for several generations—that we have too many laws, that we are law ridden, and more to this effect, consider the Leopold and Loeb case. These arch criminals escaped the death sentence on a technical point purely: there was not law enough (per se) to fit their case. "I do not see," said Clarence Darrow, who presents almost as curious a psychological study as the criminals themselves, "how Judge Caverly can impose the death sentence on the boys, in view of their age and pleas of guilty." the law is halted, dumbfounded in a case like this. The moral simply is that the progress of civilization has brought a refinement of crime, that it requires new laws to deal with. It is a cogent reflection, that in the present rapid march of improvement, jurisprudence seems to lag behind every other agency for progress. The streets of New York city today afford an eloquent example.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

## TALKING ABOUT CRIME

A traveler left his umbrella in a carriage on the G. W. R. some three months ago. Last week, while traveling on the L. N. E. R., he came across his old gamp again on the rack of the carriage in which he was traveling. What are the chances against the loser finding it next time?—London Daily Chronicle.

## ANCIENTS HONOR SOUSA AT CONCERT

Many members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company last night attended the concert given by John Philip Sousa and his band at Symphony hall in recognition of his

action in naming his new march the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company." In behalf of members of the company, Gov. Cox presented the band leader a silver humidor, formed in the shape of a shell and bearing an inscription acknowledging the dedication of the march.

After the presentation, Mr. Sousa placed the gift near his conductor's stand, and then walked to the front of the stage as if to make an address. Instead, he merely remarked, "I'll say it with music," and, turning to his musicians, waved his baton for the opening bars of "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Before the concert Mr. Sousa was the guest of Capt. Clarence J. McKenzie of the Ancients at a dinner at the Somerset Club. On arriving at Symphony hall, he was given a rousing reception. After the first half of the program he retired to a rest room, and there met Serge Kousseltzky, the new leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At the conclusion of the third number of the second half of the program, the march dedicated to the Ancients, Col. Henry D. Cormerais, commander of the company, and Gov. Cox walked down to the stage to make the presentation of the humidor.

Admirers of Sousa and his band filled Symphony Hall twice yesterday for his annual concerts, with the following program: Overture, "Maximilien Robespierre," or "The Last Day of the Reign of Terror," Litoff; cornet solo, "Our Maud," Short; suite, "El Capitan and His Friends," Sousa; vocal solo, "Polonaise," from "Mignon," Thomas; symphonic poem, "Don Juan," Strauss; fantasia, "Music of the Minute," Sousa; saxophone solos; march, "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," Sousa; xylophone solo, "The Pin-Wheel," Carey; "Carnival Night in Naples," Massenet.

In addition to this well-arranged program there were numerous encores, many of them being Sousa's own marches that are always enthusiastically received.

The soloists were Marjorie Moody, soprano; John Dolan, cornet, both of whom have been heard here before; Robert Gooding, saxophone, and George Carey, xylophone.

The second part of the program opened with several selections in jazz style, introducing a number of popular airs. It was an amusing departure from the type of music ordinarily played.

## SOUSA'S PROGRAM

Following is the program to be given by Sousa and his band at their annual concert in Symphony hall this afternoon and evening. Among the special selections to be played are Cardinal O'Connell's "Hymn to the Holy Name" and Sousa's new "Ancient and Honorable Artillery" march.

Overture "Maximilien Robespierre" or "The Last Days of the Reign of Terror" ..... Litoff  
 Cornet solo, "Our Maud" ..... Short  
 Suite, "El Capitan and His Friends" Sousa  
 (a) "El Capitan" ..... Mr. John Dolan  
 (b) "The Chariot" ..... Mr. Robert Gooding  
 (c) "The Bride-elect" ..... "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" (new) ..... Sousa  
 Vocal solo, "Polonaise" from "Mignon" Thomas  
 Miss Marjorie Moody  
 Symphonic poem, "Don Juan" ..... Strauss  
 Fantasia, "Music of the Minute" (new) ..... Sousa  
 Saxophone solo, "Kiss Me Again" ..... Herbert  
 Mr. Robert Gooding  
 "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" (new) ..... Sousa  
 Xylophone solo, "The Pin-Wheel" ..... George Carey  
 Mr. George Carey  
 Finale, "Carnival Night in Naples" ..... Massenet  
 As an encore Mr. Sousa will play Cardinal O'Connell's "Hymn to the Holy Name."

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A reader of The Herald has presented us with a copy of "The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life, by Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, etc., and Peptic Precepts, Pointing Out Agreeable and Effectual Methods to Prevent and Relieve Indigestion, etc.; to which is added 'The Pleasure of Making a Will.' This little book, third edition, enlarged, published at London in 1822, is by 'The Author of the Cook's Oracle.'"

In other words, by Dr. William Kitchen, who also wrote "The Travelers' Oracle," "The Housekeepers' Ledger"; treatises or articles on astronomy, telescopes and spectacles. He published a collection of Great Britain's national songs, edited Dibdin's "Sea Songs" and wrote "Observations on Vocal Music." An experimenter in cookery, giving dinners and suppers, he was himself abstemious. His dinners were cooked according to his own method. He dined at 5 o'clock; supper was served at 9:30; at 11 he went to bed. He gave parties every Tuesday evening. This placard



was over the mantelpiece: "Come at seven; go at eleven." For his guests at these parties a cold joint, lobster salad, and some entremets were provided in summer; in winter, hot dishes, with wine, liqueurs and ales from a well stocked cellar. He had inherited a fortune of £60,000 or £70,000. This excellent man, who wrote wisely about the art of prolonging life, died when he had scarcely reached his 50th year.

It is said that the first man to screw a glass in his eye was a Dutch dandy, Jonkheer Brede, whose monocle amazed the diplomats of the Congress of Vienna. The fashion spread, but Kitchener would not have it. In his "Economy of the Eyes" he deplored the fact that "a single glass, set in a smart ring, is often used by trinket fanciers merely for fashion's sake. These folks have not the least defect in their sight, and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such irritation."

EXERCISE

Dr. Kitchener had something to say about exercise: "The more luxuriously you live, the more exercise you require. Footnote: 'The Cordials, Volatiles, Bracers, Strengtheners, etc., given by common practitioners, may keep up an increased circulation for a few hours, but their action soon subsides.' One should take care to get cool gradually. 'When your head perspires, rub it, and your face, etc., dry with a cloth:—this is better for the hair than the best 'Bear's Grease,' and will beautify the complexion beyond 'La Cosmetique Royale,' or all the Red and White Olympian Dew that was ever imported."

WASH YOUR FEET

Great care should be taken of the skin. Would our family physician, good old Doc. Evans, approve his colleague, Dr. Kitchener's, ideas?

"In winter the surface of the body, the feet, etc., should be washed twice or thrice a week, with water of the temperature of about 93, and wiped every day with a wet towel; a tepid bath of the like temperature once a fortnight will also conduce much to both health and comfort. Some advise that the surface of the body be wiped every morning with a wet sponge and rubbed dry after, with not too fine a cloth."

Nothing about a cold tub or a shower every morning before breakfast.

BELT VS. SUSPENDERS

The doctor did not believe in suspenders even when embroidered by some loving hand.

"Braces have been generally considered a great improvement in modern dress, because they render the pressure of the waistband unnecessary, which when extremely close is certainly prejudicial, but we have always thought they have produced more inconvenience than they have removed, for if the inferior viscera get thereby more freedom of action the superior suffer for it, and moreover, ruptures are much more frequent, the girdle which formerly prevented them being removed, and instead of that useful and partial horizontal pressure, in spite of the elastic springs which have been attached to the braces, the whole body is grievously oppressed by the vertical bands."

FOR FRESH AIR FIENDS

"Nervous Invalids, however extremely they may suffer from heat, we cannot advise to sleep with the smallest part of the window open during the night."

"Many invalids are hurried into their graves by the indiscreet kindness of their friends forcing them from the comforts of home for the sake of air more abounding with oxygen, i. e., the vivifying part of the atmosphere: that great benefit is received from what is called change of air is true, but it is seldom considered that there is also a change in most of the other circumstances of the patient, many of infinitely more importance than that which derives all the credit of the cure."

TEMPERANCE

Nearly 30 pages are devoted to the Demon Rum. Would that we could quote freely from these pages today and reproduce Dr. J. C. Lettson's "Moral and Physical Thermometer; or a Scale of the Progress of Temperance and Intemperance." From it we learn that beer brings happiness; cider and kerry, cheerfulness; wine, strength and nourishment when taken only at meals and in moderate quantities.

INTEMPERANCE

Punch: Idleness, sickness, puking and tremors of the hands in the mornings. Debt.

Grog and brandy and water: Quarrelling, fighting, lying, bloatedness, in-

flamed eyes, red nose and face, sore and swelled legs. Hunger.

Flip and shrub: Swearing, jaundice. Hospital.

Bitters infused in spirits; usquebaugh: Obscenity, awindling, palsy in the limbs and burning in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. Poor-house, jail.

Gin, anniseed, brandy, rum and whiskey in the morning: Perjury, burglary, dropsy, epilepsy, melancholy, madness. Whipping, the hulks, Botany Bay.

The same during the day and night: Murder, suicide. Death or the gallows.

"AREN'T WE ALL"

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Aren't We All," a comedy in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale. The cast:

Roberts.....F. Gatenby Bell  
Hon. Willie Tatham.....Hugh Huntley  
Lady Frinton.....Cynthia Brooke  
Martin Steele.....Timothy Huntley  
Kitty Lake.....Elaine Gholson  
Lord Grenham.....Cyril Maude  
Margot Tatham.....Hope Sutherland  
Hon. Mrs. Lynton.....Marguerite St. John  
Rev. Ernest Lynton.....Harry Ashford  
John Willcocks.....Geoffrey Millar

The play is as much a farce as it is a comedy, and it might be entitled "The Three Philanderers." They are Lord Grenham, his son, Tatham, and his daughter-in-law, Margot. A slight, but amusing, artificial and conventional play. Well contrived to excite laughter, with epigrammatic lines, which while they are not constantly so amusing as those in Mr. Lonsdale's "Spring Cleaning," are less cynical.

The story in a nutshell is as follows: Grenham, a widower, cannot refuse anything to a woman, like the famous Inca of Peru, but unlike that potentate he comes to no bad end, unless his marriage to the pursuing Lady Frinton can be called a tragical event.

Margot has been in Egypt, where she sang so well that, being importuned to sing for charity too often, she took another name and was courted by one Willcocks, an Australian. Returning home unexpectedly she finds her husband rapturously kissing Miss Lake. There is naturally a scene. As it was played, we sympathized with Miss Lake and regretted that she did not appear in the following acts. Grenham makes light of the affair but Margot will never forgive the Honorable Willie.

It seems that Willcocks, desperately in love with Margot, embraced her wildly "in a garden of rare scent and beauty, with the moon glimmering and a violin playing in the distance." She disappeared the next morning and Willcocks, like Milton Noble's villain, pursued her. He had heard her mention Grenham's name and so he wrote to him for her address. Grenham had heard the description of the Egyptian garden, moon, etc., from Margot's lips when in her anger at the Hon. Willie, she said if she had surprised him and Miss Lake in this garden, with moon and dole obbligati, she might have understood and forgiven.

Grenham therefore invites Willcocks to his home, so that as both husband and wife had each in turn kissed and committed the sin of being found out there would be a reconciliation. The scheme worked.

Interest was steadily maintained in the first and second acts. In the third there was a slower pace, inconsequential lines, and the dramatist was seen treading water. Is it impossible to think of the play without Mr. Cyril Maude. In London when it was given, the role of Margot was played by Marie Lohr and more was made of it.

Some of The Herald readers probably remember Lester Wallack in "My Awful Dad." The part of Grenham recalled the gay and volatile hero of that play. It is a part well suited to Mr. Maude's humor, briskness, light-heartedness. "It's our tender moments that tell against us," he exclaims, and these moments were especially tender in rarely frequented rooms of the British Museum. He has no greater sense of responsibility than any gay gallant of the Restoration comedy.

Yet he is simply a philanderer; no one can think of him as hero in a desperate intrigue. He leaves no victims behind him in his amorous way—no doubt the ladies with whom he led a joyous life secretly laughed at him. But as Mr. Maude represents him, he is a lovable old chap, and his slyness is beneficently exerted in bringing about the reconciliation.

But why, oh why did Mr. Lonsdale introduce the vicar and his wife, who have nothing to do with the development of the plot, who have been stock figures in English plays for many years. If they were introduced for a satirical thrust at "respectability," the satire is not keen. The characters are as superfluous as their lines are negligible.

Only Mr. Maude, Miss St. John, and Messrs. Bell, Ashford and Millar were in the original New York company in

May of last year. The support last night was satisfactory if not brilliant. Margot is an unsympathetic person, but Miss Sutherland made her almost sympathetic. Miss Gholson wooed Willie in more seductive speech and looks than by her song. Miss St. John played the vicar's wife in a manner to give a certain plausibility to the importance of the part.

The theatre was well filled—laughter was hearty and continuous. After the second act Mr. Maude told several stories. The one about Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee was fairly funny.

ETHEL BARRYMORE

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a play in three acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, revived by Arthur Hopkins. The cast:

Aubrey Tanqueray.....Henry Daniell  
Paula.....Ethel Barrymore  
Ellean.....Helen Robbins  
Gayley Drummlie.....Lionel Pape  
Mrs. Cortelyou.....Jane Wheatley  
Capt. Hugh Ardale.....Geoffrey Saville  
Gordon Jayne, M. D.....Mortimer White  
Frank Misquith, Q. C. M. P. J. Colvill Dunn  
Sir George Orreyed, Bart.....G. P. Huntley  
Lady Orreyed.....Margot Kelly  
Willis.....Harold Webster  
A maid.....Edna Peckham

Although it is not true, strictly speaking, to say that the rise of the first act curtain of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in London back in 1893 was identical with the beginning of the modern drama, Sir Arthur's masterpiece has a strategic advantage among the pioneers that has helped to place it definitely as a present day classic. Being a classic, its worth and power are acknowledged without comment; in frequent revivals, the critic, after remarking that the play has not aged in the least, must pay most attention to the actress who is offering Paula as the measure of her progress on the stage. Years ago, she may have tested herself with Juliet; now, the second Mrs. Tanqueray is evidence of the flower of her maturity.

Ethel Barrymore is the Paula in Arthur Hopkins's production. Her succession of women, declassée and slightly so, makes her inevitably a prospective Paula. She was wise to attempt it because she plays it so well. Miss Barrymore has not yet a great characterization. Perversely, in the first act, she embellishes her natural fascination with artificial grimaces, overlaiden gestures, meaningless byplay; there is too much of almost everything she does—not everything, because momentarily she could strike genuinely with emotion of stark simplicity. When the pace had quickened later in the play her performance was often magnificent.

Familiar in her fitfulness, her excitability, her nervous poise, her hauntingly transitory beauty, her charming humor, Ethel Barrymore was unfamiliar and graciously so in her avoidance of inarticulation in speech and mood in her starkly simple revelations of the character. She never creates a line, an unbroken, gliding gracefulness; her acting is jerky—there is no better word—fidgety, flurried, having the unity of ceaseless change. But that idiosyncrasy sharpens the lights and shadows and makes abrupt transitions, a part of Paula, natural indeed. We have few actresses who could play so superbly and none with such beautiful individuality.

The company and the production are good and bad. Unfortunately, the cast misses perfection by many marks; it is adequate only because there are two or three single fine bits. In particular, the pace of the first act has no evenness, no flavor of a dinner accidentally viewed by the audience. This first act is exposition, but it is good exposition. Lionel Pape's Gayley Drummlie had the correct fulness and the mellowness as it did throughout. Mr. Pape was essential; so was Geoffrey Saville, and G. P. Huntley in capital bits, Margot Kelly with the red hair, Miss Robbins the Ellean, and, most of all, Henry Daniell the Aubrey can be damned with the faint praise of adequate to the occasion and the line. Mr. Daniell lacked variety and penetration; Aubrey was not a narrow, a stupid nor an uncongenial man. It seemed as if the fortunate actors happened to strike the right tempos of the scenes rather than as if the direction had instilled them.

Miss Barrymore knew the biting, cruel speed of the second act, and the disillusioning calm and succeeding stress of the third; it is hoped that more performances or different performers will modulate differences in key and in beat. The settings by a comparative newcomer, Clara Fargo Thomas, deserve much praise. All three have distinction and atmosphere. There is one lovely room in golden brown and tan and a little red with heavy black marble door castings and pediments; there is another whose walls are like old parchment and whose decorations are colored in faded rose and other tones of Venetian

screens. The scenery, Miss Barrymore's acting. Pinero's famous play, a few minor sketches—these distinguish this revival. J. C. M.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—Henry Jewett's Repertory Company in "The Sign of the Cross," romantic-heroic drama in four acts by Wilson Barrett. The cast:

Strabo.....Raymond W. Cardwell  
Servilius.....Harold West  
Favius.....Harold B. Chase  
Titus.....Richard Whorf  
Claudia.....Roberta Ely  
Philodemus.....Alan Mowbray  
Claudio.....D. E. Clive  
Mercurius.....Katherine Standing  
Marcus Superbus.....Hugh C. Beckler  
Vitellius.....Philip Tonge  
Berenis.....Violet Paget  
Tigellinus.....G. Wordley Hulst  
Metellus.....Elmer Hall  
Stephanus.....May Ediss  
Melos.....Francis Compton  
Laelius.....Harry Jones  
Zona.....Jane Richman  
Catia.....Jane Arrol  
Nero.....Francis Compton  
Poppaea.....Elsbeth Dudgeon  
Ancaria.....Marie Louise Walker  
Dionos.....Adele Elchler  
Julia Margaret.....Phyllis Trelegen  
Edonis.....Phyllis Trelegen

How they did it in the good old days—that is the essence of the revival of "The Sign of the Cross" at the Arlington. Here is a play which typifies all the best in Victorian drama, in it is the strength, the weakness, the simplicity of the stage of our grandfathers. For theme we have the persecution of the early Christians under the Emperor Nero—a powerful and ever-absorbing subject. There is lust and cruelty, there is faith and devotion. There is the mean-spirited rogue who makes a living by betraying Christians to the authorities, there is the youth of tender years who, on the rack, reveals the meeting place of the "bretheren," and who in the arena dies with a courage no less than that of his older companions. Fine, high-spirited material, all of it, and told with the unadorned directness of the theatre of yesterday.

Indeed, this simplicity of motivation is about the only feature which stamps the pieces as belonging to a bygone era. Dialogue as stilted, as "unreal," and far inferior in dignity and grace, may be found on any of our current stages.

And by the way, there are not a few scenes of great natural strength, unadorned, however, by any of the embellishments of the playwright's art. Moreover, the piece has movement and flow; it progresses steadily toward the chosen climax. Each scene serves to advance the story, by all means from simply contrived dramatic action to unabashed soliloquy. The underlying current, strong, engrossing, is never lost sight of.

In production, the piece has everything to recommend it. Sympathetic, dignified, interesting is the handling throughout. Restraint in the delivery of the more florid passages has not prevented the players from achieving the rhythm, the "largeness" of action which properly belongs with the play. It is a high romantic piece and is quite rightly played in the high romantic style. Mr. Buckler handled his Marcus well; Mr. Tonge was a colorful Vitellius. Miss Ely caught well the spirit of the naughty, sophisticated Rome of Nero's time. Miss Standing, as the hard-pressed Mercuria, rendered a difficult part with pleasing sincerity. As for Mr. Clive, he played the drunken Claudio in his usual inimitable way. Incidentally, his is the only characterized role in the piece.

Last, but not least, the scenery was excellently done, and the stage well lighted. Without any attempt at grandeur, the effects were accurate and in taste. W. R. B.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—DeWolf Hopper Comic Opera Company in "Robin Hood," a romantic comic opera in three acts. Music by Reginald DeKoven. Libretto by Harry B. Smith. Mr. Loomurton conducted. The cast:

Robert of Huntington.....Forrest Huff  
Sheriff of Nottingham.....De Wolf Hopper  
Sir Guy of Gisborne.....Sol Solomon  
Littlejohn.....Henry Kelly  
Will Scarlett.....Herbert Waterous  
Friar Tuck.....Arthur Cunningham  
Alan-a-Dale.....Miss Bernice Mersohn  
Lady Marian Fitzwalter.....Miss Ethel Walker  
Dame Durden.....Miss Lucille Davis  
Annabel.....Miss Ethel Clark

Since Mr. Hopper would bring out a repertory of comic operettas, most of which, like those of Gilbert and Sullivan, were forerunners of the frothy entertainment known in our time as musical comedy, it is well that he has included "Robin Hood." Not in any sense Sullivanesque, though it has its pretty tunes, and a plenty; and less still below the line of Gilbertian flavor, it has made its way, despite the years, and has its vogue, and rightly so.

Significant, too, is this piece to theatregoers of our city. For many years the Bostonians presented it, chief among their performances. It is impossible to think of it without immediately conjuring up the names of Barnabee, Cowles, Macdonald, Karl, Frothing-



## Winter Garden Revue Begins Second Week of Engagement

ham, Davis and others, many of whom have passed on. And here, too, is opportunity for a newer generation to look over the work their forbears applauded—an opportunity that should be seized, for the prices are within the reach of all purses. The wonder is that the great auditorium is not packed at all performances. The notices have it that the engagement will be extended as long as the public supports it, meaning that a varied repertory of excellent operetta is to be had if the Boston public will say the word.

The performance was a creditable one. To be sure, there was a ragged edge here and there in the ensemble, but this is to be expected with the exactions and detail of repertory work. The settings were adequate and Sherwood forest was pleasing to the eye, in illusion, in perspective.

Littlejohn sang "Brown October Ale" in fine spirit and the chorus gave admirable support. Did the audience go wild over the rendition or the theme? As for us, we could only liken ourselves to the bitter plight of Tantalus! Will Scarlet once more sang of the cross-bow in sepulchral tone. The tinkler's song was roundly given, and Alan-a-Dale sighed "Oh, Promise Me" in fine taste. And what an Alan-a-Dale! Not since Rice's "Corsair" have we seen such an enchanting Amazon.

Porrest Huff was a romantic Robin; he sang fluently, if now and then with forced tones. Ethel Walker as Maid Marian was agreeable in song, and her performance was dramatically significant.

And what is to be said of the performance of Mr. Hopper? An interpretation brimful of subtleties. Gifted with a voice admirably suited to the role of comedian, he measured well in song. His scene in the forest when he was in his cups was free from exaggeration, he was always convincing, and when an actor is that there is nothing more that can be said. Never aspiring to run a newspaper, never, within our knowledge, attempting to play Hamlet, the grand old man of comic opera has obeyed the vocational injunction of the poet—the cobbler has stuck to his last!

T. A. R.

St. James Theatre—The Boston Stock Company presents the three-act comedy, "Just Married," by Adelaide Matthews and Anne Nichols. The cast:

Victoire Bertin.....	Olivia Blakeney
Mr. U. Makepeace Witter.....	Louis Leon Hall
Mrs. U. Makepeace Witter.....	Anna Layng
Jack Stanley.....	Houston Richards
Mrs. Jack Stanley.....	Nina Oliver
Percy Jones.....	Harvey Hays
Robert Adams.....	Herbert Heyes
Roberta Adams.....	Kay Hammond
Ship's officer.....	Ralph M. Remley
First steward.....	Ralph Morehouse
Second steward.....	Frank Twitche
Taxi-driver.....	John Collier

When "Just Married" came to Boston two years ago it amused audiences during a long run, and this week's revival at the St. James, judging from last evening's enthusiastic audience, is going to be a great success. It is a play full of funny situations, not at all original, unusual or subtle, but funny all the same.

The action takes place aboard a steamer bound for New York, and carrying along Robert Adams, who is taking a honeymoon by himself. At least that is what he explains to his old friend, Jack Stanley. Jack really is on a honeymoon with a charming little wife, who repeats everything she hears. The "vamp," not so bad, after all, is invited by Adams, who is evidently intoxicated, to use his other ticket, as she wants to find her sweetheart. Roberta Adams is the charming young thing, engaged to Percy Jones, and traveling with her aunt and uncle.

The first act serves to get all these people on board late in the evening and the minute the curtain rises at the beginning of the second act things begin to happen. Robert Adams is horrified to find that he is in Roberta's stateroom and she is even more horrified to discover that the person who retired in the dark the evening before is not a woman. It takes the rest of the play to right matters and there is ample opportunity for humorous situations and bright dialogue as the different members of this unusual mix-up come together. Naturally Roberta and Robert fall in love and everything ends happily after all.

Herbert Heyes plays admirably the jovial and misunderstood hero and Kay Hammond makes a lovely heroine. Anna Layng is the domineering aunt and Louis Hall is excellent as the much-married uncle who manages to bear up under his wife's rule very well.

She believes that husbands are not born but made and, while admitting she has done a pretty good job, she is always ready to add finishing touches. Houston Richards and Nina Oliver, who play the real honeymooners, spend most of their time explaining, quarreling and "making up," and furnish considerable amusement.

The stock company, with several new members in the cast, is setting the pace for a fine season, and last night's production was excellently staged.

"Innocent Eyes," the latest New York Winter Garden revue, is now on the second week of its brief Boston engagement at the Shubert Theatre.

Lee and J. J. Shubert, who have produced 35 shows of this kind, have surpassed many previous achievements with "Innocent Eyes," now visiting Boston as the first city to be played after its long New York engagement.

Fay Marbe shares with Vannessi feminine honors in "Innocent Eyes." Both are well known for their many appearances in vaudeville. Vannessi is a dancer of fanciful and fantastic grace and Fay Marbe a comedienne of charm and accomplishment. Lew Hearn and Douglas Leavitt lead the male side of the cast. Hearn, with curious, imitable comedy methods, creates the character of the countryman who comes to Paris to investigate its naughtiness. Leavitt is a reformer who purposes to close up the Moulin Rouge. It is inevitable in a Winter Garden setting that the allure of the famous Parisian resort should be set forth that both Hearn and Leavitt in their respective characters should find the Moulin Rouge somewhat delectable, not to say irresistible.

There are 15 scenes, with brilliant and constant change of setting and costume. Harold Atteridge wrote the book and Sigmund Romberg and Jeann Schwartz the music. Watson Barratt designed the stage decorations and Charles Gesmar of the Casino de Paris the costumes. J. J. Shubert personally supervised the entire production.

This is Vannessi's first appearance here. She has established herself as one of the most interesting dancers ever seen on the Shubert stage. Frances Williams's jazz songs are a feature of the musical program, while the special numbers, such as the organ and fan numbers, sung by Grace Bowman and danced by the chorus, are of exceptional beauty. Others in the company are Ted Doner, Charles Howard, Frank Dobson, Marjory Leach, Charles Mac, Mabel Carruthers, Ruth Lockwood, Franklin Byron, Mae Cairns, Dolores Farris, Cleo Pergall, Walter Bradbury, James E. Phillips and Dot McNulty.

## CHOOS FABLES ARE BIG HIT AT KEITH'S

The George Choos Fables of 1924 captivated a generous audience at Keith's last evening with six exceptional scenes of mirth, music and song. It is musical extravaganza of a high order, featuring Jack Henry and Edythe Maye, assisted by Mildred Burns, Bob Sargent and ensemble.

Opening with "A Kiddie's Dream," the next shows "Clownland" at its best, followed by "Unbelievable Episodes" by Mr. Henry and Miss Maye, their humor provoking uproarious laughter. With the ending of the final scene, "A Southern Garden," last evening's audience showed by its plaudits its pleasure, wishing that the entire company would prolong the act.

George Jessel, who is bidding farewell to vaudeville to star in a new musical play to be seen shortly here, delighted with his humor and comedy. Accompanied by Mary Lucas and Lillian Price, who sing and dance, his one song about going back to mother demonstrated that he possesses his old voice which has many times won vaudeville houses.

Paul Decker in a comedy playlet, "Son," assisted by Frank Macdonald, Gertrude Gustam and James Carroli, kept the house in a whirl of laughter from the moment he came before the spotlights. Ruse and Thorne in "Sold" were another pair that were funny. In fact, every act adds to making this week's Keith program one of the most interesting presented in many days.

There are also the Duponts, synopocated jugglers; Madelon and Paula Miller, with their brother, Bob; Bob Anderson, with his polo pony, and then Aesop's Fables.

### CONTINUING

WILBUR—"Little Jessie James," musical comedy, with large cast, headed by Laura Hamilton and Allan Kearns, eighth week.

COPLEY—"Sun Up," a play of the mountain folk of the Blue Ridge range, with Lucille La Varne starring in role of indomitable mother.

MAJESTIC—"Mr. Battling Butler," musical comedy, with Charles Rugles heading cast.

PLYMOUTH—"Spring Cleaning," amusing comedy, with daring theme and splendid cast, headed by Violet Heming, Arthur Byron, Estelle Winwood and A. E. Matthews.

TREMONT—"Lollipop," return engagement of Henry W. Savage's comedy, with the vivacious

Ada May starring.

SHUBERT—"Innocent Eyes," Winter Garden revue.

SYMPHONY HALL—"The Sea Hawk," Sabatini's adventure story filmed, with Milton Sills, Wallace Beery and Enid Bennett leading cast.

TREMONT TEMPLE—"Abraham Lincoln," pictured biography, with George Billings an ideal Lincoln.

SEP 24 1924

We read in a dodger of the Hyannis Theatre Sept. 19, announcing that Mr. Ponzi, "the financial wizard," would appear there in person:

"Charles Ponzi is a pleasant surprise as a public speaker. There is a distinctly human atmosphere about Ponzi." Mr. Ponzi surprised many some years ago. Whether the surprise was pleasant might be a subject for academic discussion. There are many who did not find his "atmosphere distinctly human."

### A FAIR ARRANGEMENT

(From the Indiana Alumnus)

Miss Wells also stated that any woman student who marries during the school year cannot live in any approved co-ed house. She must either live with her husband, or make other arrangements with the dean.

### MISSED FIRE

As the World Wags:

The following repartee failed to intrigue my taxi driver on a recent visit to Chicago, possibly because he is not acquainted with Boston's cigar:

Me: "To the Blackstone."

Driver: "Blackstone Hotel?"

Me: "Yes, I have a cigar."

DYER NEEDHAM.

### ADD "FORMAL INTRODUCTIONS

(Little Rock, Ark. Gazette)

Ethyl gas is said to give increased mileage and take the knock out of motor-car engines. Ethyl, meet Lizzie!

### TWO ROYAL VISITORS

As the World Wags:

The English speaking race has always felt a peculiar attachment to the Prince of Wales. That it affects all classes is shown in the case of Henry V. when as Prince Hal, was the boon companion of such low tavern roisterers as Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

The present Prince of Wales attracts the sportsy and the sedate alike, just as his grandfather, King Edward VII, did on his visit to America in 1860, he being at that time Prince of Wales. An amusing incident of the sentiment entertained toward the title, and the bearer of it, occurs in Headley's "Life of Washington." The commander-in-chief was administering the oath of allegiance to his generals, when he noticed that Gen. Lee drew back his hand several times before signing. Asking him his reason, Washington received this amazing reply:

"As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales."

This made even the grave Father of his Country laugh. But the fact that this Gen. Charles Lee, an English officer entrusted with a high command in the American army, was afterwards suspended for insubordination at the battle of Monmouth may suggest that he still had a weakness for the young man who later wrecked his popularity by becoming a bad Prince Regent and a weak King George IV.

GEORGE A. ELDER.

Portland, Me.

Walt Whitman wrote in "Leaves of Grass" ("Year of Meteors—1859-60").

"And you would I sing, fair stripling!

Welcome to you from me, young prince of England!

Remember you surging Manhattan's crowds as you pass'd with your cortege of nobles?

There in the crowds stood I, and singled you out with attachment."

Dith events chanted by Whitman in this poem were the contest for the 19th "Presidential," the execution of John Brown, the arrival of the Great Eastern, a comet "that came unannounced out of the north flaring in heaven," and a strange huge meteor procession.

We have seen no reference to Stedman's poem "The Prince's Ball," humorous and satirical, but not at the expense of the future Edward VII, published in Vanity Fair. Nor have we seen quotations from Artemus Ward's letter to the Prince of Wales.

When we read about the exhibitions of snobbery on Long Island, we recall the chorus of adoration in "The Princess of Treblond," that delightful operetta of Offenbach's as performed years ago by Alice Oates's company:

"O Prince, you are too kind."

### BIRD OR BUG?

As the World Wags:

The following verses were written from memory by a lady 87 years of age, who said she used to repeat them to her grandchildren when in bed:

Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,  
To your home in the old willow tree,  
Where your children so dear have invited the ant

And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,  
The field mouse has gone to her nest;  
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,

And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,  
The fairy bells tinkle afar.  
Make haste or they'll catch you and harness you fast

With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,  
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp.  
The dew is falling fast, and your fine speckled wings

Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

Then Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,

To your home in the old willow tree,  
Where your children so dear have invited the ant

And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

When I was a kid I learned part of a poem which began:

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire,  
Your children will burn,

but I never knew any verses similar to those written by the old lady. I have made many inquiries of contemporaries and younger people, but no one ever heard of these verses, and all agree that the verse known in them was addressed to "Ladybug," not "Ladybird."

Will you or some one of your readers furnish me with the entire "Ladybug" verse or verses, and give me the name of the author of the "Ladybird" poems? W. P. W.

Boston.

THE TRUE STORY OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

(Essay of a young pupil in Caro, Mich.)

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809. His folks were so poor they didn't know it. He didn't have any clothes so he went to split rails for a lady while she made him a suit. In 1837 he began to study law. He had only three books to study but he was elected president and became a great man. He freed the slaves and loved his enemies. He had a terrible accident and lived only two hours after he was shot in the booth.

SEP 25 1924

On Sept. 16 "W. T. O." asked about a song he used to sing at school about 60 years ago. One of the lines as he remembered it "ran something like this:

"Hurrah for old New England with its lakes and granite hills." He asked for the verses complete.

We have received over 20 letters in answer. The verses sent with them vary in some respects. Mr. Robert T. Kingsbury, mayor of Keene, N. H., writes as follows: "Remembering an inquiry for an old song, 'Hurrah for Old New England,' I am glad to enclose a clipping from today's (Sept. 17) Keene Evening Sentinel. It was written and sung in his younger days by the late Hon. William P. Chamberlain, who afterward became prominent as owner of several department stores and in state politics. He died at his home here within six or eight years."

Here are the verses published in the Evening Sentinel:

This is our own, our native home,  
Tho' poor and rough she be,  
The home of many a noble soul,  
The birthplace of the free.

We'll love her rocks and rivers,  
'Till death our quick blood stills,  
Hurrah for old New England!

And her cloud-capped granite hills!

CHORUS

Hurrah for old New England, and her cloud-capped granite hills!

Hurrah for old New England, and her cloud-capped granite hills!

Shall not the land th' poor she be,  
That gave a Webster birth,  
With pride, step forth to take her place  
With the mightiest of the earth?

Then for his sake whose lofty fame  
Our farthest boundaries fills,  
We'll shout for old New England  
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

They tell us of our freezing clime,  
Our hard and rugged soil,  
Which hardly half repays us for  
Our spring-time care and toil;

Yet gaily sings the merry boy  
As the homestead farm he tills,  
Hurrah for old New England  
And her cloud-capped granite hills.



Mrs. George W. Dinsmore of Lawrence writes that the song was sung June 9, 1892, at Windham, N. H., at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the settlement of Windham. "It was sung by a glee club that was formed in 1856, and they were present with their ranks unbroken by death."

L. L. S. writes: "More than 60 years ago, in our home on the other side of the Allegheny mountains, the song was the favorite folk song in our family of 11 children."

L. K. Palmer thinks the song was published long ago in "The Golden Wreath."

Abba Batcheller of Fitzwilliam, N. H., was one of several who sang the song with Mr. Chamberlain at the Mt. Pleasant House at Mt. Washington, years ago.

I. P. A. sang the verses when she was about 8 years old at her home in Sullivan, Me.

A. S. says the song was sung by the Hutchinson family.

John Wallace Hutchinson wrote the "Story of the Hutchinsons" (Boston 1896). In September, 1851, the brothers, Asa, John and Judson, made a concert tour through southern New Hampshire and Vermont. John wrote: "At Keene we stayed some days with M. T. Tottinham, a prominent business man, president of the Cheshire County Musical Association, and were also handsomely entertained by William P. Chamberlain, who for many years held a leading position in musical circles of the town. He took us to his father's farm, a few miles out, where my wife and I spent a very pleasant day." We find in the two thick volumes no allusion to Mr. Chamberlain's song.

Several of our correspondents, among them Mr. G. P. Phelps of Keene, N. H., give a fourth verse:

Others may seek a western clime—  
They say 'tis passing fair,  
That sunny are its laughing skies,  
And soft its balmy air;  
We'll linger 'round our childhood's home,  
Till age our warm blood chills,  
Till we die in old New England,  
And sleep beneath her hills.  
Chorus.

The letters came from every New England state. We thank our correspondents for their interest and courtesy.

Georges Enesco, the Rumanian composer and violinist, will give a concert, through the generosity of Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, in Paris hall of the Harvard Music building, Cambridge, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 30. This concert will be free and open to the public.

Mr. Ziegfeld offered to supply the postoffice department a Billie Burke stamp without expense. There was a German precedent. The bust of Anna Fuehring appeared on all the German pennig stamps from 1900 to 1921. She played the part of Germania so much to William Hohenzollern's liking that he ordered Paull Wardroff to include her in a new design. Wearing a suit of mail and the imperial crown, she became a familiar figure to stamp collectors and a well-advertised actress.

Plays other than Shakespeare's have a way of dating themselves, but "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which has received its license at last, is still a little in advance of the time in some ways. Fraser and Warren, those expert feminine chartered accountants, would still be something of a novelty in Chancery-lane. Also one suspects that there is no feminine office anywhere wherein the principals have had to give up cigars and take to what Mr. Shaw spells cigarettes because male clients object to the smell of cigar smoke in the office. Yet the play reaches its majority this year.

—London Daily Chronicle.

Messrs. Dent of London announce "A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians," prepared under an editorial committee consisting of Sir Hugh Allen, Sir Henry Wood, and Messrs. Bantock and Edward J. Dent. A. Eaglefield Hull will be the general editor. There will be 560 pages. We read that Dr. Einstein will write about Wagner; Prunieres, about Berlioz.

A revised edition of Grove's Dictionary is preparing under the supervision of Mr. Colles, the music critic of the London Times.

And here comes Mr. Allen Raymond, a Paris correspondent, who says of Mr. Koussevitzky: "Few business men have eyes flaming with such enthusiasm. They are the eyes of a reformer, an evangelist. The fact is, he is an evangelist and a showman. He would appreciate both Billy Sunday and P. T. Barnum."

We mentioned Perosi's "disgrace," a word used by an Italian journalist. For "disgrace" read insanity. Perosi is quoted as saying in his madness: "I have in mind a Biblical opera, but I must first complete my reform of the Civil Code and the Penal Code. It is necessary to put an end to all social injustices." The Menestrel adds: "What a pity that a world in which a man saying such things in all seriousness is regarded as mad by others."

The Musical Mirror says that the violinist Adila Pachiri values so highly a Stradivarius, which came to her from Joachim, her uncle, that every night she takes it to bed with her.

Why is the word "tinker" applied as a local name to certain fishes, birds, etc.? In the United States the young mackerel known as a tinker is a delicious dish when it is properly cooked. A writer of the 50's says that mackerel were then classed: Large ones, second size, tinkers and blinks. Why blinks?

The word "tinker" was also applied to a small mortar, which was on the end of a staff and was fired by a trigger and lanyard. We refrain from discussing the origin of the good old phrase "tinker's damn" (not "dam" as some amateur and foolish etymologists would have it, seeming to be under the impression that tinkers never use cuss words; and so these etymologists even go as far as India in search of an explanation).

"Horse" is prefixed to certain words to denote size. Is "tinker" in the majority of instances a diminutive?

A PERFECT DAY IN LEBANON  
(From the Harrisburg, Pa., Patriot)  
LEBANON—Among the day's accident reports here were the following today: Ted Faust had two teeth splintered and his jaw fractured when he was kicked in the face by a girl friend while coming down the chutes at Valley Glen Park.

Mr. Faust's girl friend would be just the mate for Mr. Frank Tinney.

GHOST HUNTERS  
(Violet de Maistre in the Academy)  
I thought I heard small voices go  
Weeping through the night  
And then a pattering of feet  
In panic-stricken flight.

I thought I heard the moonlight rent  
By laughter shrill and cries  
Among the trees re-echoing  
And crashing down the skies.

But when I leant into the night  
And listened, still and tense,  
There was no panic in the air  
Nor any turbulence.

BRUSHER AND BRUSHEE  
As the World Wags:  
The prosperous Pullman Company in its last report presents some interesting facts, but one that by contrast may to some seem a bit unfair. Perpend: "Net income from the sleeping car business was \$7,698,634.24. This amounts to approximately 22 cents for each revenue passenger carried"—and yet George, who dusts you off in the morning, gets 25 cents for each passenger carried, or knows the reason why—and this is net. Moreover George's overhead is not as great as the company's and he gets a living salary and a chance at a pension. Is this a discrimination on account of race or color or the previous condition of servitude of the passenger?

Boston. H. A. W.

A NOTE ON PREPOSITIONS  
As the World Wags:  
Your interesting comment upon Mr. Charles Wade's letter on prepositions calls back to my mind a unique specimen of James Russell Lowell's forceful use of prepositions cited by Dr. James C. Fernald in his splendid "Connectives of English Speech." It reads: "The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in."—Among My Books. Second series. Garfield.

In so far as the correct position of prepositions is concerned, my examination of the language satisfies me that prepositions show the relation of words and the terms of relation are transposed according to the position of the preposition. For example, "To an energetic man action is a relief." That is, "Action is a relief to an energetic man." Take as another example: "To consistency few women pretend"; "Few women pretend to consistency"; "Consistency few women pretend to." Each one of these examples is good English notwithstanding the fact that in the first and third examples the preposition introduces the sentence; that in the second and fourth examples the position of the preposition is medial, and in the last example the preposition ends the

sentence; yet some of the grammarians have taught, and teachers have assiduously enforced their dictum, that no sentence should end with a preposition.

FRANK H. VIZETELLY,  
New York.

ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"  
As the World Wags:  
As the signs in Ogunquit, Me., seem, just now to be attracting attention, I am wondering if this one is still there. It was some years ago.  
"Live broiled lohsters"  
Dorchester. H. C. WALLIS.

TOO MUCH IN A NAME  
For a long time the superb and motrical name, Aubrey Llewellyn Coventry Fell, held pride of place on London's public vehicles. That supremacy has been challenged several times in recent years by the bus companies, and we have seen Athole Murray Kemp-Gee, Hugh Sutherland Valentine Patterson and Helen Jane O'Farrell Kelly. But the latest name raises serious possibilities. It is Marcus Aurelius Giovanni Salvatore Forno. A tram can take a name of this length without losing advertising revenue, but if the competition goes on, the next bus company will require two or more buses to convey the name of its manager. And besides, what chance have the John Smiths of getting on in the transport world?—London Daily Chronicle.

"His name was a terrible name indeed, Being Timothy Thaddy Mulligan."

As the World Wags—  
And I remember the quaint period when bucolic songs flourished. They were popular. Here's a sample:  
The old farmer is talking to the man, who has just proposed to his daughter. Here goes:  
"Treat my daughter kindly, and say you'll do no harm  
And when I die I'll will to you my little cot and farm,  
My horse, my cow, my ox, my plow, I'll give them all to you  
And all the little chickens in the yard-r-r-r-den."

That last line was rendered with pathos and it was proper to hold the final word as it were mournfully. A sure fire hit.  
Then there were songs about other homely things. Do you recall "The Market on Saturday Night" in waltz time?  
Beef-steak and cabbages  
Da da da da-de-dah,  
(These words forgotten)  
Really a beautiful sight  
Chickens and chow-chow  
And dogs that say bow-wow  
At the market on Saturday night.

Usually sung by an Irish comedian made up as a woman, with a shawl, market basket, and so on. At the finish of the chorus a "neat" waltz clog, of course, although no one ever saw an elderly Irish woman doing a waltz clog in a market.

No particular object in writing this note, but I've just been reading the biography of Weber & Fields and autobiography of William Brady. Good stuff for the old guard.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.  
Boston.

Sept 27 1924

"The disputes of literary men may be of no higher quality than those of old women in a slum: 'So I ups and ses to 'er, Mrs. Smith, I ses'—and so on. Perhaps we may put a finer edge on it, but humanly there isn't much difference. You can be witty in amabilities, but these may be deficient in snap; they are not remembered. And, indeed, it may be feared that ill-natured things are sometimes said less out of envy than as advertisement. The malicious epigram has great carrying power, and a book full of them should sell."

A. N. M.

Mr. Allen W. Porterfield, mentioning the Insel Verlag's "Anthologie de la Poesie Lyrique Francaise," in the Christian Science Monitor, says: "Germany has done what France cannot do, or at least has never done."

Several excellent anthologies of French lyric poetry have been published in Paris. Van Bevers and Paul Leautaud's is only one of them.

MR. STRIBLING'S CHOICE  
As the World Wags:  
"His (Stribling's) recreation is basketball which he would rather play than cat."—Boston Herald.  
Most people would. With the exception of the contents it might be hard to digest.

H. H. C.

THE REVISED VERSION  
[The type of man who attracts almost all women is not the hardened, cynical man of the world. It is the man who at 30 or 40, or even at 50, still retains the qualities of a child.]—Magazine article.]  
I do not sneer, I do not leer,  
I do not oil my hair;  
I've laid aside my haughty pride  
And all my savoir faire;  
My "Howe d'ye do?" my courteous bow,  
Conceal no cynic guile—  
When I converse with maidens now  
I drop that ancient style.

My later role I, too, condemn—  
I never tear their clothes,  
I never roar or rage at them  
Or use appalling oaths,  
Still less attack them with a whip  
Or hang them well about;  
Taught by the very latest tip  
I've cut the "sheik stuff" out.

I gather roses while I may  
On quite a different plan  
And all my willing victims say  
I'm "just the sweetest man!"  
To me they swerve when I preserve  
(Oh, don't I draw it mild!)  
By subtlest art the simple heart  
And manners of a chee-ild.

—LUCIO.

STET  
(Wooster, Ohio, Record)  
The defense having put in expert testimony that the glands of both young collegians are defective, thus accounting in part for the sanguinary killing of Bobby Franks, the state today put on the witness stand Dr. Rollin T. Woodyat, an endocrinologist, to shatter this part of the Loeb-Leopold defense.

PROBABLY BOBBED  
(Topeka, Kan., Journal)  
Christine Hutson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hutson of Wabash avenue, underwent a tonsorial operation Thursday.

J'ACCUSE  
As the World Wags:  
I accuse the motor vehicle. Of whatever name or nature, of nearly every crime in the calendar—I can think of one only off-hand, it may not be guilty of, and that is arson; but of every other, either as principal or accessory before or after the fact, it is the blue ribbon criminal of the uncivilized world, and I am not sure but that somebody may cite an instance that would round out the list with arson.

We all remember what was done to liquor—it was prohibited, banned, banished, tabooed in toto, so far as the law was able to do so, without regard for the good it did, had done or might do. Any virtues it possessed were not allowed to be presented or argued, hence—  
Be it therefore resolved—that every motor vehicle, of whatever design, speed, purpose, age or ownership, be and hereafter is forever prohibited, and any person manufacturing, owning or operating one, shall be drawn and quartered, and his head stuck upon a pole, and displayed, as a warning to offenders, at the city gate.

Any and every argument to the effect that there are motor vehicles engaged in useful and humane work, is hereby prohibited, and the utterer of such propaganda shall be whipped through the streets at the cart tail.

As a murderer, as a bank robber, as a highwayman, as a kidnapper, as a bankrupter of business, etc., etc., etc., it gives liquor the ha ha, and leaves it so far in the rear it is invisible to the naked eye. There shall be no appeal.

Back to the horse.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

I am since reminded that arson is one of its most numerous offences, which makes it the most prolific criminal of the ages.

ROCK AND BE STRONG  
As the World Wags:  
I suppose I should have been flattered when I read in a letter, circular, dodger, what-you-call it from Dr. Sheldon Leavitt that a special offer of full instruction concerning "the Rocker Exercise for Health" was sent only to "a special list of distinguished men and women." But my joy was chastened when I also read that the immediate purpose of the circular was "to call attention of those beyond the age at which physical decline usually begins." The inference is that the "Rocker" exercise will prolong life, that it will "renew one's strength like the bugle"—or is the old phrase "like the eagle"?

As the World Wags:  
"His (Stribling's) recreation is basketball which he would rather play than cat."—Boston Herald.  
Most people would. With the exception of the contents it might be hard to digest.

H. H. C.

As the World Wags:  
"His (Stribling's) recreation is basketball which he would rather play than cat."—Boston Herald.  
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H. H. C.



Unfortunately I have anticipated the good doctor. For many years I have rocked at Clamport in an easy chair on the veranda when the weather was favorable, and in my room in Blossom court when I was in the city.

And thus by rocking faithfully (also smoking a pipe, and reading a romance by some ingenious Frenchman) I have gained "absolute immunity from such ailments as indigestion, gastric ulcer, biliousness, gallstones, diabetes, appendicitis, kidney disease, tuberculosis, neurasthenia, faintings, toxemia and cancer." HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport.

#### TOO LONG TO QUOTE HERE

As the World Wags:

I have been watching your World Wag column for the ancient poem of "Darius Green and his Flying Machine" and hope yet to see it in print for the benefit of those self-satisfied individuals who rejoice in their own narrow vision on all subjects.

For one person I feel very humble in these days of marvelous achievements in the air as I recall the village school when on Exhibition days the piece that called forth special ridicule was "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," declaimed by Young America in his best Sunday suit.

Boston.

J. E. GREEN.

Sept 28 1927

The Rev. Thomas Kirkwood of Syracuse, N. Y., is quoted as saying in church: "It is a sad commentary on our democracy to see so many of our youths spilling their good hats by turning down the brim in front because the Prince of Wales while coming over turned down the brim of his fedora."

Perhaps, Reverend Sir, he turned it down to keep the sun out of his eyes. When we were at school and later, "enjoying the advantages of a collegiate advantage," some of our classmates turned down hat brims in front to give themselves an experienced air to the outside world, in other words to show that they were "fly" or "tough." "Foolish fellows," one might say and justly, but "Aren't we all," etc., to quote the title of a comedy now in town?

#### FOR "BAIZE"

As the World Wags:

"Baize" on Sept. 9 in your column asked for the other verses than the one he quoted relating the adventure of the old woman, who going to market, met one Stout, who cut her petticoats. The remaining verses of the old nursery poem are as follows:

"When this little woman she began to wake,

She began to shiver and she began to shake,

She began to shiver and she began to cry—

'Luck o'mercy on my soul I knew it wasn't I.

"But if it be I, as I suppose I be,

I have a little dog at home,

And he knows me,

If I be I, he will jump and wag his tail

But if I be'n't I, he will bark and wall."

"So up she got this little woman,

All in the dark,

And when she got home

The dog began to bark,

Her dog began to bark and she began to cry.

'Luck o'mercy on my soul,

I knew it wasn't I."

BROOKLINE.

#### ADD "CHURCH NOTES"

(Announcement of a California church).

Community motion picture night! We will show "Rosita," featuring Mary Pickford. Also, one of Lyman H. Howe's Travelogue Comedies. To take care of the crowd there will be two performances, both presenting the same pictures. 6:30 P. M., for children and parents with children; also, for the more aged members of our church who do not stay out late. 8:15 P. M., for adults and young people. For the next month the gallery is reserved to our own church families, who have children, up to ten minutes before the program begins.

#### PAVLOVA AS DULCINEA

Anna Pavlova brought out her new ballet, "Don Quixote," in London early this month. While she was welcomed as "the most magnificent living exponent of a form of ballet dancing which, old fashioned though it be, is as attractive as ever," a critic described the ballet itself as "reprehensible," because it was a "sorry travesty of a

classical masterpiece," and not adapted to the purpose for which it was intended.

Mme. Pavlova appeared as Dulcinea, "But it was hard to believe one's eyes when that honest country wench, who ought to be chewing garlic, appeared in a sort of fairy garden arrayed in the tights and gauze flounces of the French ballet of last century. It is nothing to the point that this was one of the Don's dream visions; he could not have seen a Dulcinea like this even in a nightmare." Nor did the music please this critic. "The music is, according to the program, by Minkus—not Ivan, Sasha, or Ilya Minkus, but just plain Minkus. If recollection serves, he is one of the worst of a little school of Russian hack writers of ballet music. At any rate, though memory is hazy, one's ears support this identification."

#### A BACTERIOLOGIC TRAGEDY

(For As the World Wags)

A gay bacillus, to gain him glory,  
Once gave a ball in a laboratory.  
The fete took place on a cover glass,  
Where vulgar germs could not harass.  
None but the cultured were invited  
(For microbes cliques are well united),  
And tightly closed the ballroom doors  
To all germs containing spores.  
The Staphylococci first arrived—  
To stand in groups they all contrived;  
The Streptococci took great pains  
To set themselves in graceful chains;  
While somewhat late and two by two,  
The Diplococci came in view.  
The Pneumococci, stern and haughty,  
Declared the Gonococci naughty,  
And would not care to stay at all  
If they were present at the ball.  
The ball began, the mirth ran high,  
With not one thought of danger nigh,  
Each germ enjoyed himself that night,  
With never a fear of Phagocyte.  
'Twas getting late (and some were  
"loaded"),

When a jar of Formalin exploded,  
And drenched the happy, dancing mass  
That swarmed the fatal cover glass.

Not one survived, but perished all  
At this bacteriological ball.  
Chestnut Hill.

G. M. N.

#### HOW'S THIS, WATSON?

(Adv. in a Worcester Paper)

85c Wear-Ever  
Aluminum Fry Pan  
50c

Half price, Spanish leather, half stuffed.

#### LIFE AND THE FILM

It appears that the Londoner is so accustomed to see scenes of apparent violence in the streets for the purposes of the film that he now walks on, not disturbed but amused. It was not so formerly.

"When this kind of page began to be torn from the book of life by the art of the Kinema," we quote from the Manchester Guardian, "simple souls among the public were apt to cut in and deliver Oliver from Bill Sikes or restrain the sympathetic jeune premiere when at the nadir of his perfumes, he rushed to throw himself from Waterloo bridge. The public has learned better now. In fact, it has learned so well that when a little band of roughs were, in all sincerity, beating and kicking a London policeman a few days ago, a crowd looked peaceably on, apparently unwilling to inconvenience the supposed producers of this piece of materialism. And really it is easier for most of us to blame them than to be quite sure that we should ourselves have done anything else. Even before this new make of mirrors began to be held up to the face of nature, the Briton of tradition had more than the fear of death or mutilation to fight down before he could essay to stop a bolting horse or to deliver infants from the flames. He had also to overcome the awful consciousness that he was "making a scene," or at any rate grabbing a conspicuous part in a scene provided by other agencies. Horatius may have had some such misgiving before he made his sensational offer to hold the bridge. Would he ever have held it at all if he had had some reason to fear that the Etruscan onslaught was all a put-up job, engineered by the D. W. Griffiths of that age, and that he might be making orphans of the children of some honest "super" if he ran the gigantic Astur through the body?

Roland Hayes announces the program for his concert in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5, at 3:30, which is to open his second American tour. He will be accompanied by William Lawrence. The numbers follow:

- Concert Aria, "Per pietà, non ricercate" Mozart  
(a) An Die Leyer ("To the Lyre").....Schubert  
(b) Geisterstube ("The Spirit's Presence").....Schumann  
(c) Bekehrung ("Redemption").....Hugo Wolf  
(a) "In a Mistle Shade".....Grieges  
(b) "I Know a Hill".....Whelpley  
(c) "A Caravan from China Comes".....Storey-Smith  
Negro spirituals:  
(a) "I've Got a Home in That Rock"  
(b) "Poor Sinners Found a Home at Last"  
(c) "Ride on Jesus"

"THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE: Scenes from the Theatre of Yesterday and the Day Before," by Walter Prichard Eaton, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is an eminently readable book.

When Mr. Eaton was a reporter on the Boston Journal he was greatly interested in the theatre. It was more agreeable for him to visit a playhouse than to call on a woman in the suburbs and in the exercise of his duty towards his employers to ask her late at night why her husband had run away and whether the other woman was a blonde or a brunette. Mr. Eaton went to New York and there, connected in turn with several newspapers, wrote knowingly and fearlessly about plays that he saw. He wrote in a manner that pleased intelligent readers, and sometimes disturbed the equanimity of theatrical managers. For some years he has been a free lance, writing about the beauties or the cruelties of Nature, social conditions, and with special gusto about his dearly beloved theatre, now optimistically, now pessimistically, always entertainingly. As a lecturer he has shown the same boldness, acumen, and sly, peculiar humor.

In "The Actor's Heritage" he describes the life of the old strolling player as shown in the life of Thomas Holcroft as told by that adventurous man and his friend Hazlitt, with a digression about Macklin. The manner in which Shylock has been represented on the stage leads him to consider Macklin's audacity in making the Jew a tragic figure, whereas Shylock before 1741 had been played in a comic manner. Praising Mr. Warfield's impersonation as being realistically human, "not so great and tragic a one that the balance of the play need be destroyed," Mr. Eaton is moved to say: "The trouble was, of course, the Belasco introduction was so stupid in almost every respect, from the cuts and transpositions of the text to the pasteboard unreality and tiresome tinsel of the investiture and the hopeless artificiality of the other actors—with two honorable exceptions—that not a soul in any audience ever had a chance to guess what Warfield was about."

And in this chapter Mr. Eaton gives the 18th century a knock in passing as he does elsewhere to Mr. Alexander Pope. "And I fly in the face of Providence and A. Edward Newton to assert that personally I find even Brother Boswell's a monotonous book." No, Mr. Eaton has no patience with the worshippers of Dr. Johnson and finds the 18th century "one of the most monotonous periods of all history. He is so irreverent as to speculate "what would have happened if Warfield could have played Shylock under the guidance of an imaginative director."

In "The Theatre and the Frontier," Sol Smith's "theatrical management in the West and South for thirty years" is freely used to show the conditions in this country from 1816 to 1853, when Smith, a delightful person—he died in 1869—retired from the stage, with debts all paid, a home in St. Louis and enough money to live on. The chapter abounds in amusing anecdote. It is pleasant to note that in 1868 Smith thought the stage was going to the demerol bow-wows. He wrote: "In latter years the legitimate drama seems to have been nearly crushed out by what he termed Black Crookery and White Fawmery, consisting of red and blue fires, a fine collection of French legs, calcium lights and grand transformation scenes. . . . Two of our best tragedians are obliged to make up strolling companies and roam through the rural district, in hopes of finding some lovers of the good old drama in villages which have not yet had the love of Shakespeare fumigated out of them by red fire and blue blazes."

Mr. Eaton in this chapter quotes Vandenhoff's account of Charlotte Cushman. He found Nancy Sykes her greatest part, excelling also as Meg Merrilies. "I never admired her Lady Macbeth," Vandenhoff wrote: "It is too animal; it wants intellectual confidence, and relies too much on physical energy. Besides, she bullies Macbeth; gets him into a corner of the stage and . . . pitches into him."

Years ago we saw Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth, and not till we saw her as Meg Merrilies could we understand why she was ranked so high as an actress.

"A Theatrical Lion on Beacon Street" tells of Macready's social pleasures in Boston. Mr. Eaton is inclined to take a more favorable view of Macready as a man than one reads in accounts written by the actor's contemporaries, for they described him as intolerably conceited, intolerant, arrogant. We like to think of him noting in his diary: "Went with Sumner and Felton to the Oyster Saloon Concert Hall, where Hilliard joined us. Supped on broiled oysters, with some of the ingenious and beautifully composed—I should say constructed—drinks that are conspicuous in this country."

This was in 1843. Can any one tell us where this Oyster Saloon was situated? Perhaps this saloon was one of the reasons why Macready before the disgraceful Astor Place riot in New York, thought seriously of making Cambridge his home.

Rachel's visit leads Mr. Eaton to talk entertainingly about plays in New York with a fireman as a hero—"Fifteen Years of a New York Fireman's Life," and the many plays in which Mose with his soap locks, plug hat, red shirt, turned-up trousers and insolent swagger figured. (There might have been a reference to Artemus Ward's thrilling story, "Moses the Sassy or the Disguised Juke.")

Speaking of Rachel's visit, Mr. Eaton raps some of his colleagues on their knuckles: "In a recent book about our stage by one of our younger critics, Duse's tour in 1890 is quaintly referred to as the 'pioneer' visit to our shores of a foreign player—one, that is, not speaking English. Perhaps we should be grateful to any of the younger critics who will concede the existence of anything so remote even as 1890."

Ah, the young lions of the New York press! Did not one of them roar lustily that John Barrymore's Hamlet was the finest he had ever seen? It reminded us of Fred Lennox's wheeze in "Prince Pro Tem": "I wish I had as many dollars as I have drank bottles of champagne." (Pause.) "I'd have just three dollars."

The connection between Rachel and fire companies was suggested to Mr. Eaton by M. Beauvallet, her leading man, speaking in his published history of her tour, of the great number of fires in New York. "It is a



abby, a monomania, a furore, seven, eight, nine, ten a day! . . . It is habit, a usage. Were there none, people would be disappointed. It is the most ardently desired pastimes of the lower classes."

"Colley Cibber as Critic" is a chapter that includes valuable criticism on plays and acting by Mr. Eaton himself, as: "Empty vehemence results from an attempt to keep an audience awake by a show of force; flatness from an attempt at naturalism without a sufficiently sensitive identification with the character. In short, good acting is incessant and truthful impersonation. Achieve that, and the battle is won."

"Our Comedy of Bad Manners." "When it comes to manners, the old timers haven't a leg to stand on—not manners, that is, in public places, especially the theatre." Mr. Eaton has stated that as each generation moves toward the sere and yellow, it celebrates that melancholy progression by complaining of the decay of manners, especially in the young people of the rising generation. Three things there be which never are what they once were—manners, actors, and liquors."

Mr. Eaton has studied the complaints against the lack of manners in the theatre from the time the *Mirror of Taste* and *Dramatic Censor* was published in Philadelphia in 1810. This magazine contained letters that show the indecency that prevailed, not on the stage, but in the audience. Plays were interrupted by brawling, profane and obscene remarks from pit and gallery. Apples, nuts, "and what is worse something I can't well name"—one correspondent wrote—were thrown about. The titter of the impure and the dull chatter of her stupid wooer are not infrequently louder than the words of the actor."

Women of the town were admitted to the theatre "for other purposes than the enjoyment of the play." Anna Cora Mowatt, whose comedy, *Fashion*, was recently revived here by Mr. Jewett, wrote in 1853 that his abuse might be abolished, as was proved "in the Howard Athenaeum in Boston, the Museum, and indeed all the theatres in that city for five years, and at Niblo's in New York for an even longer period."

There are other chapters that should be discussed next Sunday: *The Antique Gesture*; "Through Marginal Meadows," for Mr. Eaton picked up at Chattanooga a set of the *Variorum Shakespeare* which Dr. William Everett had annotated in a most amusing manner; *Legs in Grandpa's Day*, wherein Olive Logan's once famous diatribe is quoted. And in *"The Last of a Line"* Mr. Eaton shows that he is by no means a "high brow."

We shall also speak of the illustrations in the book. It is full of neat, this "Actor's Heritage;" and it is by no means corned beef with cabbage.

## CRITICAL DISQUIETUDES

(By A. B. Walkley)

Despite the etymology of his name, what distinguishes the critic is not so much his judicial faculty as his ability to communicate his impressions of the work criticized, to put his readers in a position to share his own state of mind about it. It is for this reason that he avoids such words as "good" and "bad," words which would indicate a judgment on the reader who, however, learns from them only that the critic is pleased with this or displeased with that, and nothing about the particular, individual quality of this or that. If a friend tells you that a certain stranger is a good or a bad man, the information may be correct enough, but will not enable you to identify him when you meet. If you are told that he looks like Mr. Pickwick, talks like Mr. Jingle, and has a strawberry mark on the left wrist, when you have something to go upon. There are milder critical epithets, such as "delightful," "agreeable," "pleasant," which are unavoidable—I plead guilty to their frequent use myself—but which are almost as useless to the reader. They tell him your resultant frame of mind, but nothing of the component processes which have led up to it. They connote, in fact, a renunciation of the effort, which should be a point of honor with the critic, to render his impressions vividly, to make plain to the reader not merely that he is pleased, but why he is pleased. Instead of rendering the critic has been surrendering. . . . Impressions and sub-impressions and sub-sub-impressions of subtle things constitute precisely the critic's difficulties. How is he to give "a local habitation and a name" to these "airy nothings"? There are, I conjecture, analogous difficulties for the critics of painting and music, which in their case must remain insuperable. How are you to render in a notice the impression roused by the glowing sun in Turner's *Fighting Temeraire*? How are you to render the thrill of a particular B-flat vibrating from Suggias violoncello? simply cannot be done. But the thing not insuperable in theatrical criticism, could be done, approximately at any rate, by copious (and skillful) quotations from the dialogue of the play. Considerations of space, however, to say nothing of an infirm memory, forbid. And so the poor critic is driven to ob his reader off with the usual vague delightful, "agreeable" and "pleasant."

There is another kind, a very different kind, of play, of which it is difficult to render the critical impression. I mean the mediocre play, with ideas that are true but commonplace and not worth expressing, emotions that are not worth feeling, dialogue plausible enough,

but without distinction, characters that move and speak, but are only half alive. Work of this sort depresses the critic, who is ex hypothesi a sophisticated playgoer, out of all proportion to its demerits, because he knows it puts him at variance with the unsophisticated many in the audience, who in all probability are greedily swallowing what he finds nauseating. If he is a churl, he incontinently damns the whole thing. But I am considering criticism of the kind which regards churlishness as itself uncritical. The favorite refuge of this kind is irony,—and that is a dangerous weapon that probably inflicts more injustice than simple churlishness.

With what joy, then, the critic welcomes the "easy ones"! There is the play of overwhelming passion that sends him away with his brain afloat and his blood tingling, the sort of play that he couldn't not write about to save his life—a rare occurrence, but, when it does happen, a great experience. There is the drama "of ideas," as it used to be called—for it is mainly a thing of the past—often enough bad drama, of worse ideas. But ideas are, or should be the critic's stock-in-trade. There he feels at home, he has something, in Byron's phrase, to break his mind upon. Besides, ideas can be put down in black and white; they are easier to share out with the reader than sub-sub-impressions of atmosphere and ethos.

## A LONDONER'S VIEW

(London Daily Telegraph)

The war severed the old intimacy between audience and player. London was full of strangers demanding amusement, soldiers on leave, and their friends spending a few days with them as they came or went. The situation became more like that in America, where the darker evenings, the concentrated life of the flats, the comparative lack of open-air entertainment, make the theatre, not a hobby, but a national necessity. Over there the audience seeks the theatre, rather than is drawn to it. During the actors' strike of five years ago the health commissioner noticed a perceptible decline in the public health.

The outcome of this tremendous and not too critical demand for amusement was the same here as there; a perpetual straining for the novel or sensational, either physical or moral. If the story were old, have it told backwards was one of the devices resorted to for compelling attention. It must be admitted that, in spite of their punch or twist, most American plays have a much closer relationship to life than their English cousins. In "Mr. Pitt," in "The Song and Dance Man," in "The Goose Hangs High" and "The Show Off," to mention only a few of last season's successes, there were living characters, portrayed with humor and fidelity, quite capable of holding our interest throughout the entire evening. But the American producer is not satisfied with all this; he must have at least one melodramatic sensation, even in

the quietest of comedies, or irritate the nerves of the spectators by a sudden windfall of dollars, specially designed to take the place of the romantic element which, on this side of the Atlantic, springs from the principal character's acquisition of a title or his unexpected rise in the social status. Another drawback is that theatres have to a very large extent lost that distinguishing sense of identity which they possessed in old days. Play follows play in answer to a ceaseless demand for amusement, and the same theatre will produce in rapid succession a farce, a comedy, a melodrama, or a piece with music.

## WAGNER AS CLASSIC

(London Daily Telegraph)

More than 10,000 volumes and pamphlets have already been written on Wagner. Yet M. Louis Barthou has found that another volume was wanted to complete the collection, and he introduces to us, accordingly, M. Jean Bartholoni, author of "Wagner et le recul du temps," who supplies the missing link. M. Bartholoni, for his part, believes that the time is ripe for a synthetic study aiming at establishing Wagner's position by the side of Beethoven, among the great classics. In England, at any rate, such work must appear unnecessary, for no one would seriously think of challenging Wagner's claims as the heir of the great German tradition. M. Bartholoni appears to be slightly uneasy because no new work on Wagner has been published during the last 10 years. The reason for this is simple enough. We do not discuss Wagner as we used to do, because we no longer discuss habitually Beethoven or Mozart. We discuss composers whose work still intrigues our wit. We do not discuss accepted art, unless some special occasion demands it. The fame of Wagner is safe beyond discussion, and stands as high as even M. Bartholoni can wish. And the worth of this volume lies rather in the happy things the author says, by the way.

He has some notable remarks to make about Wagnerian orchestration, which is still often misunderstood. It is undeniable that at times the Wagnerian singer is drowned by the volume of the orchestra tone. But it is equally true that more often the orchestration shows wonderful consideration for the singers. For instance, Siegmund's story of his life in the first act of "The Valkyrie" is told to an accompaniment as notable for the perfect proportion between voice and orchestra as for the new and admirable tone color Wagner obtains from the lower strings.

M. Bartholoni notes also the unity of the Wagnerian work—the "idée fixe" of the poet philosopher. This point has been made in the essay on German music which appeared shortly before the war in "Germany in the Nineteenth Century," a publication of the Manchester University. But it was necessary to repeat it, if for no other reason, because its full importance is seldom realized. He is less happy in the choice of "Immortels createurs" he considers worthy to stand by the side of Wagner. Homer and Aeschylus, Vergil and Dante, Shakespeare—these are fair choice; Bach and Beethoven are better. But Franck and Saint-Saens! It is interesting to see that prophets are sometimes honored in their own country. But Shakespeare and Saint-Saens—this will never, never do. F. B.

## FARRAR PRODUCES NEW OPERA CARMEN

Takes Several Liberties with the Old Version—Cut to Three Acts 1924

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Sept. 26—Geraldine Farrar this evening at the Colonial Theatre here presented for the first time her new version of the opera "Carmen." The opera is distinctly a Farrar production, for she has taken several liberties with the grand opera version.

It is cut to three acts, but all the important arias are sung. The card scene in the third act has been placed in the first, when Mercedes tells the fortune of Don Jose. Miss Farrar takes the part of Carmen and Luigi Pasinat, the Italian tenor, who recently returned from Australia, appeared as Don Jose. Joseph Royer had the role of Escamillo and Emma Noe, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company, sang Micaela.

One of the features of the modernized version is the elimination of all material that interferes with the continuity of the dramatic action, which closely follows Merimee's novel, although the part of Micaela used is not in the original score of Bizet.

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Of late years indictments have been brought against newspapers. The especially severe indictments have been drawn up by men, young and old, who have had unfortunate experiences in newspaper offices as editors, desk men, reporters or critics. According to them, 999 out of a thousand journals are controlled by the counting room, politicians, and by "big business." The editorial articles are written to serve commercial and selfish ends. Even the columns of news are tinkered and colored to give the readers erroneous opinions. Reviews of books are written solely to obtain the advertisements of publishers. No dramatic critic dares to tell the truth about a play; as for the musical critic, he does not count, for the advertisements of concerts are comparatively negligible. Public abuses are ignored or excused. Who has any faith in the honesty of the financial page? And so on, and so on.

Unfortunately there are men and women who believe all these statements, suspect the worth of their own newspaper, and find assurance of good faith only in the death notices; also in the society notes, when their own names are mentioned as "among those present."

It is a relief for men employed by newspaper owners, disgusted, but not disheartened by these exaggerated and often false statements, to read Christopher Morley's "Religio Journalistici," a little book published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Morley has worked for newspapers to the great delight of their readers. No doubt he called himself a newspaper man, and not a journalist, for there is some truth in the old definition: "A newspaper man is one who puts into the waste basket what the journalist writes." Mr. Morley is widely known by his whimsical tales and essays, distinguished by their fine taste, love of humanity, sly and peculiar humor. For some time he has been a free lance, to the great regret of readers of the New York Evening Post, who sorely miss his Bowling Green Column, his comments on books, daily happenings, adventures in town and country, virtues, foibles and failings of men and women.

Now, freed from newspaper routine, he looks back on that life with the calmness of a man from another planet. "And the game of newspapers, which I greatly love, being at heart no philosopher, is enormously important."

He had occasion not long ago to telephone to a newspaper office: "I could hear that old adorable hum, the quick patter of typewriters, voices on the copy desk tersely discussing the ingenious minutiae of the job. No man who has dabbled, ever so amateurishly, in that spirited child's-play outgrows its irrational and cursed charm. Over miles of telephone wire that drugging hum came back to my ear, that furious and bewildering pulse of excitement which seems so fantastically important and really means so little. O world so happy, so amusing, so generously emotional, so exempt from the penalty of thought! World that deals with quaintly codified and abstracted notions of life!"

But when Mr. Morley says that "literature and journalism rarely overlap," he forgets for the moment that he was a newspaper man whose work had an exquisite literary favor that was not only appreciated by the readers; it excited the admiration of all his fellow laborers in the vineyard.

To him, for his sense of humor is never sleeping, the newspaper world, "that vast, brightly colored, contentious, and phantasmagoric picture of life that it evolves for its readers, is mostly a spurious world evolved for hurried and ignorant people." Yet on the preceding page he says that the trade of newspapers is "in facts; like all prosperous tradesmen they are reasonably conscientious." When he says that this world is "spurious" he means that it is "happily out of touch with the world of philosophy." A "spurious world"—but a Hindu would smile and say that the world and all that is there on it is only illusion.

"Journalism, like every skilled metier, tends to become a sort of priesthood. All such professional groups admit with cynical or humorous readiness, inside the circle, truths that it is unmanly to gossip abroad. But now and then some happy member feels he has absorbed enough hokum to last him for a reasonable lifetime."



There is plenty of hokum in every trade and profession. Does Mr. Morley hope to escape from it?

"The priest," says Mr. Morley, "transmits to the congregation as much of God's doings as he thinks will be not too embarrassing for them to hear. And the newspaper man lays bare that portion of the event which he considers the public will be most anxious to pay for. Both are anthropologists." Church and press are "perhaps the two professions that have most frankly regarded themselves as separate estates, above and apart from the common man."

Mr. Morley admits that in all but a few really intelligent journals the news columns are edited down to the level of the proprietor's intelligence or what the active managers imagine to be the proprietor's taste.

Not in fact, "but in the tone adopted in setting out those facts." He speaks of the Index Expurgatorius in certain offices, lists of words and phrases not to be mentioned in news stories. "The more essentially vulgar a paper is, the more cautious it will be not to use words the managing editor believes dirty. 'Obscene,' for example, is deleted, and the truly disgusting word 'spicy' is substituted."

We remember that the old Boston Journal was shaken to its foundations when an editorial writer spoke of a "pregnant statement."

The great majority of readers, "tipping their customary sheet day after day with the regularity of drum-heads, are so indurated to the grotesque psychology of the more popular news column that to find a paper habitually speaking recognizable moderate sense would afflict them with a warmth of indecency and dismay. . . . We have the agreeable paradox that these papers we see all around us, roaring their halcyons and scandals, are written and compiled by those who are, as individuals, studious, serene, and gently acetic skeptics."

And the newspaper man "ratiocinates upon the quaint processes of mind. He broods on the haphazard, interest-tainted, and fallible nature of most mortal opinion. He studies the relativity of truth and the proliferation of rumor. . . . To tell exactly what happens, as Pepsy did, it is best to be dead. (How odd is the saying, 'Dead men tell no tales.' Why, they tell the best tales of all.) It does sometimes seem as though the more immediate readers there are for any bit of print, the less candor can be rationed out for each."

We notice a slip in proof-reading on page 56: "Old Doctor Jewett said to Margot Asquith, 'You must believe in God in spite of what the clergy say.' For 'Jewett,' read 'Jowett.'"

Sept 30, 1924

## WILLIAM HODGE

**SELWYN THEATRE—"For All of Us,"** a play in three acts by William Hodge; produced by Lee Shubert. The cast:

Frederic Warren.....	Frank Losee
Walter Fisher.....	Courtney White
Joey.....	Helen Flint
Dr. Shipman.....	Marion Abbott
Ethel Warren.....	Frank Rurbeck
Tom Griswold.....	Lucille Rusting
Eugene Merrick.....	Frank Charlton
Frederic Warren, Jr.....	J. Warren Lyons
Mr. Dvart.....	Philp Dunning
A maid.....	Rita Sherman

William Hodge is an American institution. Since he appeared in Booth Tarkington's "The Man from Home," he has been associated with Dr. Crane, Edgar Guest, and Harold Bell Wright in the minds of the intelligencia as an incurable purveyor of sugar-coated, platitudinous homilies.

"For All of Us" was heartily damned in Chicago by the newspapers; yet "For All of Us" enjoyed almost a record run in Chicago. New York was kinder in criticism but less kind in attendance; however, the play lasted for three or four months there.

Mr. Hodge this year is propagating a very soothing doctrine that mental peace is more than medicines and sweet thoughts better than bromides. To illustrate that, he invents, or rather temporarily borrows, the idea of the unhappy and very wealthy household: father-paralytic but indomitable—infatuated by his stenographer, who is purest of the pure, and becomes the man's nurse simply because he has threatened to commit suicide if she doesn't; moth-

er immersed in charitable work and neglected by her husband; son sent out to Seattle because he loved the stenographer. Except for a recent robbery—\$300,000 worth of jewels—the Warren family is otherwise untroubled.

The god out of the machine—he might have been the Servant in the House or the Gentleman of the Third Floor Back—is a ditch digger, an ex-convict and reformed drunkard, who was induced to try the straight and narrow by a Bible placed in his hands by Mrs. Warren on one of her prison trips. He enters the Warren house with little justification except the author's and settles all their difficulties. Before the curtain falls, the criminal was found; Mr. Warren was able to walk; evil thoughts alone had obstructed his pedestrianism; the stenographer—nurse, Joey, had acquired a husband and a father—the latter of course being the gutter moralist. All in all, there was more resolute happiness at that ending than there has been in any remembered play.

The appreciative audience seemed to like the obvious story, the simple moral, and Mr. Hodge. His performance and his play are best characterized as "homely" or "homey". Probably "homey" persons enjoy William Hodge and "For All of Us," although personally both seemed commonplace, sluggish, lacking the idiomatic speech and characterization that makes character studies genuine.

The author and leading actor was rather ungenerous in his writing of the other parts; they were mostly colorless and flat. Mr. Losee's performance was the best—a fine example of playing of the so-called old school. Except for Mr. Losee—well, Miss Flint is very beautiful. J. C. M.

**TREMONT THEATRE—Charles Frohman,** in association with E. Ray Goetz, presents Irene Bordoni in "Little Miss Bluebeard," a song play by Avery Hopwood, in three acts. From the Hungarian of Gabriel Dregely. Staged by W. H. Gilmore. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Larry Charters.....	Arthur Margetson
Eva Winthrop.....	Clara Mackin
Smithers.....	William Eville
Sir John Barstow.....	Arthur Barry
The Hon. Bertie Bird.....	Eric Blore
Bob Talmadge.....	Gordon Ash
Colette.....	Irene Bordoni
Gloria Talmadge.....	Maxine MacDonald
Lulu.....	Eva Leonard-Boyne
Paul Rondal.....	Burton Brown

Now comes Irene Bordoni in Avery Hopwood's much heralded song play, "Little Miss Bluebeard," and very Hopwoodian it is, mixing unabashed, unafraid, much of the red pepper ingredients that have Frenchly flavored his output of other seasons. The bedroom again, and yet again more bedrooms. The convenient and numerous doors, the phillandering males, the receptive and pretty girl. And for good and abundant measure, several songs, in turn naughty, naughtier, naughtiest.

Mr. Hopwood ties a very taut knot and there are no ravelling edges, and in the end he very competently unties the same, neatly, satisfactorily, very conclusively. The first act is a bit lengthy in exposition, but interesting withal, and takes quickened pace with the entrance of Miss Bordoni. The program has it a song-play, but the obvious farce will not down. And as farce it is played in the best manner, the funnier the characters the more serious are the performers in their interpretations.

The dialogue is at times very broad, and the reference to Eva was a bit direct. The songs, too, very effectively put by the personable Miss Bordoni, both by textual direction and piquant Gallic interpretation, are of the risqué type.

This is an overloaded triangle, for there are four men and a woman. For we must include the butler in the list of ardent Romeos. (Notice how the butler is reaching beyond the sphere of domestic factotum in the theatre of our day? And here is one who has the effrontery to look with covetous eyes on the "friend" of his master.)

Larry Charters, a song writer, who "plays them all," vows he will never marry. Bob Talmadge, a pal, married, while on a holiday, becomes engaged and marries Colette. Bursting in on Charters, he makes a confession and tells his friends that he has used his name in the marriage. Enters the piquant Colette with drooping eyes. Something must be done. Where shall Colette stay? Why, right here, in Charters' apartment, for is she not Mrs. Charters?

Follows Larry's impassioned plea to make her his wife, despite the obtrusive Hon. Bertie Bird, despite the vigilance of Talmadge. The latter's wife would have a governess and has advertised. In Larry's apartment she is overheard by Colette, who sees an end to her predicament. She deftly makes entrance and is booked as governess at the Talmadge villa at Deauville. Enters Eva, a flame of Larry's. She must be got out of the way. Again the convenient door. But Colette perceives. She thinks Larry is like all the rest. So off to Deauville, leaving a note for Larry, in which she speaks of her love. And right here is Mr. Hopwood at his best. As to what happens at Deauville our lines are sealed, even though there has

been no request, for the pleasure of future audiences is at stake.

"Hot stuff," says the fellow on the corner. "Hot stuff!" say we, though given to less graphic speech.

Miss Bordoni was not alone pleasing to the eye by reason of her fascinating beauty, her wonderful array of gowns that belong to others than mere man to describe, but pleasing to the mind by her intelligent characterization of the French girl, Colette. In her songs, too, she aided in effectiveness with facial play essentially Gallic, with never a tendency to make even the slightest caricature.

Arthur Margetson pictured the tortured Larry without overemphasis, a part hard to play, a performance worthy from every angle. Bob Talmadge, too, in the hands of Gordon Ash, was a likable interpretation despite his alarming license in the field of phillanderers. And most amusing was the Hon. Bertie Bird of Eric Blore, so well done by comparison with the silly asses, a type he discreetly avoided.

A play that fascinates of itself and not necessarily because of a leading player. T. A. R.

**COPLEY THEATRE—"Clubs Are Trumps,"** a three-act comedy by Leslie Hickson and W. Lee Dickson. Produced under the direction of Walter Hast. First time in Boston. The cast: Miss Reynolds.....Sarah-Elizabeth Reynolds  
Mark Gleason.....James Burles  
John Carver.....Roland Rushton  
Malcolm Pratt.....John Davidson  
William Augustus Jones.....Harry Green  
Violet Walters.....Margery Meadows  
Andrew Wilson.....James S. Barrett  
Mr. Neff.....Arthur R. Vinton  
Dorothy Wilson.....May Collins  
Johnson.....David Urquhart  
Mrs. Trumbull.....Josephine Deffy  
Mr. Prescott.....Walter Allen

This piece was seen for the first time on any stage Sept. 18 at Elmira, N. Y.; next in Syracuse, and thence onward to Boston. Golf forms the background of two well-known musical comedies, "Kidd Boots" and "Top Hole," but this play seems to be the first comedy to struggle along without musical numbers and a dancing chorus to help the situations along. "Clubs Are Trumps" concerns for the most part the adventures of William Augustus Jones, a writer of advertising copy, who believes that it is through this game that business friends are made. He receives an invitation to week-end at the home of a wealthy manufacturer who has the necessary charming daughter and starts to put his theory into practice. Since he is a golf talker rather than a player, he meets with varying degrees of success, and it takes a last act to straighten out the difficulties.

The play has its weak spots. It starts off with a choppy first act in which the dialogue is lacking of much significance. The second and third acts are a decided improvement. In these the topic of golf takes up most of the conversation and the lines have real humor. Mr. Green, star of the piece, has a quiet style, works easily, and gets most of his laughs when he says nothing at all. Josephine Deffy takes care of a great many laughs at the stout lady who wishes to reduce. Mr. Green and she really carry the saw.

May Collins is an attractive young woman entirely satisfactory as Dorothy Wilson, daughter of the wealthy manufacturer. The remaining characters speak their lines when they are called on to do so, but are given very little individual work. Messrs. Hickson and Dickson will do well to devote more time to the piece for it is hardly in a smooth-running form as yet. All the players showed careful direction, however, and the sets used last evening were artistic. A. F.

## CONTINUING

**COLONIAL—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,"** revival of Pinero's famous drama with Ethel Barrymore. Second week.

**HOLLIS—"Aren't We All,"** comedy by Frederick Lonsdale starring Cyril Maude. Second week.

**PLYMOUTH—"Spring Cleaning,"** sophisticated and daring comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. Cast includes Violet Hemming, Arthur Byron, A. E. Mathews and Estelle Winwood. Third week.

**SHUBERT—"Innocent Eyes,"** new Winter Garden Revue, elaborately staged and headed by Vannessi, Lew Hearn and others. Third week.

**MAJESTIC—"Mr. Batling Butler,"** musical comedy which unfolds amusing experiences of a pseudo-pugilist. Charles Ruggles heads the cast. Third week.

**WILBUR—"Little Jessie James,"** musical comedy with Allen Kearns, Miriam Hopkins, Laura Hamilton and others. Last two weeks.

## FRANCES WHITE ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Charming, vivacious and versatile, the diminutive comedy star, Frances White, had no difficulty last evening in solidifying her position as the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Appearing in a cycle of new songs and dances, as original as they were pleasing, she captivated the large audience from the start, and when the curtain dropped they were calling for more. Miss White was ably supported by Ted Murray as pianist.

Equally pleasing was Miss Harriett Rempel in a romantic sketch, "The Tropical Storm," written by Tom Barry, the scene of which suddenly changes from a rich man's home in New York to the western coast of Mexico. Miss Rempel, as Donna Maria Rhodes, portrayed the agony which comes to a wife when she is informed by an affluent and ambitious husband that she has not fitted herself for the new social order of things and must be cast aside.

The part of the cold, calculating husband was ably filled by Harold Woolf as James Rhodes, while the role of the former sweetheart of the Mexican signora, who finds her after years of search as she is about to be turned from her home, was excellently filled by Benedict McQuarrie as Pedro Mendoza. The scenic effects were above the average and a real thrill is afforded during the Mexican storm scene, which leaves the desert hacienda in ruins.

Ben Ryan and Harriett Lee, in their comedy skit, "One and Won is Two," evoked continuous laughter, as did also Jay C. Filppen in his black-face offering of monologue and song, "The Ham What Am." The Four Diamonds, in songs and flashy dances, appeared in "A Perfect Setting," and their talent drew rounds of well merited applause.

One of the opening acts that deserved a better place on the bill was the bird novelty spectacle offered by Miss Merle, in which a brightly plumaged array of parrots and parakeets performed astonishing tricks. The feature of the act was the rescue from a burning house of an imprisoned bird by its mate and the bringing up of fire apparatus by other trained birds, who extinguish the flames.

Chevalier Brothers, entertaining entertainers; Masters and Grace in the comedy, "A Picnic for Two"; Beeg and Qupee, featuring "Up-Side-Down 2 in 1," and Aesop's Fables, Topics of the Day and Pathe News completes the commendable bill.

**THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The DeWolf Hopper Comic Opera Company** in a revival of "The Chocolate Soldier," in three acts; music by Oscar Straus. The cast:

Nadina, daughter of Col. Popoff.....	Miss Ethel Walker
Aurella, wife of Col. Popoff.....	Miss Sarah Edwards
Mascha, Aurella's cousin.....	Miss Ethel Clark
Bumerli, lieutenant in the Serbian army.....	Mr. Forrest Huff
Maschakroff, captain in the Bulgarian army.....	Mr. Arthur Cunningham
Stephen, servant to Col. Popoff.....	Mr. Pat McCarthy
Alexius Spardoff, major in the Bulgarian army.....	Mr. Henry Kelly
Casimir Popoff, colonel in the Bulgarian army.....	Mr. DeWolf Hopper

After a week of that old favorite, "The Mikado," and another of the rollicking "Robin Hood," DeWolf Hopper and his company have turned to "The Chocolate Soldier," by no means unknown to Boston audiences, but distinctly modern in form and spirit. Its tuneful and lulling music and bright lines, written by Bernauer and Jacobson as a parody on Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Arms and the Man," are made the most of by this versatile company. The part of Chocolate Soldier himself, a dashing soldier, gallant and tactful with the three women who hall him as a most welcome man, is very well taken by Mr. Huff, and DeWolf Hopper gives an inimitable characterization of the colonel, glad indeed to be back from the war—whatever war it may have been.

Miss Walker make a gay, yet stately Nadina, and Miss Clark is a delightfully roguish and provoking Mascha.

Mr. Kelly, as the stolid and gorgeous Alexius, and Mr. Cunningham as Maschakroff, brave captain with wondrous and eloquent mustaches, add their full measure to the enjoyment of the performance.

There is an abundance of pleasing music and it is sung well, but with the exception of "My Hero," no particular melody stands out and the wit and comedy are quite as memorable. The present settings are nicely planned and the entire performance is well done. Max Fischlander is the conductor.



**ARLINGTON THEATRE**—"Advertising April," a comedy in three acts by Herbert Farjeon and Horace Horsnell; produced by the Henry Jewett Repertory Company under the personal direction of Mr. Jewett. The cast:

Edmund Hobart.....E. E. Clive  
Mrs. Trimmer.....Elsbeth Dudgeon  
Horace.....Francis Compton  
April Mayne.....May Edliss  
Mervyn Jones.....Marie Louise Walker  
Rachel Shaw.....Philip Tonge  
A Princess.....Katherine Standing  
Lord Peveril.....Violet Paget  
A lady-in-waiting.....Alan Mowbray  
Potts.....Margaret Wilson  
Tom.....Harold West  
.....Barry Jones

This, the fifth play for the season by the Henry Jewett players, is light—very light—modern comedy; and perhaps a bit too light for the Jewett players. The authors apparently started with a promising idea, which in the development, however, draws toward farce while they continue to steer toward comedy. To boot, the many bromidic lines produce only smiles where laughter was intended.

Certainly the actors did their part to bring out in the play every last morsel of humor. Mr. Clive was the brazenest of unscrupulous press agents, as well as the simplest of husbands. Miss Walker's part, that of a cinema star, swings most often into farce, and there seemed little for her to do but to swing with it. Mrs. Trimmer, wardrobe mistress, maid and companion to the star, was delightfully played by Miss Dudgeon. Mr. Tonge succeeded again, as in *Candida*, in portraying the soulful, somewhat moonstruck, poet.

It may be that with a slightly quickened tempo the play would be improved; still, it does not seem possible to make much more of it than the Jewett players are doing. H. L.

## POLLY OF CIRCUS AT THE ST. JAMES

Margaret Mayo's three-act play, "Polly of the Circus," is presented this week at the St. James Theatre by the Boston Stock Company and last night's performance before a packed house deserved the large measure of applause accorded to the players. The story of the play gives a glimpse of the big minister in a small town and his difficulties with a petty minded congregation. Polly, injured when she falls from her horse during her show's stay in the minister's town, is considered not quite proper.

The injured girl is taken to the parish house where she is taken care of until well by the minister and his negro housekeeper, Mandy. Herbert Heyes plays the minister and, although he keeps the audience wishing he would forget he wears the cloth, his interpretation of the part is well received.

Pretty Kay Hammond plays Polly, and her popularity with the regular patrons of the St. James is understood after one's first sight of her. She plays her part well, especially in the emotional scenes. Her naive comments when the rector first introduces her to the Bible brought a great burst of applause. The character parts of Mandy and Hasty Jones are well taken by Anne Layng and Ralph Remley. The best piece of acting last night, however, was by Houston Richards as Deacon Elverson. Not for a moment did he cease to live his part and where some of the actors hesitated and merely acted, he never let the audience forget that he was Deacon Elverson.

Descendants of Lydia Pinkham have generously established scholarships for ingenious and worthy students. And, so the good old song will be sung with greater gusto:

"We shout, we shout, we shout for Lydia Pinkham,  
She's the saviour of the race.  
All the people sing her praises.  
And the newspapers publish her face."

Willard Emerson Keyes contributes to the September number of *Antiques* an interesting article on pictured snuffboxes. There are illustrations and there are footnotes about the use of tobacco in other forms than snuff. Mr. Keyes says in concluding that "the dinosaur's eggs and the snuffbox have both gone their way," yet only a few weeks or months ago we read that snuff-taking had become fashionable again in London and even some women of high degree sported snuffboxes, but you cannot believe all that you read, even in newspapers for family reading.

Mr. Keyes says that there is good ground for believing that the first person in Europe to use tobacco, at least north of the Pyrenees, was Marie de Medicis of France. The tobacco was in the form of snuff given to her by Jacques Nicot, her ambassador at Lisbon. This was in 1560.

What became of the snuffbox of mother of pearl and silver that belonged

to Louise Dilligton and was described by Robert Southey. It had a tube and a spring by which the snuff was shot up the nostril. Perhaps Mr. Keyes can tell us. He does not mention the snuffboxes decorated inside with pictures of surprisingly emancipated ladies on the inside of cover or with mottoes that were not for children's copybooks, snuffboxes that in our little village of the sixties were sported by elderly men of grave, not to say stern countenance.

The smell of the snuffbox, though the box was empty, delighted us. We now associate it with the smell of sweet fern, with the perfumed sides of Mt. Warner and Sugarloaf.

We wish Mr. Keyes had by way of digression settled a point of etiquette with regard to snuff taking that aroused discussion when Richard Mansfield played "Beau Brummel." Some said he held his snuffbox in the wrong hand. But Mr. Keyes is anecdotal, from the introduction of Theodore Roosevelt one Christmas eve filling his daughter's stocking with cut-plug tobacco, "in derision of her having taken up cigarette smoking" to the royal Amurath who "had snuff-takers ground to a pulp in a huge mortar, a punishment pleasantly suggesting the pulverizing of their favorite herb."

Those were brave days when a monarch wishing to favor a poor devil of an author or a composer of music sent him a diamond-studded gold snuffbox, stuffed with ducats as a slight token of his regard and esteem.

### DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES

Some time ago we spoke of Franz von Wendrin's extraordinary book in which he proved to his own satisfaction that the Garden of Paradise was near Mecklenburg. Jehovah was a Germanic chieftain, the cherubs surrounding him were stalwart Germans while Adam and Eve were uneducated, uncultured Jews enslaved by them; the original town of Jericho and the river Jordan are in Germany.

We did not at the time quote the following astonishing statement—no, not astonishing, for it was made in Germany:

"My work proves conclusively that German is the only truly scientific language, as French, English, Latin, Greek, not to speak about others, are unimportant. A foreign scholar may master as many languages as he desires; without a thorough knowledge of German he is only half a scholar. My work is of importance not only for us Germans and other noble, blooded races, but also for all educated people of the entire world."

To go back to tobacco, Wilfred Partington's "Smoke Rings and Round-lays," published recently by John Castle, is praised by London reviewers as "a fragrant blend of prose and poetry from Raleigh's time to the present day in praise of the pipe, cigar, and cigarette." (Nothing about snuff or snuff boxes?) Perhaps Mr. Partington has not read Hortense Flexner's lines beginning, "These gay snuff boxes will be whispering still." "It is a variegated mixture of humor, wisdom, history and sagacious epigram, with a generous embellishment of head and tail pieces by Norman Jones."

### A HYMN FOR LAUDS

(For As the World Wags.)  
I'm "The Goods"—and I admit it,  
Why should I the truth deny?  
Me—a Disappearing Complex?  
—I'm a Real Dynamic Guy.

Gods must shout, and rugged heroes  
Glare from Goldbaum's daily ad;  
Kings come first, next after aces—  
And us Aces ain't so bad.

In this age of swift progression  
I've no weeps and warped regrets—  
Not while Bertha's masculinizing  
Smoking Feldspar cigarettes.

Keats who wrote "A thing of beauty—"  
Never saw a Bevo sign;  
Goldsmith knew the bark of ale hounds—  
We've a tea room down the line.

Life is real; yes, life is earnest  
But You can bet Your life  
Hokum's School of Psycho-Service  
Peeps a guy for ardent strife.

Ho, I'm always up and stirring  
In my mauve bell bottomed pants;  
Psychic Science knocks 'em wall-eyed—  
Mit Me,—I'm the Big Advance.  
EDWARD YERXA.

### POETS LECTURING IN THE U. S.

"You can hardly regard these poets as poor devils compelled to turn an honest penny because nobody will buy their books. I should say that, as poets go, they are quite a flourishing lot. The truth is, I think, that poetry is hardly a full-time job. The novelist starts early, and, indeed, he may do a little work before breakfast while the poet is slumbering, or, at the most, composing some trumpery sonnet. After break-

fast, the novelist works steadily until 12 or, it may be, 12 15. Then he whistles to his dog, takes a stick, and has a brisk walk before lunch. After lunch, a cigarette, and half an hour with his family, he settles to work for the afternoon. At 4:30 a cup of tea is brought to him, and after drinking it meditatively, he continues until six. Then he whistles to the dog again and takes another walk, or on occasion, rolls the lawn. After dinner he reads over what he has written during the day and puts in the stops. Then he may look at the newspaper or even take a hand at bridge. But what time has he for lecturing?—Manchester Guardian.

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This cross-word puzzle, to which many are now passionately devoted, is said to improve the mind, extend the horizon. All one needs to solve it correctly is the latest atlas, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the huge *Oxford Dictionary*, a natural history and dictionaries of particular trades. Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," would be a help in time of trouble, but, alas, even the first volume has not left the press. The size, elephant folio, and there are to be at least 13 volumes, would forbid the holding in the hand for ready reference, but the volumes could be laid on the floor.

What is the cross-word puzzle to this game devised by the London Association for "quiet young people" and their instruction?

Where is the copper that cooked Oliver Twist's gruel?

Whose epitaph begins with the words "Here lies one conquered who has conquered kings"?

Where does King Charles the First appear in a stained glass window?

Where is preserved an insurance policy on a cargo of slaves?

Where is exhibited the measure of a yard of ale?

Under what London landmark are deposited a man's evening suit, a packet of hairpins, and a baby's bottle?

Where is the handbell once rung outside the condemned cell at midnight before an execution?

The answers are provided. The slave policy and the yard of ale are at Lloyd's and the Guildhall Museum respectively. Cleopatra's Needle has in its foundation deposit a man's evening suit, &c. The second and the last questions have their answers in St. Sepulchre's, Holborn. Oliver Twist's copper, which came from St. George's Workhouse, is at the Southwark Central Library.

A yard of ale! It's a paltry measure. Why not a rod; why not a furlong, for Gargantuan thirst?

Another instructive game for the bright-eyed young Augustus and his sister Arabella would be the giving of the full names of celebrated authors, composers, painters, names that are commonly abbreviated. Thus Dickens was christened Charles John Huffam Dickens; Rossetti, Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti; Arnold Bennett's first name is Enoch; Hall Caine dropped Thomas Henry; books of reference do not give Oscar Wilde's name in full—Oscar Fingall O'Flaherty Wills Wilde; Claude Debussy's first name was Achille; Vincent d'Indy is Paul Marie Vincent Theodore d'Indy; Luigi Cherubini—Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvatore Cherubini.

Where and when was the decision made in an American court that a golfer hit by the ball of a person playing behind him is not competent to recover damages for injury?

We have read that an old Scottish golfer hit in this manner took his bridle, addressed with great solemnity the ball and hit it far from a cliff out to sea. But suppose he had fozzled the ball?

The French academy has voted not to admit the word "Bluff" to its dictionary. This led Figaro to remark: "Honi soit qui mal y pense!" as M. MacDonald would say.

### THE SAME STREET

As the World Wags:

He walked down the street—to work.  
He saw the pebbles on the sidewalk that hurt his feet. He saw the fallen leaves that made him think of winter and his empty coal-bin. He saw the rain drops as they came through his thin cheap umbrella and he was sad. He was going away from Her.

She walked down the street—to work.  
She saw the pebbles on the sidewalk that made her think of the beach and her vacation. She saw the beautiful colored leaves on the trees which made her think of the autumn, the best time in the whole year. She saw the raindrops as they fell and she was glad. She was going to Him.

And yet it was the same street.

He walked up the street—home.  
He did not see the pebbles that hurt his feet. He did not see the fallen leaves. He did not see the raindrops. He was going home to Her. And he was happy.  
She walked up the street—home.  
She saw the pebbles and they hurt her feet. She saw the fallen leaves and they made her think of winter. She saw the raindrops. She was going home to Him. And she was sad.  
And yet it was the same street.  
W. ROX.

That sale of a jail at Lowell because there were no prisoners, to occupy it reminds us of what happened at the Belgian prison of Marche some weeks ago. There were the governor of the jail, his wife and his children; the head jailer, his subordinates, and gardener. No prisoner. What happened? A jail more favored lent one of its prisoners who is now petted in his new home—also strictly watched.

If one wishes to know who was Mynheer Van Plyntevynge of Amsterdam; what it was that made Mr. Mantalini's life one demd horrid grind, and on what occasion the phrase "gas and gaiters" was used, there is Arthur Hayward's new Dickens "Encyclopaedia," which from A to Z goes through the writings of Dickens and gives a series of illustrations of the originals of famous characters, buildings and places in the novels. Is Calverley's examination paper on Pickwick with the answers included?

Is the passionate D'Annunzio coming to this country? One week his forthcoming arrival is announced; the next week the statement is contradicted. Let us hope that if he comes he will bring his complete wardrobe with him. As inventoried by a Neapolitan newspaper it includes:

"Shirts, 72; socks of all kinds, 12 dozen; hats, evening suits, smoking-coats, shooting jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, 48 pairs; mufflers of beautiful silk, 3; walking-sticks, 12 umbrellas of violet hue, 8; parasols, green, 10; handkerchiefs, 20 dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, 150; flowered silk waistcoats, 10; shoes for walking, 4 pairs; slippers, "soft, silent and tremulous," 2 pairs.

## WM. HODGE SCORES

William Hodge has attained a national popularity comparable to that of the President or a home run artist. Wherever he goes crowds turn out to see him. Theatre goers of this city will be able to see him in "For All of Us," now at the Selwyn Theatre.

Mr. Hodge has written himself a play that depicts in the simplest terms of laughter and love the philosophy of clean living. His gripping laugh and tear play has an irresistible appeal that meets with heartfelt commendation from all classes of people.

In the home of a world-worn banker, oppressed by physical ailments which are the result of a carefree, indifferent existence, comes an old Irish ditch-digger. The latter has evolved a theory that all diseases are fundamentally the result of wrong-thinking. Montaigne has said, "As we think so we are," and re-echoing his sentiments the ditch-digger offers a cure to the weary financier, whose home is upset and whose domestic affairs are in the process of disintegration. The panacea is accepted and tried, and the result is as startling as it is effective.

No serious attempt at moralizing has been made at the expense of the action of the play. Seasoned wisdom and flashing wit are intermingled in happy balance. Throughout the play a tender love story is unfolded, which is intriguing as well as beguiling.

Mr. Hodge gives an uncommonly fine performance as a ditch-digger whose every remark is the cause of a volley of chuckles, and his acting of an exacting role is one of the finest things in the theatre today.

We are indebted to Mr. George C. Wales for a copy of the N. Y. Tribune of Oct. 24, 1866. The "amusement" columns of that issue are of peculiar interest.

At Winter Garden: Mrs. D. P. Bowers and J. C. McCollum in "Lady Audley's Secret."

Niblo's Garden: "The Black Crook." Wallack's: H. J. Byron's new comedy "£100,000." Later in the week: "The Fast Family," with J. W. Wallack.

Olympic: Joseph Jefferson in "Woodcock's Little Game," and "Spitfire." Also later, "Our American Cousin."



and "Rip Van Winkle."

Lent's Circus: Robinson, Mlle. de Berg, Jas. F. Cooke, Little Sprite Clarence. Were the Levantine Brothers there?

Broadway Theatre: Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon."

Theatre Francais: "Les Diamants de la Couronne."

Irving Hall: Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul.

Dodworth Hall: Hartz the Magician. Should this be "Hertz"?

Fifth Ave. Opera House, Budworth's minstrels.

720 Broadway, Kelly and Leon's minstrels.

German Stadt Theatre, Bogumil Dawson as Corporal Bonjour and Hans Judge.

N. Y. Theatre, Buckstone's Operatic Drama, "The Child of the Regiment" and "Rum-Ti-Boozle" with H. J. Byron's "War to the Knife," in rehearsal.

French Theatre, Adelaide Ristori as Mary Stuart, later Lady Macbeth.

At Steinway hall the Bateman Concert Co. comprised Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Messrs. Brignoli, Ferranti, Fortuna, S. B. Mille, Carl Rosa, J. L. Hatton and Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

Barnum's Museum: Fat man weighing 615 lbs., Anna Swan over 8 ft. high, Circassian girl, songs and dances. "Infant and female drummer." Collection of the late Gordon Cumming.

The romantic spectacular drama, "The Sea of Ice; or a Mother's Prayer."

And in the next column we read: "A Lady of Education and refinement would take charge of a widower's family. No compensation desired. Anonymous communications not noticed."

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's vessels carried U. S. mail via Panama railroad to California, and its through line to Japan and China was via Panama and San Francisco, while an opposition line, the North American Steamship Co., sent its ships to California via Nicaragua.

To go from San Francisco to Yokohama by a Pacific mail steamship cost \$250 in gold or its equivalent, first cabin; \$170, second cabin; \$35, steerage.

100 lbs. of baggage was allowed each adult. Medicines and attendance free. The rates from New York to San Francisco are not given in the advertisement of the Pacific Mail.

We also read about the connections made at Wyandotte with the Union Pacific railroad for Lawrence, Topeka, Manhattan, Fort Riley and Junction city.

"The western terminus of the Union Pacific railways is now the starting point for the Overland Stages and Express Lines to Denver, Salt Lake City, Santa Fe, and all points to Colorado, Utah and New Mexico."

It seems from the Tribune of Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1866, that on the Saturday evening before Theodore Thomas had given a concert in Irving hall. The performance of the overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" invoked the following criticism:

"We suppose it is right that we should be afflicted with Wagner; we suppose he was sent for some wise purpose which has not yet manifested itself. Perhaps he is to music as boils are to the human system, absorbing all the vicious humors which might otherwise develop into something worse. If such is the case, we can only be grateful to Mr. Wagner and endure him uncomplainingly. We freely allow the few grand things which he has achieved, but we cannot swallow the many nauseous doses he has prepared without making wry faces. We do not know what the composition 'Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg' is intended to represent, for its incoherence and hopeless confusion afford no key to the hearer. The few coherent passages mean nothing and lead to nothing, and there are passages where the subjects are so mixed up, the discords so excruciating and unmeaning, each instrument seeming to have an independent idea of its own, irrelevant to any general idea, that when the masses arrive at a positive harmony, a sigh of relief bursts from the bewildered hearers, and the last note is hailed with pleasure. This is certainly not the class of music that the people wish to hear. If it is beyond the comprehension of musicians, how can it please or benefit the unlearned? Some of the latter are over-awed by the crashing, roaring discords, but we have heard no listener say that he was pleased, or confess that he was touched. Such music is neither healthy nor elevating, and we regret to see it occupying a space in our classical programs. Either Wagner writes and puts forth dreamy, incomprehensible trash, or the conductors who assume the responsibility of interpreting it, fail in reading it understandingly. Mr. Anschultz and Mr. Thomas have attempted it, and both have failed to render it intelligible. It is, we believe and regret, on the Philharmonic program, so that Mr. Berg-

mann will be called upon to give his interpretation. If he fails to unravel the tangled web of discordant ideas, we hope that the 'Meistersinger' will be permitted to rest at Nuernberg, never to be disinterred until the generation for which it was intended shall arise to comprehend it."

Does this criticism of the overture seem ridiculous in 1924? No more so than many contemporary criticisms when the overture was first heard. See the Wolzogen's pamphlet quoting the "impolite" things said about Wagner.

"The Green Goddess" ended its run in London on Sept. 6 after exactly a year. "His (Mr. Arliss's) final London performance in the play marked his 2247th appearance in the part. And did he make 2247 speeches before the curtain?"

Grand opera is more fun than a baseball game because the Chicago Civic Opera company said so in opening their drive to sell seats to workmen and others who seem to like Jake Shubert's shows better than the ones at the Auditorium. This linking of grand opera with baseball is all right, but it has its dangers. A tenor and two baritones are liable to get bearded the opening night with pop bottles.—Chicago Tribune.

So Miss Geraldine Farrar has revised "Carmen" to improve the opera, also to suit her. What will she do next? Tinker something by Verdi or Wagner?

When music was sung by "Greek National Opera" at Jordan hall on Sept. 19, the program stated in English: "The artists will be escorted by Prof. L. Cavadais." We say in English, "accompanied," but even "escorted" is preferable to that hideous phrase, "at the piano."

Mr. Charles Edward Aab writes us: "A song entitled 'The Dread Night Hawk,' so entitled, of about 20 years ago on nefarious cabmen is called to mind by a weekly, of which a set from its beginning last year to date, has recently been received by the New York Public Library, issued by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan from the Imperial palace at Atlanta, Ga. Few persons know (or care) less about the present klan than I, so my opinion may be unprejudiced in saying that the knights have been unfortunate in names they choose. 'Imperial' suggests 'Imperium' in Imperi, perhaps the most serious objection to the klan. 'Night Hawk' is a symbol of things predacious and despicable, and infers that most men are to be scared by bogies. Of that word a synonym appeared in an old New England psalmbook in translating the Psalm, viz: 95,

"The Bug by Night shall thee not fright Nor yet the Bolt by day."

Mr. Aab also writes: "The Inns of Greece and Rome" by W. C. Firebaugh, was recently published by the Chicago University Press. A notice calls it scholarly yet likely, presenting a graphic picture of a seamy side of classical life. For some time I have unfortunately been unable to follow this column closely, so I cannot say whether or not the book has been sketched here; if not, it apparently deserves to be."

We have not seen this book. Mr. Firebaugh's "Inns of the Middle Ages" was noticed at length in this column on Sept. 6th.—Ed.

TRUE, SHE IS NOT RELATED

As the World Wags:

I thought you might be interested in this clipping from the Paris edition of the N. Y. Herald.

(By Special Cable to The Herald)

NEW YORK, Wednesday—Two primaries of special importance were held yesterday, one in Massachusetts and the other in Michigan, and in the former the Republicans nominated former Speaker Frederick H. Gillett, giving him 100,000 more than Miss Louisa Coolidge, who is not a relative of the President.

Calling our friend Louis "Miss Louisa," is certainly amusing.

PAUL M. KEENE.

ADD REFORMED SPELLING

As the World Wags:

I read in The Boston Herald a dispatch from Chicago:

"It is planned to establish a 45,000 acre hunting preserve and country club in central California and stock the preserve with lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, bears, buffalo and other game, Mr. Sims said."

I think I detect an error here, is not the plural of buffalo, buffalo, buffaloes, or something?

H. B. Brookline.

## HAPPY WALTHAM

As the World Wags:

The enclosed clipping was taken from an editorial in the Waltham News-Tribune, Wednesday, Sept. 24, on the local tax rate under the appropriate heading "Pretty Well Off."

Waltham's position is different from most cities, perhaps from any city in Massachusetts. It has no malefactors of great wealth. Those who own the greater part of the stock in its largest industries are non-residents.

Waltham. C. L. W.

## FLAPPER AND STAGE

(From Frank Vernon's "The Twentieth Century Theatre")

"She was an excited, an uneducated young person, who couldn't be bothered to listen to a play, unless it had melodrama and jejune sentimentality in slabs; she knew it was a jolly war, because it brought home men in uniform, and that thrilled her sexually. The managers were merely men with money, piling into theatres which were too few to hold them, so that they sat one on top of the other, sub-lessee on sub-lessee, until the rents grew fantastic for the last man in, and he had to please the flapper or be ruined. Damn her! she blighted English acting by reducing elderly, non-eligible-for-service actors to the status of clown; she banished subtlety and beauty, and anything which appealed to the mind instead of the senses, and, pity her, it wasn't her fault. C'est la guerre!"

## FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

Mr. Ashbury Bumpus, taxi driver of Mount Vernon, Ill.

## OUCH!

As the World Wags:

I note in a recent issue of The Boston Herald an "ad" headed by the following legend: "The Amazing Effect of Blue-Jay on a Corn."

In the words of Truthful Janes, "I rise to remark" thereon, that I know nothing of the effects of "Blue-jay" on a corn, but I have observed that the effect of a "jay-walker" on a corn is truly amazing, whether in case of saint or sinner.

R. F. JOHNNOT. Bellows Falls, Vt.

## AN OUTRAGE IN WORCESTER

As the World Wags:

"Workhouse Parade to Usher in Annual Exhibition." Shades of Bumble! Have we no Oliver Twist to stop this sort of thing? And we believe that we have progressed since Dickens began his work as a reformer!

Worcester. BILL SIKES.

HE'S ALREADY IN OUR ACADEMY

As the World Wags:

Did anyone ever tell you that C. K. Light is vice-president of the Diamond Match Company? Well, it's a fact.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD. Washington, D. C.

BUT THE GAME IS EDUCATIONAL

As the World Wags:

Three-toed sloth of two letters, Japanese sash of three letters; tropical chestnut of three letters; Mexican cat of six letters; condiment made from beans, three letters; aeriform fluid, three letters; members of hill tribe British India, three—these accursed cross-word puzzles have made me

BATTY BILL.

A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle of London traveled by rail from Bucharest to Cracow. "As is the custom on transcontinental lines, the menu for each meal was printed in the language of the country through which the train was passing at the time. Thus I had selected my lunch in Rumanian, but at dinner was confronted by a Polish menu. I plumped for Mementex, which somehow suggested an Esperanto delicacy. What was my delight when a dish of Ham and Eggs was placed before me!"

THE ELECTRIC GONDOLA

O Venice, what is thine excuse For driving gondolas on "juice," Where halts thy mad emprise?

Must lovers, 'neath thy shadowy porches Go courting with electric torches, Or brave a light their soul that scorches Beneath the Bridge of Sighs?

Willt ape those hybrid Asian ports Where camel train with Ford consorts, Wireless and wooden plough?

Willt advertise in colored sparks Soap, scent and sherry on St. Mark's? O Venice, wilt thou hence thy larks With microphones endow?

A. W.

How refreshing it is even to read of a shy author. Would that we had met Mr. Ronald Firbank. Mr. Sewell

Stokes describes him in his "Personal Glimpses."

"There was a time when, living in Oxford, he would only leave his rooms under cover of darkness. If people called on him, he would come in answer to their knock, but, without waiting to see their faces, he would rush back to his room and hide himself behind a screen. In this way he was visited for six months by one who never saw more than his two feet peeping from beneath a drapery that obscured the rest of his person."

In "The Sport of Kings," a play produced in London last month, Ian Hay urges his audiences to legalize betting, register bookmakers and be all "jolly dogs together." This led the Manchester Guardian to say: "We are encouraged by Mr. Hay's robustly propagandist farce to ask ourselves the question: 'And how can man live better than backing fearful odds?'"

## WINE AND WATER

(G. K. Chesterton in the Week-End Book) The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink

As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down a sink.

The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to drink. And Noah he cocked his eye and said: "It looks like rain, I think."

The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep as a Mendip mine, But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

As the World Wags:

When the devouring of soup is acknowledged an art, my boss will receive his B.A., B.Sc. and P.D.Q. degrees for his handling of soup embodies the technic of a true artist. To him, soup is a wonderful instrument productive of varied melodies, tomato bouillon is as a tinkling flute with a violin obbligato, bean soup a blaring cornet, etc. The tunes gloriously ascend in the whole tone scale, until sheer force causes them to die away into nothingness, followed immediately by another, more thrilling symphonic outburst.

Mere mortals, doomed to drink their soup in silence, usually reverence at a distance, but yesterday one of them approached our table. "I hear," he emphasized "hear" to the boss, "the soup is good today." The boss paused only a moment in his musical endeavors. "It is," he confirmed. The orchestral din continued.

MERELY HAROLD.

Mr. Arthur Hayden in the September number of Antiques quotes "Von Moltke" as saying to his host in London, years before the war (Franco-Prussian?): "Gott! Vat a grand city to loot!" Was it not Bluecher, visiting London after Waterloo, who made this eminently Prussian remark?

In the same article is a picture of "Captain John Smith, the husband of Pocahontas." The Indian maid, according to tradition, saved Smith's life and she married an Englishman, but his name was not Smith, neither John, Henry, nor Augustus J. Smith.

WHAT NEXT! WHAT NEXT!

As the World Wags:

Passing a barber shop the other day I saw this sign:

WE ALSO CUT MEN'S HAIR

Are we or are we not today the inferior down trodden sex?

D. SAMSON.

WHY KEEP THE OTHER WIVES OUT?

(From the Cedar Falls, Ia., Record)

FACULTY DAMES TO MEET: The members of the "Faculty Dames" will meet at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the faculty room at Teachers' College. All wives of male faculty members of the college are invited.

TOO MODEST

As the World Wags:

Mrs. Sweetin said that when the Rev. Mr. Hight preached her husband's funeral sermon he said one thing which especially impressed her: "I don't feel worthy to do this." As the Rev. Hight had suggested the removal of the husband his remark very properly comes under the catalogue index of "Candor in Funeral Sermons."

R. H. L.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH "HAY- FEVER"?

I am getting old. A glance into the mirror proves it. The gray hair where it was formerly brown. Wrinkles, ugly, disturbing, show upon my brow. I cannot sleep at night. In the daytime I pace the floor. My nerves are jumping, throbbing, driving me insane. Surely there must be some way out. There is one way that I can take. The green, inviting waters of the river beckon. Tomorrow with the dawn there will be one less human to share the troubles of this world. Tonight while the city sleeps, a splash, then a few bubbles will



ark my grave. There is but one way  
save me. I must know what word  
is eight letters and means sneeze.  
ECSTATIC EDDIE.

## LADYBIRD

Mrs. Elizabeth Baker of Swansea  
rites: "When I attended the Provi-  
dence high school in 1857 we used for  
singing lessons 'The Musical Album,'  
prepared by George F. Root and pub-  
lished by Mason Brothers, 23 Park row,  
New York. One of the songs was 'Lady-  
bird'."

Mrs. Baker has sent to us the verses  
remembered by her. There are slight  
differences in lines from those con-  
tributed by W. P. W. ("Lady Bird")  
in this column on Sept. 24. Thus she  
notes: "Speckled wings will flag with  
the close-clinging damp." Instead of  
"will he wet with, etc." The order of  
the verses is not the same. She gives a  
sixth verse that does not appear in W.  
P. W.'s version:

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
And if not gobbled up by the way,  
Or yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car  
You're in luck, and that's all I've to  
say.

or is the third verse in W. P. W.'s  
version:

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
Good luck if you reach it at last.  
The owl's come abroad and the bat's on  
the room.

Sharp-set from their Ramazan feast."

## BANDITTI

ow, children, give the bandit your at-  
tention—  
Not this pale product of the poolroom  
lair,

ut that more savory type, of frequent  
mention  
In sundry tingling tales of Dumas  
pere:

lurid glamor like a halo crowned him,  
Until he fell, with hot pursuit at heel,  
r till some heavier stroke of fortune  
downed him—  
The hangman's cord, the maiden, axe  
or wheel.

faunt, faint breath of fragrance still  
pervades him,

As separate from a type more close at  
hand—  
he alley-thief, whose shyster lawyer  
aids him

To put his mother on the witness  
stand.  
his pet name, "bandit"—in its weird  
unfitness

For anthropoid mammalia such as  
these—

Wins every prize (the cockneyed world  
is witness!)  
For orthodox Bostonian journalese.

B. W. W.

OCI-5-1024

Prince Mirsky in his introduction to  
Aksakov's "Chronicles of a Russian  
Family," translated by M. C. Beverley  
and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in  
the "Broadway Translations" series,

writes: "After the effeminate graces of  
Turgenev, the destructive logic of the  
Tolstoy, the sublimely gro-  
tesque vistas of Dostoyevsky, the re-  
flecting and melancholy sweetness of  
Gorky, the rude brutality of Gorky,  
Aksakov comes as a relief and a breath  
of fresh air. Pending the time when  
English readers will find themselves  
prepared to taste of Russia's ripest and  
coldest fruit—the poetry of Pushkin-  
Aksakov, together with that more fa-  
miliar (and after all, greater book)  
"War and Peace," may stand as an elo-  
quent reminder that Russia is not the  
exact synonym of either morbidity, or  
sanity, or barbarism." One may justly  
question this characterization of Tur-  
genev, who can hardly be called an  
effeminate writer; one may also  
question the statement that Aksakov's  
story of family life dispels the impres-  
sion that Russia is not, or was not, a  
synonym for barbarism.

Aksakov lived from 1791 till 1859.  
His "Family Chronicle" complete with  
"recollections" was published three  
years before he died. The book made  
a sensation. By Russians he was  
held as the foremost of living authors.  
Translations into English have been  
published in London. In the present  
edition we have "The Family Chroni-  
cle," chapters from "The Years of  
Childhood" and the first three parts of  
"Recollections." The fourth part, which  
describes the University years, "is  
largely concerned with intellectual and  
erary movements, and its interest is  
another kind than that of the rest  
of the book." Yet to some the section  
of published in this volume would  
probably be of great interest.

As it stands the book is engrossing,  
fascinating, abounding in charming de-  
scriptions of outdoor life, with pages  
of vivid portraiture that give an insight  
into Russian family and school life and  
Russian character. One is reminded of  
Proust's extraordinary romance

by the manner in which ordinary de-  
tails are made important and by the  
quiet analysis of motives, hesitations,  
actions. Did Aksakov at times draw on  
his imagination? In his resurrection of  
a past did he follow tradition; was he  
governed solely by hearsay?

What does it matter? Are some of  
these men and women melodramatic,  
tragic figures? They are Russian and  
when Aksakov tells of their deeds, his  
voice is gentle and low though inwardly  
he may be disturbed, even shocked. He  
does not resort to tricks. When he  
bares his own soul, it is that of a  
child.

Yet it is not easy to understand  
Prince Mirsky when he says that the  
literary works Aksakov approaches  
nearest are the Book of Ruth and the  
second half of the Odyssey.

And what men and women they were  
of Aksakov's family! Take the grand-  
father, Stepan, well-to-do, a nobleman,  
greatly respected, a man of ideas and  
energy. In fits of rage he was bar-  
barically cruel. In one of these fits he  
sold his fat and aged wife by the hair  
of her head; the children ran into the  
woods and remained there all night.  
His wife wished him to wear homespun  
linen shirts. He would take an axe and  
hack them to rags. He never would  
kiss her hand, but frequently gave her  
his own to kiss, as a special favor. Then  
she would blush with pleasure.

The chapter "Michail Maximovitch  
Kurelesov" is a chapter of horrors.  
Michail married Stepan's cousin. Aksa-  
kov almost loses his habitual calm  
when he speaks of this monster, with a  
nature which was a "hideous combina-  
tion of a tiger's instinct and human  
intellect." Michail's favorite instru-  
ment of torture was a cat with seven  
leathern lashes, each knotted at the  
end. When he had no victim to flog he  
grew peevish. "I object to sticks and  
knouts, you can so easily kill a man  
with them before anyone has had time  
to enjoy anything." His treatment of  
his wife could hardly be imagined by  
any writer of a penny-dreadful or shil-  
ling-shocker. At last two of his body  
guards, scoundrels both, after the wife  
had been freed from a locked vault by  
Stepan, put arsenic in his drink.

Young noblemen, though in the army,  
were flogged, often without reasonable  
provocation. Aksakov's father, Alexei,  
thus suffered under a German general,  
who had succeeded Suvorov. "The ma-  
jority of Germans—and other foreign-  
ers, for the matter of that—who enter  
Russian State Service are character-  
ized by their extreme severity and predilec-  
tion for flogging." Alexei was carried  
half dead to the infirmary. His uniform  
had to be cut away from his body, and  
it was fully two months before his  
wounds were healed. Nothing was done  
to the general.

We read of a step-mother, beautiful,  
young, intelligent, imperious, who, pur-  
posing to oust her step-daughter from  
her father's affections, made her live  
in the servants' quarters, dress in cot-  
ton clothes, and perform the most men-  
ial services. She was beaten and lied  
about.

Other women are here pictured as  
sly, crafty, evilly-disposed. The story  
of the younger Bagrov's marriage and  
the life of the young married pair at  
Bagrovo is almost incredible, as told in  
over 100 pages.

Let us turn to a pleasanter yet bar-  
baric side of Russian life. Stepan's  
favorite dishes were sausages made  
from pigs' chitterlings, and roast chine  
of pork with green groats. One Sunday  
guests assembled and there was a feast.  
A six weeks' calf, a pig fattened to the  
verge of monstrosity, poultry of every  
description, fat mutton had been pro-  
vided. It was the custom then to place  
everything on the table at once. The  
order was as follows: Cold vlands, ham  
and smoked pork with garlic. Then  
came the hot dishes: Green cabbage  
soup and crayfish, soup, accompanied  
by various wheaten pastes; iced beet  
root soup, freshly salted sturgeon and  
a pyramid of shelled crayfish tails;  
marinated quails with cabbage; stuffed  
ducklings with a sauce of plums,  
peaches and apricots; a colossal turkey,  
veal garnished with salted melons, mar-  
inated pippins and salted mushrooms in  
vinegar; a variety of sweet pastry and  
one apple cake with thick cream. The  
beverages were fruit liqueurs, home-  
brewed March beer, iced kvass and  
foaming mead.

The guests ate steadily through the  
menu, without missing a single dish.  
None of the servants knew how to wait  
on the table, and were continually col-  
liding with each other, whereby the  
ladies' gowns ran considerable risk of  
being besprinkled with sauce and gravy.  
"Nevertheless, the meal was a very  
pleasant affair."

The description of Stepan's death is  
comparable to the wonderful pages in  
which Proust tells about the death of

When Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton happened to be in Chattanooga a  
few years ago he found in a second-hand book shop 10 volumes of the  
Variorum Shakespeare. Five volumes were presentation copies to Dr.  
William Everett. They were enriched by his marginal notes. Mr. Eaton  
bought the 10 volumes. Some of Dr. Everett's critical remarks, destruc-  
tive rather than constructive, are found in the chapter "Through Marginal  
Meadows" in Mr. Eaton's "The Actor's Heritage," published by the At-  
lantic Monthly Press, a very readable book that we reviewed last Sunday.

One learns from these notes that Dr. Everett was not greatly im-  
pressed by Edwin Booth as an actor. In a glowing account of Booth's  
Richard in "King Henry Sixth," the writer commended especially Booth's  
delivery of the line,

"What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster sink in the ground?"  
Dr. Everett penciled at the bottom of the page: "But he called it 'Lann-  
ca'ss-te'rrrrr.'"

There are amusing comments on Booth's acting directions for "Mac-  
beth." When Booth says that a line attributed to Macbeth is spoken by  
a drunken chamberlain, Dr. Everett says, "O Lord!"

Booth: "Fleance pauses to kiss the hand which Macbeth extends to  
him." Everett: "Every successive piece of business of Booth is more  
vapid than the last."

Booth: "The Murderers glance at each other," Everett: "Bah!"

Booth: "Enter First Murderer with the servants who bring dishes—  
First Murderer has few drops of blood upon his cheek—he brings a goblet  
of wine to Macbeth." Everett: O you humbug!"

Booth: "Macbeth is about to drink, but the color of the wine sickens  
him, and he gives the goblet back to the Murderer, who places it on the  
table." Everett: "Bah!"

There is a note saying that Booth omitted Banquo's ghost. Everett:  
"This is enough to prove it ought to appear."

Mr. Eaton quotes these comments to show, perhaps, that to Dr. Ever-  
ett "the devices of the stage to create emotion are bumptious and belittling  
interferences with the austere march of poetic tragedy." Did some personal  
feeling lurk behind Dr. Everett's comments? He underlined a note telling  
what Irving did in his acting version and made this comment: "What  
man or woman, of common sense and reading, cares two cents what any  
modern actor thinks?"

And so when Dunlap's description of how Cooke spoke the line, "In  
the deep bosom of the ocean buried," with many gestures, is quoted in all  
its detail, Dr. Everett was moved to write: "And what is the sense of  
parading all this stuff?" Mr. Eaton adds: "This particular piece of stuff  
helps to reconcile some of us to the actors of our generation."

Philadelphia did not escape the Doctor's acid criticism. He was an-  
noyed reading "The Tempest," by frequent references to the Philadelphia  
Shakespeare Society, and the comments of one Allen, probably a member.  
"Bah! Allen!! Philadelphia!!!"

A suggestion by this Society explaining an order given to Ariel led  
Dr. Furness to say that the explanation was doubtful. Everett: "No, not  
doubtful, undoubtedly absurd, or rather Philadelphian."

And when a note by the Society is quoted, Everett wrote: "As if  
any mortal soul outside Philadelphia cared for any opinion entertained in  
it. The editor gets all his acumen from Harvard College."

Still another quotation from Philadelphia Shakespearians led Everett  
to beg his friend Furness: "O spare us your Village Improvement So-  
ciety!"

But what is to be said of this irreverent outburst?

Furness spoke of "Emerson's fine phrase to 'turn the sod to violet!'"  
Everett: If fine, not Emerson. If Emerson, not fine.

Apropos of Shakespeare's anachronisms. Furness quoted a passage  
from the Edinburgh Review, stating that Shakespeare could not have  
made any of his characters speak of tobacco without being grossly anach-  
ronistic. Dr. Everett's comment shows that he sympathized with the  
King James that wrote a counter-blast against tobacco.

"Shakespeare being a man of gentle and refined nature, would not  
sicken his readers by introducing the gratuitous filth of tobacco."

But smoking, or as they said, "drinking" tobacco, was praised and  
blamed by Elizabethan dramatists, Ben Jonson and others.

When Dr. Furness said that anachronisms would not be discovered  
by anybody in his audience if a dramatist were to represent the Jews re-  
turning in hats and shoes from their Babylonish captivity, Everett replied:  
"But hats and shoes are in the Bible."

H. H. Furness, Jr., wrote in his preface to "Richard III": "Thus the  
present text has at least the merit of omitting nothing which we have  
reason to believe was Shakespeare's own—we, like Garrick, cannot lose  
one drop of that immortal man."

The presentation of this volume to Dr. Everett did not prevent him  
from writing on the margin against this sentence: "Your father has al-  
ready quoted this, and silly enough it is."

When in the notes to "The Tempest," the "beak" and "waist" of a  
ship are defined, Dr. Everett was moved to write: "Why don't you define  
king, ship, deck and cabin."

Dr. Furness quoted a foolish commentary by Meissner, a German, and  
added: "Can the grief of the judicious be here restrained from breaking  
forth?" Everett: "Can a German move any of English breed to grief?  
Contempt alone is their portion."

And again: "The inventive power of a German dealing with Shakes-  
peare is infinite."

When "The Black Crook" was in the height of its glory, it was  
thought by many to be a hideously immoral show, because women came  
on the stage in tights. Today "The Black Crook" would be voted, if it



were given as we saw it, a rather tiresome spectacle, saved by the Majilton family and a few dancers of the old school. But in the early years of its run "The Black Crook" was thundered against in the pulpit and in the press. We remember reading Olive Logan's savage denunciation which appeared in a magazine—we think it was called *The American*, perhaps not; at any rate it was short-lived. Afterward this article and other papers were collected by Miss Logan for her volume, "Women and Theatres." Mr. Eaton quotes liberally from it in his chapter, "Legs in Grandpa's Day."

There were some who had the courage to say in the "sixties" that the sight of women in tights was not nearly so voluptuous and alluring as the sight of women in conventional ballet costume with skirts now revealing, now concealing.

Miss Logan's abuse of "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn" and "Mazeppa" must have been an invaluable advertisement for those shows. Reading her articles in 1924 brings amusement rather than horror that such things could have been. Surely the pictures introduced by Mr. Eaton of Pauline Markham and Helen Western would not lead gilded youth or old men to demand front seats in the orchestra. Yet Pauline was a handsome creature in her way—Richard Grant White wrote in the *Galaxy* that she had restored the lost arms to the Venus of Milo, and it is supposed that he wrote a life of Pauline—but to the educated eyes of today, educated by the Follies and similar shows, these heroines of spectacles, dramas and burlesques of the "sixties" seem to be stock-yard beauties.

Emily Soldene in her book of reminiscences deplored the change in public taste, for when she returned to London from her long sojourn in Australia, she found that appreciation of beef from the heels up had disappeared. Mr. Eaton does not mention Emily, brilliant and vivacious, but he does say at the end of his chapter: "We also have legs, and probably we shall always have them, too. They are, however, more slender and attractive than they used to be, and we have learned to admit their beauty without a blush, which is a step forward. But Miss Logan today could go to 37 theatres in New York without being shocked by the sight of them."

We are sorry to find Mr. Eaton on page 280 characterizing Lydia Thompson as "blonde and shameless." Blonde she was, beautifully formed, a delight to the eye and the ear, but never "shameless." We doubt if Mr. Eaton ever saw her in her burlesque shows. If he had, his characterization is the more surprising. In her younger days, as a solo dancer, she shone in cities of the European continent. In legitimate comedy, she was sparkling. There has been only one Lydia. Fortunate are those who saw her as "Robinson Crusoe," in "Kenilworth" (in spite of the dramatist's atrocious puns), in "Ixion" when in 1868 she appeared in that play in New York at Wood's Museum.

his grandmother. It seems it was the custom at that time to "lament" the dead, and every one in the family and in the village entered the hall weeping and lamenting, and addressing the corpse: "Beloved father, why hast thou left us all alone?"

The chapters about Aksakov's school-days remind one in certain ways of Dotheboys Hall; rooms freezing cold, bad soup in which the end of a tallow candle was found; rebellion of pupils—unjust punishments; yet there were encouraging teachers, and friendships were made. Even the pious mother of Aksakov and doctors of repute lied to gain his freedom from one school.

Beautiful are the descriptions of outdoor life at Ufa and the boy's delight in Nature. There are many pages that are thus incomparable. And it can be truly said that not one of the four hundred pages is trite or dull. No wonder that in Russia the book is one of the great classics; that in various translations it is recognized as unexampled, unique in the long list of autobiographies.

#### A PERFECT LADY

(Hutchinson, Kan., Gazette)

Mrs. Maude Yarigus-Barnes, serving a sentence for the poisoning of her husband in one of the most sensational murder cases in Reno county, sends her love to every one in Hutchinson.

#### TO O. D.

To her who scorns the lipstick and the rouge  
I doff my hat. Were other maids as wise  
As she, the sterner sex would higher prize  
Their charm, and be more keen to quickly choose  
Their partners true. For any man who's wise  
Does willingly admit, a painted face  
Will not beguile his choice, or fill the place  
Of one whose modesty attracts his eyes.  
I am no swain who seeks a youthful mate,  
My locks are turning gray, my children grown;  
But I would urge that hope, so often late

Is still within your reach. With roses strewn  
Your path may be. The springtime comes apace,  
Here's hope that then, glad smiles will wreath your face. QUERCUS.

#### As the World Wags:

Might I suggest, with due humility, that less of Swift and Pater and more of Florian Slappy would trace the origin and possibly justify the use of the scathingly condemned sentence, "Eating is the fondest thing he is of." The expression is taken from the inimitable darkey stories written by Octavius Roy Cohen which have been running in the Saturday Evening Post. "The fondest thing he is of" and "That's the very thing she's every-thing else but" are two of his specialties. ELIZABETH FORD CARR.

#### LODGING-HOUSE AUREOLA

(Answering Margaret Lloyd.)

He hastened in his gait  
Hopeful,  
His face was dauntless,  
Yet pale,  
As any city dweller  
Forced in narrow streets.  
He castles built  
Whilst factory whistles blew.  
"Had breakfast at  
"The One-armed Ritz," he said.  
(Small book from pocket—  
Mind in Spain).  
Then long hours of duty,  
Thoughts aspiring,  
"Sunset and Evening Star"  
And one true friend  
Shaped his summer eve.  
So when  
Wan gaslight led him  
Up the endless stairs,  
He hastened in his gait,  
Hopeful,  
As is with youth.  
Boston. MARJORIE SPOFFORD.

#### ZIBA, NOT A GOOD PROVIDER

As the World Wags:

"And when David was a little past the top of the hill, behold, Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth met him, with a couple of asses saddled, and upon them two hundred loaves of bread and a hundred bunches of raisins, and a hundred summer fruits, and a bottle of wine.  
"And the king said unto Ziba: What meanest thou by these? And Ziba said: The asses be for the king's household to ride on; and the bread and summer

fruit for the young men to eat; and the wine, that such as be faint in the wilderness may drink."—II Samuel, xvi. 1, 2.

What in the name of time, taste or purgatory is the Volstead act compared to this? J. L. FRENCH.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD DOCTOR

(From the Pittsburgh, Pa., Press)

Noting an inquiry in the "Health of the Family" column in regard to what will cure infantile paralysis in a 2-year-old child, Mrs. L. B. Shawnee, Okla., writes *Capper's Weekly* to report an infallible cure. Take raw Irish potatoes, whitest ones preferred, she advises, and dice them very thin, binding the slices in the spine quite thickly and let them remain over night. In the morning the potatoes will have turned green, she says, from the poison they have drawn out. This should be followed by a second treatment in the same way, and it would be well for the child to eat one raw scraped Irish potato once or twice a day as a laxative. Mrs. B. tells us further that eating Irish potatoes raw will cure pyorrhea, or shrinkage of the gums; also that eating just one big potato every day is a fine remedy for constipation.

#### PRENATAL BAPTISM

(From the Paris Gazette)

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. E. Halth, Jr., on the arrival of a son, Russel Howard, on August 20. Mrs. Halth was Miss Daisy McRae. The baby was baptized on Sunday, August 10th.

#### THE INFINITE PROLONGATION OF JONES

(From W. S. J.'s "The Child of Time"—London)

Jones goes each day to Mincing Lane,  
Tub, office, chop at one,  
Office once more, and tube again,  
And Jones's day is done.

Comes dinner, evening paper, and  
Eight hours beside his wife,  
Breakfast and tube—one day may stand  
For Jones's yearly life.

On Sundays in his church he prays,  
He prays with slumbrous eye;  
"Grant me, Almighty, length of days,  
And then Eternity!"

#### THE LAST WORD

(Women, says a writer, show their sense of humor in their dress.)

In talk my Mary does not show  
The slightest sense of fun,  
No aptitude for jeux des mots,  
No passion for the pun;  
With merriment she seldom rocks  
At ludicrous mishaps;  
She never spoke a paradox,  
Nor fashioned booby traps.

But though, when little tiffs begin  
Or arguments arise,  
She shows no skill at dealing in  
Satirical replies,  
If we should chance to disagree,  
She has her answer pat;  
By way of crushing repartee  
She goes and buys a hat.

T. H.

## ROLAND HAYES

"With Symphony hail now stripped of its remnants of bucanering, the concert season commenced yesterday afternoon with Roland Hayes song recital, which included Mozart's concert aria "Per Pieta Non Ricerate," Schubert's "An Die Leier," Schumann's "Geisternah," Hugo Wolff's "Beherzigung," Griffes's "In a Myrtle Shade," Whelpley's "I Know a Hill," Warren Storey Smith's "A Caravan From China Comes," several negro spirituals, as well as a generous supply of encores, which included Handel's "Would You Gain the Tender Creature," an aria from "Manon," and Nevin's "Murmuring Zephyrs."

Only a year ago, on the wings of his European favors and appreciation, Roland Hayes commenced his triumphal march over these United States, so that now his name and the warm and restrained fervors of his voice have penetrated even to those circles less musical. Now there is an overflowing concert hall, and applause, instantaneous, fevered, and honest. Roland Hayes is like to become a cult—a deserved one—he needs no favors now.

It was a sound and varied program yesterday afternoon, commencing with the formal patterned Mozart aria, to which at times he gave a strange and searching accent—a suggestion of wildness, yet within the pattern. His is a glorious voice and feeling for mood—one finds it in the richness of his German romantic songs; in the chill reaches of his Hugo Wolff; in the pale melancholies and eerie fancy of the Griffes setting for Blake's poem; in the gentle phrasing and precision of the Handel; and again in the chestnut oriental mood of Warren Storey Smith's

"Caravan," suggested by the verses of Richard Le Gallienne.

Yet with all his imaginativeness, there is an excellence of diction, whether it be in French, German, or in the pounding rhythms of the spirituals; a perfection in phrasing. His is an art spontaneous, yet cultured, that seems to be constantly improving. More than mere passing mention should be made of the accompanying of William Lawrence, a most intelligent and sensitive pianist, whose playing was much applauded yesterday. E. G.

Have the lost books of Livy been found? French scholars are sceptical. Figaro gave an account early last month of a meeting of the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in Paris. One learned member said that the name of the discoverer was unknown. Salomon Reinach, as wise as Solomon of old, said he could not find the discoverer's name in Minerva, nor in any other analogous volume.

But that proves little or nothing. There's many an honest citizen whose name is not in "Who's Who" or in any other "Who's What" or "Who's That."

M. Reinach told some interesting stories about the lost books. He recalled the fact that the poet, Martial, did not add the complete works of Livy to his library because they were too cumbersome; the volumes today would represent from 12 to 15 folios—and this fact wars against any discovery.

There have been several pretended discoveries of the lost books since the 13th century. The complete manuscript had been seen on an Orkney isle, in Norway, at Constantinople, in Africa. There were unknown fragments seen about 1630 at the convent of Fontevault in France. But of all these statements there was no verification.

In the 17th century a Greek offered to present Louis XIV with the complete history which had been "discovered" at Chio, but when he was to be brought to Versailles he could not be found. There is a legend, an absurd one, that these lost books were destroyed by Gregory the Great.

Thus M. Salomon Reinach, the learned man, who remembering that in 1772 a fragment relating to wars in Spain had been found at the Vatican, said that while it was not impossible that other fragments would be found, he did not believe in Dr. di Martino's find at Naples. "But, I'll say with the Emperor Tiberius, that there's no smoke without fire. And as there's much smoke, I hope there will be a little fire."

We are not greatly exercised over this question, but we would welcome with a shout of rejoicing the news that the lost volumes of Tacitus had been found, in spite of the fact that Herman Melville characterized him as a depressing, pessimistic historian (see "The Confidence Man") and Anatole France is said to regard him as a slanderer. And would that we had the whole "Satiricon" of Petronius. As for unfinished works, what would one not give for a complete "Mystery of Edwin Drood," or the volumes of Buckle's History of Civilization that death prevented him from writing?

But M. Reinach a week afterwards made the amende honorable as far as the personality of the discoverer, Dr. Mario di Martino, is concerned. He told his colleagues at the academy that the discoverer is highly esteemed in Italy as a paleographer, and the historian of Naples University; that he is at work on a history of schools of Italian calligraphies.

We speak of a fine Italian hand and our young women of the forties and fifties were taught handwriting in the fine "Italian manner." Did the Italians ever have anything like the "Spencerian System of Penmanship," for which we had copybooks in school? Today girls are taught to write illegibly. But we wander from M. Reinach and the lost books of Titus Livius. The good Dr. Martino has copied the second decade of Livy's history, and it will be published next month. He has also found two Greek manuscripts, a poem on the siege of Troy by Aretinos, and a life of St. January, Naples' patron saint. As for the alleged discovery by Messrs. Orcini and Valiese of a "lost book" of Tacitus, the French wise men "await further developments."

#### As the World Wags:

News of the Venetians' step forward in the abolishing of their clumsy old gondolas in favor of the more efficient motor-driven craft suggests to my mind several other improvements which the Europeans might wisely adopt:

1—The remodelling of the Sistine Chapel for the showing of moving pictures to supplant the obsolete "still" pictures now on exhibition there.

2—The letting of concessions for hot dog stands at all entrances to the catacombs, revenue from which to be used in correcting structural defects in the Tower of Pisa, and in refurbishing the Uffizi Gallery with nice new pictures



to replace the old and out-of-date ones now on exhibition—many of them over a hundred years old.

3—Installation in the theatre at Balfreuth of a strictly modern three-quarter million dollar pipe organ capable of reproducing all the instruments of the orchestra and of imitating a mockingbird, a canary and church bells.

4—Installation of electrically driven (or "operated") pianos in all leading conservatories.

KENWAS.

(To be continued)

An American firm is experimenting with the object of perfecting a motor car whose weakest parts are to be so strengthened that all the parts will wear out simultaneously. The effect will be to prolong the life of the car and eliminate the need for "spares." How long such a car would last is beyond the conjecture of the most expert expert. "The wonderful One-hoss-Shay," which was built (also in America) in accordance with the same theory, lasted a hundred years and a day. Presumably the car would survive as a family heirloom until the great-grandson of the original owner, taking a hill one day "on top," heard a last dying moan from the exhaust and found himself suddenly sitting on a little heap of dust which was once "1924 Model."—Daily Chronicle.

#### LITERARY "PUGS"

As the World Wags:

Why do the followers of prize fighting address their favorites with endearing diminutives? It seems so incongruous. Edward is always Eddie, Thomas Tommy, William Willie, and so on.

And a big, brutal, low-browed gorilla with a gift of doing some muscular act rather better than the rest is coddled and petted, and the philosophy he never could have expressed in a thousand years is written in a style and with a quality any college professor might envy. "Did any human being ever hear a prize fighter use the word obdurate—or recalcitrant—or pleasurable—or synchronize? Excuse a laugh. I read an article by an eminent prize fighter which contained all those words. Wouldn't it be better art if the reporter or journalist who contributed the daily column signed by a professional ball player or prize fighter wrote it exactly as it would have been spoken if the athlete had personally dictated the story, which he seldom does, by the way, and we presume the man whose name is signed must find it difficult to live up to the intellectual standard he has achieved by newspaper stories of doubtful parentage.

Good old John L. Sullivan, in younger days before his really remarkable intellectual development, once wrote a book—that is, in the manner of the present muscular celebrity. John never even read the book and was grateful to me for digging one of them up on Cornhill 25 years afterward and sending it to him at Abington. But John was honest—he didn't pose as an author. He told us one night: "Arthur Brisbane was a damn good fellow, and so were most of the newspaper boys in my time. Arthur wrote the book, but I seem to have forgotten if many copies were sold. Anyway, the reporters had to make a living and I was always glad to give the lads a boost."

And now Arthur is a millionaire owner of a chain of newspapers and John L. is but a memory.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

## STONE FAMILY

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Stepping Stones," a fantastic musical play in two acts. Book by Anna Caldwell and R. H. Burnside; lyrics by Anna Caldwell. Music by Jerome Kern. Charles Dillingham, producer. Roy Webb, conductor of the orchestra.

Peter Plug.....Fred Stone  
Prince Silvio.....Roy Hoyer  
Otto DeWolfe.....Oscar Ragland  
Remus.....John Lambert  
Richard.....Cynthia Foley  
Captain Paul.....Frederic Tozere  
Antoine.....William Murray  
Gypsy Jan.....Bert Jordan  
Eddie.....Willie Torpey  
The Landlord.....George Herman  
Roulette Hood.....Dorothy Stone  
Widow Hood.....Allene Stone  
Lupina.....Hazel Gier  
Radiola.....Primrose Cary  
Mary.....Lucille Elmore  
Nurse Marjorie.....Lydia Scott  
Charlotte.....Francetta Malloy  
Eclair.....Jet Stanley

It was a great night for the Stone family. Mr. Stone and his wife Allene with their charming daughter Dorothy, who was seen here for the first time. An audience that filled the Colonial from top to bottom was enthusiastic in its welcome. Whatever the Stones did, whatever they said, excited new laughter, new admiration.

Fred Stone belongs to the old and noble family of master clowns, who have been a source of amusement and pleasure from the earliest days of the stage. And no one has laughed at the master clown, whether his name is

Grimaldi, D'Berau, George L. Fox, or Fred Stone; one laughed with them. For back of their foolishness, their nonsense, their clowning, there has always been superior intelligence, the keen sense of the ridiculous. Wise men have considered laughter philosophically, have written solemn volumes in answer to the question, "Why do we laugh?" And a few, as Baudelaire, have insisted that laughter, even when it holds both its sides, is inherently diabolical and inhuman, because it is usually provoked by the sight or the thought of human beings victims of accidents or their own folly.

But Mr. Stone is far from being sinister or cruel in his clowning. He is the merryman from sheer enjoyment. It is possible that in the night watches he thinks that some day he will play Hamlet—George L. Fox played the part, but in a spirit of wild burlesque, never to be forgotten; or perhaps Mr. Stone thinks that he might make a sensation as the wretched son in Ibsen's "Ghosts." In the mean time he furnishes amusement to thousands, and thus makes for righteousness.

Last night the Stones were a happy couple. Their graceful and roguish daughter danced and sang her way into the hearts of the spectators. Youth, as Liszt once remarked, is the time for virtuosity. Youth on the stage when, as in this instance, it is without affectation, when it is ingenious, is refreshing. One easily pardoned the evident pride of the parents in the success of Miss Dorothy.

Little can be said in praise of the "book," for it is inconsequential, a loosely constructed thing based on the story of Little Red Riding Hood, but as it serves the Stones, the book will pass. Mr. Kern's music is pretty, and several of the numbers will haunt the memory. Among them is the music for the Mystic Hussars.

The supporting company is adequate, and this is to be said of the singers, whatever one thought of the vocal quality; their enunciation was surprisingly distinct, a rare thing today in musical shows. Miss Glen has an agreeable voice except when the music takes her beyond her natural range, and she sings tastefully. Miss Caryll was pleasing vocally. The incisive voice of Mr. Ragland and the rich, full voice of Mr. Lambert had full opportunity.

The stage settings were handsome.

Some of them were striking in their richness and originality. One of the features of the performance was the surprising acrobatic dance of Mr. Her man as the skeleton janitor. The Tilla Sunshine Girls were busy. Perhaps their dancing was overworked in sameness, but their evolutions in the march were skillfully executed.

It must be confessed that the writers of the book were not kind to the comedians. The dialogue was often flat, and some of the jokes were musty. But one remembers gratefully Mr. Stone in his various disguises, his knife-throwing, and his miraculous feats as a magician. One shudders to think what "Stepping Stones" would be without the Stones, parents and daughter.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Outward Bound," a play in three acts by Sutton Vane; produced by William Harris, Jr. The cast:

Scrubby.....Herbert Heywood  
Ann.....Marcia Byron  
Henry.....Leonard Nesbit  
Mr. Prior.....Tom Nesbit  
Mrs. Cliveden-Banks.....Charlotte Granville  
Rev. William Duke.....Gerald Cornell  
Mrs. Midgett.....Minnie Dupree  
Mr. Lingley.....Eugene Powers  
Rev. Frank Thompson.....Whitford Kane

Before an intelligent and sympathetic audience, "Outward Bound" was played last night for the first time in Boston. In the length of this or many more seasons, we are not likely to have another play which arouses or repays so much inquiry and study as this. Written and produced in England by an actor, Sutton Vane, it was first tested in America. In New York, audiences applauded and attended, and the praise of the critics has re-echoed throughout the East.

The character of the play has been made familiar by many descriptions in the newspapers. There gather in the smoking room of a small ship seven passengers and a steward; they are dead, and they are journeying to a place of judgment. How they find that out and how they meet the judgment, first act is the most skilful. In Living the three acts explain. Of these, the ston Platt's smoking room, peopled by amusing and human characters not eerie in the least, the existence of the unreal is evident very soon after the rise of the curtain. The author's method of producing atmosphere is ingenious. He first does it by little things—Lingley, the business man, and Mrs. Midgett, the scrubwoman, cannot remember why they are on board and where they are going. The whole company is unwittingly precise about its destination. Then, drinks are served before the boat

sails—unreal enough. A pair of lovers, silent before the others, to themselves murmur variations of the sometime original query. "They can't separate us, can they?" Before the drink-befuddled wastrel guesses the truth, Mr. Vane has plainly pointed to the audience that it is not watching the departure of an ordinary liner. The situation is half understood before drunken Prior asks the steward: "We're dead, aren't we? The answer is in the affirmative. To the question: 'Where are we going?' he answers: 'To heaven—or to hell. They're both the same place, you know.'"

In the second act the less observing characters are informed of their condition: each greets the announcement in a different way, each trying to measure it in terms of their human life. Lingley of Lingley, Ltd., calls a meeting to discuss it; Mrs. Cliveden-Banks wears mourning, the Rev. Mr. Duke doffs his professional clothes and manner. The few who can rise above an empty and petty life are rewarded by the Great Examiner.

In the last scene the mysterious lovers are disposed of. They are "halfways," like the steward, Scrubby, because they had committed suicide and were, therefore, sentenced to travel back and forth without ever being judged. Ann and Henry, finding it impossible to marry, decided to be united in death; they tried to kill themselves by turning on the gas jet. As the ship leaves the heavenly port, Henry hears his dog, Jock, bark, followed by the tinkle of glass and the inrush of fresh air. He is called back to life and is able to bring Ann with him. As the play began he heard Jock; as it ends he hears him break the glass. The author may mean to suggest that the entire action takes place during the minutes between Henry's turning of the gas jet and Jock's breaking the window.

The actors are more than sufficient, and the fire of exceptional brilliance was felt chiefly in the work of Mr. Powers and Mr. Nesbit. Charlotte Granville was the large, vain, somewhat vulgar and always effective Mrs. Banks; Minnie Dupree the lovable cockney woman, and Leonard Muddle and Marcia Byron the lovers. The one setting was properly atmospheric and the colorless day and night were well suggested by the lighting.

## THE FOUR CANSINOS STAR ON KEITH BILL

Hale Hamilton, Grace La Rue  
Put on Another Headliner

The Four Cansinos, in a number of picturesque Spanish dances, featured the interesting and well-rounded bill which opened at Keith's Theatre last night. From the symbolic dance, El Torero, which opened the number to the Balero of Seville which ended it, every selection had fire and passion which distinguished it from the usual run of continental attractions.

Another headliner was a society skit in which Hale Hamilton and Grace La Rue appeared. Beginning in a conventional way it suddenly displayed a surprising twist which lifted it above the average. Miss La Rue also attracted much applause in another number in which she sang several sentimental and popular songs.

The bill opened with the Hedleys in a clever balancing act, which was called "In the Moonlight." Art Henry and Leah Moore followed with a scene in a theatrical booking office which gave an opportunity for several new songs and some light comedy.

Leo Beers, who was described on the program as "vaudeville's distinctive entertainer," sang a selection of simple songs with a style and finish that made his act noteworthy. Strolling on the stage in a nonchalant way, he seated himself at the piano and sung and chanted and whistled several half humorous, half-pathetic ditties which kept the audience in a continual uproar.

"A Sundae in London," presented by Eddie Layton and Frank Lennie, was largely reminiscent but was far better done than most sketches of the sort. It concerned the difficulties experienced by a Yankee in obtaining a chocolate sundae on Piccadilly. The Three Lords in a novel tumbling act closed the program.

ST. JAMES—"Across the Street." Comedy in three acts by Richard Purdy, first performed in Philadelphia on March 16, 1924. First time in Boston. The cast includes:

Mildred Martin.....Olive Blakeney  
Oberly Musgrave.....Samuel Godfrey  
Harry Stapleton.....Harvey Hays  
Mrs. Elvira Bagley.....Anna Layng  
Joe Bagley.....Houston Richards  
Cyrus Perkins.....Ralph M. Remley  
Calvin Abbott.....Ralph Morehouse

Agnes Ellery.....Ray Han.  
Kenneth Dodge.....Herbert Is.  
Col. Wentworth Dodge.....Louis Leon Ha

Its setting the conventional and much abused New England town of haggling selectmen, and lackadaisical storekeeper, "Across the Street" might have gone the way of so many of its fellows, and have been merely an exaggerated vaudeville skit jumbling village humors. But the basic idea is ingenious, and there is an excellently calculated third act well tuned to the spirited audiences that haunt the St. James.

An amusing piece it is, of bolsterous humor, village puns and sentimental romance. It has to do with the town of Glendale after the sudden arrival of a "cilly feller," son of a retired editor, to take the post of associate editor on the Observer. But, unlike his father, who was wont to invade public meetings with a "revolver on his hip and a rawhide whip up his sleeve"—the son's fancy turns to trolley lines and dreams of an emporium. So when the editor departs for a somewhat dubious trip to the mountains of Montana, he exchanges places with the unwilling young storekeeper—but things proceed as usual, to all outward appearance.

So through a blustering second act they exchange telephone conferences, whip the town into disorder, undermine the smooth tenor of the selectmen's ways, and summon a town meeting to denounce the officials. The associate editor, for once robbed of his booster's poise, must face an irate town, to account for editorials which he has never written.

There are incidental bits in the various lives of the storekeeper and associate editor all nonplussed by the sudden change in the town; in the momentous arrival of the editor, as well as others concerned in the debacle. A stormy town meeting which includes the audience—a willing actor—is the crux of the play—a jovial and seemly end.

The playing as a whole suited the demands of the humors. Miss Olive Blakeney and Miss Hammond were pert and attractive, and as ever, Houston Richards as the storekeeper with the nose for news did his bit with zest and comic fervor, never descending to burlesque, as did others of the company—perhaps in such a piece it is pardonable.

There should also be mention of Mr. Hall's excellent characterization of the stout and fervid editor, retired—the Col. Wentworth Dodge. E. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—DeWolf Hopper Opera Company presents Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore, or the Lass That Loved a Sailor," an operetta in two acts. Staged by Lew Morton. Max Fichlander conducted. The cast:

The Rt. Hon. Sir Jos. Porter, K. O. B.  
Arthur Cunningham  
Capt. Corcoran.....Henry Kelly  
Ralph Rackstraw.....Sidworth Fraser  
Dick Deadeye.....DeWolf Hopper  
Bill Bobstay.....Herbert Watrous  
Bob Becket.....Harry Murphy  
Tom Tucker.....Annette Hawley  
Sergeant of Marines.....John Douglas  
Josephine.....Ethel Walker  
Helen.....Ethel Clark  
Little Buttercup.....Sarah Edwards

What a pity that the house was not packed from pit to dome! Another excellent revival of Gilbert and Sullivan—a work that will have its intermittent presentations while there is stage and public—and yet again but a fair sized audience. Why will the generation of the theatre of the hour not appreciate these performances to the full. The performances are all that could be wished for—a chorus that can sing, clever interpreters—and Mr. Hopper and his associates contributing their part in a liberal education in the ways of operetta. Nor can the principal comedian, himself, one of the few now before us, and representative of a school that is fast disappearing from our theatre, go on forever in his remarkable vitalizing of Gilbertian comies.

It was a pleasure to see those in the audience that never lost a revival of this work. George W. Wilson, the veteran comedian of the old Boston Museum stock company, was in the seventh heaven of delight, as was his companion, Quincy Kilby, in years gone by the treasurer of the old Boston Theatre. And what a pleasure it was to witness the spontaneous outburst of approval at the conclusion of the overture!

There was a remarkable Rackstraw, the singing of the ensemble, as we have intimated, was always musical and there was no patchwork. We never remember a Bill Bobstay that could render "He is An Englishman" with such authority, with such dramatic significance, with greater musical intelligence than he.

In Buttercup we were treated to a novelty, for Sarah Edwards elected to play the part of the Portsmouth bumboat woman in grotesque style, and put foot on H. M. S. Pinafore as might Vesta Tilley out of a London music hall.

Arthur Cunningham gave a performance of the first lord of the admiralty, both musically and dramatically interesting, a performance that had a certain elegance without leaning to the



aesthetic.

Henry Kelly sang the role of Capt. Corcoran with fine understanding of the text. Ethel Walker made a pretty Josephine, and save for the shrillness in taking her upper tones, gave a good performance musically.

Mr. Hopper was seen in his old role of Dick Deadeye, a role that gives him the least opportunity in his gallery of characterizations. But he played the part of the "bad" sailor with as much enthusiasm as if it had been a bigger part, and his "business" had much in it that kept his audience in an uproar. In his few singing moments he sang as the comedian rather than as the singer, and his dancing was a credit to this veteran of the theatre.

Next week "Wang," one of the choicest characters in Mr. Hopper's repertoire. T. A. R.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

HOLLIS—"Aren't We All," Lonsdale comedy with Cyril Maude. Third week.

SHUBERT—"Innocent Eyes," Winter Garden Revue, with Lew Hearn, Vanessi and others. Elaborately staged. Third week.

MAJESTIC—"Mr. Battling Butler," musical comedy with Charles Ruggles in role of pseudo-pugilist. Fourth week.

WILBUR—"Little Jessie James," musical comedy with Allen Kearns and Paul Whiteman band. Last week.

SELWYN—"For All of Us," William Hodge's latest play, with Hodge in leading role. Second week.

TREMONT—"Little Miss Bluebeard," Irene Bordoni's musical play adapted from the Hungarian of Gabriel Dregely by Avery Hopwood. Second week.

We have received the following letter. We note that our highly esteemed contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the justly celebrated sociologist, has opened his apartment—one or two rooms—in Blossom court, although this fact of interest to the world of science has escaped the attention of "Society" editors. Probably Mr. Johnson—a man of singular modesty—neglected, unlike many of our leading citizens and citizenesses—and they are among our "best people"—to write chatty and informing letters to them.

## JOHNSON AND SIR WALTER

As the World Wags:

Reading in the Literary Supplement of the London Times an article about the manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Redgauntlet," I was tempted and I fell. I went to the village library before I left the Cape and said to the librarian in an off-hand way, "I'd like to take old Scott's 'Redgauntlet.' There's something in it I'd like to look up." This I said, lest she would think me an old fogey, indifferent to the mass—I am inclined to write junk heap—of contemporaneous novels.

I expected to be bored. My dear sir, I was fascinated by the book. I could not put it down, and I was sorely disturbed when my sister Vashiti, poor thing, said, "Herkimer, it's time for our game of pinochle."

I should put "Redgauntlet" by the side of "The Antiquary," "Quentin Durward," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Old Mortality," and "The Bride of Lammermoor." I can't read "Ivanhoe" and prefer Thackeray's continuation.

I want to ask you a question. I am not an angler, for, as you may know, I am a sensitive man and cannot bear the idea of taking fish from their native element either in sport so-called or in the interest of the kitchen; but I read in "Redgauntlet" about Darsie Latimer going fishing. You may remember—or do I flatter you?—that Latimer in his letter to Falrford spoke of having "a jury of flies." "Jury?" Did he mean by this that he had 12 flies in a box? Did any New England angler, however choice or large his assortment of flies, speak of it as a "jury"?

Of course I expected to find many Scottisms in "Redgauntlet" and I was not disappointed, but they did not disturb me, not even when I read of a

girl "driving cows to the linn." Is "jury" a Scotticism? It "intrigues" me, as writers about foreign politics and "lady novelists" would say.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom Court.

S. O. S.

As the World Wags:

"Can't someone, sometime, somewhere, if only in Northampton or Plymouth, say one kind word for Calvin Coolidge?" R. M. W.

## NEW CANDIDATES

As the World Wags:

I take pleasure in nominating as candidates for the Hall of Fame the following:

Grass Brothers, Suburban Lots, Minneapolis. J. Kleenewerck, Jobber, Kalamazoo, Mich. W. H. REED.

As the World Wags:

Rakovsky, the soviet diplomat, and Grabski, the Polish premier. What possibilities for graft this team ought to offer. D. R. H.

## HAS MAN NO RIGHTS?

As the World Wags:

A lady down at Miami, Fla., shot and killed her husband because he told her to go to hell.

Man, we've got no rights left!

R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

Shingled hair, clinging dresses, half-pint hats, baby stares, painted lips, rouged cheeks, tailor-made eyebrows and ever ready on their lips, "When do we eat?" the modern girl. Are they all alike? I'll tell the pop-eyed world! Yours for men's rights.

NAN VARRO.

## AFTER THAT THE DELUGE

(From the New Bedford Standard, via K. W. S.)

At Westport Fair in the amateur class for his collection of dahlias, Noah Flood of Fairhaven received second award.

## AUTUMN

(For As the World Wags)

You stir me strangely, Autumn, With your damply pungent smells, Exhaled upon your winding-sheet of fog;

With the crickets fiddling idly,

Rehearsing for your wake,

And undertaker's toad-stools on the log.

Then must you die, O Autumn With your cheeks flushed hectic red? Katy-dids already quarrel o'er your will,

While the old moon keeps the death watch,

And the stars are frightened pale

As they see your stiffened limbs

Grow white and pale. M. B. W.

Worcester.

## GASSED MACKEREL

As the World Wags:

An editorial comment in this column speaks, in almost the same breath, of mackerel and of "horse" being used to denote size. That recalls a bit of dialogue overheard one morning not long ago when five horse-mackerel were landed on a neighboring wharf. People flocked to see the enormous creatures—handsome, weighing, I believe, 500 to 600 pounds apiece.

One woman, plainly a soulful being, who was particularly thrilled, paused in her flood of exclamations to ask an old salt who stood near, "How do you kill them?" "O, we gaff 'em," he mumbled. "Gas them! How interesting!" said the soulful one. MIRIAM LOWELL.

Provincetown.

## COMMERCIAL CANDOR

(From the Chicago Daily News)

CAD.—59-21 TOUR.; \$875; IT WON'T LAST. 531 N. Kedzie av.; tel. Kedzie 6508.

Arthur de Greef, the Belgian pianist, recently played Grieg's concerto in London. The Daily Telegraph was moved to say: "After it had run its boisterous course, the thought came: 'Even if this must be annual, need it be quite so hardy?'"

Mr. Koussevitzky will make his first appearance in the United States as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra tomorrow afternoon. The revised program is better balanced than the one that was first announced. The concerto by Vivaldi, the Venetian, will be played as arranged by Alexander Siloti. This will be the first performance, we believe, in this country. Vivaldi is known here by his violin concertos. Mr. Ysaye played one at a Symphony con-

cert a dozen years ago. The "St. Anthony" Variations of Brahms are familiar; the reactionaries in the audience will be pleased, and so they may have the patience, or courage, to listen to the music by Honegger and Scriabin that comes later. It is a pleasure to see the name of Berlioz ("Roman Carnival") on the first program.

Honegger's "Pacific 231" is a musical glorification of a locomotive engine, a giant rejoicing in its strength. "231" refers to its classification and number of wheels. Mr. Koussevitzky produced the piece in Paris last May. There was a second performance in his series, and one later at the Prague festival.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," which belongs to his theosophic period, is more or less familiar.

## THE YOUNG LOTTA

Notes and Lines:

Learning of the death of Lotta Crabtree my memory of this famous actress, the girl and woman of moral goodness (as I can safely testify from observation), goes back to 1863 when she was living with her parents on Minna street, San Francisco. She had been instructed in banjo playing by one Charles Benschel of New York, who went to California by way of the Straits of Magellan in 1852, by reason of the "gold fever" and later became an actor of prominence. Lotta was then appearing (in black) in songs and dances at the "Melodeon," on California and Kearney (or Dupont?) streets, always accompanied by her splendid mother to and from the theatre, a sort of vaudeville. Although there were occasions when attentions were shown to her by men, worthy men, too, Lotta had no disposition to be thus courted, or to have marriage proposed. It was not long afterwards that Thomas Maguire, of Maguire's Opera House on California street, recognizing her fine qualities as a woman and an actress, engaged her for the dramatic stage, and then began her real success in her chosen profession, a success greater than that of Sophie, Irene, or Jennie Worrell (the "Worrell Sisters"), with whom she was an associate in earlier days. I sometimes called upon Lotta at her residence, the National Hotel on Boylston street, and we mutually enjoyed chats of California days and peoples, and about her mother, from whom she inherited her excellent qualities. H. E. R.

## NOT A FAN

Notes and Lines:

Moving pictures are tremendously funny. If they advertised filmed stories of well-known novels and plays, as burlesques, none could criticize, and, providing they continued to interpret, act, and dress the productions as at present, the result would be real art. It's a simple thing to do and the suggestion is offered with no thought of personally profiting by its adoption.

Thomas Hardy wrote "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" thirty or forty years ago if memory serves. At any rate, long prior to the Hart Schaffner & Marx era. And yet we find the hero wearing a Van Heusen collar and this boon to moderns was only invented three years ago. There were numerous other anachronisms: The hero was hot stuff. He stamped around with that swaying gait peculiar to the cinemas (we believe the fault is largely that of the machine), and at the proper moments registered emotion with that other quaint notion these aspiring pantomimists think correct—terrible breast heaving, as one does in the gymnasium when the professor shouts "percuss" and "expel." The moving picture hero's torso acts like a brawny blacksmith's bellows on a busy morning.

And poor Tess! All she has to do is drop tears of glycerine in the close-ups, keep her mouth ajar, breathe deep, and assume an expression suggestive of a moron suffering from a polypus or adenoids. And her hair, arranged like a bee hive, doesn't register vertiges. And the villain—by gosh, he was a scream! The usual Hollywood idea of the wicked nobleman—Charley Chaplin moustache, spats and all. And for variety they threw in pictures of the Holy Land in Bible time—our Saviour protecting the woman stoned and—but why continue? What's the good of raving? The pictures are more idiotic today than before the appointment of Will Hays. We wonder if he approves? LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Over in the "Mall Bag" column this morning there is a letter from Wilder W. Perry in reference to a song by Lotta some 40 or 50 years ago. I should say that about 40 years ago the song "In the Morning by the Bright Light" was used by almost every minstrel show and by many other singers. It lent itself particularly to black-face entertainers. Other parts of it that I recall: "Take that match and light that lamp, I want all you chillun for to follow me. And show me the way to the Baptist camp. Halle-halle-halle hallelujah. In the morning, in the morning by the bright liz

When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning."

The golden slippers that am laid away, Cause I ain't agwine to wear 'em till my weddin' day, And the long-tailed coat-I am gwine to wear

When I ride up in the chariot in the mornin', In the mornin', etc.

Oct. 1, 1924.

F. E. H.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give the Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony hall next Sunday.

Lydia Knlagevitch, pianist, assisted by Marlita Naylor Williamson, soprano, will give a concert of Russian music at the rooms of the Women's Republican Club next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Piano music by Basilevsky, Glinka, Tchaikowsky, Borodin, Rachmaninov, Scriabin. Songs by Arensky, Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov, Tchaikowsky.

Harold Samuels, a celebrated English pianist, will give a recital in Jordan hall next Wednesday evening.

The "18th Century orchestra" will give a candle light concert in costume Thursday evening, Oct. 16.

Alma Gluck, soprano, will sing in Symphony hall Saturday afternoon, Oct. 18.

John McCormack will sing in Symphony hall on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19.

## WORCESTER HEARS HADLEY'S WORKS

By OLIN DOWNES.

Special to The New York Times.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 9.—The sixty-fifth Worcester music festival, which opened impressively with performances of excerpts for chorus, orchestra and baritone solo (Clarence Whitehill) from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and Brahms's requiem, continued today with an orchestra concert under the leadership of René Pollain and in the evening the first Worcester performances by two compositions by Henry Hadley, the composed conducting "Ocean," symphonic poem after the "Ocean Ode" of Louis K. Anspacher, and "Resurgam," for chorus, orchestra and solo quartet, after the poem of Mrs. Louis Ayres Garrett.

The hall was packed with an audience more brilliant in appearance than most audiences of recent seasons at these festivals, and Mr. Hadley's music aroused much enthusiasm. The symphonic poem "Ocean" is a succession of moods or tone pictures in the Wagner-Strauss manner. There is music of the storm, then the suggestion of the distant singing of unclimes and mermaids and final the sea in tranquility, eternal, mysterious, inscrutable. The symphonic poem, in a word, is fairly good musical scenery with some boldly dissonant passages for the brass which stand out in the memory, and the general roll and rumble that a composer with the ready technique of Mr. Hadley may easily contrive. The conclusion, apparently made him think of the end of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," a work thoughtlessly composed some time before the symphonic poem "Ocean" made its appearance. But all this is modern beside the opening chorus and contralto solo of "Resurgam," in which conventional choral (procedure) of the last half century is followed with a disarming blitheness and facility.

"Resurgam" is excellently scored for the chorus and solo voices. There was a very capable quartet, consisting of Inez Barbour, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Theo. Karle, tenor, and William Gustafson, bass. The excellent chorus sang with a solidity and freshness of tone, and with a ready following of the wishes of the composer in music grave and gay. The voices of 200 school children of Worcester made a charming effect. Whether the music in itself, aside from its glibness and entertaining variety of effect, has qualities of imagination and originality is another question. Nevertheless, it was Mr. Hadley's evening. Both works were received with hearty and unmistakable approval, soloists and composer being repeatedly recalled after the performances.

The afternoon program consisted of the Casper Frank Symphony given a well-proportioned reading, full of feeling, by Mr. Pollain and his sixty musicians from the New York Symphony Orchestra; Tchaikowsky's "Variations on a Roccoco Theme" with Hans Kindler, as cello soloist, and the first suite taken from Plern's ballet, "Cydalise," also a novelty to festival audiences.

The ballet, from which the orchestral suite is taken, was composed in 1913, for the Paris Opera, but the war postponed its performance until ten years later. Its plot introduces a satire into a seventeenth century French court. The situations obviously lend themselves to



...the latter element is predominant in the music heard today, which is not distinguished, but for the great part labored and noisy, and owing much, in one place at least, to Stravinsky of the "Oiseau de Feu."

Mr. Kandler's admirable playing of the Russian variations of Tschalkowsky was an admirable exhibition for the artisan and an unconditional triumph.

Leo Ornstein will be soloist at the concert tomorrow afternoon interpretation McDowell's 12 minor piano concerto. The orchestral pieces will be Dvorak's "New World" symphony; Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," and Wagner's "Pride of the Valkyries." The evening performance, already completely sold out, will have the customary soloists' night program, the singers being Theo Karle, tenor, Mabel Garrison, soprano, and the male singers from the Worcester Festival Chorus. Both Mr. Hadley and Mr. Tollen will conduct.

The Worcester Music Festival now faces a crisis in its history. Its financial receipts have not in late seasons equaled expenses. The deficit of this season is guaranteed by Theodore T. Ellis, music lover of means and owner and publisher of The Worcester Telegram-Gazette.

Deficits are inevitable, owing to the high cost, in these days of even the best conducted music festivals, the limited seating of the historic Mechanics' hall and the reluctance of the management to advance the price of seats, since it has always been the purpose and tradition of this festival to put them best music within the reach of those with slender purses. Plans for next season include a campaign of education as to the value and services of the festival to the public of the city and county from which it derives its name; the probable formation of a syndicate to meet deficits, and finally the enlistment of the efforts of women, who have not in the past been admitted to any festival committees, in its behalf.

Who wrote the parody beginning:  
"The night has a thousand eyes,  
My love but one?"

**SPELLED THE SAME BUT PRO-  
NOUNCED DIFFERENTLY**  
(From the Granite State News, Wolfeboro, N. H.)

Mr. Editor:  
Will you allow me to correct a blunder in the article in last week's News? We meant "a talk by H. N. Sawyer before the Pomona Grange," but we wrote it G. W. Putnam.

We apologize to Mr. Putnam.

FARMER.

**ADD "HORRORS OF WAR"**  
(Seen by W. A. in a Boston street.)

Mrs. Pauline Lugering said to a reporter: "I think the government should reward the world flyers. I was a cook at Hostess house at Fort Sheridan during the war and know the hardships army men go through."

M. P. Howlett of Wakefield informs us that the song "Hurrah for Old New England" was not in "The Golden Wreath," but in "The Nightingale," published in 1860 by Oliver Ditson.

**ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"**  
"Antique Furniture Repaired and Made to Order."

**A SOUTHERN HEROINE**  
(From the Salerosa, Fla. Patriot.)

Randolph Jackson, our popular postmaster and private banker, owes his life to the bravery and devotion of his loving and courageous wife and today is blessing the day she accepted his proposal. While golfing, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Jackson sliced his ball into the pasture of the Kimball family. In his haste and zeal to recover the golf ball, Mr. Jackson failed to notice a charging jackass, and in a twinkling the ugly beast had struck savagely. Mrs. Jackson had seen the impending peril, and, nimbly climbing the fence between the golf grounds and the pasture, was quickly beating the animal with her nubile. Her well directed blows sent the beast scurrying. Although shaken and bruised, Mr. Jackson, a son and grandson of two Georgia veterans of the great conflict, resumed the play despite Mrs. Jackson's urging that he rest. Mrs. Jackson typifies the spirit of the women of the old South.

**AUTUMN**  
(For As the World Wags)

My house is swept and garnished, but my lover does not come;  
I tune me for his foot-fall—and I hear a wild bee hum.

A spell of Autumn's on the air, the sun's like yellow wine,  
September noon is drifting by—where are you, sweetheart mine?  
Were August kisses all too sweet, do harvest riches fall?  
You loved me in the summer-time—where are you in the fall?

KOWLOON.

**JAM SATIS**  
As The World Wags:  
This paragraph is from the Boston

Globe of Oct. 1. It is from a dispatch from Middleboro.

"It is expected there will be some thousands of barrels made into jam, jelly and preserve, while others will be evaporated to be used when fresh fruit is not available."

Here is a new use for barrels. If householders learn that barrels can be made into jam or evaporated there will be a tremendous decrease in the amount of fruit used, and an increase in the sale of barrels. When your old ash barrel has ceased to be a trustworthy retainer of rubbish, convert the old staves, etc., into jam; any surplus can be evaporated. We have shredded wheat, why not shredded barrels?

Let us hope that the supply of barrels holds out until the jam-barrel, or barrel-jam season has passed.

Lynn. A. W. LOWE.

**FRANCE EXPECTS EVERY MAN,  
ETC.**  
(Head lines in N. Y. Times)  
Dwindling Birth Rate Stirs Aged French Academicians.

**"THE DIFFERENCE TO ME"**  
(With apologies to Wm. Wordsworth)

I passed untrodden countryside  
And saw a winsome maid;  
I asked her if she'd like a ride,  
She climbed in, unafraid.

We stopped upon a lonely road,  
Half hidden from the eye;  
The moon's soft splendor overflowed  
A rivulet close by.

I gazed upon her—came a glow  
Of light—and I could see  
My bobbed-haired grandma there, and  
oh—  
The difference to me.  
Cambridge. VEE DEE.

**BLUECHER, NOT MOLTKE**  
As the World Wags:

As you suspect, Arthur Hayden is wrong when he quotes Moltke as saying to a London host: "Gott! Vat a grandt city to loot!" The original story, told by Thackeray years before Field Marshal von Moltke rose to renown, ascribed the remark to Bluecher. The famous German soldier visited London after Napoleon's first capitulation, the year before Waterloo, and was taken up into the dome of St. Paul's. Looking over the smoke-begrimed expanse of buildings, he exclaimed, "Gott! was fuer Plunder!" This has usually been translated, "God! what a place to loot!" But the phrase doesn't mean that at all; it means "God! what trash!" The interpreter may have erred through ignorance of the German idiom, or he may purposely have twisted the remark to fit the old warrior's well-known delight in plunder, or he may have preferred that his proud capital be regarded as a tempting place to pillage rather than as a rubbish heap.

W. E. K.

**WHILE AUTUMN STAYS**  
(For As the World Wags)

I mark each day the slanting shadows grow,  
And note the crickets in their harvest lays;  
There is a restful hush afield today, and so  
I muse here in the haze while autumn stays.

I saw some leaves come tumbling too,  
today—  
Untimely yellow wisps, the first to go;  
So early gone, they almost left dismay;  
Unbidden thoughts, a season to fore-know!

The year is now mature. The harvest fair  
Brings, too, a sense of plenty and content.  
A season's comforts added everywhere  
Make all of earth's affairs benevolent.

But still I mark the slanting shadows creep,  
With all the peace of autumn's shorter day;  
I watch the flocking birds, with seaward sweep,  
And wait here while the quiet sea grows gray.

The woods are left in solitude once more;  
The lighthouse sends again its flashing rays;  
I seek the road along the friendly shore—  
It seems so sweet and calm while autumn stays!

JUSTIN HENRY SHAW.

OCT 11 1924

**WELCOMES NEW  
SYMPHONY HEAD**

By PHILIP HALE

The 44th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted for the first time in the United States. The hall was completely filled with an audience that was enthusiastic from the time the conductor stepped on the stage to the final chord of "The Poem of Ecstasy" and after.

The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Silotti, concerto, D minor, for orchestra and organ (first time in America); Berlioz, "The Roman Carnival"; Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Honegger, "Pacific 231," first time in America; Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy."

When Mr. Nikisch succeeded Mr. Gerlicke he said after the first rehearsal, delighted by the technical proficiency and euphony of the Boston orchestra: "All I have to do now is to poeticize."

Mr. Monteux left a superb instrument, the work of his own creation, for Mr. Koussevitzky to play upon.

No conductor, however expert, and no orchestra, however elastic and responsive, can in a week or 10 days become so intimate in relationship that the players are the unfailing interpreters of the conductor's eloquence and passion. Further acquaintance will undoubtedly be to the advantage of these players and their conductor. His talent, his genius will shine the more brilliantly; his limitations, if he has them, will the more clearly appear.

Yet this in all justice may now be said. Mr. Koussevitzky has a commanding figure and that indefinable quality known as magnetism which works its spell on orchestra and audience. When he faces his public he is neither arrogant nor obsequious. He at once inspires confidence, expectation, curiosity.

These are all valuable qualities for a conductor to possess in these nervous, restless, questioning years.

It is evidence that Mr. Koussevitzky is imaginative; that while he can be sensuous in gaining effects of color, this sensuousness is controlled by a cool head. He probably approves the famous paradox of Diderot. He surely sympathizes with the dictum of Mozart: "Music should sound." There is no fear in his breast of pedantic saws and cold or stuffed traditions; he thinks for himself; he feels the music in his own way; he hears its appeal without caring how it appealed or appeals to others.

He knows that melodic figures should be sung, yet he is not given to sentimentalism. He realizes the value of tonal proportion. When he delights in strong contrasts, it is not merely to win the applause of the unthinking. He is dramatic, but yesterday he was not theatrical.

These are hasty impressions made by his leadership at one concert. It is always rash to prophesy, but, after all, is it rash to predict that the season of 1924-25 will be a brilliant one?

How Mr. Koussevitzky will please as a maker of programs remains to be seen. Yesterday's was interesting, one designed to please the reactionaries, for if they shuddered, seeing the names of Honegger and Scriabin, those sons of Belial, the program was so arranged that they could leave in peace after hearing music by their beloved Johannes Brahms.

The concerto by Vivaldi had been played here in its original form at a concert of the 18th Century Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Martino on Feb. 24 of this year. Mr. Silotti's transcription, with its wood-wind instruments and organ, was played in this country for the first time. The engrossing portion of the work is the beautiful Largo, which was played in a spirit of rival beauty. There was a dazzling performance of "The Roman Carnival," in which Mr. Speyer distinguished himself by his solo for the English horn. Our old friend Johannes Brahms was treated with due respect; there was no attempt to "modernize" his moods, nor was Mr. Koussevitzky's reading painfully academic.

Honegger attempted in his "Pacific 231" to express in tones not the noise of a locomotive engine, "but the visual impression and the physical sensation of it." He wished to depict the "quiet respiration" of the engine "in a state of immobility"; then its panting to be off; then the constant gain in speed. The piece is amusing, it even gives the hearer what Athenaeus said was one of music's missions: "a gentlemanlike joy." No doubt, this music of Honegger's is "clever," but cleverness in music quickly palls. Louis Antoine Julien years ago in this country excited wild enthusiasm by his "Firemen's Quadrille," in which a conflagration, the bells, the rush of the firemen, the squirting and the shout of the foreman, "Wash her Thirteen!" were graphically portrayed.

Scriabin's hysterical "Poem of Ecstasy," with its theosophically Wagnerian pages, its fits and starts, its bolsterous swellings and its dying falls, was performed con amore and loudly applauded. Perhaps some day we shall appreciate Scriabin's music and join with Dr. Hull and some others in hailing him "Master." Some day, some day! The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of next week is as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, D minor, op. 6, No. 10; Debussy-Iravel, Danse; De Falla, "El Amor Brujo" (with Mr. Sanroma, pianist); Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Mr. Walkley of the London Times had a "beautiful time" seeing Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool."

"The theatre cannot dispense with emotion, but that is hardly a reason for wallowing in it. 'The Fool' can only be described as an emotional orgy. It belongs to the group of plays—very popular, we believe, in the United States—exhibiting a hero who tries to 'live rigorously according to the principles of Christ.' Such a theme is legitimate in fiction, no doubt, but its treatment demands a rare degree of tact and taste. These, however, are not the qualities that appeal very strongly to a popular theatrical audience; and it is not surprising that the author of 'The Fool' has been at no pains to supply them. He knows what the playhouse crowd wants, and he gives it to them. . . . To the student of human nature the evening, no doubt, was fertile in suggestion; but it was without profit to those who visit the theatre to enjoy the art of drama. . . . There was a speech of thanks from Mr. Pollock quite in the key of the occasion. If we are not mistaken, he compared the Atlantic ocean to a finger bowl. Altogether, as we have said, an evening rich in interest for the student of human nature."

**ROYAL SNUFFERS**  
As the World Wags:

You recently quoted from Antiques a statement that Catherine de Medici of France was thought to be the first person in northern Europe to use tobacco. It is equally interesting that in all probability Mary Queen of Scots introduced the use of tobacco into the British isles. It was for use as a headache powder that Monsieur Nicot, in whose honor botanists gave the name Nicotiana to the tobacco plant, sent his sovereign the first specimen of snuff ever seen in France. The Queen, who had lately lost her husband, Henry II, and her son, Francis II, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was grievously tormented with migraine. It was hoped that the snuff would prove a remedy. Mary was at the French court at the time the gift was received. Pinches of the strange, pungent snuff were passed round, and undoubtedly the young widowed Scottish Queen dusted her own pretty nose with it. It has been held by some historians of strong anti-tobacco-using views that the jeweled receptacle which conveyed this gift to the French Queen was a kind of Pandora's box which, when its aromatic contents were released, let loose also some of the fearful woes that afflicted France and Scotland during the next two decades. However that may be, we know that Mary returned to Scotland a few months later. Naturally she carried some of the wondrous snuff with her—the first tobacco ever seen on either side of the Tweed, for 25 years were to go by before Drake and Raleigh should fetch the first tobacco to England from the Virginia plantations. Meanwhile Mary's rickety son, afterwards England's James I, had seen his mother addicted to snuff and disaster after disaster pursuing her to the last dark hour on the scaffold at Fotheringhay. Is that the secret of James I's detestation of tobacco? Is that why he wrote his famous "Counterblast"?

Boston. W. E. K.

**A SNUFF-BOX LADY**  
As the World Wags:

I can account for one of the "surprisingly emancipated" snuff-box ladies mentioned in your paragraph of Sept. 30, and she is not on the inside of the cover either.

As depicted, she is "surprised" and her husband "astonished" as he finds her even more lightly clad than are ladies of the present day when entertaining friends of the opposite sex. How this box ever found its way into a Presbyterian family in a little New England village more than a half-century ago is an inherited problem. That the box is so beautifully lacquered is perhaps the reason that even its Puritan owners could not bring themselves to destroy it. It was always kept under lock and key and I had no more than



glimpses of it until the death of its last custodian gave possession.

Another interesting example in a small collection of these boxes is of brass quite elaborately engraved. On the lid a female figure without drapery, unless a small scarf held in either hand can be described as such, is in the foreground. A child's figure with wings is toward the left, near a large cask. To the right a ship of peculiar construction is in a harbor. Overhead is the sun. On the bottom of the box are the same figures in different positions, the ship sinking, the sun partly obscured. An inscription, quite plain, runs across both top and bottom of the box, but in a language which no one who has seen it can read. It is only lately acquired. The suggestion that the motions were not always copybook stuff is causing me to pause a little before deciding where to go for a translation.

Pigeon Cove. COLLECTOR.

#### As the World Wags:

During the summer I noticed on several automobiles a sign reading "Coolidge." Upon inquiring the meaning of this mark I was informed that automobile owners often take this way to express a hope that President Coolidge will be re-elected. This seems a new bit of campaign propaganda, but in these most brisk and giddy-paced times even automobiles seem a novelty to a man who, like me, has followed the presidential elections since long before the war of the rebellion. Today, after seeing an automobile marked "Cleveland," a machine owned apparently by a man far behind the times, I am half-inclined to believe what a friend told me (I thought in jest) that he had seen one marked "Washington."

Mr. C. Muchmore, editor of the Ponca City (Okla.) News is nominated for official reporter and photographer to our Hall of Fame by "The Panhandler."

#### FLAPPERS THAT FLAPPED

As the World Wags:  
Thinking of flappers—and who is not?—reminds me that when I was a boy, fishing for flappers was my favorite outdoor sport. What we called a flapper was also known as the flounder, and more correctly still, I believe, the sole, as it belongs to that species, but the boys thought "flapper" its best name because of many and emphatic flaps it made on the wharf when taken off the hook. Fishing for flappers was surely a great amusement 50 years ago, and I observe it is so now as I walk along the waterfront. I fear that the phrase would convey a different meaning today if a fellow should say that he was going fishing for flappers.

GEORGE A. ELDER.

Portland, Me.

## E. E. Clive Discusses Organized Compa

Mr. E. E. Clive talked with us about his plans for the season at the Copley Theatre. He will be the general director of the repertory company which he has organized, having arranged with the Shuberts for a lease of the Copley. Among the players will be E. E. Clive, Hugh Buckler, Alan Mowbray, Harold West, W. Hulse, Barry Jones, Philip Tonge, Frances Compton, Richard Whorf, Violet Paget, Katherine Standing, May Ediss, Elspeth Dudgeon and Molly Louise Walker.

Mr. Underhill will join him, and the business manager will be Mr. Tyrell, who has been managing the theatre for the Shuberts. The whole stage staff of the former Repertory Theatre at the Copley has been engaged.

The season will open tomorrow night with a performance of "Bed Rock," a comedy in three acts by Eden Philpotts and Basil Macdonald Hastings. It was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester, on Oct. 16, 1917, with the following cast:

William Dredge, Ernest Haines; Norman Chase, Reginald Andrews; Irene Martinelli, Helen Temple; Grindley Masterman, William Warren; Charlotte Shelton, Mrs. A. B. Tapping; Matthew Robinson, Percy Foster; Loveday Shelton, Muriel Pope; Lewis Guest, Walter Pearce; Neil McKillop, Gordon Ash; Alfred Harper, C. Wordley Hulse.

Mr. Philpotts is better known in this country as a novelist than a dramatist, a novelist of Dartmoor life—one of his novels has to do with the oyster trade, but it is readable in the months without an "R." He has written at least a dozen plays beginning with "A Breezy

Morning" (1888). Philpotts was born at Mount Abbo, India, Nov. 4, 1862. For 10 years he was a clerk in an insurance office; he studied for the stage. It was in 1890 that he began writing. In "The Angel in the House" (1915) he was associated with Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Hastings, born at London in 1881, for eight years in the war office and for three years assistant editor of the Bystander, is best known perhaps by "Victory," based on Conrad's novel (1919). He recently wrote an interesting article on Conrad's opinions about the theatre and acting, which was published in the Daily Telegraph. There were quotations from the article in The Sunday Herald of Sept. 14. Hastings has written 12 or 13 plays.

beginning with "Double Dummy" (1910).

The prominent parts of Guest and Loveday Shelton in "Bed Rock" will be taken respectively at the Copley by Mr. Buckler and Miss Standing.

The subject of the comedy is an unusual one, though in some respects it reminds one of "Outward Bound" and "The Deluge." A shipwrecked party having reached an island finds itself without food. A case washed ashore turns out to contain a gramophone. The despairing men and women, facing starvation, review their lives and are in fear of death. Their fate is determined in a surprising manner.

Mr. Clive told us that he purposes to produce plays that are worth while: Another play by Hastings, "The New Sin" (1912); Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"; "Hindle Wakes" will be revived; Monkhouse's "First Blood," which treats of an industrial problem; "The Right to Strike," Galsworthy's "Foundations" (1917) will be in the repertory. For the Christmas season neither "Charley's Aunt" nor "The Private Secretary" will be performed. Mr. Clive is thinking of "Once Upon a Time" or "Old King Cole."

There will not be any Repertory Theatre "Club," but some for Bostonians are thrifty—will probably rejoice in the announcement of "Free Tea."

Miss Ediss, who is suffering from a severe cold, will not take part in the performance on Monday, nor will Miss Dudgeon.

Mr. Clive says that satisfactory financial backing is assured; that former subscribers, who had withdrawn their support during the last two seasons, are returning.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Mr. Clive as an actor or a man. His histrionic ability, his power of characterization, his remarkable versatility have long excited admiration. His personal qualities, his modesty, his sincerity, have endeared him to all.

When he first came to the United States he was with Winthrop Ames, and he was also associated with Charles Frohman. Before he joined the Jewett Players he was seen in Boston in "The Great Adventure" and in "Mind the Paint Girl."

Surely all lovers of the theatre who respect and appreciate dramatic art will wish Mr. Clive godspeed in his praiseworthy undertaking.

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Mme. Schumann-Heink. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 3 P. M., Lydia Kniagevitch, pianist; Marizita Naylor Williamson, soprano. Piano pieces: The Moon Is Shining (Russian folk song) arr. by G. Basilevsky; Glinka, Mazurka; Tchaikovsky, Chanson d'Autonne; Borodin, Au Convent and Reverie; Rachmaninov, Prelude and Elegie; Scriabin, Prelude and Etude. Songs: Arensky, The Little Fish's Song; Glazounov, Nercide; Rimsky-Korsakov, Aria from "The Snow Maiden"; Rachmaninov, Lilacs, Islet; Tchaikovsky, At the Ball.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Harold Samuel, celebrated English pianist. His first appearance. Bach program: Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella; Partita, G major; "Well-Tempered Clavichord," Book 1, G; Book 2, E flat, D minor, F minor. English Suite. A minor.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his readable "Memories and Adventures," published recently by Little, Brown & Co., tells interesting stories about his plays, for he has written at least eight. He has the courage to say that his libretto, written with Barrie for the Savoy Theatre, was a failure. It seems that Barrie had promised a libretto for the Savoy, but his health failed and he called in Doyle. The result was "Jane Annie," which, with music by Ernest Ford, was produced at the Savoy in May, 1893. Sir Arthur remarks: "The only literary gift which Barrie has not got is the sense of poetic rhythm, and the instinct for what is permissible in verse. Ideas and wit were in abundance. But the plot itself was not strong, though the dialogue and the situations also were occasionally excellent. I did my best and wrote the lyrics for the second act, and much of the dialogue, but it had to take the predestined shape. The result was not good."

If anyone wishes to see how incredibly bad the dialogue was, let him turn to Percy Fitzgerald's "The Savoy Opera," in which liberal quotations of the lines are introduced. He will then not wonder that Mr. Fitzgerald wrote: "It still remains an astonishing, perplexing phenomenon how such things as these could be conceived, acted, or printed."

Elsewhere in his "Memories and Adventures" Sir Arthur regrets that "great as are Barrie's plays, I wish he had never written a line for the theatre. The glamour of it and the—to him—easy success have diverted from literature the man with the purest style of his age. Plays are always ephemeral, however good, and are limited to few, but Barrie's unborn books might have been an eternal and a universal asset of British literature. He has the chaste clarity which is the great style."

The play of Barrie's that Sir Arthur calls his "great" play is "The Admirable Crichton," and it was Doyle who—according to his story—gave him the main idea.

There is an interesting chapter on the Sherlock Holmes plays—the first, "Sherlock Holmes" (1901) in collaboration with Mr. Gillette; the second, "The Speckled Band" (1910).

All of the impersonations of the detective and all the drawings are unlike Doyle's own original idea of the man. "I saw him as very tall—over 6 feet, but so excessively lean that he seemed considerably taller. He had, as I imagined him, a thin, razor-like face, with a great hawk's bill of a nose, and two small eyes, set close together on either side of it." But Sidney Paget, who drew the original pictures, had a handsome younger brother who served him as a model. The stage followed the type set up by the pictures.

A French company offered a small sum for filming the Sherlock Holmes stories, and Doyle accepted the offer. He afterwards had to buy them back again at exactly 10 times what he had received. "Now they have been done by the Stoll Company, with Eille Norwood as Holmes, and it was worth all the expense to get so fine a production. Norwood, who has since played the part on the stage, has 'that rare quality which can only be described as glamour, which compels you to watch an actor eagerly even when he is doing nothing. He has the brooding eye which excites expectation and he has also a quite unrivalled power of disguise. My only criticism of the films is that they introduce telephones, motor cars and other luxuries of which the Victorian Holmes never dreamed."

When "The Speckled Band" was produced in Boston the snake was a trick snake. When it was produced in London with Lyn Harding as the half epileptic and formidable Dr. Rylott and Saintsbury as Holmes, "we had a fine rock boa to play the title role, a snake which was the pride of my heart, so one can imagine my disgust when I saw that one critic ended his disparaging review by the words: 'The crisis of the play was produced by the appearance of a palpably artificial serpent.' I was inclined to offer him a goodly sum if he would undertake to go to bed with it. We had several snakes at different times, but they were none of them born actors and they were all inclined either to hang down from the hole in the wall like inanimate bell-pulls, or else to turn back through the hole and get even with the stage carpenter who pinched their tails in order to make them more lively. Finally we used artificial snakes, and everyone, including the stage carpenter, agreed that it was more satisfactory."

When Doyle was collaborating with Gillette he received this question by cable: "May I marry Holmes?" Doyle's heartless reply was: "You may marry or murder or do what you like with him," and Doyle was "charmed both with the play, the acting and the pecuniary result."

"I think that every man with a drop of artistic blood in his veins would agree that the latter consideration, though very welcome when it does arrive, is still the last of which he thinks."

Doyle turned his story, "A Straggler of '15," into a one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo." When he wrote the story his eyes were moist, "and that is the surest way to moisten those of others." He "greatly daring" sent the play to Henry Irving, whose genius he had fervently admired since the Edinburgh days when he had paid sixpence for the gallery night after night to see him in "Hamlet" and "The Lyons Mail." Bram Stoker, Irving's secretary, Bram of the heavy hands that here in Boston revived applause when it was languishing, offered Doyle £100 for the copyright. "It was good bargain for him (Irving) for it is not too much to say that Corporal Gregory Brewster became one of his stock parts and it had the enormous advantage that the older he got the more naturally he played it. . . . Several critics went out of their way to explain that the merit lay entirely with the great actor and had nothing to do with the indifferent play, but as a matter of fact the last time I saw it acted was by a real corporal from a military camp in the humble setting of a village hall and it had exactly the same effect upon the audience which Irving produced at the Lyceum. So perhaps there was something in writing after all, and certainly every stage effect was indicated in the manuscript. I would add that with his characteristic largeness in money matters Irving always sent me a guinea for each performance in spite of



his purchase of the copyright. Henry Irving, the son, carried on the part and played it, in my opinion, better than the father. I can well remember the flush of pleasure on his face when I uttered the word 'better' and how he seized my hand. I have no doubt it was trying for his great powers to be continually belittled by their measurement with those of his giant father, to whom he bore so remarkable a physical resemblance." (On this page, 114, there is a typographical error: Laurence Irving appears as "Lawrence Irving").

"The House of Temperley" (1909) was Doyle's dramatization of his novel "Rodney Stone," with all the ring scenes and prize fights included. A boxing instructor took one of the smaller parts and trained the others besides fighting. "So realistic was it that when on the first night the bully, Berks, after a long encounter, went down with a crash from a fine raking uppercut, there was an involuntary groan from the whole house, which meant as clearly as could be, 'There now, you have killed a man for our amusement.' It was really incredibly well done and I could never have believed that such scenes could be so cleverly faked, though it was not always done with impunity, for Rex Davier, who played Gloucester Dick, assured me that he had lost a tooth and broke a finger and a rib during his engagement." As no manager would take the risk of a production, Doyle leased the Adelphi Theatre at a rent which with the company worked out at about £600 a week. The production cost about £2000. Luck did not favor. "The furor for boxing had not yet set in. Ladies were afraid to come."

"Fires of Fate" (1909), was unlucky, though some of it Doyle thinks is the best dramatic work he has done. It was produced in a hot summer, with Waller as the hero. There was a scene where helpless tourists were brutally illustrated by Arabs. "The brutality in rehearsal was conventional. I made the Arabs get imitation whips and cudgels and really savage the poor travelers. The effect was novel and appalling."

"Brigadier Gerard" (1906) was mildly successful. Doyle pays a handsome tribute to Waller, "a glorious fellow. What virility! What a face and figure! They called him the 'Flappers' idol' and it reflects credit on the flapper, for where could she find a less sickly and more manly type. . . . I am not clear what blood ran in Waller's veins, Hebrew or Basque, or both. I only know that it went to make a very wonderful man."

We find nothing about Doyle's "Foreign Policy" (1893), "Halves" (1899), or "A Pot of Caviare" (1910).

Few autobiographers in recent years are so entertaining as Doyle's "Memories and Adventures," a book that abounds in anecdote, views and opinions.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Alma Gluck, soprano. See special notice.

8:15 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

In the early eighties of the last century, and probably earlier, little red beads were worn as an assuager of bleeding at the nose or even as a preventive. They were known along the Massachusetts coast as "blood beads." Are the beads still worn by children and are they still known by that name?

An old English charm to stop bleeding at the nose was the recitation of these lines:

"In the blood of Adam Sin was taken,  
In the blood of Christ it was all to shaken,

And by the same blood I do the charge  
That the blood of (So-and-So) run no larger at large."

Better than this charm or the wearing of beads is the remedy recommended by Mizaldus, i. e., Antoine Mizauld, a justly-celebrated physician, astrologer and prophet, who died very old at Paris in 1578.

"The three-cornered stone of a carp, which is to be found in the hinder part of the head, nigh unto the neck, beaten small and blown into the nose, doth stay the bleeding of the nose, by his binding faculty, which may be perceived by the tasting thereof. This hath been proved, and I know it to be true."

And so a carp or two should take the place of goldfish in the house, especially where there are children.

Another excellent remedy was given our old friend, Thomas Lupton in 1627: "If a spider be put in a linen cloth and holden to the nose that bleeds (but touch not the nose therewith, but smell to the same) by and by the blood will stay, and the nose will leave bleeding. This is very true, for the venomous Spider is so contrary, and such an enemy to man's blood, that the blood draws back and shunnes the Spider presently. A marvelous thing."

Either of these remedies should be more efficacious than the wearing of beads, even though they be of amber or coral.

"Lavengro" informs us that Maple & Co., cabinet makers of London, have designed the new book cases for the Encyclopedia Britannica. "May they submit bids for your 'Cabinet of Imports'?"

# BLAKE'S "MOTHER GOOSE"

As the World Wags:

Curiously enough, when I read in your column the letter of W. P. W., asking for the "entire lady-bug verse or verses," and giving a "Lady-Bird" (sic) version, I had in my pocket an old paper-covered book, entitled "Mother Goose Melodies," published by Francis Blake, 56 Exchange street, Portland, Me., which within a few years I had run across in my attic. No date appears anywhere on it, but I know it must have been issued as early as 1860, as it was given to me as early as that year. It consists of 95 pages of "melodies" starting with this introduction:

"Dear children, I have come again;  
This is my closing story:  
For I am old and full of pain  
And overrun with glory.

But you will find this little book  
Is full of everything.  
From a Malta Cat upon a hook,  
To the dinner of a king.

Each page has something in it new,  
Composed by Mother Goose for you."  
and ending with:

"Farewell, my little readers all,  
But not a last idieu,  
For I am ready at your call  
To bring you something new."

These lines flatly contradict, it will be seen, the announcement that the book is a "closing story" contained in the opening. The compilation evidently contributed to a more cheerful and ambitious state of mind.

On every page are crude woodcuts. All the familiar Mother Goose rhymes appear, beside which there are many which, I suspect, were improvised in Portland by no lineal descendant of the Goose family.

So far as the book may be deemed good evidence, W. P. W. is right in the idea that it is a "lady-bug" not a ladybird who is asked to fly to the rescue of her perishing children. A cut shows the house hopelessly enveloped in flames and three persons are at some distance with hands upraised in helpless distress.

The text is:

"Lady-bug, lady-bug,  
Fly away home,  
Your house is on fire,  
Your children will burn."

Lady-bug is printed as I write, with a hyphen.

I remember reading this book over and over when a very young child. The pictures made the simple and brief stories very vivid. So much was the book handled that the cover came off and was carefully sewed on again by my prudent mother. Her work is still, like the book, intact. I am told that

the book is quite valuable. Printed at the top of the cover page is "Price 12½ cents," which then was a "ninepence." G. F. B. Boston.

## FOR THE LAST TIME

W. P. W. writes: "Some one sent my friend, 87 years old, a clipping from The Herald about the ladybird. She writes to me: 'There is no such insect in Ireland as a ladybug. Garden insects are not called bugs in my poor country. The ladybird with her fine speckled wings we are glad to welcome in our gardens, for besides being quite harmless she is believed to be a very useful little lady, being a deadly enemy of the aphid or green fly. I cannot tell you when or how I learned those verses, but I seem to have known them since my childhood. They must be very old, and may be Irish. The author is not known to me. They may be folk songs.'"

Aphids? Aphids? That invaluable little book the Oxford Concise Dictionary informs us: "Plant lice, minute insects, the food of ladybirds, and tended by ants for the honey dew they yield"; but this dictionary knows not "lady-bug." On the other hand the Student's Standard gives "ladybug" as a synonym of ladybird. For the benefit of the young Augustus we will say that the ladybird is not a bird, called "lady" to distinguish her from the "gentbird."

L. R. R. reading in the Allston Item that three young men had gone to Boone, Mo., "Where they intend to stay for a week, bivouacking nights," writes in a sarcastic vein: "These lads are intrepid explorers and expert bivouackers." But the Allston reporter did not err in his use of "bivouac," which has the meaning, transferred from the military vocabulary "to rest or pass the night in the open air." Sir Walter Scott, "Waverley": "These distinguished personages bivouacked among the flowery health." Tyndall: "Glaciers": "That night we bivouacked together."

## FOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE MANIACS

Perhaps I can help in saving the life and reason of Eustatic Eddie. A friend tells me that when the New Bedford train stopped one day at a way station and the conductor opened the door and called out, "Acushnet, Acushnet," a woman sitting near turned to her and said, "Did he sneeze?" Acushnet has eight letters. F. L. M. Taunton.

"Desire is hidden identity but petrifaction is generally final. Shadows are the only realities for personality cripples the intellect. Who, then, has not? It is only in laughter that one can adequately display gold teeth."—Christopher Ward's "The Blind Booby," by Carl Fan Fechten.

## WHERE DID HE GET THAT HAT?

Gutzon Borglum's model for Jefferson Davis on the side of Stone mountain was pictured in The Herald a few days ago. L. R. R. writes: "Jeff Davis never wore a Mallory hat."

## JOHNSON AND SCOTT

As the World Wags:

With reference to Mr. Herklmer Johnson's Inquiry as to the meaning of a "jury of flies" in "Redgauntlet," it is not inconceivable that the young man meant "twelve," since both he and his bosom friend were students of the law.

I must disagree with Mr. Johnson in his opinion of this book. I fear the noble Sir Walter stubbed his toe. As for me, I like a good clinch or two between hero and heroine toward the end of the novel. What of "Redgauntlet" when the hero discovers the maiden he loves is his sister? Bah! There is none left to pin his affections on save Rachel, the Quaker, or the fishwife who displayed her garters at the dance. STEAMER.

As the World Wags:

Your distinguished correspondent, Mr. Herklmer Johnson, is quite right in bestowing his benign approval on "Redgauntlet." But surely to his "by the side of" list should be added "Guy Mannering," "The Legend of Montrose" and the first half of "The Heart of Midlothian." Swinburne poured the vials of his praise into "St. Roman's Well," and that book has had other eminent and impassioned defenders. There is grand stuff in "Rob Roy," and, of course, that delectable charmer, Di Vernon. Some speak well of "Anne of Geierstein," which I have never read. Of Scott's non-Scottish novels, "Kenilworth" comes off better for the adult

mind than "Ivanhoe"—a boy's book still if it weren't for the radio. To return to the good man's native heath, there are memorable scenes in "The Abbot." "The Pirate," which Stevenson liked, though it is feeble in characterization, compared with Scott's best work, gives fascinatingly the atmosphere of those lost northern islands and indisputably it has the transporting touch of romance. Did anybody ever read "The Black Dwarf" or "The Surgeon's Daughter"? Along with "The Tragic Comedians" and "The Shaving of Shagpat" they are destined to be forever covers, so far as I am concerned. But then, I have still to read Gibbons's "Rome."

## DUNCE SCOTS OF MANHATTAN.

## "WE SEE THROUGH YOU NOW"

As the World Wags:

One question in your interesting series you did not answer,—viz: "Where does Charles the First appear in a stained glass window?" Years ago, a delightful conversation in verse was published (perhaps in the Public Ledger) between the great statue of William Penn on top of the Philadelphia City Hall, and St. Charles the Martyr in his church nearby. It was soon pointed out that the poet had erred in making Charles speak from a painted canvas, whereas he was depicted in a stained glass window. Another set of verses thereupon followed wherein Quaker Penn was wittily made to taunt Royal Charles in the words of the heading above.

The like conclusion was reached by the British Parliament about seventy years ago, when it deposed Charles from being one of the saints in the calendar of the Church of England. The Episcopal Church here, however, having no machinery for disanonizing saints, thus now has one more than has its parent church. Cannot you reproduce the two sets of verses above mentioned?

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

## TO C. K. M., A MINOR POET, LONG SINCE DEAD

(For As the World Wags)

Perchance, among the little far-off stars,  
They linger still, frail brittle darts of song,  
Reed-like, once flung against the murk of wrong,  
Thin blades of beauty shattered on dark bars,  
Their valiance blunt, like rusted scimitars,  
And yet alive, among the paling throng  
Your hand once wrought, in frustrate ardour long,  
Held palpitant for some late avatar.

To come, a swift and unforgetting day,  
An arrow-flash of vivid song, to earth,  
A jongleur strain to wake the hearts of men,  
Bearing as you would wish, a glinting ray,  
Swordlike, scintillant with courageous mirth,  
Your song, your soul, to birth and life again.

MONTAGNA.

Cambridge.

## TABULA PICTA IGNOTA

As the World Wags:

I have an old oil painting portraying the flight of a young girl, clothed as though just from the ballroom, standing on the water's edge, with her head resting on a young man's shoulder and obviously in deepest grief. This man holds an old-fashioned purse in hand, as though to pay her way in the escape. The third figure is that of an old man, gray bearded, who stands closest to the water, and appears about to see her aboard an unseen boat. His clothing is a long black coat, full length, and wide-brimmed felt hat. Perhaps a monk or priest.

The other man is clothed in dark knee breeches and waistcoat, with a crimson cape, which flies over his shoulder in the fierce gale which blows in from the sea.

The painting is about 16 inches by 20, and upon the stretcher is written "The Escape of Quaw Elnore."

Perhaps it is drawn from some tale with which you are familiar, and anything you can tell me about it, or who might be the painter, will be deeply appreciated. C. T. SAWYER.

Woonsocket, R. I.

## PREPOSITIONS AGAIN

As the World Wags:

It seems to me that Mr. Vizetelly, in his note on prepositions, fails to appreciate the difference between placing a preposition at the end of a sentence and placing it in the beginning or end of a sentence, as in his examples. The latter two instances show the prepositions in their usual position before (pre) their nouns, whereas the former instance, like those in the Lowell quotation, show it quite removed from, and after, its noun. Such displacements, like all other unusual arrangements of words in sentences, are rhetorical devices whose merit depends



the skill of the writer who em-  
s them.

ROBERT SPRAGUE HALL.  
Boston.

As the World Wags:

I quote from The Boston Herald of  
Oct. 8.

G. C. B., G. C. M. G. and G. C. V. O.,  
mean grand cross not grand commander  
of the respective orders.

G. C. I. E. means grand commander  
of the Order of the Indian Empire.

I. S. O. means (companion) of the  
Imperial Service Order. BOX 141.

Oct-14 1924

The young lions of the press are roar-  
ing in headlines that the world fliers  
are "Magellans of the Air." Unfor-  
tunately, Magellan did not circumnavi-  
gate the globe. The Portuguese sailor  
that discovered the strait named after  
him, and first entered and named the  
Pacific, arrived at the Ladrões in 1521  
and visited the Philippines, where he  
was killed by the natives. The sur-  
vivors doubled the Cape of Good Hope  
and, returning to Seville, thus complet-  
ed the first voyage round the world.

#### THE DAYS

One day, and one day, and so the years  
go by:

Flowers paint the meadow, stars light  
the sky,

Kisses follow laughter, the heart beats  
high,

One day, and one day, and so the  
years fly.

One day, and one day, and years by  
slow degrees;

The fresh winds blow and the winds  
cease,

Work brings reward and the good gift  
of peace;

One day, and one day, and so the years  
increase.

One day, and one day, and so the years  
wend;

Snow crowns the hills where the great  
gray clouds descend,

Colors of the noon in the twilight  
blend—

One day, and one day, and so the years  
end.

One day, and one day, and so the sands  
run;

Flowers on the coffin gleaming in the  
sun,

The short journey over, the long rest  
begun,

One day, the last day, and all days are  
done. —Prof. James.

A journalist in a hurry, or, to put  
the same thing more briefly, a journal-  
ist, may have inadvertently mixed his  
metaphors and, noticing it in the act,  
may prefer to let the mixture stand  
and at the same time to indicate that  
he does so deliberately. Why not? He  
has not, necessarily, committed "an  
offense." He may have augmented the  
public stock of harmless pleasure.

—A. B. Walkley.

#### ANOTHER "SPOON-RIVER" ANTHOLOGY

As the World Wags:

I have read the diary of Samuel Pepys  
and think that Samuel was a wonderful  
man. I am glad, though, that none of  
my relatives were mentioned by him.  
My dear "Dad" who died in 1921, aged  
87 years, was as faithful in keeping a  
diary as was Samuel. I have his diaries  
from 1876 to 1921 at my house, nearly  
all of them a day to a page. Some peo-  
ple may think that nothing ever hap-  
pens in a country village, but I know  
that is a mistake. The village of Ten-  
ant's Harbor, Me., is not much of a vil-  
lage in size but—folks are folks the  
world over. I am 60 years of age, and  
I was old enough in 1876 to know what  
was going on, and I can read telling  
the lines and know what he was telling.  
If some of the good people in the village  
knew what was in those diaries about  
their forebears there would be a riot. I  
told my wife if I should be called first  
to burn them. BOZE.

#### CRIME IN ARCADY

(Daily Chronicle, London)

"There cannot possibly be much  
crime in this peaceful little place," said  
a week-end rambler to the solitary pol-  
liceman of an Essex hamlet. "I dunno  
about that," gloomily moralized the  
constable, "somebody has just been and  
gone and 'pinched' 200 tons of gravel,  
and we can't find neither him nor the  
gravel!"

#### SEA DAWN

Bundled men stir on the flimsy bridge,  
Sorrowful engines sob at their toll  
below,

Seas run blindly, ridge on crested ridge,  
Dismal, the most head light dips,  
rhythmic, slow.

Clammy rails with cold, night dews  
adrip . . .

Somewhere a bell strikes, petulant, to  
three . . .

An acid wind snaps sudden across the  
ship . . .

As tops'ls break, dawn floats above  
the sea!

—Scarron.

#### CONCERNING FISH

As the World Wags:

It is well established what beasts of  
the field are fit for human consumption,  
but it is difficult to make positive state-  
ments in the case of fish. Each section  
of the country cherishes its own folk-  
lore on the subject. A few examples will  
illustrate what I mean.

We New Englanders are fond of pick-  
erel. We consider they have a good  
flavor and afford fine sport, while in  
certain lakes of northern Minnesota,  
where black bass abound, the native  
guides contemptuously call them  
"snakes" and throw them back into the  
water. On the other hand, it seems to  
be the custom among us to return to  
the pond all sunfish or pumpkin seeds.  
They are said to be wormy. In the mid-  
dle West they are considered good pan  
fish. By way of contrast, fish named  
scup are on sale in the Boston market—  
although in San Francisco, where they  
are known as porgies, few eat them ex-  
cept the Chinese.

There was a time when the only part  
of a swordfish used was the sword it-  
self, and that by bird fanciers. Some  
enterprising marketmen featured dog-  
fish or young sharks under the pseudo-  
nym, greyfish. This was unfortunately  
a failure for no good reason: dogfish  
are second cousins to swordfish and  
their flesh is just as attractive as that  
of horse mackerel. I am informed by  
various beachcombers that the sad-  
eyed sculpins add a zest to fish cove-  
r, but who will prove it?

It is a hardy soul who will eat any-  
thing just to ascertain if it is edible.  
The tabus of the community are con-  
stantly blocking such experimentation.  
Research work in culinary laboratories  
must go forward, nevertheless, and  
should not be stopped by old wives'  
tales. WILLIAM C. ROBINSON.

## "BED ROCK" AT THE COPLEY THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First perform-  
ance in the United States of "Bed  
Rock," a comedy in three acts by Eden  
Philpotts and Basil Macdonald Hast-  
ings.

William Dredge . . . . . Alan Mowbray  
Norman Chase . . . . . Philip Tonge  
Irene Martinetti . . . . . Marie Louise Walker  
Grindley Masterman . . . . . Francis Compton  
Charlotte Shelton . . . . . Elsie Dudgeon  
Matthew Robinson . . . . . C. Wordley Hulise  
Loveday Shelton . . . . . Katherine Standing  
Lewis Guest . . . . . Hugh C. Buckler  
Ernest Pertway . . . . . Harold West  
Alfred Harper . . . . . E. E. Clive

An audience that filled the Copley  
greeted enthusiastically Mr. Clive and  
his fellow players last night, the open-  
ing night of their season. This enthu-  
siasm was genuine. One might say  
that it was the tumultuous expression  
of respect and affection.

As for the play itself, it is an un-  
usual comedy, with melodramatic mo-  
ments, and, in the second act, a tragic  
situation. It is not an unmixed com-  
edy; with its unmasking of characters,  
with the various attitudes of men and  
women towards impending death, it is  
a tragedy-comedy.

These men and women are ship-  
wrecked on an island which the learned  
professor assures them is 300 miles  
from the Japanese coast. The island is  
barren. It is not in the path of vessels.  
There is food hardly for a day, and only  
a little keg of water. Loveday Shelton  
was betrothed on shipboard to Pertway.  
She, simple girl, thought he was a  
genius, besides being a wireless expert.  
He was supposed to be lost, so she falls  
in love with Mr. Guest, a fine fellow by  
the way. The spectator was tempted  
during their love-making as soon as  
they were on the island to exclaim:  
"But this is so sudden." The behavior  
of the famous widow of Epheusus was  
sluggish in comparison. But Pertway  
is washed ashore and ironically is saved  
by Guest. Pertway is naturally irri-  
tated by seeing Guest fondling Love-  
day. She dislikes the genius who raves  
hysterically on all occasions, takes a  
low view of life and human beings, is  
not afraid of death and is saturated  
with Nietzsche's philosophy—a most  
unpleasant person this genius.

The others beg Pertway to rig his  
wireless apparatus. He refuses unless  
Loveday will return to him. The scenes  
between the two men are the strongest  
in the play. Pertway insists and cares  
not for the consequent reviling. The  
castaways in their desperation beg the  
girl to heed Pertway's entreaties.

Guest himself, to save her life, begs her  
to accept the genius. But what is life to  
her without Guest's love? Finally Pert-  
way, after a tirade in which he taunts  
the others with their craving to live,  
is supposed to jump off a cliff.

Relief comes, but in an unexpected  
manner. To explain would be to de-  
prive future audiences of full enjoy-  
ment of the play.

The different characters are sharply  
drawn by the dramatists: Dredge, unfit  
to live or die; the cheerful Chase, ever  
ready with his little joke; Irene, the  
dancing girl, who cannot understand  
Englishmen, least of all Norman Chase;  
the geologist bent on investigations and  
absurdly wrong; Robinson, who has

read all stories about shipwrecked sail-  
ors thrown on barren islands and is  
disappointed at finding the descriptions  
do not tally with Bed Rock; Aunt Shel-  
ton, knitting for a bazaar.

Some face their end with comparative  
composure. A few would say with  
Brachiano in Webster's tragedy:  
"On pain of death, let no man name  
death to me!"

It is a word infinitely terrible.  
The play as a whole is engrossing;  
there are plenty of amusing lines, not  
introduced as epigrams, but as ex-  
planatory of character. The last act  
drags, and not necessarily through the  
players' fault. The dramatists add  
little to what has gone before. The  
ending, while it is a surprise, is hurried  
and almost preposterous.

There were many excellent features  
of the performance. The various char-  
acters were as a rule brought strongly  
out, and there is hardly need of par-  
ticularizing. Yet it may be said that  
the parts of Guest and Pertway were  
admirably portrayed.

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First per-  
formance in Boston of "Wildflower," a  
musical comedy in three acts. Book  
and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar  
Hammerstein, 2d. Music by Herbert  
Stothart and Vincent Youmans. Pro-  
duced by Arthur Hammerstein at Balti-  
more on Jan. 29, 1923. The play was  
one year old at the Casino, New York,  
on Feb. 7, 1924.

Luigi . . . . . Jerome Daley  
Gabriele . . . . . Bobby Higgins  
Gaston La Roche . . . . . Bernard Gorcey  
Blanca Benedetto . . . . . Marjorie Bonner  
Alberto . . . . . Tyler Brooke  
Nina Benedetto . . . . . Guy Robertson  
Edith Day . . . . . Edith Day  
Lucrezia La Roche . . . . . Esther Howard  
Specialty Chorus

Marion and Martinez Randall  
While the main theme of this play is  
one that has often been used by drama-  
tists and librettists, there is an agree-  
able variation in the treatment.

Nina, sprightly and desirable peasant  
girl in a village of Lombardy, has one  
falling and that a serious one: she is a  
splitfire, raging about on the slightest  
provocation. Yet Guido loves her and  
she in her heart loves him, though he  
is a slow wooer, not unlike our old  
friend Mr. Cheggus, who was bashful in  
the presence of ladies. Nina's grand-  
father dies and leaves her a million lire  
which she is to receive on one condi-  
tion: She is to stay at Lake Como for  
six months and during that time not  
show the slightest bad temper, no mat-  
ter how she may be irritated inwardly.  
Like a good girl she is inclined to spurn  
the filthy dross but her friends, old  
Luigi and the dancing peasants, urge  
her to go to the lake and refrain from  
her favorite pastime.

If she loses her temper the money  
will go to Bianca, who has snubbed her.  
This is another reason why she goes to  
Como. Gaston La Roche, who, in spite  
of his name, appears to be an Italian  
with a rich fruity German accent, his  
gay wife Lucrezia, gay in spite of her  
Christian name, and Bianca try to pro-  
voke Nina. At the end they lie to her  
and say that Guido will wed another.  
So in a tantrum she promises to marry  
Alberto. But she returns to her vil-  
lage, dances wildly again the bam-  
balina, learns of the lie and as a thun-  
der storm comes up clutches her Guido  
in a fond embrace.

Another character of a mildly comic  
nature is Gabriele, who is hopelessly  
in love with Nina and is pursued by  
Lucrezia.

This simple story is told pleasantly,  
so pleasantly that one is not curious  
about the source of grandfather's for-  
tune or what becomes of Alberto,  
Nina's betrothed, after she puts her  
arms around Guido's neck. The piece is  
well staged; the movement is brisk; the  
chorus is composed of attractive young  
women and men that are more manly  
than many of their comrades in musical  
comedy. There is dancing galore and  
music that is agreeable without having  
marked distinction. Perhaps "Wild  
Flower" and the "Bambalina" are the  
most striking tunes, the one melodical-  
ly, the other by its irresistible rhythm.

Miss Day gave an excellent charac-  
terization of the tempestuous Nina.  
She was natural in her outbursts, natu-  
ral in her sentimental moods. Her face  
was constantly expressive; she was  
graceful in the dance; she sang effec-  
tively and without affectation. Miss  
Howard, who has appeared in Boston—  
where she lived before she went on the

stage—in various excellent roles, was  
amusing in her exaggerated wooing. In  
the third act she, with Mr. Higgins,  
sang a duet in which she took the part  
of famous "vamps"—Mrs. Potphar,  
Salome, Thais, Delilah. This pleased  
the audience greatly, and the comedi-  
ans, Messrs. Gorcey and Higgins, met  
with the same favor, whatever they did  
or said. Mr. Robertson was applauded  
as the peasant lover, a singer without  
airs and graces, honest in his work.  
The dancing of Marion and Martinez  
Randall was pleasing to the eye and  
not too acrobatic. The orchestra,  
wholly adequate, was conducted unob-  
trusively by Claude Neff. There was a  
very large audience that insisted on  
many repetitions.

On the whole, "Wildflower" is an  
agreeable departure from the usual run  
of musical comedies, and it deserves  
patronage. The play is refreshingly  
free from vaudeville stunts.

## "Dixie to Broadway" Has All Colored Cast

MAJESTIC—"Dixie to Broadway,"

all-colored revue in two acts with  
Florence Mills and Will Vodery's  
Plantation orchestra. Lyrics by Grant  
Clarke and Roy Turk; book by Walter  
de Leon, Tom Howard, Lew Leslie and  
Sidney Lazarus; music by George W.  
Meyer and Arthur Johnston. Produced  
and staged by Lew Leslie. First pro-  
duced in Atlantic City, Aug. 4, 1924.

The cast includes Miss Mills, Hamtree  
Harrington, Shelton Brooks, Danny  
Small, Cora Green, Maud Russell, Alma  
Smith, Juan Harrison, William De Mott,  
Winifred and Brown, and others.

Only a few years ago the first of  
the negro musical shows, sponsored by  
the droll and ingenious Sissie and  
Blake, blazed into existence with Miss  
Mills, pert and wild of eye, dancing re-  
lentlessly. And now, from Europe and  
the exotic recesses of "The Plantation"  
she returns once more to flash through  
the first of the negro revues, armed by  
her bodyguard of bright eyed and tire-  
less "chocolate drops," and the limber  
struttings of the "Plantation Steppers."

None but a daring soul would ven-  
ture to toss one more revue into the  
theatrical pot these days; to do so he  
must be more resourceful and glitter-  
ing than Mr. Ziegfeld, more bizarre and  
captious than John Murray Anderson,  
more tuneful than Mr. Berlin. Yet, Mr.  
Fields, with his "Plantation" retinue  
and his orchestra, has done so, and in  
time bids fair to rival even the most  
ardently established.

Aside from Miss Mills, there is ex-  
cellent material here; an animated and  
unspoiled chorus, dancers of unre-  
strained fervor, and a happy choice of  
subjects for jest. These more than  
atone for any shortcoming.

But Miss Mills! A bold and perverse  
entertainer, now shrieking in "blues,"  
now soft voiced and cajoling in "Dixie  
Dream," the conspicuous song of the  
revue. With "Jungle Nights in Dixie-  
land" there is a glimpse of "Plan-  
tation" vistas, where like Gilda Grey, at  
the "Rendezvous," she flames across  
a stage set with jungle bush and straw  
skirts; and then, in man's full dress,  
she mimes the ardent lover, stepping  
more deftly, strutting more vivaciously  
than any of the men, never languorous.

For the rest, the scenes range from  
a dim and mystic prologue that closes  
with a shadowy figure of Lincoln ap-  
pearing in the midst of floating clouds,  
to look down upon the half-glimpsed  
pleading hands of a multitude—to  
broader humors in the skit of "The  
Sailor and the Chink," with the sailor,  
black and arrogant, mounted in a  
jinxickish, shielding himself from the  
sun with a diminutive parasol, and the  
"chink" tinkering with an elaborate  
device for extracting money from  
Americans. There is the customary  
and chilling appearance of spirits with  
"Treasure Island" in which Hamtree  
Harrington, who bids fair to succeed  
the late Bert Williams as blackfaced  
entertainer, is pursued by a long nalled  
and bearded Svengali, and captured  
with the treasure.

"The Right of Way" is a skit with  
an ingenious idea in the collision of  
two motor cars, with Hamtree Harring-  
ton, ensconced miserably beneath the  
wheels and forced to wait until "next  
Friday" before he is released—a piece  
of which more might have been made.  
There are acts of give and take, some-  
times amusing, sometimes conventional,  
between the old vaudeville team of  
Harrington and Cora Green; a wistful  
tenor solo, "If My Dream Came True,"  
by Juan Harrison, who has an excel-  
lent voice; the parodying of national  
idols by duplication. There are three  
"Georgia Cohns," three pairs of "Gal-  
laghers and Sheans," six "Belasco's  
Kikis," "Eva Tanquays," and "Bert  
Williams." An amusing notion, but the  
possibilities were only baldly glimpsed.

Perhaps the best of these was the  
strutting variation of the Wooden-Sol-  
diers theme, with Miss Mills, dapper



and precise, as the captain, and a huge grinning Balleff looming in the background watching the capers of Katinka and her fellows in parody. A revue of infinite enthusiasm and zest, which has in it the germ of a more brilliantly polished and richly caparisoned one to come. E. G.

**OPERA HOUSE—De Wolf Hopper in "Wang," comic operetta in two acts; book by J. Cheever Goodwin; music by Voolson Morse. The cast:**

Wang, regent of Siam, Mr. DeWolf Hopper  
Lt. Robert Fracasse, military instructor of Siam troops, Mr. Arthur Cunningham  
Pepet, keeper of the sacred elephant, Mr. Sol Solomon  
Lt. Jean Boucher of the French garrison, Mr. Sudworth Frasier  
Kapantli, professor of deportment, Mr. David Bogart  
Thow Sary, innkeeper, Mr. John Douglas  
Anoplin, Cambodian envoy, Mr. Herbert Waterous  
Cassin, Mr. Henry Kelly  
Mataya, Crown Prince of Siam, Miss Ethel Clark  
Le Veure Frinousse, widow of French consul at Pechah, Miss Sarah Edward  
Marie, her stepdaughter, Miss Ann Maynard  
Gillette, her eldest daughter, Miss Ethel Walker

Babette, a daughter, Miss Radcliffe  
Lafette, a daughter, Miss Wright  
Flurette, a daughter, Miss Firth  
Minette, a daughter, Miss Carleton  
Julie, a daughter, Miss Hall  
Soralie, a daughter, Miss Keing  
The three youngest daughters, Helen Donaldson, Mary M. (Sweetie) Aires, Peggy Smaltz  
Messenger, No. 305, Miss Lucille Lattich  
Rusam royal elephant, by Ham-Gravy  
"Wang" more than any other of Mr. Hopper's revivals makes the listener feel young—the middle and older generations because it takes them back to their days of childhood or youth, and the younger generation because it has no recollections at all. This operetta is more than 30 years old (born in May, 1891, to be exact), but has not been heard in the last 15 or 20 years.

Mr. Hopper confessed in one of his ditties yesterday afternoon, that he had played "Wang" 30 years ago—or rather, that he preferred to have the audience believe that the DeWolfe Hopper of 30 years ago was the father of the present one.

"Wang" is hardly imaginable without Mr. Hopper. The Gilbert & Sullivan operettas will, in all probability, be revived from time to time by others; but "Wang" without DeWolf Hopper would be as flat as the "bee-er" for which, in his naively falsetto tones, the original Pepet, keeper of the sacred elephant, asked when offered a drink. "Wang"—the poor-in-purse-but-rich-in-invention Regent of Siam—could not be dissociated from the great height, the authoritative and wonderfully resonant, yet humorous voice, the philosophic wit, and the mannerism of Mr. Hopper.

And it is interesting to compare the comic operettas of another generation with those of today. Noticeably, the pace of the whole performance is slower. The modern chorus seems wild in comparison with the gentle behavior of the earlier model. The music is simply written; there are no intricate synopses. No amount of reading of the old operettas gives one the flavor of them; one must see and hear them in the living audience. The younger generation interested in the theatre cannot too highly appreciate the opportunities for such an experience, which Mr. Hopper is giving.

One of the very funny innovations introduced in the present revival is the duet version of "We Have No Bananas Today." It was greeted with much applause, and the appreciation was duly rewarded with encores.

The present cast of "Wang" is well composed. The singing particularly stands out as pleasing—Arthur Cunningham as Col. Fracasse, Sudworth Frasier as Lt. Jean Boucher, Ethel Clark as Mataya, Sarah Edward as the widow, Ann Maynard as her stepdaughter Marie, and Ethel Walker as her daughter Gillette. H. L.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company presents "Whispering Wires," by Kate L. McLaurin. The cast:**

Ann Cartwright, Olive Blakeney  
Montgomery Stockbridge, Louis Leon Hall  
Payson, John Collier  
Doris Stockbridge, Kay Hammond  
James Bennett, Frederick Murray  
Barry McGill, Herbert Heyes  
Drew, Harvey Hayes  
Delaney, Ralph Renley  
Jackson, Samuel Godfrey  
The Trouble Hunter, Houston Richards  
Jeannette, Nina Oliver

This is the first "mystery thriller" to be handled by the Boston stock company since Herbert Heyes, Kay Hammond and other newcomers to St. James's casts have made their bow before Boston audiences, and the company handles it well. Mystery plays must never lag or they are lost and there were no first night hesitations last night.

Most gratifying to St. James's first night patrons must have been the proof of the versatility of Louis Leon Hall, whose ogreish impersonation of the detested and generally detestable Montgomery Stockbridge was masterly. Few

who saw the rotund and good natured Mr. Hall slithering over a stage ship rail in "Just Married" a few weeks ago would have recognized him last night in the stern, unyielding role of the millionaire, who lives just long enough in the play to convince every one in the house that he ought to be shot.

Rivalling the work of Mr. Hall is that of Miss Blakeney, somewhat suspected secretary, and Harvey Hayes, the detective who suspects every one in the cast. Mr. Heyes and Miss Hammond have comparatively light roles, but play them well. John Collier's man servant is well done, and Miss Nina Oliver contributes a likeable bit as the French maid. Houston Richards is adequate as always.

Charles R. Hector and his orchestra continue to divide honors with those just across the footlights. Ghosts of the old Pixley and Luders comic operas danced before the audience when the Woodland overture was played as one of the extra numbers. It wasn't named, but it didn't need to be and it was never better done, even on the night of the Woodland opening at the Tremont Theatre years ago, with the late Gustav Luders conducting.

**Wilbur Theatre—"Sitting Pretty." Musical comedy by Bolton, Wodenhouse and Kern. Presented by F. Ray, Comstock and Morris Gest. Conductor, Ben Jerome. The cast:**

Mrs. Wagstaff, Verna Schaff  
James, William Powers  
Roper, Harry Lillford  
"Bill" Pennington, Mercer Templeton  
Judson Waters, Eugene Revere  
Babe LaMarr, Helen Fox  
May Tolliver, Emma Haig  
Dixie, Jayne Chesney  
Wilhelmina, George Sylvester  
Otis, Tiny Allen  
Mr. Pennington, Geo. E. Mack  
Morace, Jack McGowan  
Joe, Frank McIntyre  
Prof. Appleby, George Spelvin  
Bolt, George O'Donnell  
Jane, Jeanne Elliot

Times change, and with them many things. A person back in the world after years of banishment would find himself in a very odd world, the strangeness of which would cause him sore discomfort. But there is always rest and refreshment for those who know how to seek them. Let the stranger in this queer new world only hear a musical comedy, and behold, he will feel at home.

Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern in their newest effort have not changed the musical comedy formula in vogue these many years. Why should they? The formula is sure to please. The play of last night has a plot, though something of the slenderest, which affords two pairs of lovers opportunity to sing sentimental tunes, a comedian to make merry and a chorus to disport itself, gayly clad, first in New Jersey and presently at Palm Beach. For old times' sake there is a coon song, along with much dance music in the rhythms liked today.

The music is pleasant, though scarcely notable of its kind. Mr. Kern has been happiest when least ambitious, for his strength lies in engaging melody and rhythm. The lines, bright with the pertness that oftentimes must serve for wit, held the audience well amused.

And the performers knew how to say the lines with point. Mr. McIntyre, a comedian blessed with the true comic spirit, was often very funny. Miss Kaye, with real charm in her favor, sang and danced prettily indeed. Miss Haig brought personality to her performance and genuine dancing skill. Another admirable dancer was Mr. Templeton, a player of tireless spirit. The chorus displayed costumes both showy and varied, and the stage settings were pretty. The large audience seemed well entertained. R. R. G.

**ON BILL AT KEITH'S**

Keith's program the current week leaves little to be desired in well-balanced entertainment. It is indeed an interesting group of feature acts booked for the holiday week. Non failed to strike a responsive chord with the audience, although the latter seemed to have a particularly tender feeling for the songs of Belle Baker, "the incomparable," and was reluctant to see her leave the stage, even after repeated encores.

Torino, in a difficult juggling act, assisted by Doris Whiteley, proved both adept and clever; Castleton and Mack, in an eccentric dancing specialty, gave an act that called for more than usual strength and agility and was unmistakably good; Roger Williams was pleasing in imitations of everything from an alrship to a four-piece orchestra; Hawthorne and Cooke, in a skit, "Make Me Serious," had a "nut" act filled with patter and by-play that kept the audience amused; Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Kester, in a one-act playlet, "Married," proved capable entertainers, and Gaultier's phonograph dogs did

everything but talk. A feature of the program was the sketch, "See America First—A Cross-Country Visit With the Girls of America," in which songs, scenic effects, dances and the lecture combined to make a novel and interesting act. The usual motion pictures opened and closed the show.

**Anatole France**

Anatole France has been called a gentle ironist, but when he was stirred by what to him was rank injustice or abominable oppression his irony was as savage as that of Swift's—witness his novels in which the Dreyfus case is introduced; witness his "Ile of the Penguins." It has been said that writings in which attack and irony predominate are not enduring, yet Gulliver's Travels is still a delight to ingenious youth and the object of admiration among the sophisticated and the literary.

However, man does not live by satire or irony alone, and righteous as was the indignation of Anatole France, efficacious as were his methods of attack, he has still other claims on the respect and affection of readers present and to come. There is a sweet humanity in his writings, compassion for "the complaining millions of men," a gently humorous view of life and its problems. Then there is the indescribable charm of his literary expression, inimitable clarity, the one and only word in the right place without the mental struggle that is so apparent in Flaubert, the directness, also the subtle suggestion.

He was an agnostic in the true meaning of the word, and some may therefore say that his influence is to be deplored; but in his agnosticism there was no pessimism, no morbidity, no irritating arrogance. Concerning spiritual matters of which many are cock-sure, he simply said that he didn't know, and he made this confession without the supercilious reserve of one intimating thereby that he did know but could not be persuaded to tell.

The list of his works is long; they vary in character but seldom in quality. While he was happy in laughing away or merely wondering with raised eyebrows at whims, caprices, snobbishness (military and civil) dogmas, impositions in all walks of life, it is not impossible that he will be longest remembered by his "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," admirably translated into English years ago by Lafcadio Hearn, the charming volumes describing his own child-life and his courageous conduct in the Dreyfus Case.

**Three Brothers**

Laurens Clark Seelye, the educator, whose name will be associated with Smith College through the coming years, was one of three brothers, each in his New England way successful Julius, a professor at Amherst College, came into national notice when he was elected a member of Congress as an independent candidate. His election broke the power of the "Court House Ring" at Northampton. As Seelye's campaign expenses were limited to a two-cent postage stamp accepting the nomination, he became widely known. Among his supporters in Northampton were not only leading townsmen whose necks were chafed by the party yoke; Democrats of high and low degree, hangers-on in poolrooms and saloons voted with enthusiasm for the learned professor. It must be confessed that he was a more conspicuous figure in the campaign than when he was seated in Congress; but the local ring was defeated, and that satisfied his supporters. The third brother, Samuel, was a country banker, but not unacquainted with arts and letters.

All three were fluent talkers and of friendly address. They had the great gift of persuading those with

whom they came in contact that their opinions were worth while and should be carefully heeded, whether the question were concerning college discipline and the desirable curriculum, a political issue, or a matter of loans and mortgages.

et- 5 924  
"May 9, 1768. I never saw a peacock spread his tail before this day at Justice Creed's and most noble it is. How wonderful are Thy Works, O God, in every being."—Rev. James Woodford's diary.

J. P. TO W. T.  
(For As the World Wags)  
My friend built him a radio set.  
A friend no longer ho.  
I'm tortured by his endless talk.  
I writhe in misery.

Aerials, Ohms, Gridleak, Amps,  
Loud speaker, binding post,  
Hookups, potentiometer,  
I'm driven mad, almost.

He breathes it, eats it, loves it all,  
He never takes a rest.  
He plays with it all night—then days  
He talks me blind, the pest.

Humanity has borne and will,  
Until eternity,  
Strive to bear ills which try the soul  
With equanimity.

The plagues of old, strong men endured.  
We moderns have ours too.  
High rents, cockroaches, city poils,  
Garbage collectors, phew!

The powder duff, lap-dogs, head-lice,  
The pained faced male quartet.  
Garlic, saxophones and prunes,  
Eczema, La Follette.

To bear these ills with fortitude  
I'll strive with right good will;  
But he that's worse than all the rest,  
The Radio Pest, I'll kill.  
SHOT-TO-PIECES.

**ADD "HORRORS OF WAR"**

As the World Wags:  
I note in the New York papers that Mayor Hylan, that great expert in patriotism and army life (also the drama), is much wrought up over the play, "What Price Glory," and has called to his critical assistance a general and an admiral. He is right. The shock of seeing a war play that had anything true to life in it would be too great for the average theatre-goer to stand.

But while New York is being saved, what of Boston? For two weeks we have enjoyed those melodious and delightful comedies, "The Chocolate Soldier" and "Pinafore." But alas, they are both satires on the military, one on the army and one on the navy. I tremble for my native city.

HAROLD U. FAULKNER.

**PLEASANT BEVERAGES**

As the World Wags:  
Perry I have made and tasted and at certain periods liked. Its likeness to champagne, as your Melrose informant mentions, would be corroborated today, were he alive, by the lamented Welsberger (friend of all local wood engravers), who stated that a relative of his 40 years ago made a fortune in New York by the importation of perry—a slight process of doctoring—and the application of the right label. Nevertheless, the late Phil May of Punch stated to the contrary on a drawing made for advertising purposes that "Apples made elder but pears made soap"—which appears conclusive in its way.

I first heard of perry through a brother who discovered a hamlet by that name in Buckinghamshire and there most fittingly first became acquainted with that beverage.

As to metheglin, my curiosity was aroused 20 years ago by the foreman of a decorator's gang who at a village club, would at times dilate with an intimate and mysterious veneration upon the properties of that pherythral luicant. He, it appears at one time had the redecoration of an old mansion to attend to before the new owner moved in, and in an obscure corner or nook of the half-acre cellar (he did not state that that portion of the building was to be painted) he had unearthed a keg of Metheglin. Its effects on the scheme of decoration he evolved and its execution by his men will be a tradition as long as his profession or trade is extant in that locality.

The latest ancient elder came from New Hampshire yesterday and thus—half a pint of sugar to the gallon before



fermentation ceases and buried with a first covering of straw for one year. On my venturing that "The resurrection of a full barrel would be a laborious task for a small family," I gained the information that in that New Hampshire locality such upheavals were not necessarily confined to the muscular limitations of one family or one township, for that matter.

As to Borrow, surely your column's favorite "George," it was well his mainstay was ale and none of the foregoing on his memorable walk without stopping from Norwich to London—but, come tell me, has literature ever given finer reference to Mead than Thomas Hardy in his short masterpiece, "The Three Strangers"? And for him who likes his literature to stick to cider, let him get his Oxford reprint of "The Unfortunate Traveler" and regale himself with the chapter on "His Cider-ship," or if he will have his ale, turn to the address in the same book of the "Scrivener of Wittenburg."

PERCY GRASSBY.

In Thomas Nash's picaresque and curious romance quoted by our contributor, as reprinted—500 copies—by the Chiswick Press in 1892, with an essay on Nash by Edmund Gosse, there are no chapters. The account of the lord in the camp that sold cider by the pint and cheese by the pound—"at that very name of cider I can but sigh, there is so much of it in Rhenish wine nowadays"—is on pages 15-26, true joyous history. The "inkhorn" orator's speech is on pages 79-82. But it is Vanderhulke talked of spruce beer, Lubeck liquor, Rhenish wine.

But what is to be said of old Robert Burton's opinion? "Cider and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected." ED.

#### WHAT IS THERE FUNNY ABOUT THIS ADV?

(From the Woonsocket Call)  
(POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT)

#### DEMOCRATIC MORALTY AND SENATORIAL CONVENTIONS

The recessed Democratic convention to nominate a candidate for State Senator and a candidate for Mayor will be held in St. John's Hall, 26 Main street, FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 10, 1924, at 8 p. m.

#### Maniacal Collectors

The mania of collecting is widespread and shows from time to time surprising phases. Men have made collections of books and butterflies, coins and monograms, prints, etchings and hangmen's halters, postage stamps, fans, snuff-boxes, pipes, canes, and a Rothschild made a famous collection of fleas—what has man, who as the hymn aptly expresses it, "has a soul of vast desires," not collected? One read lately of an Englishman who has spent nearly fifty years traveling in search of beer bottle labels. Now 10,000 of them in fifteen albums are offered for fifty guineas by a second-hand bookseller. "They comprise fine clean specimens from nearly every brewery in the world, of beautiful design and artistic merit." Many are rare, for, as the breweries represented have been closed, the labels are obsolete.

The collector begins as a boy—stamps, coins, birds' eggs. In school and college he feeds his album of "memorabilia"—everything printed with relation to his studies and his social life while he is "enjoying the advantages of a collegiate education." The passion for collecting may die out; it may master him to the end, to the loss of peace of mind and the distress of his family seeing money "thrown away." It would seem the part of wisdom for one approaching his end, wishing his house to be in order, to dispense, not to collect; but previous desire to complete a set of this or that will not cool.

It has been said that collecting is an amiable mania, educative, broadening. It often leads to envy, discontent, even theft. An umbrella is thought by some to be common property. 'Twas yours; 'tis mine. And so the biblioklept has no con-

science. The mania leads to selfishness. There is the bibliotaph who buries his books by keeping them under lock and key.

At present there is a rage for collecting first editions. They have their fate, their rise and fall in price, their counterfeits, so that publishers now often print "first edition" on the back of title pages. The collectors are too often actuated by commercial interest; they are speculators.

There is a consolation for those whose slender purse forbids the pastime of collecting. It was an ancient philosopher who, passing by shops in the market place, said: "How many things I don't want." And Walt Whitman gave as one reason for thinking he could turn and live with animals:

"Not one is demented with the mania of owning things."

#### Miss Garden's Shingles

Weep, ye Muses! May Apollo, the far-darter, master of the lyre, celestial minister to the sick, descend on earth! The sad news comes across the Atlantic that Mary Garden, "our Mary"—for she shares this public endearment with Mary Anderson and Mary Pickford—is suffering from the shingles.

If the disease were only of a more heroic character, something to do with the heart, the lungs, the liver; but to many, shingles, painful as it is, provokes laughter, especially from those who have not been tormented by it. The word is associated by the ignorant with roofing, extortionate demands of carpenters, the punishment of refractory youth. The learned say the word is of Latin origin and in the original means "girdle." This may have suggested the old belief that if the shingles meet around the body the patient will die. In old times this disease was known as "unnatural heat," also "Saint Anthony's fire," a name also given to erysipelas. As Miss Garden has often played in opera the part of an enchanting temptress, St. Anthony's fire has now a peculiar significance.

Miss Garden contracted the shingles, it is said by a sympathetic reporter, by lying at ease on a beach in the Montenegrin bay, exposing herself by the hour to the rays of the sun god. And her costume was then even scantier than that which worn by Thais in the opera excited admiration. Many of our young girls and gilded youth in summer thus hope to acquire a tan by sprawling on a beach, and succeed only in acquiring sunburn that smarts and chafes. Why should "Our Mary" be more severely punished? Should a singer be judged severely by the people in the air because she has portrayed with gusto wholly emancipated ladies on the stage? Has Miss Garden not impersonated the gentle Melisande, the ingenious Jongleur of Our Lady, and thus struck what might be called a divine average?

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening has been slightly changed. The score and parts of Ravel's transcription of Debussy's "Danse" have not arrived, so "Reves," a short piece by Florent Schmitt, has been substituted. It will be the first performance in Boston, if not in this country. The music was written in the Pyrenees a short time before the world war. Schmitt is not unknown in Boston. His "Tragedy of Salome" has been performed here twice and his "Out-of-Door Music" once by the Symphony orchestra. Mr. Longy brought out his "Viennese Rhapsody" at one of Mrs. R. J. Hall's concerts. Schmitt's songs for four voices were performed at a Boston Opera House concert, and later by the Cecilia, an concert, and later by the Cecilia Chamber music by Schmitt has been performed here.

Schmitt was born in Lorraine of Al-

sation parentage. At the Paris Conservatory he received the Prix de Rome in 1900. He was called to the French colors in 1914. It has been said of him that "isolated, almost fiercely solitary, he has no systems, no dogmas." He has never joined a school; still less has he wished to be a chief.

The other pieces to be played by the orchestra are movements from a grand concerto in D minor, by Handel; De Falla's Suite taken from his ballet with songs, "Love the Wizard," to be played for the first time in this country, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

De Falla's ballet, with its scenes of gypsy life, was produced at Madrid in 1915. It then met with little success. De Falla made a suite out of it which was produced in Madrid the next year, conducted by our old friend Arbos, who was for a season concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The ballet was given several times this year at Antwerp. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the suite at one of his concerts in Paris no longer ago than May 8 of this year.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony will naturally excite interest. Not the music itself, for Boston has summered and wintered with it, but there will be curiosity concerning Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation.

Alma Gluck will give a recital in Symphony hall next Saturday afternoon. She was fair to look upon when she first appeared here as Mimi with the Metropolitan opera company 14 years ago. Named Reba Pierson, she was born at Bucharest in 1886. She came to New York when she was in her sixth year. Mr. Zimbalist, the violinist, is her second husband. They have been married 10 years. This information is given for the benefit of those who burn with anxiety to know the age and domestic state of any female singer.

John McCormack will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening. Felix Fox will play the piano on Tuesday evening. Mr. Barozzi, a violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1920-23, will play next Wednesday evening. A week from tonight Crystal Waters, who used to live here, will sing. Tom Williams, baritone, will hold forth on Friday evening the 24th, and Raymond Havens will play the piano on the afternoon of the 25th. On the 26th the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, with Tolando Mero, pianist, will give the Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony hall and on that evening the Josephine Durrell string quartet, with Lee Pattison, pianist, will play at the Copley Plaza.

John Galsworthy's new play, "Old English," based on his short story, "The Stoic," is announced for performance in London on Oct. 21.

J. A. F., in the London Daily Chronicle, has this to say about Rachmaninov: "Rachmaninov always gives the impression of looking out on the dim distances, the illimitable horizon of his native wastes—in a word, he is a typical Russian, today's product of centuries of serfdom. He may be said to endure the right of the darker aspects of Russian life, possibly of all life, but as a seer rather than a rebel, and he looks the seer, a mystic more than a musician. And although he is undoubtedly disillusioned, there is nothing embittered either in the man or his music, nor is he modern in the commonly accepted reading of this much-abused word. Above all, and always, he is a poet."

Mr. Augustus C. Knight writes: "I remember many of the old trouping companies of 32 to 35 years ago, as I used to play for the shows that came to town (Belfast, Me.). I would 'vamp' the chords on the piano and if the music ran outside the usual tonic and dominant we would look at the bass and second violin parts and get the harmony that way. Very few companies carried a piano part. One of the best minstrel companies of those days was Jos. Gorton's. He was a fine man, good musician. He wrote things for his band while on the road. He always had a splendid band, every man a soloist. Gorton had a rehearsal every morning. Then there were the stock companies! Tom Shea, Price Webber, Brennan, Quinn, Jere Grady, the Cohans and the Dalys."

There were two Gortons, father and son. Joseph, senior, was born in Friendship, N. Y., in 1835. His first minstrel company, which he began to manage in 1867, was known as the New Orleans Minstrels; later as Gorton's. Mr. E. LeRoy Rice wrote in 1911 that Gorton, who entered the theatrical business in 1854, was then "the oldest manager, in point of service, of any man in the annals of minstrelsy."

Joseph, junior, born at Friendship, N. Y., in 1877, died there in 1908. He was with Gorton's Minstrels and for about 10 seasons he "did a musical act" with Sam Lee. Gorton is said to have written three operas and many songs.

Frederick Dellus's new violin sonata was announced for performance on Oct. 7 at a concert of the Federation of Music Clubs, London.

"The luxury of tea now being added to that of tobacco, the well-known chamber concerts of Tufton street should become more than ever a happy rendezvous for the connoisseur."—Daily Telegraph.

Why should not our visiting and local string quartets introduce this pleasing innovation? Tea and tobacco, free, might swell the audiences.

Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson), having returned to London after a tour in Australia, says that the Australians like a "weepy" play rather than comedy.

Mr. Clive tells us that the play to be produced at the Copley after "Bed Rock" will be Charles McEvoy's "David Ballard." McEvoy, it will be remembered, is the author of that amusing comedy of London low life "The Likes of Her," which Mr. Jewett produced here. "David Ballard" is McEvoy's first play. It is about 17 years old.

## HAROLD SAMUEL IN

Last evening in Jordan hall Harold Samuel, pianist, gave a recital of music by Bach. He played a prelude and fugue, "alla tarantella," the partita in G major, four preludes and fugues from the "Well-Tempered Clavier"—that in G major from book 1, those in E-flat, D minor and F minor from book 2—and the English suite in A minor. An audience of good size liked—to judge from the hearty applause—this unusual concert well.

Can anybody, nevertheless—those persons aside to whom every note of Bach is sacred—honestly maintain that Bach wrote one single suite, be it English or be it French, or yet one single partita; every movement of which is attractive to hear today? If so, which suite is it that stands so high above the rest, or which partita?

What an entrancing suite, though, a pianist could arrange for himself, if he would make bold to choose one of the most imposing of the preludes, follow it with the allemande he likes the best—providing the contrast in key is not too disturbing—with one of the courantes to follow which can make a lame man dance, and then a slow movement, a sarabande, if the player will, that is sonful, one of the sturdiest, say, of the bourrees, and one of the gigues to close which really rejoice in the rhythm, almost, of a common jig today!

But no musician of the temperament that leads to "specializing" in Bach would feel a disposition so to tamper with the master's work. And Mr. Samuel is a noted specialist in Bach.

To some degree he played like one, as though he delighted more in Bach's contrapuntal idiom and his consummate mastery thereof than in his keen sense of musical beauty or in his widely varied emotional appeal. Intricate patterns he set forth with perfect clarity; seldom, though, did Mr. Samuel catch Bach's feeling for the dance—even in the A minor fugue which the program described "alla tarantella." Nor did the pianist appear to feel the poetry of Bach, the grandeur the thrill of a climax that steadily mounts.

Twice at least, however, Mr. Samuel read his Bach quite otherwise. In the E-flat fugue he rose nobly to the splendor of the music; and the lovely F minor preludes and fugue he played exquisitely indeed. When he plays in this strangely different vein, Mr. Samuel and those who reverence Bach, but are not specialists, for the moment see eye to eye.

R. R. G.

## SOPRANO, PIANIST IN RUSSIAN MUSIC

There was a concert of Russian music yesterday afternoon in the music room of the Women's Republican Club. Mme. Lydia Kniazevitch played piano pieces by Basilevsky, Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Borodine, Rachmaninov and Scriabin, as well as accompaniments for Marizita Naylor Williams, soprano, who sang songs by Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov, Gretchaninov, Rachmaninov and Tchaikovsky.

The occasion was of some interest in that it gave the public an opportunity to hear for the first time music in a room which perhaps may serve a useful purpose in Boston concert life. Concert halls in Boston are not many. This music room, seating 400 people, should prove very comfortable for concerts too small in scale for halls three times as large again. Music in this room sounds exceedingly well, as the efforts yesterday of Mme. Kniazevitch and Mrs. Williamson made clear.

Mme. Kniazevitch, a Russian musician who has left her native land be-



cause of conditions impossible to bear, played Russian music yesterday with fine spirit, with genuine feeling, naturally enough, for its racial traits. Mrs. Williamson sang with pretty voice, when she did not force her tone, and with pretty sentiment of gentle kind. R. R. C.

## Francis J. McCabe Enacts The Great Broxopp' Capably

HUNTINGTON HALL.—Dramatic recital under auspices of Henry Lawrence Southwick, at which Francis J. McCabe enacted a somewhat abbreviated version of Milne's "The Great Broxopp."

In former days the agile tongued Mr. Milne was a writer for "Punch," and perhaps it was then that many of his slim fancies for jest and play were born. Never profound, yet never discursive, he flits about his idea with amazing lightness and an amiable satire; so he has created a Mr. Pim, an Oliver Blayds and a "Great Broxopp." And still his plays come tumbling—even now he has a new one, "To Have the Honour" being presented in London.

An earlier play, "The Great Broxopp" shows Mr. Milne amusingly inventive, and again tediously sentimental. But Broxopp was a happy thought—and so were the beans—a brisk and provocative little man with a mania for "Broxopplana" and advertising slogans; in a divine moment he creates that immortal line of "Broxopp's Beans for Babies," and sets out to accumulate a fortune and a son, as exemplar.

A few years ago, Mr. Jewett gave the play at the Copley, with E. E. Clive as the sturdy Broxopp. Yet, even as it was presented last night, as an elocutionist's feat, in a setting of green baize curtains and potted palms, the spirit of the piece was still there. Mr. McCabe mimed them all, Broxopp, deep voiced and swagger; Nancy, his young wife; Jack, his Eton and Oxford son, the "Broxopp baby," a tribute to his father's beans; the monomaniac Sir Roger and his daughter Iris, whom Jack is to marry.

The recital was brisk, and unhesitating, and Mr. McCabe was loudly acclaimed by a large audience. Other recitals this season will include readings of "Loyalties," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Scottish Cinderella" and "The Melting Pot."

Mr. George H. Tilton of Melrose says with regard to an editorial article "The Three Seelyes," published in The Herald, that he knew Samuel Seelye as the pastor of a church in Easthampton. Samuel was a clergyman, but as The Herald stated, he left off preaching to be associated with the national bank in Easthampton. He was president of it, if we are not mistaken. We knew him personally.

Not long ago we asked who wrote the parody of Bourdillon's famous poem. The parody begins:

"The night has a thousand eyes,  
My love but one."

Several have written that the author was Bourdillon and have taken pains to restore the second line to its original form! It's a sad world.

WE LISTENED in on Battling Bob Saturday night. We like Robert—he is a sweet, kindly soul if you don't say "Wall Street" to him—but his voice over the radio sounded like feeding time in the zoo.—Chicago Tribune.

### THE MODERN HERODS

As the World Wags:  
"To Let—An attractive apartment, six rooms and bath, reception hall, all modern improvements, adults only. Phone—"

The telephone company records show that 365 calls were made in response to this "ad"—one for every day in the year—leap year excepted.

It would be bookish and tedious to report all the telephonic dialogues, which were in exercise, on the one side to win, and on the other to lose the apartment to adults. Suffice to append a composite performance by Mistress Herod and her victim—

"Is this Center 4867-J?"  
"It certainly is—"  
"You have an apartment to let?"  
"That's true, as far as it goes"  
"What are you asking?"  
"As much as I can get."  
"Why are you looking for an apartment?" "Are you obliged to move?"  
"Do you pay your rent?" "Does your husband snore?"  
"To all of your modest questions—  
"no" is the answer—except to the first."

"I am looking for an apartment, because I require an additional room—my children need a yard to play in, and—" "Just a moment—" "How many children are you burdened with?" "Three, thank the Lord—" "What you need is discretion." "Good-bye."

J. D. RUSSELL.

W. A. F. writes:  
"Has it occurred to you in connection with Columbus day that the figures of the memorable date, 1492, when transposed, yield those of the celebrating year 1924?"

### RESERVED FOR THE DOC

As the World Wags:  
If you have a spare niche in your hall of fame please reserve it for H. L. Kilgore, M. D., Belfast, Me.  
A short time ago I read these head lines: "LARGE EAGLE ATTACKS CADDIE ON GOLF COURSE." Could that be called "a birdie on the—teenth hole"? RANDOLPH WEATHERBEE, Lincoln, Me.

### BARRETT WENDELL'S EYES

As the World Wags:  
"Striding to and fro across the platform of a college lecture hall, twirling his watch chain, a somewhat thick-set figure with penetrating eyes above a broad forehead... There are thousands who will recognize the portrait, for there was only one... Barrett Wendell."

The above is from the New York Times Book Review of Oct. 12. Of the "thousands who will recognize the portrait," how many do you think will remember the unusual position of Barrett Wendell's eyes? A. C. R. Cambridge.

For this, after all, is the true secret of a holiday—to escape from ourselves and the shell we have built of habits, customs, and possessions around us. To crawl out of it, to creep up and down without it for a few short weeks is the real virtue of our yearly change of air. Its privations and discomforts have as real a value as its pleasures, for it is these which enable us so gratefully to creep back at length into our own well-known and newly-loved shell again. W. F. P.

### "BOYS WILL BE"—ETC.

As the World Wags:  
Sometimes I have my doubts about the youth of the "good old days" being any better than the youth of today. I read in ancient history, viz., my father's diary, in which he recorded faithfully the doings in my native village on the Maine sea coast, this item:

"Friday, January 18, 1877.  
"Nothing new today except that some boys were fined by Judge Hall for disturbance in school in the Clark district. One \$10 and costs, the other \$5 and costs, the other one is to be tried tomorrow."

Fifty years ago there was a schoolmistress taught the school in the Harbor district which I in common with numerous boys and girls attended. We had promised to love, honor and obey her, but we did not keep our promise. She was a husky dame, and to enforce her commands she had three oak rulers of different sizes to meet the varying needs of her scholars. One morning early some of the larger boys crawled through the window of the old schoolhouse, took the rulers and nalled them down on the sidewalk where the teacher would have to step over them in coming to the schoolhouse. They did a good job all right, but, unfortunately for them, they made their brags about it. The result was that five of the ringleaders were haled before Judge Hall and fined \$10 and costs each. In the winter of 1885 I finished a term of school where the scholars had made it so uncomfortable for the schoolmistress that she resigned. When I finished I had the scholars eating from my hand. How come? Why I was brought up in a country school and knew what the trouble was. I kept the scholars so busy that they did not have time to get into deviltry. Ever bearing in remembrance the old adage:

"The devil finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

It is my sincere belief that there was a streak of the "old boy" in the youth of 50 years ago. BOZE, Somerville.

## FINE SYMPHONY

### By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky's program for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon was as follows: Handel, four movements from Concerto Grosso, D minor, op. 6, No. 10; Florent Schmitt, Reves, op. 68, No. 1; De Falla, "Love the Scorerer"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5.

Debussy's Danse for piano, orchestrated by Ravel, had been announced, but as the score and parts did not arrive in time for rehearsal, Schmitt's "Reves" was substituted. As the program book had already been made up, information about this piece was unavoidably omitted.

It was good to hear the sturdy allegros and the beautiful air of Handel again; to be reminded that Handel wrote other music than "Messiah" and the Largo, the monstrous transcription of Xerxes' little air in a forgotten, or neglected, opera. John F. Runciman was right in saying: "Mr. George Frederick Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music. He alone, of all the musicians, lived his life straight through in the grand manner." He also wrote in the grand manner. No one has equalled him in pomp and dignity. And this giant of a man could express a tenderness known only to him and Mozart, for Schubert, with all his melodic wealth and sensitiveness, could fall at times into sentimentalism, and Schumann's intimate confessions were sometimes whispered. Handel in his tenderness was always manly. No one has approached him in his sublimely solemn moments! Music that is Miltonic. And with what apparently simple means this music soared to celestial heights!

Orchestral, chamber and vocal music by Florent Schmitt has been heard in Boston in the course of the last dozen years. He is probably more favorably known by his "Tragedy of Salome" than by his other compositions.

He has been called "the wild boar of the Ardennes," an isolated, almost savagely solitary person. Hearing his "Reves," one was tempted to spell "boar" differently.

For this music, written in the Pyrenees a year or so ago, before the great war, purposing to illustrate rhapsodies of a French writer that dangerously approach "hifalutin," is swollen, preposterous, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. There is a mighty struggle to express dreams and clouds. And what dreams! Possibly the ingenious Herr Freud of Vienna could explain their meaning, but this explanation might be unfit for publication except in a journal devoted to medicine or psychology.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for acquainting the audience with De Falla's delightful suite, which was performed for the first time in America, with Jesus Sanroma, pianist. The suite is derived from a fantastic ballet with songs that was produced at Madrid nine years ago. (The ballet was performed several times at Antwerp early this year.) No doubt the music would be still more effective played for theatrical performance, but, unlike many suites derived from stage-works, it is charming and engrossing as absolute music, interesting melodically, rhythmically, and by surprising color. This suite is not of the conventional type written by those who know not Spain; nor is it persistently in the dance vein. There are exquisite relieving episodes of a haunting nature.

Jacques Riviere, considering Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, wrote in a manner that to some will seem paradoxical: "There is torpidity in all Spanish dancing, which is the union of fury and sleep. The dancers always seem to be on the point of awaking themselves by their cries; they stamp with their feet, they curve their arms, they bend their bodies, they rail at themselves by way of encouragement. But their whirlwind remains sluggish." This may be true of Spanish dancing, which, so Spaniards say, is caricatured here, even by our own "interpretative artists," but there is no suggestion of torpidity in De Falla's Suite, which has more racial character than his "Nights in the Gar-

"Sept. 7, 1736 (Oxford). Had three bottles of wine out of my room in ye B. C. R. this afternoon, and Waring had another out of his room. Waring was very drunk and Bedford was but little better. N. B. I was very sorry, as I had made a resolution never to get drunk again, when at Geree's rooms in April last, when I fell down dead, and cut my Occiput very bad indeed."—From the Rev. James Woodford's Diary.

### CONCERT HALL

As the World Wags:  
Concert hall, referred to recently in your column, was in the second block from the northerly side of Court and Hanover streets. I do not remember any concerts being given there in my boyhood; it was then used occasionally for public dinners and reunions, notably the old Irish Charitable Society dinner about 1837 as my father remembered.

My acquaintance with it began with a Fourth of July breakfast in the late forties of the 19th century. The restaurant was run by Peter Brigham, once a Boston alderman, and the uncle of Robert Brigham, who became the pro-

dens of Spain" played here last March.

Those who feared lest Mr. Koussevitzky would give a sensational, theatrical performance of the Fifth Symphony; that he would startle the ultra-conservative by his licentious treatment, must have been bitterly disappointed. He gave a conspicuously sane and noble performance. Perhaps the Andante was taken a shade slower than is customary—after all it is an Andante con moto—but by his choice of pace fine points in the detail were deftly brought out. Admirable was his contrasting the main body of the Scherzo with the tumultuous Trio. The mysterious transition to the Finale was never more mysterious, and the statly beginning of the Finale, for once not hurried shouting, led to a vital reading of pages that have to some seemed, when treated too respectfully, that is perfunctorily, a falling off from the grandeur of the first measures.

For Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations and the orchestral performance throughout the concert there is nothing but praise.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: C. P. E. Bach, Concerto, D major, arranged by Steinberg; Moussorgsky, Prelude to "Khovantchina"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "Flight of the Bumble Bee" from "Tsar Saltan"; Prokofiev, Scythian Suite; Brahms, Symphony No. 4.

prietor of the Hollis Street Church and had it transformed into a theatre on the advice of Architect John R. Hall. At the time of the breakfast referred to there were, I believe, no reputable dance halls in Boston except Papanti's opposite the site of the late Boston Museum, and the Pantheon, which stood on the site of the present Gaiety Theatre and the old Boylston Museum. Then the Tremont and the Revere House and the Parker House were in the future.

Peter Brigham, a bachelor, kept a fine restaurant in its day, and lived then, or later, on Bulfinch street, with a maiden sister as housekeeper. The upper part of Hanover street at the period I recall was the principal retail shopping district. The lower part and the vicinity contained the residences of many notable American families. The Irish, the Hebrews, the Italians and the Portuguese had not then overrun the district. Dr. Lyman Beecher preached there and his son, Henry Ward Beecher, was one of the lively lads of Gooch street and did not mind that New England rum was called Dr. Beecher's "oil" because a jug of his was broken accidentally upon the sidewalk and was said to smell strongly of something stronger than oil or new cider. I have always thought this story was a weak invention of the enemy.

Peter and Robert Brigham were rivals in business and also rivals in establishing hospitals. Their good deeds will no doubt shine for them in that "far land where heavenly justice moulds the mystic law." JOHN W. RYAN, Dorchester.

Yet there were concerts in Concert hall. When this hall was built is unknown, but it existed in 1754, though not called by that name. In that year Gilbert and Lewis Deblois, braziers, conveyed it to Stephen Deblois for £2000. He sold it in 1769 to William Turner for £1000. The hall finally passed into the hands of the Amory family. The hall was torn down in 1869 to make way for the widening of Hanover street. Turner kept a dancing school in this hall for many years. A concert took place in Concert hall in 1755. Mr. Sonneck thinks it might have been for the benefit of John Rice, who came from New York to be a music teacher and organist of Trinity Church two years before. In 1757 and in later years Thomas Dipper gave concerts of vocal and instrumental music, "select pieces by the best masters." Tickets at a half-dollar each were to be purchased at the Crown and Comb, the corner of Queen street and at the Golden Eagle in Dock square. The concerts began at 6 P. M. Dipper was imported from England to be organist of King's Chapel. A concert in 1770 was really an opera in disguise, "Lionel and Clarissa." This was by Isaac Bickerstaffe (Covent Garden, 1758). He boasted that he had borrowed nothing. In a changed form and entitled "The School for Fathers," it was acted at Drury Lane. Charles Dibdin wrote some of the music.—Ed.

### CONCERNING THE SPOKEN DRAMA

As the World Wags:

The squab wot I travell with drags me over the uther nite ter wun ov them amacher yung churche peeps drama plays. I went fer the same reason everybody else does—I had a friend in it an' I hoped he wud brake a leg er sumthin' fer my amusement. Fer a wife he lived up ter my fondest expectashuns. He mixed up his lines like a guy learnin' ter fish. If he coodn't remember wot he wuz supposed to say, he sed anythin', in fact the only 2 stock frazes he didn't use wuz "Folled agen, curses" an' "Meet me ternite at the old Mill." But rite at the time wen the



curtain falls, this hombre goes inter a clinch with the she-hero. Startin' rite there he wuz dam good. The spoken drama holds no future fer that hombre but if he ever gets in the moovies, Rudolf Vassellino is a bum!

SNOWSHOE AL.

#### JAM AND CAN

As the World Wags:

I don't know why A. W. Lowe of Lynn should be surprised because the people of Lynn make jam out of their barrels. If he lived near me he would find out that the collector of ashes delights in making jam out of good galvanized ash cans and charges nothing for his services. It is true that the process is nolsy and consumes time, but a few weeks of endeavor on the part of the robust ashman prove the truth of the Middleboro dispatch: "It is expected there will be thousands of barrels made into jam." We are opening the jam season in Cambridge.

Cambridge. E. G. T.

"Meh 12, 1769. I read Prayers and preached this morning at Ansford Church. I read prapers and preached this afternoon at C. Cary Church.

"Mem. As I was going to shave myself this morning as usual on Sundays, my razor broke in my hand as I was setting it on the strop without any violence. May it be always a warning to me not to shave on the Lord's day or do any other work to profane it in futuro."—From the Rev. James Woodford's Diary.

#### BOBBITY, BOBBITY, BOBBITY

(For As the World Wags)

There was a time some years ago When girls would bob their hair, But they were very rarely seen And now they're everywhere. Their ages seem to matter not, Nor the amount of hair they rob, If they can only dispose of it, So it's "Bobbity, Bobbity, Bob."

If man and wife did not agree And curses filled the air, And as the battle hotter grew One sometimes lost some hair. But since divorces are the thing, The barber gets the job; So with his mammoth scissors cuts, And it's "Bobbity, Bobbity, Bob."

There is no limit as to age, From six to eighty-one. They all are in the fashion now For it simply must be done. But when the barber uses shears, There is sometimes a muffled sob When they see their tresses fall to the floor, But it's "Bobbity, Bobbity, Bob."

When barbers had but little work To shave and cut men's hair, 'Twould constitute their daily work And profits were but rare. But now their harvest time has come, For they're popular with the mob Of beauty seekers; who come to them, For a "Bobbity, Bobbity, Bob."

It's a curious thing, but the letter B Was never so busy as now, With Bootlegger, Booze, Barber and Bob,

It has started many a row. But let them alone to go their own pace, Don't call each one a snob, For they'll wake up in time, and find its no dream.

With their "Bobbity, Bobbity, Bob." FRANCES B. AUSTIN.

#### WHY NOT ROSEWOOD?

(The Kearsarge Independent and Times.)

Ed Hartz wants the contract to supply the mahogany furniture for the new tramp house which is being built beside the state highway just above Breezy Lodge on the road to Waterloo.

#### BEYOND BHAMO

Beyond Bhamo where Chinese caravans With burro bells and rich exotic loads Crawl winding over Himalayan roads, Past villages of animistic clans And primal jungle where the tiger reigns, There tropics end; bamboo begins to share The hill with violet and maldenhair, And myna welcomes magpie in the plains.

Though I may live to squander idle years, Yet will I hear the parrots' bedlam call, And still the distant cry of apes will fall, Compellingly upon my restless ears, Till I must pack a bag of dreams and go To follow tinkling trails beyond Bhamo. —Wayne Gard.

As the World Wags:

Have Messrs. Neer and Farr, partners in the fuel business in Portland, Ore., been proposed for your Hall of Fame? W. A.

#### DEAD LETTER TO GOETHE

(With Apologies to Andrew Lange)

Olympian Master, Guten Abend. I am told by those who know you well that you were the last universal genius. Since you have assumed your loftier seat among the immortals I have noticed that your seat on earth has not remained untenanted. An usurper sits on the throne of Universal Genius now. Some call him Specialization, but to me he has the military swagger of General Ignorance. Alas, I, too, have worshipped him, wasting my time, the substance of my life, in his unrequited service.

Since you are now absorbed into the All Time does not fetter you and perhaps you might be interested in the way I first became aware of your great light. When I was a small boy there came to my native town a troupe of strolling players, who announced their performances by lurid posters. The colors of these posters, all reds and yellows, attracted old and young, and the plays were well attended. A different play was presented each evening, but of the six I remember only one. As I spelled out the name on the poster it was Faust. There was a flaming fellow in red with horns on his head. He had a long, pointed tail and carried a pitchfork. His name was even longer than his tail and only grown-ups could say it. But I knew he was the devil and I was entranced.

The sin of jealousy, Master, entered my life at that time, for a neighbor had saw the performance of the great devil play, while I was obliged to remain at home and go to bed at the usual early hour. But the next day this same chum, whom I secretly hated from that day forth, got all us lads together for a devil play of our own in Fred England's barn. The boy who had seen the play called it "Fowst," and I, who had called it "Fost," was more jealous of him than ever. He insisted on being the devil himself. He wore a devil mask, an overcoat turned inside out to show its red lining, and he carried a pitchfork from the hayloft upstairs. Under protest, I played the part of Fowst, and when the devil stepped on me, grinned over me with his horrible mask and even prodded me with the pitchfork, my degradation was complete. The performance, however, was a success, and each of us received four caramels as a share in the gate receipts. (There were no expenses.) Later, when I had outgrown such foolish things and had seen hundreds of performances (many of which were not worth four caramels) and had read many books, I came to read your "Werther." But there was here no great link with my childhood. I confess I read the work rather hastily, as collegians do. I had just come back from a great war, my salad days had been dished and Romanticism was at a very low ebb.

It grieved me in that war, Master, to be hurled by perilous circumstance across your beloved Rhine and to enter your Fatherland for the first time as an enemy. My thrallism to Ignorance was at that time (if possible) even greater than now—I knew not a syllable of your native tongue.

I used to go into a bookshop in a little Rhineland village and gaze wistfully at the backs of your books, unable to understand a single word between their covers. Even so, I would have carried them all away with me had I been able financially, for I would have to buy them even in a conquered land. The spoils of modern war, Master, are not immediately distributed as in more heroic ages, although they still go to the only victors. I was also disappointed in being unable to visit a certain city outside of the zone of occupation. It was your own Frankfurt and a name not without honor even in my own country.

Since the war I have had more leisure. I have studied the rudiments of your language and tonight I find myself sitting by the fire, hoiding in my hands a well-worn volume. The clock strikes 12. Your spirit is yet with us—immortal. The name of my book is "FAUST." Cambridge. L. C. H.

#### CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—John McCormack, tenor.

TUESDAY: Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—John McCormack, tenor. Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Felix Fox, pianist.

WEDNESDAY: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Socrate Barozzi, violinist. THURSDAY: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Crystal Waters, soprano.

FRIDAY: Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.—Third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Tom Williams, baritone.

SATURDAY: Jordan hall, 3 P. M.—Raymond Havens, pianist. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

Anatole France, although he wrote for the theatre, looked on the stage and stage-folk with his characteristic irony. In one of his most delightful books, "Histoire Comique," he is amused by the life of comedians on and off the stage. Even the theatre doctor does not escape his observation. In one of his essays contributed to *Le Temps*, considering marionettes, he told how he enjoyed them; how pleased he was to see them replacing comedians of flesh and blood. "If I should say all I think, actors spoil comedy for me. I mean good actors. I can accommodate myself to the others; but they are the excellent artists, as those at the Comedie Francaise, that I can not at all endure. Their talent is too great; it over-spreads everything. There is nothing else on the stage. Their personality effaces the play that they perform. They are eminent, and I would like to have an artist eminent only when he has genius. I dream of masterpieces played wretchedly in barns by a strolling company; but perhaps I have no idea of what the theatre is."

And in another essay, returning to his beloved marionettes, he wrote: "One night at a leading theatre I saw a woman of great talent, wholly respectable, who, dressed as a queen and reciting verses, wished to pass herself off for the sister of Helen and the Heavenly Twins. But she had a snub nose, and thus I knew immediately that she was not the daughter of Leda. And that is why, though she acted and recited well, I did not believe in her. With marionettes one has never to fear a like uneasiness. They are made in the image of the daughters of a dream. . . . Marionettes respond exactly to my idea of the theatre, and I admit that this idea is particularly my own. . . . I should like to have a dramatic performance recall in some way, to remain truly a play, the Nuremberg boxes, the Noah's arks, the 'tableaux a horloge.' But I also wish that these naive images were symbols, that these simple figures were animated by magic, that they would be enchanted playthings."

France is probably best known to theatregoers by the association of his name with Massenet's opera "Thais." Louis Gallet based his libretto on the famous novel. It is not a bad libretto in its way, but the peculiar charm, the gentle irony and the scepticism of the book are necessarily missing. Take, for example, the incomparable pages describing the conversation at the banquet in Alexandria. Richard Strauss did not hesitate in "Salome" to write music for the fiercely discussing Jews, but neither the librettist nor the composer of "Thais" was so greatly daring. Nor if they had ventured, would a successful result have been operatically advisable. Victor Hugo resented the turning of his dramas into opera. What was the attitude of France? Perhaps he was consoled by the sight of Sibyl Sanderson. In the film version of the romance he not represented as presenting Miss Mary Garden with a copy of his "Thais," smiling approvingly?

A far more dangerous experiment was the turning of France's "La Retissier de la Reine Pedauque" into an opera. One Georges Docquois was responsible for the libretto in verse; Charles Levade wrote the music. The opera was brought out at the Opera Comique, Paris, in January, 1920. The Parisian press was favorable. The libretto is said to be "the life itself of the Abbe Jerome Coignard," his opinions, his discourses; the various episodes introduced serve only as a frame for the good and joyous Rabelaisian. Docquois apparently took many liberties with the book, cutting, adding, transposing traits of character, changing to increase dramatic interest. D'Asterac and Mosaide are turned into one character; Frere Ange cuts a more important figure; and Jeannette appears a wholly sympathetic character, even symbolic, whose material hunger is opposed to the amorous hunger of Jacques. The music of Levade, a pupil of Massenet and a friend of Debussy, was praised for its charm and elegance. That admirable actor Jean Perier played Coignard; Edmee Favart danced and sang delightfully as Catherine—but one cannot always trust the opinions expressed in the Parisian press.

"Les Noces Corinthiennes," a drama in three acts and a prologue in verse, by France, incidental music by Francis Thome, was produced at the Odeon, Paris, on Jan. 30, 1902. In February, 1884, there was a single performance of this drama by young amateur comedians assisted by two professionals, Mlle. Lerou and Mlle. Petit. (The drama had been published in the form of a poem.) The subject is the struggle in a Grecian village between expiring paganism and dawning Christianity. There is a touching and tragic story of love. At the Odeon the lovers were played by Vargas and Mlle. Pierat. There were 11 performances that year.

"Les Noces Corinthiennes" was performed as a lyric tragedy at the Opera-Comique in May, 1922. Henri Buesser wrote the music. Thome's score for the performance at the Odeon had been lost; so for later performances of that play at the Comedie Francaise, the management asked Buesser to write incidental music. This suggested to Buesser the opera Yvonne Gall took the part of Daphne; Trantone, that of Hippas. The music for the choruses was especially praised.

"Crainquebille," a little play by France, derived from his bitterly ironical short story of the same name, was produced at the Renaissance on March 28, 1903, when Lucien Guitry played Pere Crainquebille. In the story he throws himself into the water. In the play, there is a happier ending. The gamin Souris, a character like Gavroche in "Les Miserables," offers the poor man a share of his bread and bed, and Crainquebille is assured work after the gross injustice that had been dealt him in the name of the law. There were 70 performances in 1903, and there have been revivals. The play has been acted in French and English in the United States.

Who does not remember with affection M. Bergeret, the hero of four romances? France put him on the stage of the Renaissance in Paris of March 22, 1904. The play in four acts and eight scenes was entitled "Le Mannequin d'osier," after the novel that is the second of the unforgettable series. Bergeret's wife appears. She does not understand her husband and he does not understand her, for her talk has no meaning. Yet they are condemned to live together. Fortunately for Bergeret, his best pupil Roux, betrays him, and Bergeret, since the mannequin reminds him of his faithless and stupid wife, tramples it under foot and throws it out of the



ndow. But he at last recovers his philosophic calm and goes to Paris, where he will live with his adored daughter, Pauline. The novel itself is lightful, but it was questioned courteously when the play was produced, there were enough material for a comedy. The leading parts were acted Guitry, Bergeret; Magnier, Roux; Rosa Bruck, Mme. Bergeret; Juliette Argel, Pauline. There were 34 performances that season.

"Celui qui avait epouse une femme muette," otherwise known as *Arce de la Femme muette*, was written by France, or at least begun, entertain the Society of Rabelaisian Studies in Paris at one of its meetings. The play, not published then, was produced at a "gala" matinee given by reporters of the Parisian theatres at the Porte-Saint-Martin on May 30, 1912. The performance was preceded by a talk by the author. The dumb wife Catherine was played by Mlle. de Pouzols; Leonard by Caye.

When the play was produced in English, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by the Stage Society at Wallack's in New York on Jan. 26, 15, O. P. Heggie played Leonard; Lillah McCarthy, Catherine. The gigantic Lionel Braham took the part of the surgeon Maugier. The play is afterwards brought to Boston and was greatly enjoyed.

The translation made for Granville Barker is by Curtis Hidden Page. France took the idea of his humorous and satirical piece from the third book of Rabelais, the chapter 34 entitled "How women ordinarily have the greatest longing after things prohibited."

"I do not remember to have seen you before now, since the last time that you acted at Montpellier with our ancient friends . . . the oral comedy of him who had espoused and married a dumb wife." And then Epistemon tells the story of how a surgeon cut the encyliglotte which the woman had under her tongue so she spoke loud and fiercely and so long that the husband begged the surgeon for a receipt to make her hold her peace. There was no cure but the husband's deafness. By drugs and charms he became so deaf he could not have heard "the thundering of nineteen hundred cannons at a salvo." She then, seeing her scolding was in vain, went mad. When the surgeon asked for his fee, the husband said he was deaf and could not understand him, whereupon the surgeon by dusting him with some strange powder turned him into a fool. Wife and husband joined together in falling on the surgeon and a doctor. "I never in my lifetime," said Epistemon, "laughed so much as at the acting of that buffoonery." France did not exactly follow his ending.

Was there ever the play described by Epistemon? Moliere shows by scenes in his "Medecin malgre lui" that he had read the page in Rabelais.

P. H.

## No Ease in Concert Halls

### Old and New Music to Be Heard Here This Week, Including a Russian Invasion

The concert season is now fully under way. Many recitals are ready announced. Some, who are not necessarily afraid of music, may sympathize with Mr. C. E. M. Joad, who wailed in the Adelphi of September that in London he was not made comfortable in the concert halls. He began by saying and justly that a person listening to music should be in a condition of marked physical comfort.

"Ideally he should be at rest in an arm chair, with facilities for crossing his legs and putting his feet up; he should be able to smoke and drink, and if he feel so inclined, to expectorate, and he should be perfectly easy in the matter of his clothing."

This happy state cannot be realized, he says, in a modern concert hall. Englishman, as he is, he sighs for German halls and cafes, where you smoke, you laugh—for laughter is appropriate to the hearing of some music—you take out your collar-stud if the collar feels tight 'round the neck, and there is a spittoon.

Well, we heard music in Germany for three years; in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, Brunswick, but we did not see Germans taking out collar studs, putting their feet on a table or on the seat in front, or did we see them spitting recklessly or with admirable accuracy. But we were in Germany in the eighties. Perhaps the present behavior of Germans listening rapturously to music, as Mr. Joad describes them, could serve as the text for an additional chapter in "Horrors of War." or war changes manners and morals.

Mr. Joad pictures the London concert hall. He dislikes the straight-backed, red plush chairs, so formal. "The fact that you have paid exorbitantly for your seat suggests that music is an expensive luxury, a suggestion which the perfectly groomed person who shows you to your place confirms. The general tone of the place is markedly high; everything is quietly refined and in excellent taste; nobody could possibly swear there, and even, if you could smoke, which you cannot, it would not be a pipe. You are, moreover, inevitably well dressed, since if you are not, the reproachable attire of your neighbors produces a feeling of embarrassment even in the most insensitive. Top hats are plentiful, and, if it is evening, evening dress is the rule. The general effect is to put music in its place as an adjunct of the drawing-room, a mere embellishment of the elegant life."

There is something in this, though the keynote of the article from which we quote is exaggeration. Chamber music, which Edward Macowell likened to cold veal, should certainly be heard when the hearer is at ease. Perhaps the Flonzaleys will allow smoking this season if the male auditors will promise not to spit on the floor or spray a neighbor

across the aisle. If the Flonzaleys or the London quartet remain obdurate, if spittoons are not plentifully distributed in Jordan hall, Steinert hall, and even Symphony hall, nevertheless many of us will be "among those present" at recitals this season and bear discomfort with gentlemanly equanimity.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to Mr. McCormack's programs for this afternoon and Tuesday evening. They are almost always interesting, and Mr. McCormack has a happy faculty of finding songs, as those by Handel, that have been strangely neglected by singers of the last half century. We know of no tenor today that sings the music of Handel and Mozart so well as Mr. McCormack sings it. And his Handel is the Handel of the operas, some of which have been recently revived in Germany. Nor is Mr. McCormack unacquainted with the songs of contemporaries, as those by Respighi, Bax, Rachmaninov and others, while as a singer of Irish folk songs he is incomparable.

One of Mr. Kennedy's selections this afternoon is an allegro of Jean Baptiste Senaille, who died in Paris in 1730, where he was born in 1687. He was one of the famous 24 violinists of the King, and he wrote no less than 50 sonatas for the fiddle. A son of an oboe player at the Paris Opera, Senaille studied in Paris, but hearing that Italians were superior to the French, he went to Italy. Arriving at Modena, he so impressed the manager of the opera there that he was engaged for the season and honored by a seat higher than those occupied by the other orchestral players.

Felix Fox, who will play the piano next Tuesday night, has chosen Debussy's "Pour le Piano," a French Suite by Bach, other pieces by Debussy, Griffes's Scherzo on a fantastical subject, music by Liszt, D. G. Mason and Brahms, and Balakirev's "Islamey," which was once considered incredibly difficult; but today, technic, as Goethe said of talent, runs in the streets.

Socrate Barozzi, violinist, will play on Wednesday evening, Grieg's G minor sonata with Carl Lamson, and music by Pugnani, Tartini, Bach, Godowsky, G. Faure, Percy Grainger and Saint-Saens. When Mr. Barozzi gave recitals in New York last season, the critics hailed him as a Rumanian recently arrived; but for three seasons, beginning 1920-21, he was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He played here in recital before he left the orchestra.

If we are not mistaken, Crystal Waters, a soprano, who will give a recital on Thursday evening, will sing here in public for the first time. Yet she lived and studied in Boston. She left to sing for the wounded in the world war. Since the war she has studied and taught, in New York and for five years has been a choir singer. She gave a recital in New York on April 15 of this year. Her program will include songs by Wolf-Ferrari, Respighi, Schubert, Wolf, Schumann, Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Charpentier, G. Faure, Ravel, Horsman, Toye, Crist, Strickland.

Raymond Havens will play the piano on Saturday afternoon. His program is refreshingly unconventional. In addition to music by our old and tried friends Chopin and Franck, the program will include Mr. Havens's own transcription of a Largo by the dissolute Bach, W. F. the son of Johann Sebastian, and pieces by Gabriel Faure, De Falla, Bloch and John Ireland. The length of the concert, the program states, will be 57 minutes. The program also states that no free tickets will be issued.

According to the first thought, the opening piece of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's program for Friday afternoon and Saturday evening was to be Liadov's "From the Apocalypse," in which the composer attempted to portray in tones the mighty angel, dressed in a cloud, with a rainbow on his head and a voice like a roaring lion. New York heard this composition and was not seriously perturbed. In its place Mr. Koussevitzky has chosen Maximilian Steinberg's arrangement of a concerto by Philipp Emanuel Bach. Steinberg married Rimsky-Korsakov's daughter and for the wedding Stravinsky wrote his "Fireworks," which has been played in Boston at least twice. Steinberg, when last heard of, was teaching composition and orchestration at the Leningrad Conservatory.

The prelude to Moussorgsky's posthumous opera, "Khovantchina," will follow. Rimsky-Korsakov edited and orchestrated this opera, which treats of the struggle between old and new Russia long ago. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted a performance at the Paris Opera in April, 1923. The first performance of "Khovantchina" was at Leningrad in 1885.

Rimsky-Korsakov will be represented by "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," in scherzo movement, from "The Fairy Tale of the Tsar Saltan." This excerpt is not in the suite derived from the opera. It may be remembered that Mr. Monteux brought out two movements of the Suite.

Prokofiev's "Scythian" Suite will be performed. It is said to be as wild and barbaric as were the ancient Scythians, whose distressing manners were graphically described by Herodotus.

The Symphony will be Brahms's No. 4 (E minor) with its "massive and concrete" Chaconne for a finale.

Tom Williams, baritone, will sing on Friday night. Songs by Buononini, Gretry, Rhene-Baton, Chausson, Wolf, Cossart, Strauss, Hutchinson, Spalding, Ardayne, Walford Davies, Griffes, Glazounov, Gretchaninov, and others.

P. H.

### The Boy Ambassador

Young Jackie Coogan is having the time of his life. His admirers, and they are numbered by thousands throughout the world, hope he will survive the tumult and the shouting in his honor. Potentates receive him as an equal, if not as a superior, but—culpable negligence—a carpet has

not yet been laid on the ground or on planks, as for kings, queens, or prima donnas in Symphony hall—when their managers are reasonably attentive. This has been an unpardonable oversight, but as no carpet was laid for ex-King Hussein of the Hedjaz when he boarded his yacht at Jeddah, young Coogan perhaps should not complain.

Will the delirious welcome given



him lead our youngsters to strive for glory as stars of the film theatre? Some fear this, and remember that the success of Master Betty, "the Infant Roscius," brought about the appearance on the stage of the Infant Vestris, the Infant Billington, the Infant Hercules, Young Orpheus, Young Roscius, not to mention the "Infant Phenomenon" of the Crummeys troupe, who developed into an excellent actress and died in this commonwealth crowned with the laurel.

Young Coogan, so far, appears to be unspoiled by adulation and publicity. In a way he is an ambassador, bearing comfort to suffering children of the old and discouraged world. If he brightens materially the lives of these little sufferers, as he has amused the youngsters in this country, he deserves the honors paid him. Who knows what the future may bring forth? He may shine in the spoken drama. If he becomes only a tradition, as the years glide by, the tradition will be a glorious one.

### Signed or Unsigned?

The old question has been revived: Should any one writing to a newspaper and signing his name call himself "we." Some, fearing to be accused of egoism, seek modesty by using the words "the writer." There are some who would abolish the traditional "editorial we." They applaud the announcement of John Phoenix when he took editorial charge of the San Diego Herald ninety odd years ago: "I am a lone, lorn man; unmarried (the Lord be praised for his infinite mercy) and though blessed with a consuming appetite, 'which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble,' I do not think I have a tape worm, therefore I have no claim whatever to call myself 'we,' and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity."

When the Goncourt Brothers—par noble fratrium—wrote their novels and historical sketches in collaboration, no one of them, speaking of their work, said "I." If Jules Claretie is to be believed, one of them completed in turn the phrase begun by the other: "I am going to publish a new book," said Edmond; "which will be a picture of Rome as it is today," continued Jules. "I shall put into it all the energy I have," said Edmond. "But it will tax me greatly," said Jules. Truly, two brothers dwelling together in unity.

Is a newspaper's editorial opinion more powerful when it is the expression of the newspaper or of an individual who signs his name, as is the case in Parisian journalism? In the old days the editor was quoted in this country, not the newspaper. It was what Greeley, Raymond, Sam Bowles, Godkin, Watterson said; but those days are over. In those years few articles were signed, and reviews of books, pictures, dramas and concerts were for the general public anonymous. Thus the newspaper was supposed to be more judicious and forcible in expression of opinion. On the other hand, certain men were thought to have authority; to have a following. Editors believed that men at the head of departments would carry more weight if their authorship was known; that if their names were signed, they would feel a greater responsibility.

There is this to be said: The great anonym who in editorial columns is popularly thought to hurl the bolts of Jove—in years gone by the London Times was known as "the Thunderer"—may turn out to be only an anonymuncule, to use the word coined by Charles Reade in one of his delightfully bellicose moods. And with regard to the signed article, the man in the street may sniff and say: "Oh, that was written by Snooks. I discount everything he writes."

## ALMA GLUCK

Alma Gluck, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. To the remarkably sympathetic and discreet accompaniments of Samuel Chotzinoff, a pianist of real skill, Mme. Gluck sang:

With Veridure Glad.....Haydn  
My Mother Bids Me Bid My Hair.....Mozart  
Warning.....  
Oh! Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me.....Händel  
Der Kuss.....Beethoven  
O Thou Willow Harvest Field.....Rachmaninoff  
Song of the Shepherd Laid.....Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Two Folk Songs of Little Russia.....Schubert  
Die Post.....  
Cuzzonella.....Brahms  
Botschaft.....  
Bird of the Wilderness.....  
Faint Parting.....  
Fairy Tales.....  
The Curlew Little Thing.....  
Red Rose.....  
There were also cello solos, played by Yascha Bunchuk:

Sonata.....Eccles  
Scherzo.....Van Genn  
Chanson d'Automne.....Tchaikovsky  
Spanish Serenade.....Glazounoff  
Poème.....Piotch

Mr. Bunchuk proved himself a performer of taste and charm, with a singularly sweet and pure tone to his credit; with fine rhythm, too, and a graceful way of phrasing.

Of Mme. Gluck it cannot honestly be said that yesterday she was at her best. She did not show, in all respects, good judgment in making her reappearance, after a retirement of some length, in a program highly exacting; songs easier to sing, till she has found herself once more, would have suited her purpose better.

A singer, too, of Mme. Gluck's experience should recognize that she is wasting time and effort when she tries to give their proper effect to songs like Mozart's "Warning," "Die Post" and Brahms's "Botschaft" by singing them in German to an English-speaking audience, unless a translation is printed on the program. The Rachmaninoff song, by the same argument, and the pretty Zimbalist music, though less important, would doubtless prove more effective if people knew what the Russian words have to say.

The most notable excellence of Mme. Gluck's singing yesterday was her admirably clear enunciation; her German was a pleasure to hear. In Paladilhe's "Psyche," however, which she sang as an extra piece after her second group, Mme. Gluck, by her lovely tone, her smooth legato, fineness of phrasing and her grasp of the music's sentiment, showed herself the true artist she can be when all is well with her.

There were other extra songs, for the audience, of good size, showed itself cordially disposed.

R. R. G.

"The crime of an honest man, be it even accidental and insignificant, delights us much more than the disinterested and even heroic act of a scoundrel; it is convenient and pleasant to us to regard the former as an inevitable law; but the latter disturbs us as a miracle which compels us to change our habitual attitude towards man. In the former case we conceal our delight under hypocritical pity; but in the latter, hypocritically rejoicing, we are secretly afraid. What if the scoundrels, damn them, should suddenly become honest men? What's going to happen to us then?" Maxim Gorki in the Adelphi.

### EDITORIAL CANDOR

(The Rockland, Me., Courier-Gazette, Oct. 14)  
"Know the tremendous pulling power of Courier-Gazette ads."

### AN OLD FAD AND AN OLD SONG

As the World Wags:

"How the hopes of curative power in the ultra-violet ray brings back memories of the blue glass that tinted the country a generation or more ago."—Editorial in The Boston Herald.

This reminds me of a popular song of that time, of which I remember the first verse:

"There's been a great discovery,  
Most wonderful to relate,  
'Twill make a pair of whiskers grow  
Upon a red-hot plate."  
'Twill take the color from a strawberry nose,  
Cure a woman of too much tongue,  
Restore the bloom of youth to the cheeks  
And sure to make an old man young.

### CHORUS:

"Oh! Blue Glass, Blue Glass,  
A great discovery sure,  
If you're feeling mighty sick  
You can cure it mighty quick

By trying the Blue Glass Cure." Salem.

### AN OLD MAID'S DILEMMA

As the World Wags:

I almost wish I had said "Yes" to my first (and only) proposal when I was 20. Then I would now be one of two things, i. e.:

1. Happily married.
2. Unhappily married.

Now, I am one of two things, i. e.:

1. Happily unmarried.
2. Unhappily unmarried.

But which of the two am I? That is the question.

This morning when my brother was cross and complained because the coffee was cold, I was 1. Then on the car when I saw a dear little 2-year-old I was 2. Again, when I read the headline, "Reads Letter of Another Man's Wife to Her Husband (in court)" I was 1. And when my chief smiled and said "Good Morning, Miss —," I was 2. And so on through the day. Which am I?

W. ROX.

### ATTENTION, HENRY FORD!

(Adv. in the Boston Globe)  
WANTED—A MARRIED COUPLE

### THE WORST YET

As the World Wags:

Why speak of "The Chocolate Soldier," "H. M. S. Pinafore," and the other productions at the Boston Opera House for the last weeks as "those melodious and delightful comedies?" Why not rather, those De Wolf Hopperas?

SYLVIA LYNING.

Who coined the phrase "slush fund" to denote money raised for political corruption, otherwise known as "necessary campaign expenses"?

### THE IRON DUKE

As the World Wags:

Few of the material, new, sides of the iron industry (shown at the great exhibit of the Steel Products Congress here lately) were so interesting as are the personal sides of the Iron Duke shown by the newly edited "Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J. . . 1834-1851," to his contemporaries.

Wellington was the embodiment of all that was adamant, relentless and inflexible; and this, although his military superiority was not due to any mental one, since his entire military career did not show so much strategic genius as Napoleon (in the late flickers of his fading intellect) exhibited in the 1814 campaign, when he held at bay all the seasoned soldiers of allied Europe with nothing to aid him except young untrained levies. Now we find that the Iron Duke was sometimes softened by feminine favorites. The first evidence was the charming Diary of Lady Frances Shelley, whom Wellington perhaps appreciated most because she could ride on long jaunts his best horses without galling them.

Lately there has appeared an amplified edition of his 390 letters to an evangelical spinster, who continued (although he had offered her an extreme, unwarrantable insult) up to his death to send him long lectures for the good of his soul. Her incredible ignorance of the world and the quality of his replies are too rich to be diluted by extracts.

It is evident that he needed some christianizing influence; for instance, a letter of his, from Paris, April 3, 1816, was brought to light in (London) Notes and Queries, Aug. 2, 1924, page 81. He wrote to the admiral in command at St. Helena, mentioning the queer coincidence that he was then ensconced in the imperial palace at Paris, while his quarters at St. Helena on his way from India were temporarily occupied by Napoleon. "Tell 'Bony' that I find his apartments at the Elysee Bourbon very convenient, and I hope he likes mine at Mr. Balcons. It is a droll sequel enough to affairs of Europe that we should change places of residence."

Could anything be more execrable than such a message to a great but fallen foe, his superior in everything except the favors of fortune?

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

When the allies were in Paris after Waterloo, the duke was charmed by a famous singer who had once sworn that she would never forsake her dear Napoleon.—Ed.

## JOHN MCCORMACK

John McCormack, tenor, assisted by Edwin Schneider, accompanist, and Lauri Kennedy, cellist, gave his first recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. He sang an air by Bach, "See What His Love Will Do"; an aria, "Vanna, superba, va," from Handel's opera, "Giustino"; two Brahms songs, "Mahnacht" and "Komm bald"; Rachmaninov's "Before My Window"; Tchaikovsky's "Tell Me, Why Are the Roses So Pale"; three Irish folksongs, arranged by Hughes, "The Flower of Finae," "Open the Door" and "Kitty, My Love"; one arranged by Stanford, "Remember the Poor"; "I Remember," by Dunhill; "The Shepherdess," by MacMurrrough; Quilter's "Weep You No More," and "Hallelujah," by Ferdinand Hummel. Mr. Kennedy played music by Tartini, Senalle, Boccherini and, arranged by himself, Rachmaninov and Zolt.

The concert went the usual way of McCormack concerts—the hall filled to the last inch of space, enthusiasm mounting high, encores clamored for and graciously bestowed, Mr. McCormack, in splendid voice, singing with the technique which few can equal to-day and none can surpass, and with even more than his usual curious power of lending lustre to a pebble till for the moment it gleams like a jewel.

He did a thing or two, though, yesterday which call for special notice, in the hope that lesser singers will follow in his way. For singers have fallen in to the mistaken belief that the true end of Handel and Mozart singing consists in purity of tone and elegance of phrasing. They err; these excellences are only the beginning. It seems scarcely likely that Mozart, the most dramatically forceful composer of his time, would rest satisfied with a Donna Anna with no idea in her head beyond suavity and grace.

And so it stands with Handel, the composer of operas mighty dramatic for their day. For the delivery of his stirring airs Handel, it is safe to guess, asked more than neatness of execution. What he asked for, too, he was a man likely to get—and Cuzzonla, Faustina and his other interpreters, if what we read of them is true, were not the sort of performers to let slip opportunities for their "temperaments" to blaze.

"Nor is Mr. McCormack a singer capable of sacrificing music's meaning to finesse—not that he, with his superb technique at command, would ever need to choose between the two. The opening words of the air he sang yesterday may be translated roughly: 'Get out, proud woman, get out!' Mr. McCormack uttered them as though he meant she should go. The effect of the air, thus understandingly sung, proved rousing. It is much to be hoped that many 'Handel and Mozart singers' were in attendance, to learn what they should do.

R. R. G.

### "Leningrad"

Mr. Courtenay Guild and some others seem to be perturbed because the word "Leningrad" stands in the place of Petrograd, or St. Petersburg, in the program books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It occurred to them that Mr. Koussevitzky had suggested or ordered the "substitution." The suspicion was wholly unwarrantable, ridiculous in fact, for the eminent conductor bears no good will toward the soviet government of Russia; he has suffered at its hands.

Unfortunately "Leningrad" is now the name of the city founded by Peter the Great in the marshes of the Neva in 1703, the city long known as St. Petersburg, or, in some countries as Petersburg. After the revolution the name was changed to Petrograd. The soviet government has changed Petrograd to Leningrad, and as Leningrad it is now known, however one may deplore the fact. "Leningrad" is the word recognized in political and journalistic circles.

If in the years to come the name of Washington, D. C., should be changed by a wild-eyed government to Bryanville, the capital would then be known as Bryanville in all circles, foreign and domestic.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza, featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter, Dorothy. Third week.



**HOLLIS**—"Aren't We All?" sophisticated comedy by Fredrick Lonsdale, with Cyril Maude. Fifth and last week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Dixie to Broadway," colored revue, headed by Florence Mills. Second week.

**SELWYN**—"For All Of Us," play written by William Hodge, in which he stars. Fourth week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Outward Bound," play of the infinite by Sutton Vane. Third week.

**SHUBERT**—"Wildflower," musical comedy, with Edith Day. Second week.

**WILBUR**—"Sitting Pretty," musical comedy, with Emma Haig, Jack McGowan, Mercer Templeton and Frank McIntyre. Second week.

## LAUGH, CLOWN,

By PHILIP HALE

**TREMONT THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," a play in three acts, adapted by David Belasco and Tom Cushing from Fausto Martin's play "Ridi, Pagliaccio." Produced at Rochester, N. Y., in October, 1923.

Tito Beppi.....Lionel Barrymore  
Prof. Gambella.....Raymond Bloomer  
Freddie.....Albert S. Howson  
Signor Del Papa.....Nick Long  
Flok.....Thomas M. Reynolds  
Simonetta.....Lionel Barrymore  
Usher.....Sidney Toler  
Signora Capelli.....Irene Fenwick  
Signora Culvato.....Rose Morison  
Signora Capelli.....Vanita LaNier  
Signora Perle.....Agnes McCarthy  
Signorina Crispi.....Loretta Healy  
Christina Affeld.....Christina Affeld

There is a story of Grimaldi, the clown, going in London to a physician, begging him to cure him of his melancholy. At last the physician, not knowing who his patient was, advised him to see Grimaldi on the stage. It's an old story that is said to be true.

In Martin's play the curtain rises on the waiting room of Dr. Gambella's sanitarium. He is an authority on nervous disorders. Among his patients are two men, one Tito Beppi, a clown who has set all Rome a-laughing. The learned physician does not know that Tito is the famous clown, Flok. The other man is Luigi Lavalli, a nobleman rich, handsome, a loose liver, in short a fascinating person, pursued by women of high and low degree. His excesses have brought on fits of uncontrollable laughter. The two men discuss their cases. If the one could only laugh, for Tito sits constantly in doleful dumps. He talks at length with the doctor, tells his simple story. The doctor taxes him with an unfortunate love affair. At this Tito laughs. Gambella finally advises him to go with him to the Paradiso to see the excruciatingly funny Flok. "I am Flok," says Tito. There is Luigi the man that laughs. The two unfortunates strike up a friendship. Perhaps being together they may both be cured. But Simonetta, the singer, comes into the office. She, an orphan from childhood has been cared for by Tito. She is anxious about him, for she sees he is unhappy, and she loves him as a child loves a devoted father. Luigi sees her and is at once in love.

The second act is in Simonetta's dressing room. The clown is now happy; he laughs; he is about to ask Simonetta to be his wife. Luigi sends her flowers and a costly pearl necklace. He comes to the room and woos her. She is frightened. Her maid, Giacinta, is on Luigi's side. Flok, Flok's "feeder" on the stage, warns his co-mate of Luigi's designs. When Luigi comes in at the end the jealousy of Flok rages. His abuse is couched in scriptural terms dear to the Hebrew prophets. He would strangle him. But Luigi says that he would gladly wed her. Flok loves her too deeply to be selfish. Does she wish Luigi? Then, he will not stand between them, though his heart is breaking.

In the original, and in the play as it was acted in New York last November, Flok, alone, sets a stage of mirrors and candles in his lodging and clowns it until, no longer able to endure, he stabs himself while a thunder storm rages outside. This ending is hinted at in the first act by a narration of a dream that haunted Flok, and by his mental tottering at the end of the second act.

What in the world possessed the adapters to substitute a foolish third act? How could that accomplished actor, Mr. Barrymore, stand by, consenting?

In this substitution, a short act with a "happy ending" for the provinces, Simonetta comes to Flok's lodging in a pouring rain—we were not even allowed

thunder and lightning and, although she is to be married the next morning to Luigi, offers herself to Flok as his wife, saying she does not love her betrothed, but has loved Flok all the time. She leaves him. He knows she has lied to comfort him. So he dictates a letter, in which he says she would not be happy with him, he wishes her well, he is not a marrying man, etc., etc. He and Flok leave for Monte Carlo to see life.

O lame and impotent conclusion! A tragic ending turned into farce so that provokeds may go to bed happy. Add to this, that the third act is now clumsily constructed, wholly preposterous, almost ridiculous. And what an opportunity for powerful acting is taken away from Mr. Barrymore.

The first two acts are interesting; the first by reason of the long exposition with the scenes between the physician and patients and the revelation of Tito's character, his simplicity, his weakness, his attachment to the young girl who had shared with him the hardships of the stroller's life. The second holds the attention, for nearly all scenes in which life behind the stage curtain is depicted have a certain fascination. Then there is the struggle, physical and mental, of the two men, with Giacinta seeing only Luigi's wealth, and Flok, grossly suspicious of Luigi's purpose.

And in these two acts the performance was naturally, inevitably the best. Mr. Barrymore gave a strong portrayal of the clown, amusing and natural in the lighter moments, constantly revealing Flok's simple, affectionate nature, his unworshipfulness, not putting undue emphasis on his melancholy, hesitating to express his love, not daring to think himself a fitting mate; and then, blazing with indignation, raging at the thought of Luigi's baseness, he was passionately eloquent. In the third act there was little for him to do, and what he did he did perfunctorily. No wonder.

Miss Fenwick was now appropriately girlish, now a bit sophisticated, Miss Morison gave a capital impersonation of the experienced Giacinta, and Mr. Toler as Flok and Mr. Howson as the doctor were wholly adequate. It was not easy to believe that Mr. Bloomer's Luigi had been an irresistible rake, a devil of a fellow. One would have taken him for the pink of propriety.

The play bill announced "The Rieuzi Sisters, dancers." One appeared. Was she Miss Leonard or Miss Boyce? She was a comely person.

There were many curtain calls. Mr. Barrymore showed his respect for art by not making the expected speech.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—"What Every Woman Knows," comedy by James M. Barrie. The Copley Repertory Company. The cast:

David Wylie.....Alan Mowbray  
Alec Wylie.....C. Wordley Hulce  
James Wylie.....E. E. Clive  
Maggie Wylie.....May Edles  
John Shand.....Hugh C. Buckler  
First Elector.....Philip Tonge  
Second Elector.....Barry Jones  
Comtesse De La Briere.....Violet Paget  
Lady Sybil Lazenby.....Katherine Standing  
Grace Venable.....Elsbeth Dudgeon  
Mr. Venable.....Francis Compton  
Thomas.....Richard Whorf

To a person who had not seen the play, it began tamely enough, a picture of homely Scottish life not so vivid by half as "Bunt Pulls the Strings." The Barrie "whimsicality"—is not that the quality always stressed in comments on Sir James's more recent work?—came soon to the fore in the extraordinary plan three brothers devised to secure their sister, too long unsought, a husband. The scheme need not be set down, for most people over 30 must have seen the play in the hey-day of Maude Adams, and everybody has read about it. Whimsical it is, beyond a doubt.

If it is once granted, though, that three rational beings could set so odd a plan afoot, and that the intelligent Maggie ever would hear to it, the people of the play behaved in the circumstances that must needs arise, with all consistency. They were slow in making their personalities known; a full act and a half the author needs for his not too skilful exposition, a period only mildly entertaining even with the help of excellent talk. And the first half of the third act he uses for the same useful purpose.

But by the second scene of the third act Barrie, under way at last, has written drama of truth and force that holds the attention today as absorbingly as it might have 15 years ago—no slight feat in the theatre where fashions change faster even than in the street. Truth and human sympathy, though, when set forth with technical skill, hold their force for more than 15 years. Only, in a really masterly play, these great qualities are not held back till the end of the second act.

The actors last night rose and fell with the play. For the first act they played at a tiresomely sluggish pace, in contrast to which they strove, not too successfully, for bustle at the start of the second. Later in the evening they hit on a happier rate of speed. Admirably Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Hulce and Mr. Clive characterized the brothers.

Mr. Compton drew a neat sketch of elderly gentility. In her last scene Miss

Paget indulged in mirth genuinely contagious, and Miss Standing rose to the occasion excellently in her final scene. Miss Edles, overweighted in the lengthy passages where the author gave her nothing to do, showed later true emotional force and, her own account of herself to contrary, charm. Mr. Buckler, sometimes a little over-punctilious in his gait and bearing, nevertheless played ably a difficult part, for he had to make articulate the feelings of an inarticulate man—he did so remarkably well.

The large audience showed warm enthusiasm. R. R. G.

### McIntyre and Heath Appear in "Man from Montana"

After a tireless progression of buck and wing dancing, jazz parodists, jugglers of swift and gleaming hoops, and solo saxophones, the white letter turned to I, and McIntyre and Heath in "The Man from Montana" appeared at Keith's last night.

It is now some 50 years since they brought their "Georgia Minstrels" to Weber and Fields—they were only an after act then. Now, again returning to vaudeville, they are making their last rounds at Keith's. Almost the first of the black-faced comedians, they are still rotund and eager, as droll and swaggy as ever. Skilful mimics, artfully arrayed—McIntyre in his round straw hat and stiff starched duck coat and trousers; Heath, massive and plaided as the dissolute and violent "man from Montana," whom Henry nevertheless downs in betting.

As for the other acts, the best was Cecil Cunningham's apt mimicry in singing and dancing, a tireless and ingenious entertainer; and Felix Ferdinand, who, with his Havana orchestra, did amazing things with tuba and saxophone, staged a miniature bull fight to the Toreador song from "Carmen," with the tuba player capering about as the bull; impersonated the fat and singing Little Buttercup of "Pinafore," to a jazz accompaniment.

Clifford and Grey were adept in spinning hoops, and "Johnny" Sully parodied the unyielding prologist of many a play with a pseudo-Chinese costume topped by a hat on which perched a nodding stork. Other performers were Raymond Bond & Co. in a one-act play of the turning of "The Worm," Frank de Voe, singing to an accompaniment of varicolored lights, and Snell and Vernon. E. G.

**St. James Theatre**—The Boston stock company presents "So This Is London?"

The cast:  
Hiram Draper, Jr., called Junior  
Elinor Beauchamp.....Houston Richards  
Lady Amy Duckworth.....Lucille Adams  
Marie Louise Walker  
(By arrangement with E. E. Clive)

Hiram Draper, Sr.....Herbert Heyes  
Mrs. Hiram Draper.....Olive Blakeney  
A Flunky at the Ritz.....Ralph Morchouse  
Sir Percy Beauchamp.....Louis Leon Hall  
Alfred Honeycutt.....Ralph M. Kenley  
Lady Beauchamp.....Anna Layne  
Thomas.....John Collier  
Jennings.....Harvey Hays  
George M. Cohan's laughing spirit hung over the St. James playhouse last evening at the production of his international success, "So This Is London?" which puts both New York and London in a fine fit of laughter. It is a comedy of manners and humors, with delightful lampooning between England and America pervaded with the Cohan sincerity.

A hearty American business man, retailer of shoes, sails with his wife to England to gain control of a rival business, if he can. He is ready, nay even eager to be disgusted with everything English. His son becomes engaged on the boat—he had preceded his father by one boat—with Elinor Beauchamp, daughter of a British peer, Sir Percy, violently British. The Montague-Capulet situation is formed all over again with good-humored Montagues and Capulets.

Very good scenes in the play are those imaginative moments when each nationality parades in the garb in which the other believes it to be invested. The two young persons cling while national prejudice seeks to drag them apart. They continue to cling, and the national prejudice fades away into the happy ending.

Lucille Adams was returned to the St. James for a short time and plays Elinor Beauchamp to the delight of her Boston friends. She was the Boston Stock Company's first ingenue, and very popular. Opposite her plays that favorite, Houston Richards, as the young American father, the Edmund Breese role. Louis Leon Hall's Sir Percy vies with Louis D'Orsay's. The whole company answered finely to the call for humor and quite reached the key in which the play was written.

**MODERN AND BEACON**—"Barbara Frietchie," film version of stage play by Clyde Fitch, in which Julia Marlowe starred 25 years ago, opening at the Criterion Theatre, New York, Oct. 24, 1899.

Clyde Fitch's play, which he wrote for Miss Marlowe, makes Barbara Frietchie a young woman, so for once the movies are not to blame in an instance of this sort. The "Barbara" of Whittier's poem was a gray-haired woman, and Mr. Fitch for this reason was accused of distorting history. In defense he wrote that Whittier's poem was not historically accurate, declaring: "He made Barbara strong; I made her younger. When Jackson marched through Fredericktown, Barbara was 96 years old, bedridden. She did not see Jackson; he did not see her."

Now the film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week has a young and very beautiful Barbara who embodies all the charm and loveliness of the Southern belle of civil war time. The picture opens with elaborately heroic subtitles about what America means to the world, and then scenes of important periods of American history are briefly shown.

The story itself tells of the love of Barbara Frietchie, belle of Fredericktown, Md., for Capt. Trumbull of the Union army. They plight their troth on the very night that war is declared, only to separate when they discover they are on opposite sides. Capt. Trumbull returns to Fredericktown in the role of conqueror.

Barbara and he decide that love is more important than war, and plan on the next day to go to a nearby town and get married, in spite of a wrathful parent. But just as the minister is about to perform the ceremony Capt. Trumbull is called to arms again, and leaves his bride-to-be.

The handsome Union captain is injured and brought to the Frietchie home. Here is where the motion picture demand for a happy ending intervenes. Fitch's play has the hero die from his wounds, but not so the film version. The director allows the captain to appear as if dead. Even Barbara thinks that her lover is dead and dashes forth to hang the flag in the face of "Stonewall" Jackson.

Florence Vidor is an appealing and very beautiful Barbara. Edmund Lowe acts the captain to perfection. The supporting company was very good. Lambert Hillyer directed the production and some of the war scenes were most realistic. Those who like good melodramatic fare in their movies will enjoy this film.

The accompanying picture at these theatres for the week is a very much "movieized" version of "Deburan," retitled "The Lover of Camille," with Monte Blue and Marie Provost. A. F.

### Poe on the Stage

Miss Sophie Treadwell wishes to get back her play based on the life of Edgar Allan Poe from John Barrymore. She says she gave this play to him long ago. Mr. Barrymore's wife, Michael Strange, has written a play, "The Dark Crown," which is also about Poe. Miss Treadwell alleges that there are similarities in the two dramas.

This distressing incident in the theatrical world recalls Charles Rann Kennedy's complaint against Forbes-Robertson and J. K. Jerome, that Kennedy sent the manuscript of his "Servant in the House" to the eminent actor, who kept it a long time and finally said he could not use it; but Mr. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" came out afterwards with Forbes-Robertson as the beneficent lodger; and the plays were curiously similar in certain aspects.

It would be interesting to know how various dramatists have treated Poe—for there have been several plays about him. Have the two latest playwrights chosen his child-wife or the devoted Mrs. Whitman for the heroine? Has use been made of Poe's stories or poems? The fantastical E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose tales have often been likened to Poe's, has figured in Barbieri's play and Offenbach's opera. Some of Poe's stories have been turned into short dramas, as "Shockers," for the Grand Guignol in Paris, and it was reported that Debussy was at work on two operas suggested by Poe's stories, but no fragments, not even sketches, were found when Debussy died.

The stage spares neither the cradle nor the grave. No wonder Cleopatra preferred the asp to some



boy miming her in Rome  
light of its citizens. Lincoln,  
Israeli, George Sand, Paga-  
Hamilton have of late years  
put on the stage, in the case of  
George Sand with sad results. Why  
could Poe escape? Yet if his shade  
is interested in the affairs of this  
world might he not think of himself,  
more even than in the past, as an  
"Unhappy master,  
Whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster."

## FELIX FOX

By PHILIP HALE

Felix Fox played the piano in Jordan hall last night. His program was as follows: Debussy, Pour le Piano; Bach, French Suite, G major; Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Hills of Anacapri"; Liszt, "The Fountains of the Villa d'Este"; Grieg, Scherzo Op. 6; D. G. Mason, Birthday Waltzes; Brahms, Romance, Op. 118, F major, and Intermzzo, Op. 118, E flat minor; Balakirev, Islamey.

This program, while it introduced no unfamiliar compositions of striking novelty, and did not recognize the ultra-moderns of any country, with the possible exception of the lamented Griegs, was an interesting one. Fox did not err in associating closely the names of Bach and Debussy, for the Bach of the French Suites was influenced greatly by the pieces of the great Couperin, and Debussy revered the clavinists of the 18th century and those of the late years of the 17th. How charming are these Suites of Bach! Yet too many pianists speak of them in a condescending manner and prefer to play the thundering transcriptions of his organ pieces, although the piano can only feebly echo the gigantic preludes, figures and toccatas that tempt the transcriber.

Here it may be said that no transcription of "The Afternoon of a Faun," however ingenious it may be, whether it be by Borwick, Copeland, or another, can reproduce the exquisite sensuousness of Debussy's pagan composition. Orchestral coloring, tints and demi-tints mock the attempts of transcribers.

On the other hand, is it possible that Liszt's "Fountains of the Villa d'Este" suggested to Respighi his orchestral, "Fountains of Rome?" Liszt's piece is successfully impressionistic, perhaps one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of aqueous music for the piano written by an eminent musician.

Grieg's Scherzo bears a motto which was printed on the program: "From the Palace of Enchantment there issued into the night sounds of unearthly revelry. Troops of genii and other fantastic spirits danced grotesquely to a music now weird and mysterious, now wild and joyous." It was not an easy task for Grieg to live up to this suggestion, which reminds one of a verse in Poe's poem of the shattered mind, and Grieg was more imaginative in the main body of the Scherzo than in the middle section.

Mr. Fox has long been known for his technical proficiency, which for a time was the salient feature of his playing. In the latter years he has gained greatly in breadth, poetic phrasing, tonal coloring. These qualities were displayed last evening whenever the composer gave him the opportunity. When brilliance was demanded, and the demands were frequent, he rose to the occasion. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

The Herald sympathized editorially with Miss Mary Garden suffering from shingles, but The Herald did not venture to recommend certain old and approved remedies.

D. The. Muffet in his "Theatre of Insects" (1658) says that the blood of a "tike," known to us as tick, and known only too well on Cape Cod early in the summer when one gaily walks about, adoring nature; that the blood of this miserable, pesky little insect will cure the shingles. "Also, men say, that a tike pulled out of the left ear of a dog, if it be tied on, it will cure all pain."

We have more faith in an East Indian unguent described by the learned Carolus Cusius. "Take earthworms and feed them some time with leaves, fine flour, or flour and milk, and when they are grown fat, boil them in an earthen vessel (always scumming them); when they are strained boil them again to the

consistence of a yellow color; plaster, which, well prepared, will be almost of a yellow color; dissolve some part of this in distilled water of roses, wash the part affected with it twice a day." "A most excellent remedy," says Cusius, and proved by long experience." See, too, the remedies given by the elder Pliny in his "Natural History."

Did Dean Swift have the shingles? He suffered from a somewhat similar disease and poured out his woes to Stella. It was in March, 1723, that he felt a small pain in his left shoulder. This pain spread for six days. "Monstrous red spots" appeared and "a cruel itching" seized him beyond whatever he could imagine, and kept him awake. Mellot (a kind of clover) plasters were applied. The pain continued in May. "I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink." He itched terribly, he was weak; he sweated, and the flannel made him mad with itching.

"A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. The doctors say they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but herpes miliaris, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but all ways something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life."

The Duchess of Hamilton visited him and sat for two hours. It was she that gave Swift a pocket, which she made herself for his snuffbox. "She had abundance of wit and spirit; about 35 years old (this was in 1712); handsome and airy, and seldom spared anybody that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends."

### LADYBIRDS

As the World Wags:

"Ladybirds" and "Ladybugs" stand on one of the lines of cleavage, unfortunately widening, between the two chief sections of English-speakers. Each section now has many words, habitua and innocuous, which to the other are tabu; the importance of this difference was illustrated awhile ago when I advised an English clergyman, newly settled here, to have some intelligent, discreet matron in his congregation aid him by compiling a list of words which innocently used, might wreck his career. "Bug" is so much a word forbidding to English ears polite, that, in a trial in London a few years ago, it was skillfully, during several days' trial, avoided by every one in the court room; this was a case alleging breach of a lease of an apartment suite, and the only point was whether the breach was justified by presence of bugs; yet each of the many witnesses was sufficiently well-bred to put a new twist on the song:

"Our lips are all forbid to speak  
That once familiar word."  
Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

### WHEN PEAT SMOKE DRAPES THE HILLS

(For As the World Wags)

I never think of Holland's dikes  
But what I yearn to roam,  
With golden girls in wooden shoes,  
To my forefathers' home.

My Norse blood lures me to the sea  
Wherever tideways flow;  
The Angle in me beats a drum  
When English bugles blow.

When gallant flags are in the breeze  
I own the Stripes and Stars—  
And every land on God's green earth  
Whose ships have sunlit spars!

But when my mother's face is near,  
A mist gets in my eyes,  
And I must look for gossamer  
The like of Paradise.

Good luck to them who boast one blood  
And guard their dreams for dole,  
For if you're mixed, the Celt in you  
Will steal your heart and soul!

EDWARD YERXA.

### A POTION OR TWO

A woman in Jersey City administered a love potion to her husband when he was asleep, and he died. The neighbors said in court that the couple seemed a happy one. The woman testified that a druggist sold her a potion in a black bottle, which if it were held under the husband's nose while he was asleep, would insure his lasting love for her. The only effect was to make him sick, and the potion was a solution of chloroform.

And so in old days it was said that the great poet Lucretius was driven mad by a love potion, although some think the story was a fable invented by an enemy of the Epicureans. True or false, the story has inspired poetry and

prose. A poet may imagine that the potion was administered by the wife, who thought Lucretius was neglecting her, so absorbed was he in philosophic speculations.

But Marcel Schwob in his "Vies Imaginales" portrays her as an African slave, beautiful, barbaric, an evil woman, who enchanted the poet. Her arms were loaded with translucent emeralds. She had a strange way of raising a finger and wrinkling her forehead. The source of her smiles was as deep and gloomy as the streams of Africa. Alas, Lucretius paced his library, and the slave became silent and dejected. At last she brewed a philtre in a pot of metal. He drank. "And immediately he lost his reason, and the roll of papyrus, Greek words on the roll of papyrus. And for the first time, being mad, he knew love; and in the night, having been poisoned, he knew death."

Schwob's marvelous "Imaginary Lives" have recently been translated into English, and the lions of the press, having "discovered" him are roaring with joy; but "Vies Imaginales" was published in Paris as far back as 1896.

## M'CORMACK

SYMPHONY HALL—Concert by John McCormack. The program was as follows:

- Allemanda—Prelude ..... Corelli  
Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Schneider.  
(a) La bella mano from "Berenice".....Handel  
(Piano arrangement by Samuel Endicott.)  
(b) What Overflow of Goodness (from  
"Wer Dank Opfert").....Bach  
Mr. McCormack.  
First movement from D minor Concerto.....Lalo  
(Lento—allegro maestoso)  
Mr. Kennedy.  
(a) I tempi assai lantani.....Respighi  
(b) Contrasto ..... Respighi  
(c) I Heard a Piper Playing.....Bax  
(d) Christ Went up into the Hills.....Hageman  
Mr. McCormack.  
Irish Folk Songs—  
(a) The Death of Oislan.....Arr. by Stanford  
(b) The Leprechaun.....Arr. by Dr. Joyce  
(c) Ned of the Hills.....Arr. by Harbeck  
(d) I Saw from the Beach.....Arr. by Hughes  
Mr. McCormack.  
(a) "Après un Reve".....Faure  
(b) Vito—(Spanish Dance).....Popper  
Mr. Kennedy.  
(a) A Gaelic Rune.....Larchet  
(b) Glorinda ..... Morgan  
(c) May Day Carol (Essex Folk Song).....Taylor  
(d) Before the Dawn.....Chadwick  
Mr. McCormack.

Although it was his second concert within three days, there was again the overflowing concert hall and the ardent glancing that one has come to accept as a concomitant of Mr. McCormack's concerts. It was a full and intelligently chosen program, both for himself and for his fellow musicians, the Messrs. Kennedy and Schneider, with no whimsical trilling of tawdry pieces to swell the program, as is so often the case with the favored concert singer, and there were many recalls.

His is a beautiful and chaste voice, never exotic, a voice rather rugged and restrained; in his Gaelic songs it sings like a wet hill wind, cool and vibrant, richly humorous; again in his Handel, he is precise and triumphant. A singer of many moods—of sequestered spiritual fervors in his Bach—and of weirdly lovely plings in the songs of Arnold Bax. In a phrase he can summon all of the mythical imaginings that have given birth to the plays of Yeats and Synge—the folk stuff of the Gael. And always, whether he sings of Leprechaun or the airs of Respighi with their lovely lute-like accompaniments, he sings with a beautiful tone, articulately, intelligently. His is the strength in restraint that the Greeks worshipped.  
E. G.

A concerto by C. P. Emanuel Bach will be played at the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. This concerto has an interesting history. As a quintet it was performed by The Society of Ancient Instruments in Paris. The quintet of strings was composed of violin quintet, viola d'amore, viol da gamba and bass viol. Mr. Koussevitzky was at the concert and was so pleased by the music that he obtained the composition and purposed to orchestrate it, but he finally handed it to Maximilian Steinberg, the son-in-law of Rimsky-Korsakov. The manuscript is in the Charles Guillon collection at Bourg-en-Bresse, France. The Prelude to Moussorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina" is supposed to portray the coming of dawn. The scene is the Red Square in the Kremlin. The story is about the struggle between Old Russia and New Russia at the end of the 17th century. Rimsky-Korsakov revised and orchestrated this posthumous work. The Russian Symphony Society in New York performed the Prelude 19 years ago.

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee" is practically a Scherzo (with voice parts) in his fairy opera, "Tsar Saltan." The stage direction is: "Out of the sea a bumble-bee rises and encircles the swan."

We are told that Prokofiev wishes his name to be spelled, since he has been away from Russia, Prokofieff. Hi!

"Scythian" suite, as the pieces just mentioned, will be played here for the first time. It is said to be wild and barbaric. The movements are entitled the Adoration of Veles and Ala; the Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits; Night; the Glorious Departure of Lolly and the Procession of the Sun. The names of the Scythian gods that appear in Prokofiev's program are far from being those figuring in Herodotus. The Suite, produced at Leningrad in 1916, was played for the first time in this country at Chicago in 1918. The symphony this week will be Brahms's, No. 4, E minor.

Crystal Waters, soprano, will sing tonight; Tom Williams, baritone, will sing tomorrow night; Raymond Havens will play the piano without the applause of late arriving and early leaving dead-heads—for there will be no free tickets—on Saturday afternoon—all in Jordan hall.

Next Sunday afternoon the Philharmonic Society of New York will play in Symphony hall; Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Tchaikovsky's piano concerto, No. 2, G major (Yolanda Merlo); Strauss's Salome's Dance and "Till Eulenspiegel." Willem Van Hoogstraten will conduct.

The Durrell string quartet, with Lee Pattison, pianist, will give a concert at the Copley-Plaza next Sunday night.

Tony Sarg's Marionettes will be seen in Steinert hall in the evenings, tonight, Friday and Saturday and Saturday afternoon in "Treasure Island"; on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

### WE CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS

Notes and Lines:

The song mentioned by Mr. Lansing R. Robinson in your column, "The Market on Saturday Night," is one of the Harrigan and Hart songs, written by Dave Braham. It was incidental to the piece "The Dooleys' Infatuation." I think, although I cannot be quite sure. Other songs in the same piece were "The Down Feather Bed," the chorus of which was:

"The ocean was tumbled, the sea it was jumbled;  
Slick of the sea, and begorra half fed.  
The ocean kept roarin', but I kept a snorin',  
As I lay in me big bouncin' down feather bed."

Another was "The Salvation Army," and all that I recall of it (it's a wonder I can recall any as it is over 40 years since I heard it) is:

"Come all ye creatures, woe begone,  
Join the army and march along;  
Join, oh! join the mighty throng,  
In the Salvation Army, oh!

Chorus

Away, away with rum and gum,  
Beat the drum. Come, oh! come;  
The regular proper lum, tum, tum  
Is to join the Salvation Army oh!

It may be well to state here that at the time this song was written and sung the Salvation Army was new to this country, and it was represented by little bands of nondescript workers who were the butt of much ridicule. Another part of the "Market" song was:

"I'm a poor market woman,  
I do a fine trade, selling my goods at the stall,  
And a neat bit of money, myself I have made,  
Where I sit with me back to the wall.

Chorus

I have peanuts, bananas, and Chinese  
Havanas,  
It's really a beautiful sight,  
I have oleomargarine, little pig's cru-beens  
At the Washington market on Saturday night.

By the way, some time ago you mentioned a forthcoming volume of the Harrigan and Hart songs. Was it ever published?  
F. E. H.

No, we said nothing about a "forthcoming" volume of Harrigan and Hart's songs. Thirty-three of these songs were published in a volume ("Volume I") by William A. Pond & Co., New York, in 1883. "The Salvation Army" is among them, but the verse quoted by F. E. H. is not in this song as given, which begins "Oh, Cleveland and Folger they went out to fight." The chorus runs as follows:

"Away, away with rum and gum!  
Here we come, hear the drum!  
A regular proper lum tum-tum,  
As we join'd the army, oh!"  
—Ed.

The London Times said of John McCormack's singing in London early this month: "One often has to praise the intelligence of artists whose technique of singing is defective; Mr. McCormack has used his complete vocal control to serve interpretative ends." Speaking of the Irish songs the Times said: "In these things the diction is perfect. You hear every word across Queen's Hall, but are not made conscious of the art which produces the result."



## Notes and Lines

I would suggest that the short piece on the Symphony program of last Saturday night, of which no account was given in the book, should be performed again at an early concert, following an equal space of time in which the members of the orchestra should each play on his instrument as he pleased without regard to the others, excepting as instinct should dictate. I think the Symphony audiences would then be in a position to realize that the piece in question was really music, and also to what extent it was music.

SENEX.

The reference is to Florent Schmitt's "Reves." There was no description of it in the Program Book for the simple reason that "Reves" was substituted after the book was on the press, for Debussy's Danse orchestrate by Ravel.

The house in which Scriabin lived during his last years in Moscow has been turned into a museum, where manuscripts, pictures and various souvenirs are tended by his aunt. The Scriabin Society maintains the museum.

Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband." It remains a trivial and truthless comedy, written about puppets who are dull by a man who knew it.

## BAROZZI RECITAL

An unusually large company went last night to Jordan hall to hear and loudly applaud Socrate Barozzi, the violinist who, formerly a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, now is trying his fortunes as a virtuoso.

He has in his favor a disposition to arrange a program not entirely according to pattern. Last night, for instance, he began his concert with the Grieg G minor sonata, played with Mr. Carl Lamson, pianist. This romantic work he followed with a group of classics, a Largo Expressive by Pugnani, a Kreisler arrangement of a Tartini fugue, and the prelude to one of Bach's sonatas. For his closing group Mr. Barozzi found unhackneyed music: a "Legend" by Godowsky—when Mr. de Pachmann warmly praised his compositions probably he had those for piano in mind—"La Fileuse," by Faure; Granger's "Molly on the Shore," and the more familiar "Havanalse" by Sain-Saens.

Comments on Mr. Barozzi's actual technique must be left to persons blessed with technical knowledge of the violin. To a person not so blessed it seemed by no means remarkable for accurate execution. In regard to those more significant qualities, purity in intonation and tonal variety and beauty, Mr. Barozzi appeared again not notable.

Nor with truth can it be stated that the concert given brought to the fore any attributes of unusual musicianship. The spirit of the Grieg sonata, indeed, he quite missed, for this piece is chamber music, and a show piece for solo violins, and it is music of romance and poetry, and of humor, too, if one understands its rhythm. Mr. Barozzi seemed more at home in the remainder of his program. But, even so, he sought his effects too constantly in boisterousness and rush from which the rhythm, especially in the prelude by Bach, sorely suffered.

It is to be wished that Mr. Barozzi will come to learn the value of the gentle graces, above all the high worth of repose.

R. L. G.

## Sarg's Marionettes Full of Antics at Steinert Hall

STEINERT HALL—Tony Sarg's Marionettes present Stevenson's "Treasure Island," a puppet melodrama in eight scenes, from the play by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced under the personal direction of Tony Sarg; assistant director, Knowles Entenken.

Anatole France said he preferred the tricks of the puppet stage and their mad cavortings to those of any other; at least here there was no attempt at reality—everything was illusion. So it is with "Treasure Island," one more of Tony Sarg's memorable miniatures. His John Silver (although substituting a crutch for his clumping wooden leg) and his late Captain Flint, shrieking imprecations and "pieces of eight," are as real as his Sancho Panza of last season.

And not a whit of the wild and lusty buccaneering is lost in this puppet version. As the curtain draws aside there are Bill Bones and the stray visitors bawling "Fifty Men on a Dead Man's Chest." Not even the racy melodrama of the ten, twenty, thirty days could be more blood-curdling. And here there is no conserving of scene. Mr. Sarg, as usual, has been most lavish; and each, from the dock at Bristol, with a fully rigged ship in the offing, to the tropical isle of Mediterranean blue sky and palmettoed shores that is "Treasure Island," there is nothing lacking in the illusion. There

is one scene laid on board the Hispaniola, in which the pirate crew looks dastardly and sings and dances chanties: "As I Went to the Wintry Sea," "What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?" and the malodorous "Yo, Ho, Ho and a Bottle of Rum."

A curious thing—Ben Gunn seemed a marvelous replica of the religious maniac of "Hell Bent for Heaven." There was the same unctuous manner and curling voice. There was only one hitch in the performance last evening and that was a momentary one, a crossing of strings in the second scene. But their difficulties are so amusing that one overlooks them.

They are so grotesque, and the efforts of Jim Hawkins to get into the barrel, the encounters of Ben Gunn and his hasty goat, the intricacies of their dance, and the zest of it, are irresistible. A picturesque and ridiculous crew, giving life again to the adventures that Stevenson first spun for a friend's amusement. There was a large, enthusiastic audience last evening, fully appreciative of the puppet miming.

The performance will be repeated this evening and Saturday afternoon and evening. This afternoon "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" will be presented.

E. G.

## CRYSTAL WATERS'S

A soprano, Crystal Waters, sang last night to a large audience in Jordan hall.

Harry Gilbert played her accompaniments, and this was her program:

Rispetto Op. 12 No 1.....Wolf-Ferrari  
Rispetto Op. 11 No 1.....Wolf-Ferrari  
Nevicata.....Respighi  
Nebbia.....Schubert  
Frühlingsglaube.....Schubert  
Verborghelt.....Hugo Wolf  
Aufzuge.....Schumann  
In the Silent Woods.....Rimsky-Korsakov  
The Beetle.....Moussorgsky  
Les trois Sorcieres.....Chapientier  
Soir.....Faure  
Le Paon.....Ravel  
Three Greek Airs.....Ravel  
Chanson de la Marie  
La Bas vers l'Eglise  
Tout gai

You Are the Evening Cloud.....Horsman  
In Dorset.....Tovey  
Into a Ship Dreaming.....Bainbridge  
My Lover is a Fisherman.....Strickland

When singer arranges so delightful a program as that of Miss Waters, let the audience arise and call that singer blessed. For her tribute to Italy she found two songs, the pretty "Rispetto" of Wolf-Ferrari, which surely have been sung in Boston seldom if ever; the "Nevicata" of Respighi—as delicate in its suggestion of atmosphere as in its sentiment, and also a fine illustration of the composer's strange knack at forming an agreeable melody by the simple means of a scale moving slowly up an octave or so, then slowly down again; and the better known, but still impressive, "Nebbia."

Three German masterpieces followed, two of them familiar enough to make an audience feel at home, but by no means overworked. The Russian songs, wisely sung in English, were not among those sung to death, nor were the French songs. Those Ravel songs from the Greek, indeed—have they ever been sung in public here? It is hard to forgive Miss Waters for not adding to the list that loveliest, some think, of the set, the one the women sing as they gather the resin from the lentisk trees.

Miss Waters is blessed with the musical ability successfully to interpret this unusual, attractive and exacting program.

Once granting that her method of breathing is not sufficiently sound to enable her to maintain her naturally beautiful voice always at its best, she is much to be praised for her fine abilities. With unusual skill and insight Miss Waters colored her tones last night to suit the moods of her songs. Not only did she enunciate her word, in four languages, with remarkable distinctness, but manifestly she has given close, intelligent study to the fine points of diction. Elegantly she shaped her phrases, even those in Faure's lovely "Soir," no easy task. In this song especially, and in Schubert's, too, she showed her command of a smooth legato, as well as her sensitive feeling for fitting tempo.

Miss Waters has humor, too, to stand her in stead, and a power of characterization; how, otherwise, could she have sung so happily the Moussorgsky song, and Ravel's pompous peacock? Delightfully she sang the entrancing folk songs of Ravel. May she sing presently here again—and surely then the song of the lentisk gatherers!

R. R. G.

## RUSSIAN WORKS

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of the season yesterday afternoon. Mr. Koussevitzky con-

ducted. The program was as follows: Emanuel Bach, concerto for orchestra, D major (arranged by M. Steinberg); Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera "Khovantchina"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" from "Tsar Saltan"; Prokofieff, Scythian suite; Brahms, Symphony No. 4, E minor.

The music by the composers, except Brahms, was played for the first time in Boston. Bach's concerto was played for the first time in the United States, as was probably the case with Rimsky-Korsakov's Scherzo.

The ancient Scythians, wildly savage, had horrid manners and customs. Herodotus tells us at pleasing length how they sacrificed one in a hundred of their enemies to Mars; how in battle they scalped their foes and drank their blood; how they burned false prophets among their many soothsayers; how they strangled servants of their dead king and seated them upon horses stuffed with chaff to place about the monument. Truly a splendidly barbarous folk.

And in his Scythian Suite Prokofieff has written superbly barbaric music.

This music is something more than roaring, blaring dissonance; something more than eccentric experimentation in harmonic schemes and daring orchestration. The Suite is deftly planned; broadly conceived; carried out with rare dramatic intensity.

We are not told where Prokofieff found the story from which he drew the short argument of his Suite; the invocation to the sun-god Veles and the sacrifice to the Scythians' favorite idol Ala, the daughter of this god; where he read of the evil-god who dances deliciously with seven subterranean pagan monsters. The moon-maidens console Ala for the great harm done her in darkness by this evil-god. Then Lolli, to save her, fight the evil one. The sun-god smiles the wicked deity, and the Suite ends with a tonal portrayal of sunrise.

This Suite was produced at Leningrad in 1916. The composer was then 25 years old. The first performance in this country was at Chicago in 1918, when Prokofieff was in the United States.

No matter how wild this music is there is admirable method in the madness; there is a refreshing mastery in the development of the composer's purpose. He knew what he wanted; he gained his effects: they are not episodic, spasmodic, but skillfully continuous. He has an individually melodic vein; his harmonic schemes are his own, as is the orchestral voice. And throughout the Suite there is singular dramatic intensity.

The third movement "Night" is perhaps the most remarkable in the revelation of poetically dramatic feeling. This is not the night of Walt Whitman: "Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars!" Still nodding night! Mad, naked summer night."

There is "the blackness of darkness": a night in which Nature herself shudders and is afraid; a night when the Demon is master and strange, sinister deeds are wrought.

Compare this movement with the magnificent finale with its amazing climax, one of the most original pages in the whole literature of music.

Attention for this Suite was well prepared by Mr. Koussevitzky. There was the delightful concerto of Emanuel Bach, reverently arranged by Rimsky-Korsakov's son-in-law, with its beautiful Air for a second movement, an enchanting melody announced by the English horn. Then came the Prelude to "Khovantchina," noteworthy for exotic melody and "atmosphere." And just before the Suite was "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," which in Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy opera rises from the sea, to buzz around the Swan-maiden; a dazzling virtuoso piece, played brilliantly by the orchestra, with Mr. Laurent noteworthy in solo passages.

It was a great afternoon for Russia.

The fourth symphony of Brahms was performed with unusual elasticity. Too often the performance of this work reminds one of the criticism passed on the interpretation of Hamlet in "Great Expectations": Massive and concrete. But Mr. Koussevitzky brought out the poetry, as he respected the austere and solid, at times grim, almost forbidding basic structures. The lyric passages were sung; they were given time for breath; transitional passages for once did not seem matter-of-fact. In a word the performance was romantic, not metronomic. Ultra-conservatives may whisper that the symphony was Russified; which, being interpreted, means that it was engrossing.

The great audience was enthusiastic, and with good reason, for the program

was most interesting, and conductor and orchestra covered themselves with glory.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Roussel, Symphony, B flat (first time in America); Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhauser"; Slegfried's Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

J. C. C. writes to us apropos of our remark about "John Phoenix" editing the San Diego Herald.

"Did Homer nod or have you lived a rapid life? John Phoenix was in San Diego 69 to 71 years ago instead of '90'."

If J. C. C. will turn to page 95 of "Phoenixiana," published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1889 (18th edition), he will find a footnote beginning: "On the — of — 1833 the Editor of the San Diego Herald, a democratic organ, committed his paper to the hands of the writer of these sketches."

Is it possible that "1833" is a misprint for "1853"?

## CHIVALRIC BANDITS

(From "The Wanderings of the Harrisons," by Edith Ogden Harrison)

The bandits, for all their savagery, seldom if ever harm a white woman except to kill her.

We read on a postal card sent out by the First District Nurses Association, Chicago, that "Dr. Hedger is a forceful speaker."

Adv. in the Framingham Evening News: "FOR SALE, Flat top business man's desk —." Not a desk for men whose heads run up to a peak.

## WE SECOND THE NOMINATION

As the World Wags:

May I nominate for the Academy Edwin O. Bangs, director of the department of music in the University of Idaho? From the technic of some pianists I have heard, it seems to me they must have been students of Mr. Bangs at one time or another.

Wellesley Hills.

E. H.

L. R. R. suggests that Patrolman Fanjoy, who stopped the prancing of a "Wildflower" girl in "breezy costume" on the State House steps should change his name to Killjoy.

## SOUTHERN PURITANISM

(From the Charlotte, N. C., Observer)

WANTED—A STENOGRAPHER; NO COURTING CHARACTER; STATE AGE AND EXPERIENCE. ECONOMY HOME, KINGS CREEK, S. C.

This reminds us that J. O. Guess, M. D., of Greenville, S. C., is nominated for the Hall of Fame.

## "SLUSH" FUND

We asked, "who coined the phrase 'slush fund' to denote money raised for political corruption, otherwise known as 'necessary campaign expenses'?"

E. W. writes: This phrase came into general use in American politics during the 1920 campaign, when the Democratic candidate, James M. Cox of Ohio, appealed it repeatedly to the Republican campaign fund.

The origin of the term is said to be English, where the words were applied to money received by the British navy by selling outworn naval campaign equipment and damaged ships of war.

(Authority: "A Dictionary of American Politics," by Edward Conrad Smith, Ph.D., copyright 1924, A. L. Burt Company, publishers, New York.)

## NOTES ON ETIQUETTE

Reading Hesiod's "Georgics" in old George Chapman's translation, we came across these lines:

"Of thy five branches see thou never pare  
The dry from off the green at solemn feasts."

This is apparently a cryptic command, but Chapman supplied this footnote:

"He says a man must not pare his nails at the table, in which our reverend author is so respectful and moral in his setting down that he nameth not nails, but calls what is to be pared away 'aun, sicum or aridum' and the nail itself 'chloron, viridium,' because it is still growing; he calls likewise the hands pentoze, quae in quinos ramos dispergitur, because it puts out five fingers like branches."

On the same day we read that a German schoolmaster named Bohnenkamp had been fined 500 gold marks by a court at Bielefeld for having told his



applies that President Ebert did not know the correct use of the knife and fork. The story he told to ingenious youth was as follows: The President was eating in a railway dining car. A waiter called his attention to the dangers attending the incorrect use of the knife by remarking: "Look out, your excellency; we are coming to a curve."

President Ebert was merely showing himself a good German. How often at German table d'hotes have we seen learned professors and arrogant army officers combing their mustaches and head-hair at table, especially over the soup. But it was at Baireuth, in 1882, when "Parsifal" was on Wagner's stage, that we saw the most distressing sight. Therese Malten was dining in a restaurant not far from our table. She was then the idol of the Dresden public. We had applauded her in Dresden as Elisabeth, Isolde, and when she appeared in other roles; a woman of heroic build with a powerful voice. Naturally we looked at her in the restaurant with respectful interest. She was eating the beef that had nourished the preceding soup, beef served with a thick, greasy sauce. When this dish was put before her, she not only conveyed chunks of the meat to her mouth by the aid of a knife, she scraped up the sauce with the same weapon, and thus cleaned the knife with her chiseled and Wagnerian lips.

"Nov. 4 (1761), Dyer laid Williams 2s 6d that he drank 3 pints of Wine in 3 Hours, and that he wrote 5 verses out of the Bible right, but he lost. He did it in the B. C. R., he drank all the Wine, but could not write right for his Life. He was immensely drunk about 6 Minutes afterwards."—The Rev. James Woodforde's Diary.

#### LOUIS ALLARD

Figaro in the weekly edition of Oct. 11 contains a column of warm praise for "La Comedie de Moeurs en France au dix-neuvieme siecle" (vol. I, 1795-1815), by Louis Allard, professor at Harvard University. Figaro says that this is "the first book in the French language that has come from the press of the illustrious American university."

#### SOFT AND HARD

As the World Wags:

The present campaign reminds me of Petroleum V. Nasby's instructions to the Democrats who were trying to straddle the coinage question in the Greenback days in the '70s: "Hard money in the East, soften it a good deal in the West, but keep prominently before the public the corruption of the Republican party." "Soft money in the West. Harden it a little in the East, but keep prominently before the public the corruption of the Republican party."

Boston.

As the World Wags:

May I join once more in the pleasures of a merry company since our neighbor letter writers are scoring with Morrison I. Swift kicks?

JOHN QUILL

## TOM WILLIAMS

Tom Williams, baritone, with the help of Justin Williams, a capable accompanist, gave a song recital last night before a good-sized audience in Jordan hall. Mr. Williams sang: *Pieta mio caro bene*, *Buononcini*; *Chanson Bacchique*, *Gretry*; *Berceuse*, *Rhene-Baton*; *Le Temps des Lilas*, *Chausson*; *Fussreise*, *Wolf*; *Das Meer erstrahlt in Sonnenschein*, *Leland A. Cossart*; *Hohenluft*, *Leland A. Cossart*; *Morgen*, *Strauss*; *Ich liebe Dich*, *Strauss*; *Lament of Ian the Proud*, *Griffes*; *On Her Dancing*, *Spalding*; *Had I a Golden Pound to Spend*, *Paul Ardayne*; *When Childher Plays*, *H. Walford Davies*; *We Two Together*, *Kernochan*; *A Dream (in Russian)*, *Glazounow*; *Over the Steppe (in Russian)*, *Gretchaninow*; *Dafydd y Gareg*, *Wen*; *Old Welsh*; *O! na byddal'n haf o hyd*, *William Davies*.

So, at least, the program read. But if the fifth German song Mr. Williams sang is Strauss's "Ich Liebe Dich," Strauss must see love oddly. Mr. Williams's delivery of the text did not help solve the doubt, for his enunciation of German, as well as of Italian, French and English, was not distinct.

What if it were? How many persons in an average American audience are capable of grasping the meaning of French or German verse when sung, unless they knew it before? In the case of classic airs, where the simple

sentiment is obvious enough, not to understand does not matter much. But the charming text of Rhene-Baton's song is worth making clear to an entire audience; unless its point is understood the song, for all its grace, can never make its effect. When, too, a musician like Chausson fits music to verse with a mastery beyond compare, practically to do away with the text is to do him an injury.

Mr. Williams, by the same argument, did a new composer, Leland Cossart, no kindness in singing his songs. Though they sounded very well, it is not possible to judge them intelligently without knowing what they are about.

Despite a voice of large volume and naturally beautiful quality, Mr. Williams failed to make a deep impression, for too often he was disposed to sacrifice this quality to quantity. Sadly, the voice lacked resonance. Best, perhaps, it sounded in the opening phrases of the Italian air, phrases very smoothly sung, and in the two French songs, both managed with musical intelligence.

## DARTMOUTH JOINS HARVARD CONCERT

For the first time the combined glee and instrumental clubs of Harvard and Dartmouth gave a joint concert in public last night, the event taking place at Symphony hall before a large and appreciative audience. The organizations participating were the Harvard and Dartmouth glee clubs, the banjo and mandolin clubs of both colleges, the Harvard orchestra and the Dartmouth Barbary Coast jazz band.

All of the numbers, both instrumental and vocal, were well liked, but when Joe Murphy, Dartmouth '25, came out with the jazz band and worked both feet and face in weird manner, the house called him back for repeated encores. The program drifted from popular dance music to operatic excerpts, from football songs to ballads, and there was no monotony.

The Harvard Glee Club was in charge of James Dunning, '26, assistant manager, the conductor being G. W. Woodworth and the accompanist Frank W. Ramseyer. D. C. Gates, '26, is president of the instrumental clubs of Harvard, his manager being Harold Weber, '25. The mandolin club was led by F. F. O'Donnell, '25, while the banjo players were under G. B. Moynahan, '26.

The Dartmouth organizations are coached by Prof. L. B. McWhood, head of the music department. The glee club was managed by C. M. Wilson, '25, assisted by John St. Claire, '26, the accompanist being Robert Riotte, '26. Paul Hexter, '25, lead the popular jazz band, the banjo club being in charge of Ralph Gaskill, '25, and the mandolin players in charge of George Zahn, '25.

## PIED PIPER PLAYED BY MARIONETTES

The second of Tony Sarg's delightful marionette performances was given at Steiwer hall yesterday afternoon. This time it was "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with all the squeaking rats. When the miniature curtain is drawn back, the mayor of Hamelin, stretching himself up to his full height of perhaps 20 inches, declared that something must be done to stop the rats from eating the cakes and cookies and biting the babies.

Soon the piper himself comes, in his yellow and red suit with bells for trimming, and the children in the audience gave little squeaks of glee as he proceeded to tell of the charm his magic pipe had. As the scene shifts there are waits and whispers backstage that make the whole performance seem delightfully reminiscent of childhood plays. The detail work of these marionettes is, of course, well known. They give more of a sense of reality than toyland, but they are fairy-like enough to take one to a world of fancy.

Before the actual play, there are several little acts, one of which was an artistic imitation of Paderewski. There will be three performances today. The "Pied Piper" will be presented at a special performance for the children at 10:30 this morning, and "Treasure Island" at the regular matinee and evening performances.

Mr. Joseph Collins contributed to the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post (Oct. 18) an article about Anatole France.

"When his last book was published in 1913, 'Le Petit Pierre,' there was no sign of old age; it completed his autobiography."

His last book was "La Vie en Fleur," published in 1922, and this volume brought France up to the time he was in doubt about a vocation.

"Anatole France spent his life among books, read prodigiously, traveled not at all," says Mr. Collins. France once went to Buenos Aires and delivered lectures there.

Many, no doubt, seeing the mm-play, "Barbara Frietchie," last week wondered why Barbara was represented as a young woman and in love, for they had Whittier's poem in mind. The reason for representing her as young was given in the review of the play published in The Herald last Tuesday, but necessarily in a few words.

In "Clyde Fitch and His Letters," by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson, recently published by Little, Brown & Co., an interesting volume which will receive more attention in The Herald later, the reasons for Barbara's transformation are given at length.

Clyde Fitch's father served as a Union officer in the civil war, and while serving wooed and won his wife. Clyde wrote a story about it in his college magazine, while he was at Amherst, and used it in his play, "Barbara Frietchie." In the winter of '94 he was settled in an apartment in the Carnegie Studio building, New York, and there during four years "Nathan Hale," "The Moth and the Flame" and "Barbara Frietchie" were written, "The Climbers" was begun.

To quote from the volume just mentioned: "Exactly when the story underlying the play of 'Barbara Frietchie' first began to glimmer in the mind of Clyde Fitch cannot be stated. He grew up in its atmosphere, so to speak; he was born into its romance. Sitting in his study one evening he picked up an old daguerreotype—a picture of his mother at seventeen, sitting in voluminous cloak, with her hands in a small muff, her young face framed in a bonnet with flowers. To him she was the epitome of beautiful girlhood. But what was most compelling at this instant was that in looks the portrait was so much like Julia Marlowe."

Frohmman at that time wanted a play for Miss Marlowe, and he wished Clyde Fitch to write it. "It was an inspiration, using the 'Barbara Frietchie' flag episode, even though the dramatist opened the way for history students to pour anathema on his head; but, as he turned over the material in his mind, jotting down notes and suggestions, the effective climax of the historical incident was just what he needed for his last act—his Barbara to be young, of course. History had distorted the occurrence for the sake of the picturesque. Might not he also?"

He paid the penalty in more ways than one. Thus when the play was performed at Frederick, Md.—Barbara's own town—"they" said they would "never forgive Clyde Fitch for distorting their history."

J. H. Gilmour was chosen for the part of Captain Trumbull. At a rehearsal he and Miss Marlowe had gone through the scene on the front step of Barbara's house. The Captain asks her to look at a star, but she is wise in her generation. He asks her to kiss him; she says "No." But when he asks her to wed him, she whispers "Yes," and then she asks him to step down and look at the star. He does so and she kisses him. Miss Marlowe turned to Fitch for criticism. "Julia," he said, "do you see that star?" She looked up expectant of some new "business." "Where?" she asked. Fitch kissed her and said: "You have made her more than my Barbara."

Fitch was fussy at rehearsals. Everyone thought at this one that the production was almost ready. The absence of an electric fan to be used behind the curtains of an open window made him nervous. He left the stage and sat in the orchestra beside a newspaper critic who asked, "Why do you bother so much about such a trifle?" "Because," Fitch replied, "I think it is very important. I believe in watching every bit of scenery, every action, every incidental blessed thing connected with the production. It is the 'little things' that quickest show the lack of study and preparation."

The play was brought out at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Oct. 10, 1899. Memories of the Civil War were revived, the audience was thrilled by the playing of "Dixie." In Philadelphia and in New York there was heated discussion of the question whether a dramatist had a right to distort history. Fitch wrote a long letter in his defense to the Philadelphia Bulletin in which he said:

"I really have taken no license or liberty with Whittier's poem, unless it be my using in my own way the fictitious episode which he secured from Mrs. Southworth, and he first used in his own way. . . . The legends and facts of a country are the happy hunting-ground of its authors. . . . Whittier's poem is practically as false to the truth as my play. He made Barbara strong, I made her younger. I wonder if she would have so much objection to that as some of my critics? . . ."

"The true facts of Barbara Fritchie are as follows: At the time when Stonewall Jackson marched through Frederick, Barbara was 96 years old, and besides being bedridden she hadn't the strength to have waved a flag if she had wished. She did not see General Jackson, nor did Jackson see her. I have all this from one of General Jackson's staff bearers, at present living at Hagerstown, who was with Jackson every minute of the time he was in Frederick, and marched out with him. Now these facts are free to the dramatist as well as the poet, are they not? I think sir, the history of any country's literature will uphold me."

In a letter to Marguerite Merington, dated New York, Oct. 17, 1899, Fitch wrote: "What a lovely first night!" He said the audience loved the play. "They called us out at least 20 times! Five at the end, and both Miss Marlowe and I had to make speeches, and even then they wouldn't go home, but started singing 'Dixie' till the lights had to be put out. The papers were nasty, the worst I've had for ever so long, but hopelessly ignorant and futile. I didn't get one single thing from them."

In his volume of reminiscences entitled "The Wallet of Time," published in 1913, William Winter had his little say: he found the play simple except for "a forced and artificial close"; the southern character, as he denoted in the two fathers, was "somewhat coarsened for the sake of patriotic point." The ethics were mixed.



"A Union officer, in Act First, is made to lie, in order to connive at the escape of a fugitive Confederate. . . . A southern girl is made to promise marriage to a northern officer, while yet the war is raging round her home. These devices are irrational, and so is the abrupt introduction of the flag episode immediately after the death bed—so harshly irrational as to seem preposterous."

As for the fourth act, in which Barbara, finding her lover dead, goes to the balcony to wave the flag in the faces of her "triumphant countrymen then in arms against it and falls dead, shot by a jealous, half-crazed tutor, those incidents do not bear the test of common sense, but they are ingeniously arranged, and they are so displayed as to cause cumulative theatrical effect."

Praising Miss Marlowe's acting, Winter remarked that the deepest sorrow is silent: "it does not talk, and certainly it does not wave flags and deliver speeches from balconies."

Now what would Clyde Fitch and William Winter have said to a version of "Barbara Fritchie" that provides a happy ending, lovers united, but not in death? O let us be joyful!

Fitch has not suffered more than others. What would George Meredith have said to the happy ending provided for the film version of his "Victory?"

Nor are these violent changes peculiar to the directors of film plays. There is good, kind, Mr. Belasco shocked at the idea of Lionel Barrymore going mad and sticking himself with a knife in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." What did the Italian dramatist think of the change, or has he been kept ignorant? And why if New York audiences were allowed to see Mr. Barrymore go mad and do his clowning for himself after Simonetta left him, why should Bostonians be debarred from the pleasure? The thought that the clown might have had good luck at Monte Carlo, where he was going when the curtain fell, did not console us.

We recall "The Lily," how that was spoiled by a change at the end of the last act. Bernstein's "Samson" was laughably changed to dismiss the audience in good humor, as if the idea of Mr. Gillette trying to impersonate a man of notoriously herculean strength was not sufficiently funny.

But there are precedents for these alterations. King Lear and Othello once were spared their fate; Romeo and Juliet have married and were happy; the Othello of Rossini's opera was once played with a happy ending; Othello remarked in effect: "Good Lord, what a ridiculous mistake," and embraced fondly his Desdemona. We live in the age of seeing Hamlet, after he has disposed of Polonius, Laertes and the king, dancing a deliciously joyful dance and giving orders for the resurrection of Ophelia.

P. H.

## Suffocating Perfumes

### How a Subscriber to Symphony Concerts Could Not Enjoy the Music

The Herald has received the following letter:

"For many years I was a regular subscriber to the Boston Symphony concerts, in fact, had season tickets for over 25 years, and as almost all the money I made over current expenses goes towards music in different forms I think I may say I am quite fond of it. Often I even stand in the sitting line on Friday afternoons, which shows, I think, the love I bear for the youngest art. As you see, I have sat all over Symphony Hall.

"In the upper gallery on Friday afternoon the audience is always attentive. Rarely does any one do anything to interrupt the enjoyment of the music. In the back part of the first gallery when the lights are not dimmed the audience often rattles the programs which they are able to read. Also they bring on Saturday nights bundles in paper bags, which are secreted under the seats, and usually during the most beautiful passages feet and skirts come in contact with said packages, which, with the ringing of rattling paper leaves, make noises not agreeable to one who has an acute hearing.

"Often there I have also encountered an undue use of perfume, but a week ago Friday afternoon, when I sat on the floor in the seat of a regular subscriber, I had the most disagreeable experience I've ever encountered. I was surrounded by very well-dressed women, but some one near me was simply reeking with some excessively pungent perfume. Any odor is disagreeable to me, but that particular one was about the strongest I have ever smelt. I did hear the first two numbers, but by the time De Falla's ballet music was played, the hateful odor began to get in its deadliest work. Soon the stage and musicians began to blur to my vision, and only by a mighty effort of will did I succeed in not collapsing entirely. When I reached the corridor, a cold perspiration covered the backs of my hands and my forehead. And so I was cheated out of hearing the Fifth Symphony, led by our wonderful new conductor, just because some woman saw fit to deluge herself with a vilely reeking perfume. The tendency has been growing on our public for some time, and I think it is about time to call a halt to such a nuisance."

What would this poor woman have done if she had seen the performance of "The Song of Solomon" in Paris in 1891? There was an appeal to the nose as well as the eye and ear. For the first "device," the music was in D major, the color bright orange, and the hall was perfumed with violet. Each scene had its particular perfume. And when "Trip to Japan in 16 Minutes" was performed at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York, Oct. 28, 1902, a newly invented apparatus spread perfumes in the hall. This was "the first experimental perfume concert in America."

Our correspondent should have called an usher, pointed out the offender and said: "Sir, remove that smell." Then she could have enjoyed De Falla's charming music and sat, untroubled, through the symphony.

Last Sunday, speaking of Anatole France's relations with the theatre neglected to mention the fact that his remarkable novel of the French revolution, "Les Dieux ont soif" was turned into a play in five acts by Pierre Chaine and produced at the Odeon, Paris, in May, 1923. It was said that the novel, being a psychological study, could not lend itself

to the stage, where it lost a great part of its significance. The scenic part of the production was praised. The incidental music was taken chiefly from Massenet's opera, "Therese."

Mme. Yolanda Mero will play Tchaikovsky's second piano concerto in Symphony hall this afternoon at the first of the Steinert concerts. This concerto is not nearly so familiar as Tchaikovsky's first, which was played in Boston by Buelow for the very first time. The second was played by Serge Tanciev at Moscow in 1882. Apparently the first performance was by Madeline Schiller at a Philharmonic concert in New York in 1881. She played it in Boston at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association on Feb. 9, 1882.

When Mr. Siloti played the concerto here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1898 he used a second edition "revised and shortened according to the composer's directions by A. Siloti" and made cuts even then. When George Proctor played the concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1912 he used Siloti's version, but made cuts in the long cadenza of the first movement.

Mme. Mero has played here several times. She came to this country as a pianist in 1909. She was born at Budapest.

The Durrell String Quartet with Lee Pattison, pianist, will play at the Copley-Plaza tonight (8:30 P. M.). The program will include Smetana's "Aus Meinen Lebni" with its fascinating polka (second movement) and Chausson's piano quartet, which was performed for the first time in Boston by the Kneisels, with Mr. Spanuth in 1903.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a concert in Symphony hall tomorrow night. The cause for which they sing and the singers themselves should draw a large audience. Their program is given elsewhere in this issue.

Jean Beditti, the excellent first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Arthur Fiedler, pianist, will play in Jordan hall on Tuesday night. His program comprises Valentini's Sonata No. 10 (by request); Bach's Suite, C major for 'cello alone; Tchaikovsky Rhapsody Georgienne (first time), and smaller pieces by Bach, Granados, Nadia Boulanger and Cassado.

Arthur Hartmann, violinist, will play in Jordan hall on Wednesday night: Bach's Concerto, E major and Chaconne; pieces by Corelli; Paganini's Variations on the G string, and his own transcriptions of pieces by Gretchaninov, Poldini, and Tchaikovsky.

Mr. Hartmann was born in Hungary. He lived for a time in Boston, and studied with Charles Martin Loeffler. He played here publicly in 1895. Living in Europe as a virtuoso and composer, he became well acquainted with Debussy and played with him in public. He has composed songs, choral works, transcriptions, etc., and has written for music periodicals.

On Thursday afternoon Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, will play in Jordan hall pieces by Paderewski, Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Granados, Albeniz, Chopin, Chadwick. Born in Porto Rico in 1903, he came to Boston in 1917 on a scholarship granted by the Porto Rican government. He entered the New England Conservatory of Music from which he was graduated with honors in 1920 and as winner of the piano prize. He has played here with various organizations assisting pianist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he recently made a tour with Jacques Thibaud. Last March he played Paderewski's concerto with the People's Symphony Orchestra.

Jean Nolan, an Irish mezzo-soprano, who made a favorable impression by her singing last season, will give a recital Thursday evening in Jordan hall.

Carmela Ippolito, violinist, assisted by Mr. Sanroma, will play in Jordan Hall next Friday night: Pizzetti's Sonata; Tchaikovsky's Concerto, and pieces by Sinding and Paganini-Loeffler. She showed indisputable talent at a very early age, has studied diligently, and grown mature in her art.

A recital by Frederick Lamond, pianist, known especially by his devotion to Beethoven's music, is announced for Saturday afternoon.

Concerts for the first week in November, as announced, are as follows: Sunday afternoon, Chaliapin in Symphony Hall, and the People's Symphony Orchestra in the St. James Theatre.

Wednesday evening Abbie Conley Rice, contralto, in Jordan Hall; Charles Naegle, pianist, in the afternoon.

Thursday afternoon, Ruth Breton, violinist; evening, Betty Gray, contralto.

Friday evening in Jordan Hall, Katharine Metcalf, mezzo-soprano. Songs by Gluck, Carpenter, Marx, G. Faure, Rhene-Baton, Widor, Saint-Saens, Engel, Rasbach, Cecil Burleigh.

Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall, Ethel Hutchinson, pianist.

The Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison conductor, will give three concerts this season in Symphony Hall. Dec. 11, with Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist; Feb. 19, Dusolina Giannini, soprano; April 16, Brahms's "German Requiem."

Ellenor Cook, pianist and "interpretative" singer, will appear at the Stuart Club, 102 Fenway, next Friday evening for the benefit of Stuart Club Foreign Fellowship fund. Folk songs, dances and piano solos.

A piano recital on T wharf will be given by Morris Zam next Monday evening at half-past eight. He will play, for the first time in Boston, "Variations on 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' in the Styles of Ten Composers," by Edward Ballantine.

P. H.

#### ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

As the World Wags:

I read in a Boston newspaper an advertisement beginning:

"REGISTERED SADDLE MARE—Bay mare, 5 years old, 1000 pounds, thoroughbred, sound and kind; took blue ribbon last season; few like her."

"Honesty in advertising" is certainly a good policy. When I was a youngster with a strong liking for a good horse, I learned to my cost that the

average individual with a horse to sell was about as conscienceless an individual as one could imagine.

Today, however, the reverse seems to be the case as witness the enclosed advertisement taken from a recent issue of the Boston Transcript. Mr. — is to be congratulated on his frankness in stating that few like his bay mare which he is desirous of selling. A prospective purchaser can at least approach this proposition with open eyes.

Boston.

E. B. T.



## BEAR AND DEVIL WAGON

As the World Wags:

I have been reading an item in the newspaper which may have escaped your notice. I had been reading items of serious import and this one, come upon innocently enough, spilled my equilibrium; I would share it with you. Some automobile tourists were motoring along a road in Alaska, and as they turned a corner in the road they came upon a bear travelling en suite in the same direction. The autoist stepped on the gas in order to catch up with the bear; whereupon the bear, abruptly abandoned by en suite, became considerably agitated—and he, too, stepped on the gas, heading up the road in a determination to reach somewhere else first, the automobile bringing up the rear in a kind of good humor that was entirely lost on the bear. They stirred up considerable Alaskan dust, unmindful of the decency of laws which relate to speed limits. The pace continued until a sharp turn in the road was reached, but the bear, at such speed, couldn't make the curve, and he went into the brush, head over heels. "Cata-pulted," the dispatch said, refusing to acknowledge that a bear has heels. My contemplation of the bear's state of mind was what brought my equilibrium into a spill. Presumably, at whatever acceleration of speed, the bear could feel this commotion and honk-honk coming on behind, this strange animal of nuts and gas and flapping leather, and it is little wonder that the curve in the road proved to be simply impossible, his anti-skid resources of no avail. We were vouchsafed no further information, but at least we know one bear that will not hibernate this winter; he will be unable to calm down in time!

Fitchburg.

H. C. P.

## "TOBACCO IS AN INJUN WEED"

As the World Wags:

The scientist who says that man is destined to live 1000 years may be the prophet, it is hoped, of good cheer, although there may be some doubts concerning the desirability of this prolongation. However, there was an old woman down Duxbury way, sometime after the overflow of the immediate descendants of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers into the region mentioned, who had a brother of 92 years. He always had a "chaw" in his mouth.

He was a son of St. Crispin. Every day he used to walk three or four miles to see his sole remaining relative. She was always glad to see him of course, but she was disgusted with his use of what she called "filthy" tobacco. So on the occasion of his dutiful calls she exclaimed vigorously: "Simon, you won't live half your days if you don't stop chewing that vile stuff." His only reply was to cut another big piece from a two-inch plug and put it into his capacious mouth.

A fellow-octogenarian, who told me this fact, said to me the other day that when he was in Duxbury on a recent Sunday he found the church where he used to worship crowded and dozens of automobiles outside in the long row of sheds where in his youth there used to stand two or three one-horse chaises and sometimes, but not often, a carry-all, and these belonged to retired sea captains. The people of more moderate means walked to hear the gospel expounded and the boys who snaked out of church used the sheds to play hide-and-seek.

Other times, other manners. Duxbury is now a seaside resort for families of modest pretensions. BAIZE.

## CHEER UP

As the World Wags:

"Ain't it de tru?" that the little things count big, in life—that the small irritations, oft repeated, become in time almost unbearable? I am about ready to throw The Herald overboard, to sink or swim as it may without further financial support from me, and all because of the word "hop." While other newspapers were poking fun at the caption writers who persisted in continuing to employ that expression for the start off of an airplane, and some had even wholly banned it, alike as trite and inaccurate, The Herald dished it up, day after day, in its stories of the "round the world" fliers. And now, now we're getting it daily again in the headlines to stories of the Shenandoah's western flight. Do you keep it set up in type in The Herald press room? Perhaps an airplane does "hop," although I never saw one do it—at least not in taking off. But a drilgle! Perhaps the thought. She does not even start from the ground. A toad, a grasshopper or a bird on the ground hops; not an elephant. Can't we have a little change for a change?

Boston. ELIOT H. ROBINSON.

## THE BARD OF AVON

Again the Avon Herald (Avon, N. Y.) sits high among the tuncful choir:

"Oh, what is there at Hemlock that the people wish to see? All folks are drawn to Hemlock as the honey draws the bee. Is the sun so bright at Hemlock? Why do the people go? Do they go to drown their sorrow, to drive away their woe?"

"Oh, why the crowds at Hemlock? I pray you answer me. Is it because at Hemlock there's so very much to see?"

"Why run the trains to Hemlock? Why do the buses go? Why all the automobiles in row on row on row? Is there more to see at Hemlock? Are exhibits there so grand? Aro the shows and races better? Do they have a better band?"

"I look in vain for reasons, as the crowd around me packs. It's far beyond the limits of the brain of

"BATTLEAX."

## ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

As the World Wags:

This sign is to be seen on the main street of Amesbury:

FOR SALE  
PURSION KITTENS

F. R. B.

HAVENS GIVES  
PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Raymond Havens played the piano yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. His program read as follows: W. F. Bach, Largo (transcribed by Havens); Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; G. Faure, Nocturne, E flat minor; De Falla, Andaluza: Bloch, "In the Night"; Ireland, Ragmuffin; Chopin, Scherzo, C sharp Ragmuffin Chopin, Scherzo, C sharp minor, Etude op. 25, No. 1, Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2; Ballade, A flat.

It was announced before the concert that Mr. Havens would issue no passes. In this he followed the example of Lionel Tertis, the accomplished viola player, who doing this in London last season was praised by some and blamed by others. The wisdom of thus shutting the door against "dead heads" might serve as a theme for academic discussion. It is now pertinent to say that there was yesterday an audience of fair size, unusually attentive and appreciative of the better features of the performance.

There were three pieces in the second group which were of an unfamiliar character as far as the majority of the hearers were concerned. De Falla's "Andaluza" is one of the four Spanish pieces which, played for the first time by Ricardo Vines in Paris 16 years ago, attracted attention to the composer who had been quietly living and working in that city. M. Jean-Aubry is of the opinion that these pieces express sentiment rather than the picturesque, and, while there is a certain racial affinity between De Falla and Albeniz of the "Iberia," the former has more delicate feeling and a finer style, due perhaps to his life in Paris and the influence of Debussy.

John Ireland wrote three "London Pieces"—"Ragamuffin," "Chelsea Reach" and "Soho" (1917). "Ragamuffin" is supposed to portray a street gamin, a Gavroche, but the London gamin finds expression in gesticulation while the Parisian relies on his merciless wit and chaff. "Gesticulation?" It would be hard to express in music what is known as "taking a grinder" or thumbing one's nose and spreading derisive fingers. Neither one of the two pieces made a marked impression, as they were played yesterday. Bloch's piece had more substance and character as suggesting nocturnal mysteries.

Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue was performed with undue restlessness at times, and restlessness is the last thing to be associated with this noble composition. It seemed as if Mr. Havens wished to give it a dramatic intensity that is foreign to its nature. Nor was the continuity of musical thought well maintained, for the performance was more or less episodic. It is not given to every pianist, however skillful he may be, however honorable in his intentions, to play this composition.

It appears that, speaking of Miss Mary Garden's sore affliction, we touched the shingled on the raw. Is it possible that Mr. Herkimer Johnson also has been stretched on a bed of pain by this fell disease? He is in some respects a singularly reticent person. We know little or nothing about his parentage, his early schooling, his periods of calf-love and desperate amours. We doubt if he is susceptible to honeyed words and enticing glances.

He seems to us ascetic; occasionally acetic. Our correspondent, whose letter we print below, seems to have a more intimate acquaintance with the famous gociologist, the sage of Blossom Court and Clamport. Yet we do not remember that Mr. Johnson ever mentioned the name of Mr. Hicks.

## SHINGLED JOHNSON

As the World Wags:

I suppose you think that you know the soul of Mr. Herkimer Johnson. What have you to say, then, to the charge that you know the dead and gone Dean Swift, and the lively and coming Mary Garden better than you do the sage of Blossom Court? He has been lacking in candor. He has been holding out on you. I know positively that he had the shingles a few years ago. Has he ever said a word to you about it? Has he informed you that he has corrected Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny and revealed many errors in the passages relating to shingle? Did you know that one reason for the delay of the magnum opus is that Mr. Johnson became so entranced with the disease that he has omitted the subjects falling under the earlier letters of the alphabet and taken a long distance jump to S and Shingles? That he is prepared to maintain that it is a singular, not plural, noun?

The man who goes around to Mr. Johnson's room in a perfunctory way to try to collect overdue, long overdue, bills tells me that Mr. Johnson once answered a request to pay up by boldly talking for an hour about the mental anguish of shingles. Everybody laughed at the news that he had shingles. Everybody asked if they were like emeralds and the hives. Nobody sympathized with him. Nobody failed to tell him that the trouble was nerves. When he said that the pain was excruciating and he could not move in bed, they all looked bored and talked about the weather. They thought he was simply overpartial to himself. His landlady interrupted his discourse from the bed by laying down a bill for rent. The girl that cleaned the room said she wished she was rich enough to afford shingles. Mr. Johnson never refers now to his shingles except in talk with somebody else who has had them.

But what I set out to ask is whether you know the words of "The Body Snatcher" and "The Little Doodeen" referred to in Pendennis, chap. 30?

POSEIDON HICKS, Jr.

Chestnut Hill.

## MISS MILTON'S POEM

G. H. S. writes that the great brotherhood and sisterhood of "shingle-sufferers" is mightily pleased by The Herald's sympathy.

"The shingleites" have been far too lightly treated in the past and pushed into corners quite long enough. It is satisfying to see that at last their day is beginning with a rosy dawn.

"Mary Garden's shingles are made the subject of a Herald editorial, and As the World Wags brings up great men and great treatises to swell the importance. But neither the blood of the Cape Cod tick nor the East Indian unguent of the learned Carolus Clusius nor our beloved Dean Swift's clover plasters can afford any relief for those monstrous red spots and cruel itches. No wonder poor suffering Dean Swift with his flannel and his brandy rubs and nasty diet-drink grew two inches smaller in girth—that he waxed lean and grew weak and sweated." One might even dare surmise that the two-hour visit of the Duchess of Hamilton could hardly have recompensed the poor gentleman for all he was undergoing.

"The sole remedy for this doleful blight is to let it severely alone—if you can. My friend Miss Milton, just having come triumphantly through a severe case by adhering strictly to the above remedy, tells me that she arose one night when the shingles were doing their worst and composed the following ode on the pest. She also tells me that she can recommend the ode method as being far above the asperin remedy, for she went back to bed and slept soundly until morning.

## THE ODE

When I consider how I'm shingled o'er  
With welts of purple and of red and blue:  
How I can neither sit nor stand nor go  
But hitch from side to side and "puff"  
and "pew";  
How in the night's dread watch I twist  
and turn,  
Peer out at fading star and coming dawn,  
Welcome the rising hour I used to spurn

And rising, see myself bear-eyed and wan.

And looking further see those damned spots

Spreading and crackling round my enfeebled frame,

I proudly ask of me and all concerned  
Could any one so sickly shingled o'er  
Do better with this cursed circumstance

Than I, who smile to hide my gnash of teeth,

Who sing the while I groan and howl inside,

In spirit jump and claw the purple air,  
In body fold my arms and stand and wait.

## OUR HOUSEHOLD DOCTOR

The elder Pliny gives over a dozen remedies for the shingles, beginning with a liniment composed of ashes of garlic tempered with oil and garum. Garum, we believe, was a sauce made from the entrails and blood of certain fishes, particularly the scomber, which was perhaps a kind of mackerel, caught in greatest abundance off the coast of Spain. Old Prof. Becker says that garum was probably to the ancients what caviare is to us, but the learned Joseph Burrie of Glasgow likens it to anchovy sauce in nature and use. Martial thus recommends it: "Accept this exquisite sauce made from the first blood of expiring mackerel; an expensive present." Without inquiring too closely into the precise nature of this sauce, nail your shingles with this liniment.

Or anoint the shingles with bear's grease, especially the fat about the kidneys.

Or try the application of hard cheese from goat's milk, and mix it with young leeks or onions.

Or, and perhaps best of all, take the fine scrapings of a stag's skin rubbed off with pumice stone, so that there is a powder, and apply it with vinegar.

The great Oxford dictionary says that "shingles" is plural, whether it is spelled schingles, cingules, sengles, shyn-gles or chingles. Yet could not one say, wishing to allay alarm, that Miss Garden, Miss Milton, or Miss Jane Winterbottom had a shingle or two?

CHARLOT'S BIG  
REVUE OPENS

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE: Andre Charlot's Revue of 1924, for the first time in Boston. Presented by the Seiwyns.

Dances and ensembles staged by David Bennett. Gene Salzer, musical director. Truly a delightful entertainment. To use the language of the old plays, rich in terms of praise couched in flowery language, "neat, elegant and refined." What a pleasure to hear English spoken and sung clearly, in a manner to justify pride in that language; to find comic situations without slap-stick pranks, to hear lings free from the slang of the gutter and calls upon the Deity; to see graceful, not acrobatic dancing, and chorus girls rejoicing in their youth, disporting themselves as if spontaneously out for a lark.

The show is a most agreeable olla podrida, dancing, singing, comedy, farce, a touch of burlesque, a touch of tragedy; nothing spun-out and too long; no repetitions, no matter how insistent the applause.

Let us name the features that are perhaps, salient, and let us name them in order. There was the backward performance of "The Green-Eyed Monster" after the first comically melodramatic scene with its surprising last line: "Telling Benny," in which a "sob story" was adroitly burlesqued, a trifle but an amusing one. The tendency of some comedians to be inaudible, of others to shout was ridiculed. "The company will recite" had a vaudeville flavor, but vaudeville of the better, not the sidewalk class. "Tea Shop Tattle" was conspicuous by reason of Miss Lillie's portrayal of the waitress, with her inimitable walk, her chatter, her views of life and conduct, her misuse of words, and all this without a direct appeal to the risibilities of the audience. Miss Lillie's song "There's Life in the Old Girl Yet" took one back to the palmy days of London music halls. "Incredible Happenings" dealt with the amazing behavior of taxpayers, barbers, bricklayers, restaurant waiters and others, all shown speedily and concisely. "The Indicator" with its dancing doll was a fresh treatment of an old subject. It was in "Peace and Quiet" that Mr. Hardy was most at home; at other times he was not "in the frame." Miss Lillie as Britannia in a marching song was funny, but not with the subtlety that she showed in other numbers. The note of tragedy was struck by Miss Lawrence in "Limehouse Blues."

It would be hard to say whether Miss Lillie or Miss Lawrence is the more



accomplished artist. To discuss their art might lead one to imitate the old adage-book piece on tact and talent, with its antithetical sentences; but the two women have decided talent, each in her own peculiar way. Each one pleasing to the eye; each one conveying a world of meaning in a quiet and significant manner. The two can be vivacious; and yet in shy and quiet moments they are even more irresistible. No noble sorority! Would there were more of their peculiar art in shows of this kind!

The indefatigable Mr. Muudlu was busy in various ways, and even when "mugged" it a bit, the mugging was not of the horse-collar variety except, perhaps, in "I might" when he took the part of a peasant lad courting a lamefacedly the charming Miss Lawrence. He was, perhaps, at his best in "Cigarette Land" and his dance with Miss Jill Williams is now a pleasant memory; as is the dance with song "I Was Meant for You" by Mr. Hobbs and Miss Lawrence.

The stage settings were more than adequate; the costumes were in good taste; the music by Philip Draham, Ivor Gavello, Norah Blaney, Sissie and Luke, Bert Lee, Noel Coward, and others had an agreeable lilt, not too sentimental, tripping and lively with nerve-rasping blasts. Only a rash person recommends a tailor, a novel, a physician, or a show; but let us be rash: "Charlotte's Revue" is well worth seeing.

**COFLEY THEATRE—"The Thunder"** comedy in four acts, by Sir Ar. W. Pinero. The Copley repertory company. The cast:

- Edna Ponting.....Pamela Gaythorne
- Miss Mortimore.....May Ediss
- Mr. Mortimore.....Elspeth Anderson
- Miss Mortimore.....Hugh C. Buckler
- Edna Ponting.....Francis Conington
- Miss Mortimore.....E. E. Clive
- Mr. Mortimore.....C. W. Hulse
- Edna Ponting.....Richard Whorf
- Miss Mortimore.....Alan Mowbray
- Mr. Mortimore.....Harold West
- Miss Mortimore.....Violet Paget
- Edna Ponting.....Katherine Standing
- Mr. Mortimore.....Barry Jones
- Miss Mortimore.....Philip Tonge
- Mr. Mortimore.....Ernest Embry
- Miss Mortimore.....Franklyn Francis
- Edna Ponting.....Adele Elchler
- Mr. Mortimore.....Margaret Wilson

In this comedy of middle age, Sir Ar. W. Pinero sees life grimly. One Edward Mortimer, a bachelor, dies, leaving no will behind him. To the exclusion of an illegitimate daughter, his two brothers and a sister find themselves by way of inheriting a handsome fortune. Unnecessarily they begin their greed through their loathsomeness to provide for the daughter, since she has earned herself quite able to fend for herself. Openly they rejoice in their good fortunes. Even Thaddeus, the member of the tribe of decent feeling, cannot conceal his exhilaration. Only Mrs. Phyllis Mortimer, Thaddeus's wife, shows no exhilaration. Impressed by her growing fondness for the daughter, she confesses, at the end of the second act, that she had found a will leaving every penny to the daughter, to save her husband and their children from poverty, she had destroyed it. The house of Mortimer meet their attorneys, who inform them that they may proceed to administer the estate. While they are figuring their individual shares, Thaddeus Mortimer launches a "underbolt" by his announcement that there was a will—which he, Thaddeus, destroyed.

So much of the story has to be repeated. The disclosure, though, need not bother anybody, even those who crave their hills hot, away from the theatre, for Pinero has told his tale with such fine art that even people who knew every word of the plot sat, in their absorption, right on the edge of their chairs. Though, if he were writing the play today instead of in 1908, he might perhaps cut the scenes with the children and the curate, the fact remains that Pinero has his situation forth and moves it steadily forward to the end, economizing in words and yet in an unbalancing arch, with a skill that lesser playwrights, if they recognize it, must be envious of.

Chiefly Pinero, in this fine comedy, sees life. But who shall say falsely? They were poor people, those Mortimers, with too little money for their needs, and James the most open selfish of the lot and yet withal the most decent, pointed out. Greedily they behaved, truly. But their temptation was seen, who shall blame them?

According to their natures, at all events, they bore themselves under fire. Pinero's personages are triumphs of characterization, from the little sharp sketches of the sisters-in-law, through the keenly contrasted types of lawyers, to the full-length portraits of James, Thaddeus and Phyllis, his wife.

The players, all of them, did full justice to these triumphs of characterization. Seated in family conclave in what was "the house of mourning," they greeted their audience to some of the most amusing comedy seen in Boston in many a day. And on the occasion

of Thaddeus's third revolt they helped Mr. Clive and Mr. West develop a scene of intensity that thrilled.

In this scene, Mr. Clive, who for two acts had sought for simplicity and had found, in the New England sense of the word, simplicity, showed himself an actor of true emotional power and high technical skill. Miss Paget, as well, in her great scene, proved genuinely moving—playing it with a monotonously finely imagined and skillfully carried through. Of James, Mr. Buckler drew a masterly picture, with not a stroke that failed to tell. The large audience appreciated heartily both play and performance.

R. R. G.

**WILBUR THEATRE—L. Lawrence** Weber presents Julia Sanderson in "Moonlight," a musical comedy in two acts. Book by William Lo Barou. Lyrics by William B. Friedlander. Music by Con Conrad. Dances staged by Walter Brooks. Ben Schwartz conducted. First performance in Boston. The cast:

- Jimmie Farnsworth.....Mr. Louis Simon
- George Van Horn.....Mr. Glen Dale
- Betty Duncan.....Miss Julia Sanderson
- Louise Endicott.....Miss Sacha Beaumont
- Suzanne Franklin.....Miss Ann Toddings
- Walter Brooks.....Mr. Frank Crumit
- Peter Darby.....Mr. Franker Wood
- Marie.....Miss Helen O'Shea
- Martin Brown.....Mr. Ward Fox

When this entertainment was presented at the Longacre Theatre, New York, Elsa Ersi, the Viennese prima donna, played the part of Betty, now in the hands of Miss Sanderson. Mr. Glendinning was then seen as Peter, the electrician, now taken by Franker Wood.

The piece is a musicalization of Mr. Le Baron's "I Love You." Here we have a musical farce with a plot, and an interesting one it is, played with infinite zest, played seriously as all good farce should be played, and here is an instance in which the word "Cohauic" fits admirably, not alone for the principals, but for a chorus that works industriously, untriflingly throughout the entire entertainment.

The dialogue is pointed, often exceedingly funny. And the idea of the electrician is well put, if just a bit reminiscent, for one has but to turn the pages back, and there is conjured up the ingratiating plumber, Jerry Conroy, inspired by Mr. Cohan, vitalized by Charles King. Later still we recall the wild joint viper fashioned in the mind of Zelda Sears, which brings us up to the moment in the raucous union, electrician of Franker Wood, with much to the credit of Mr. Le Baron.

Of music there is a plenty, and above and beyond much of its kind now offered in our theatre. "If I Were of the Hot Polloi" is one of these. "Say It Again" another, and yet again "Don't Put Me Out of Your Heart." Each and all with many another inviting in musical invention, pleasing in measures here and there with odd but pleasing orchestration.

Jimmie Farnsworth, like many a betting man, is conceited. With the proper environment he insists that people will fall in love, become engaged. His formula is at least a good setting. A moonlight night, a book with warm love passages, an enchanting violin. The lights go bad, an electrician is summoned. Jimmie's friends insist that the electrician would be a good subject. Peter, the electrician, agrees to enter the bargain and he is to be paid half of the wage of \$5000. Comes the moonlight night, the book of love, an appropriate arrangement of the lights, the singing violin, seductiveness in the very air. The scheme works—in the wrong way—love is everywhere but unleased. The "works" are "pied." And yet there are four weddings in the offing! Curtain!

Miss Sanderson was a dainty Betty, dancing a little, singing as is her wont in a "pretty" way. Louis Simon as Jimmie, a part that called for much tact, endless detail, the ways of a well schooled farceur. All this he did admirably. Franker Wood, not so long ago "vaudevilling" with that dumpling of the "two-a-days," Bunny Wyde, was Peter, the electrician. On his first appearance there was no thought of the actor. Here was an electrician who had come up the alley, and entered the stage door of the Wilbur, so convincing was the illusion. He danced neatly, pulled his wheezes tellingly, was first and always a "good union man."

Much might be said in praise of the rest of the cast—the crooning, soft tenor of Frank Crumit, the toe dancing, the sweetness, the naivete of Helen O'Shea as Marie. And once more that indefatigable and agreeable chorus.

T. A. R.

**JUBILEE SINGERS AT SYMPHONY HALL**

**SYMPHONY HALL**—Fisk University Singers, James A. Myers, Mrs. Myers, Carl J. Barbour, Horatio O'Bannon and Ludie D. Collins. Their program included negro folk songs—"Steal Away," "Done Made My Vow," "Good News," "Oh, Mary, Don't You Weep No More," "Little Star," by Frank La Forge; "Tub's Lullaby," "Kentucky Home," "I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Always," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Rock My Soul," "Go Down Moses," "Deep River," as arranged by H. T. Burleigh; "All God's Chillsen Got Shoes," "My Soul is a Witness," "God Is True," arranged by Th. Otterstrom; "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," "Hear the Lambs a-Cryin'," "The Golden Slipper" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," as well as readings from the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar by Mr. Myers.

They are now the third generation of jubilee singers that Fisk University has sent on their circuitous way, each season, to sing the negro spirituals—as they were first sung, unelaborated by modern harmonizations, the curving and unerring rhythms and unerring short melodies flowing from one to the other in unbroken line—now a tenor solo, now a bass, and always the low and resonant throbbing of the chorus.

Their program last night was of a pattern with the others, with a preponderance of too familiar songs—"Kentucky Home," "Carry Me Back" and "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." A pity, with so fecund a lore—jubilee songs from Kentucky, from Louisiana, the Bahamas and the little known creole patois songs—that they could not have varied their repertoire more. However, there was a richly melancholy little "Tub's Lullaby," rarely given; a Kentucky revival song, "God Is True," arranged by Thomas Otterstrom, and the curious "My Soul is a Witness," which ranges from Methuseh to the Book of Revelations in choral chanting. And only these singers could translate it so, these blithe and radiant talks with God, the peculiar sweet harmonies and challenging rhythms, taken in turn and in chorus. Perhaps next season they will give more of their store. There was a small but very loyal audience to applaud at every turn.

E. G.

**ST. JAMES—New Toys,** a comedy in three acts by Milton Gropper and Oscar Hammerstein 2d. Produced last February in New York with Ernest Truex in the leading part. First time in Boston. The cast:

- Ruth Webb.....Lucille Adams
- Will Webb.....Houston Richards
- George Clark.....Louis Leon Hall
- Kate Wilks.....Anna Layng
- Sam Wilks.....Marie Lalloz
- Natalie Wood.....Ralph M. Remley
- Tom Lawrence.....Olive Blakeney
- John Collier.....John Collier

People never seem to tire of the tragic-comedy and farce-comedy situations of early married life. We had "The First Year," "Six Cylinder Love," and now comes "New Toys," a play which deals with "married life after the baby arrives," as the program states.

A typical Sunday morning in the average family of young married America serves for an introduction to this play. There are the usual petty arguments about even more petty things with the young husband's "All right, dear," coming in to smooth matters over. Some guests have been invited for the dinner that noon. As chance would have it, the woman guest is a former sweetheart of Will Webb, the man of the house, and the gentleman invited to dinner is one of Ruth Webb's old flames. An aunt, an uncle, a next door neighbor, and then the mother-in-law drop in, too, so the meal is a hasty and confused affair—after the manner of "The First Year," for there is insufficient food for the overflow of guests.

Ruth Webb believes that she has marked ability along theatrical lines. She has felt the urge ever since she played an important role in a church play. Her husband strenuously objects to marriage and a career for his wife and attempts to put his foot down. They have their first quarrel, each finally trying to make the other jealous by flirting with their former sweethearts.

Tom Lawrence, Ruth's early admirer, is in the theatrical business, and soon the bride of two years is rehearsing in a new play, soon to be produced. Things look pretty hopeless for a while, but instead of a wrecked home, each sees the errors of his and her ways, and the curtain falls with an audience firmly convinced that Ruth and Will Webb and last but not least, Will Webb, Jr., have many happy years before them.

The play is interesting and very amusing in parts. The first act drags a bit at first, but the farcical situations which arrive as the play progresses help it. Houston Richards has the Ernest Truex role. He does his usual finished work, making Will Webb, hesitant and yet firm when occasion demands. Lucille Adams is charming and refreshing in the girlish role of the young wife. The other parts were very well handled. There was a large audience, which was enthusiastic.

**PLAYS CONTINUING**

**COLONIAL—"Stepping Stones,"** musical extravaganza, with the Stone family, father, mother and daughter, Dorothy. Fourth week.

**SELWYN—"For All Of Us,"** play by William Hodge in which he stars. Fifth week.

**PLYMOUTH—"Outward Bound,"** Sutton Vane's play of the infinite. Fourth and last week.

**SHUBERT—"Wildflower,"** musical comedy with Edith Day.

**TREMONT—"Laugh, Clown, Laugh,"** play by Belasco and Tom Cushing, with Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick.

**KEITH'S HAS GOOD**

A bill replete with star acts, featuring song, dance and monologue is offered at Keith's Theatre this week.

The outstanding act, perhaps, is the one in which Harry Green and company appear. It is billed "The Cherry Tree." It is Green's first appearance in Boston in seven years, and the sterling character actor was given a rousing welcome by the two audiences yesterday. Green portrays a character whose main mission in life is to tell the truth. "The playlet is full of surprises and gives plenty of scope for the principal and the supporting company to show their histrionic ability.

Sharing honors on the bill are Moss and Frye, originators of "How Is Up." The two colored entertainers are not strangers to Boston and the 15 or more minutes they are on the stage keeps the audience laughing every minute. There is not a single dull moment in the act.

Blossom Seeley, billed as "The Girl Who Glorifies Syncopation," offers something new in jazz songs, dances and gowns. She is assisted by Bert Fiske and Warner Gault.

Montague Love, "The Mansfield of the Screen," crowds a great deal of entertainment in the 10 or 12 minutes he is before the footlights. He tells several stories, gives some reminiscences of the cinema world and concludes his offering with a recitation of Kipling's poem, "Boots." The act was well received.

Alma Nielson, assisted by Dan B. Ely, Dave Rice and the Frivolity Five, give a snappy quarter of an hour of song and dance. Miss Nielson is a talented young woman who not only can dance and sing well, but knows how to wear clothes. The company gave numerous encores.

Other acts on the bill included Elmer Cleve, in "Black and White," Julie and Carl Luster, James Burke and Eleanor Durkin, and the Caul sisters, assisted by Florence Page. The news reel, topics of the day and the animated fables were also on the bill.

"Sagittice," the screen adaptation of Gotthold Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," at Tremont Temple, is another "miracle play," carefully and competently presented, and decidedly worth studying. In spite of its many anomalies it is strangely moving and most effective. As a spectacle it impresses, although it violates nearly all the accepted canons of motion picture making.

Lessing's book does not lend itself to the screen and his complex, slowly unfolding tale must have tortured the director to the verge of insanity. "Continuity" there is none and it takes an agile mind to piece together the fragments of the drama.

The main theme is the ancient one of brother and sister, separated in infancy, falling in love and learning the truth only at the very end. Nathan, the wise old Hebrew, with his philosophy and idealism, whose willingness to sacrifice himself for the sake of peace, makes a unique character study, half prophet, half apostle. The part is played with admirable restraint by Werner Kraus.

The scene is Jerusalem, at the time of the Crusades, although there is no pretense of adherence to historical fact. We have Saracens and Templars, plenty of vigorous fighting; a young knight spared by Saladin apparently because he makes himself known as a brother of an ancient fraternity; love-making that is only tepid; the merest trace of comedy, and plenty of picturesque environment.

J. E. P.

**PHILHARMONIC**



The Philharmonic orchestra of New York, Willem Van Hoogstraten, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. This was the program, the soloist being Yolanda Mero, pianist:

Beethoven—Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major  
Tchaikovsky—Piano Concerto No. 2, in G major.

When a conductor from abroad brings his orchestra to town he might with grace pay us the compliment of recognizing that the Boston musical public takes at least a moderate interest in music written within 10 years.

Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Strauss—they are comfortably safe, sure to draw a crowd and sure to please it, too. One piece of unfamiliar music, though, which would have kept nobody at home, might easily have lured a few more people to the hall. Not to have produced the Respighi piece the Philharmonic orchestra played a week or so ago seems an opportunity thrown away.

Now that these players from New York visit Boston every year, even those persons whose parochial pride leads them to forget the true force of Mrs. Malaprop's famous dictum, may well refrain from commenting on the comparative merits of the visiting orchestra and ours. The New York orchestra proved itself again yesterday an admirable band of players, not equally remarkable, of course, in all choirs, but indeed of a very high average, singularly well drilled in matters of technique, highly responsive to the conductor's will.

Brilliantly they played the two Strauss pieces, with stirring rhythm, sonorously. Of course, they would, a fine body of players with a conductor like Mr. Van Hoogstraten to lead them. Their triumph, though, and his, came with the Beethoven symphony.

The first movement, if one may judge by the applause, fell flat, even as happened two years ago, probably the last time it was played in Boston. So, on both occasions, did the funeral march, only to be followed, two years ago and yesterday, with as lusty applause as a conductor could wish for the scherzo and the finale. The inference would seem to be that, for Boston audiences at least, these first two movements, once accounted among the most compellingly emotional that Beethoven ever penned, at last have lost their emotional force.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten made no frantic effort to infuse the vanished heroic note into the Eroica. To the exquisite beauty of the first two movements, on the other hand, their lovely color, their melody, their infinite rhythmic variety.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten showed himself sensitive to a highly remarkable degree. He is blessed, furthermore, with so keen a feeling for tonal balance that he made a Beethoven symphony, too often today abounding in measures mighty harsh to the ear, constantly well-sounding. Not every conductor can achieve this feat. And in the thrilling close of the finale he achieved another. For this movement, as well as for the Strauss pieces, Mr. Van Hoogstraten was rousinglly applauded by a large audience.

So was Mme. Mero. At this late day she is not likely to make Tchaikovsky's G major concerto as popular as its predecessor, but what a superb technique, overwhelming strength, keenly felt rhythm and a glowing temperament can do, that Mme. Mero did. She was recalled four times; well she deserved the tribute.

R. R. G.

## BEDETTI RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Jean Bedetti, solo violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, with the assistance of Arthur Fiedler, accompanist. The program read as follows: Valentini, Sonata No. 10 (by request); Bach, Suite, C major (for violoncello alone); Tcherenpnin, Rhapsody Georgian (first time in America); Bach, Arioso; Granados, Spanish Dance; Nadia Boulanger, Piece in C sharp minor (first time in America); Cassado, Olla Mi Tierra—Fantasie Andalouse (first time in America).

Mr. Bedetti played the strictly virtuosic pieces in a brilliant manner that excited the large audience to loud and prolonged applause, but even more noteworthy was his noble performance of Bach's Arioso that was at the beginning of the fourth group. His performance of Valentini's Sonata, especially the slow movements, and the Sarabande and second Bourree of Bach's

Suite were equally worthy of warm commendation.

Of the brilliant virtuoso pieces the Spanish Dance by the ill-fated Granados was the most striking from the purely musical standpoint and by reason of its mood. The Georgian Rhapsody by the younger Tcherenpnin, is a thing of shreds and patches, folk tunes with-

out irresistible charm, loosely joined together with here and there a purple patch of bravura. Possibly with orchestral accompaniment this rhapsody might have momentary interest. Better than this ambitious but futile work are the frankly let-her-go pieces by Mlle. Boulanger and the Spaniard Cassado.

Mr. Bedetti's program evidently pleased the audience. The program as a whole showed the solidity of his art, the purity of his taste in the treatment of music by the old masters, while the pieces by the moderns served to display technical proficiency in the virtuoso vein, as well as dash that was characterized by poise and elegance.

And Mr. Bedetti is to be heartily commended for sparing the audience a long concerto, which without an orchestra is as funeral baked meat, no matter how excellent the pianist accompanying may be. Mr. Fiedler assisted—not merely in name. His accompaniments were those of a musician—responsive to the demands made upon him, and some of the demands made by the composers were exacting.

William Wrigley, Jr., of Chicago paid an income tax of \$865,815. By gum! Just chew on that.

"The best journalist is the man who can become impassioned on the least provocation."—John St. Lee Strachey.

To which I. B. replies in the Manchester Guardian: "This is neither classicism nor truth, the good journalist being no other than the good observer, recorder and appraiser who feels passion where passion is due."

G. L. S. of Hyde Park nominates for our Hall of Fame Messrs. Walter W. Candy, president, and William E. Candy, secretary of the Busy Bee Candy Company, St. Louis, Mo.

### "CAL'S" SILENCE EXPLAINED

Amid the quiet of the farm  
"Cal" learned the art of keeping still;  
He saw that when he fed the pigs,  
The silent ones got all the swill.

J. M. B.

### "IVANHOE" DEFENDED

As the World Wags:

Let me take exception to the statement of your correspondent who speaks of "Ivanhoe" as merely a "boys' book." It is just as much enjoyed by women and girls, if they happen to like Scott.

Catherine Breshkovsky, "the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," read it for the first time while in prison, and wrote me a most enthusiastic letter about it, calling it "a novel of novels." She had not been allowed to read Scott in her youth, because her mother had a prejudice against him.

Ruskin insisted that "Ivanhoe" was much inferior to "Guy Mannering," but the general verdict has always been to the contrary. May I also advise your correspondent who has not read "Anne of Geierstein," to do so? Scott himself did not like it—at least he did not like Anne—but I think the story one of his best, and I have been through Scott's novels (except "St. Ronan's Well") once a year or oftener for the best part of a life time.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Dorchester.

Perhaps we shall enjoy "Ivanhoe" when we are cast into a prison cell and the novel is the only book allowed us. Out of prison we find "Ivanhoe" a tinsel and sawdust romance, not to be put on the shelf with "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," and "The Fortunes of Nigel." We confess to a liking for "Peveril of the Peak" and "Redgauntlet." Then there is "The Bride of Lammermoor," also "Quentin Durward." But Thackeray's "Rebecca and Rowena" is worth a wilderness of "Ivanhoes," in spite of "The Little Grandmother's" enthusiastic praise. As for "Waverley," "Woodstock," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," we could not and can not read them. And some might put Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" above all his novels with the possible exception of "The Antiquary" or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Here is a tough one for you:  
Purchaser—Have you any glue?  
Clerk (of much learning)—What size?  
LEE PAGE.

### A GARDEN IN AUTUMN

(For As the World Wags)

Dahlias dulled, dry, and dead;  
Gladioli, lifting a pastel head;  
Marigold, asters, and small flowers forlorn;  
Salvia, in contour, rusted brown or dusty red.

Fuchsia, strong, vivid, and hardy;  
Empurpled petunia; a poppy or two;  
Snapdragon, white, variegated, cerise, in hue;  
And a small bed of pansies all too few.

Farther on, are curled-up lily pads and swaying reeds  
In a small, stagnant pool, that is now bereft of darting gold-fish, and frog of noisy deeds.

A not-overclean whitecat, streaked with gray,  
Folled in pursuit of a cautious fly  
Joins me, a solitary stranger, as I pass by.

Lifeless stalks of flowers gone by  
That in season gave pleasure to the eye:  
Flung high and hare, is an ashen-white birch;  
A grim, dusty pine, where a bird may perch;  
Scant-leaved elms, with colors glowing,  
And overhead, a blue sky, with soft, cloudlets showing.

JANEE KNOTT.

### ADD "CHILD LABOR"

As the World Wags:

A newspaper clipping from South Carolina reads:

"The scarcity of women in Canada has become so acute that the Dominion government has begun importing them from England. At the present time there are 6.5 per cent. more men than women in Canada."

"Why," comes a great chorus of anguished cries from the great manless wastes of Boston and environs, "doesn't the Dominion government begin exporting men to Massachusetts, where, to safeguard future happiness, little girls are taught to dance stag at the tender age of 14!"

ONE OF THEM.

### VOTE AGAINST THAT AMENDMENT

As the World Wags:

If a boy or a girl graduates from the high school at 16 years of age, and the father cannot afford to send either one to college, will the children have to loaf around the house until they are 18 years old before they can go to work to help out the father? And if that is so, they (the parents) will not want to raise any children. I simply want to know, so as to vote intelligently on the question Nov. 4.

J. J. M.

S. O. S.

As the World Wags:

In the 18th century an Englishman in Paris was going for a drive with the French King. The king motioned for the Englishman to get first in the carriage, which the Englishman did immediately, without protest; whereupon the king called the Englishman the best bred man in Europe, for any one else would have hesitated and bowed and scraped, thus putting upon the king the trouble of insisting.

I recently heard somebody incorrectly tell this anecdote about the Earl of Chesterfield. The Englishman was the British ambassador to France, a post Lord Chesterfield never held.

Tell me, please, the name of the Englishman, and whether the king was Louis XIV or Louis XV.

RAPITO.

The story is familiar. We once knew the Englishman's name, but have forgotten it. Another case of "After you, my dear Alphonse"; "After you, old top."—Ed.

### BROTHERLY INTEREST

(Redwood, Cal., Tribune)

PARTY who lost wallet full of currency in Bank of Italy and gave under 50c. kindly call and get your 30c. back. You may need it before you die. R. J. LON- DON, Eaton Ave.

Last Saturday night at the Symphony concert "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" was repeated, so long-continued was the applause. It has been said that this was the first time an "encore" was granted in the history of the orchestra, except when Mr. Paderewski played, but we are reminded that Mr. Henschel allowed a repetition of Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette."

On Feb. 20 and 21, 1931, Vladimir de Pachmann played Chopin's Concerto in F minor at a subscription concert of the orchestra. So great was the enthusiasm that he came out and, to the amazement of Mr. Nikisch and the conservative, played Liszt's "Rigoletto" fantasia.

A correspondent believes that the magnificent climax of the Finale in Prokofiev's "Scythian" suite, played last week at the Symphony concerts, must have been suggested to the composer by hearing factory whistles tooting and blowing in the morning.

Walter Braunfels of Munich has completed an opera entitled "Don Juan of the Green Trousers." Walter Pater sported an apple-green cravat, and it is doubtful whether it affected unfavorably his literary style; but could any man wearing green trousers be an ideal Don Juan?

Mr. Sanroma, a pianist of marked talent, will play in Jordan hall this afternoon. This evening Jean Nolan, a singer who made a favorable impression here last season, will be heard.

And tomorrow night Mr. Sanroma will assist Carmela Ippolito, violinist, in Jordan Hall: Pizzetti's sonata, the first movement of Tchaikovsky's concerto, and pieces by Sinding and Paganini-Loeffler.

In Symphony Hall tomorrow night and on Saturday afternoon the Mar-meins—Miriam, Irene and Phyllis—will be seen in drama dances, graceful, grotesque and tragic, for the benefit of the Emerson College endowment fund.

Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Matthison will appear in Stein-ert Hall tomorrow night in "The Chastening" and Saturday afternoon and evening in "The Admiral," a play, which, portraying Columbus as the type of the universal discoverer, will be performed here for the first time.

Isadora Duncan purposes to teach dancing in Berlin to 500 children of the masses. She admits that her own dancing days are over. It was in Moscow that she learned to dance the "Internationale," which is "nearest to complete expression of her art." Is it her purpose in Berlin to raise a crop of young bolsheviks through her "interpretative" art?

It is said that Thomas Hardy, not enthusiastic over the film version of "Tess" with its telephone, night clubs, motor cars and the introduction of a letter beginning, "Dear Old Top," now purposes to give his own dramatization of the novel, which he made long ago, to the Wessex Players of Dorchester.

Frederick Lamond, the pianist whose devotion to Beethoven is equalled only by that of Mrs. Micawber to Mr. Micawber, will play in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon three sonatas (Walstein, Pathetique, Appassionata) and three smaller pieces.

The Manchester Guardian says, apropos of "The Thief of Bagdad": "The first real fairy tale to be shown on an English screen—the first of any length with that consistent inconsistency which is the pure spirit of fairy lore"—Fairbanks, the actor, is an acrobat and a harlequin. But Fairbanks, the producer, is a poet." And again, "The Thief of Bagdad" in its volatility, its lovely illogic and its complete rightness of form is a kinematic Kubla Khan."

The program of the Boston Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening comprises these compositions, to be conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky: Overture to "Oberon," Rous-sel's Symphony, B flat, the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Siegfried's Funeral Music, from "Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Rousse's Symphony, in three movements, was produced at a Padeloup concert in Paris in March, 1922. Mr. Koussevitzky brought the Symphony out at one of his concerts in Paris in October, 1923. The first movement is intended to express the enthusiastic ardor of youth. The second, fleeting joys, then deep impressions of a sentimental nature; the third, sorrow, bitterness, revolt and at the end the serenity that brings peace and raises man above his passions.

I remember very well hearing the Salvation Army song at Harrigan & Hart's Theatre. There was a popular negro minstrel in the cast, called John ny Wild, who beat the drum in the Salvation Army, and interpolated two lines that caused more laughter and applause than anything else in the song: "I get a dollar a night for beating this drum,  
And I spend it all for rum and gun."

E. S. M.

F. E. H. in your column says "Th Market on Saturday Night" was "Dooley's Inflation."

About 40 years ago I saw and heard it in "Sonnetter Sovereignty."



own Feather Bed, "The Bold Meins," "On Board the Muddy Day," re in it. I did not think Harrigan and Hart were in the show.

JAMES J. MURRAY.

"Booley's Inflation"? Don't you mean "Sorley's Inflation"? "Squatter Sovereignty" was produced at the New Theatre Comique, New York, managed by Harrigan and Hart, on Jan. 9, 1882. The Yennans, that of Josephine; Harrigan took the part of Felix McTear; Tony Hart played the widow Dan; John Wild played Darwin Deur. "The Muddy Day" was brought out at that theatre in 1883.—Ed.

The People's Symphony Orchestra will give its season next Sunday afternoon at the St. James Theatre.

Challapin will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon.

The first of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts for young people will take place in Symphony hall next Tuesday at 4 P. M. It will be repeated on Wednesday afternoon at the same hour. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct. Mendelssohn, Overture, Scherzo and March from "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Stravinsky, Song of the Biga Bargemen (first time in Boston); Muikovsky, Canzonetta from the violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist); Tansky-Korsakov, The Flight of the Dumb Bee, d'Indy, Minuet and French Grand Dance from The Old Style Suite, D. Johann Strauss, Waltz, "On the beautiful Blue Danube."

No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children.

There is precedent for a fear that the ill welcome given to young Coogan may help to make cinema stars of our youngsters. In the early 19th century the success of Master Betty, "The Infant Roscius," led to a stage inundation of juvenile stars. The infant Vestris, infant Billington, Infant Hercules, young Orpheus and Young Roscia, to name but a few, shone for a season. London Daily Chronicle.

## HARTMANN

Arthur Hartmann, violinist, gave a vital last night in Jordan hall, with the help of Arthur Fiedler, accompanist. He played Concerto, E Major, J. S. Bach; Adagio and Allegro, Corelli; Largo, Vivaldi-Hartmann; variations on G string, Paganini; Ciaconna, Bach; Fant d'Automne, Gretchaninoff-Hartmann; Poupee Valsante, Poldini-Hartmann; Autumn Song, Humoresque, Chalkowsky-Hartmann.

Mr. Hartmann, who made his early violin studies in Boston, drew a large and conspicuously friendly audience to his concert. The program itself may or may not have pleased the people, but rarely it was not conventional, since it devoted above an hour to the stoutest classics—barring a set of Paganini variations slipped in between Vivaldi and the Bach Ciaconna—and then made a spring to modern Russian pieces and the like, all transcribed by Mr. Hartmann himself. Nobody in the hall, if one may judge by the hearty applause, felt the want of a modern concerto that lies stout for an accompaniment of full orchestra.

There was every reason for the audience's friendly approval, for Mr. Hartmann is surely a very capable violinist. About a violinist's technique it is not correct in everybody to speak. The proficiency, furthermore, of a player for Mr. Hartmann's repute may safely be taken for granted. If he were a singer, one would say that he lacks an even scale, since his tone, sweet in the lower register, in the heights takes on a quality of shrillness.

Musically, Mr. Hartmann seemed last night to seek above all else repose, a composure that came near to phlegm. Where calmness suited, Mr. Hartmann was happiest, as in the Bach and Corelli adagio movements, the gentler ariettes of the Chaconne and, above all, in the Vivaldi largo. Where sharp rhythm was called for, on the other hand, or sprightliness or warmth, Mr. Hartmann had them not at hand. He played the music of Bach, indeed, as it used to be played many years ago, music to be respectfully treated, but music void of grace or charm and poetry. The world has come to hear this music differently. R. R. G.

## SANROMA

By PHILIP HALE

Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, played in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon. His program comprised these pieces: Bach, First Movement of the Italian concerto; Schumann, First Movement of Phantasie, op. 17; Chadwick, the Frogs;

Fragerowski, (Fragerowski) the Fantastique; Granados, Playera; Albeniz, Seguidilla; Chopin, Ballade, A flat and Etude No. 12, C minor; Chopin-Liszt, Chant Polonoise; Liszt, Polonoise, No. 2, E major.

Mr. Sanroma, as a pianist, has a most essential quality: he is romantically poetic. This quality does not run away with him, for he has poise and self-control. His technical proficiency, which is marked, does not intoxicate him. Young as he is, he respects the composers, and does not regard them merely as feeders to his technical display. Furthermore, he has already learned—perhaps it was instinctive—to differentiate the composer's moods, their methods of expression. Bach and Schumann are not the same to him; he recognizes that they were men of different centuries; that in their works for the piano they expressed the musical feeling of their epochs, each in his own way; that depth of feeling in the interpretation of the "Italian" concerto, written more or less in the "galanterie" style, would be incongruous and anachronistic; while Schumann was a romantic, dreamy and fantastical, as was E. T. A. Hoffmann's lovable Johannes Kreisler, with his hatred of applauded commonplaces, popular formulas, sugary sentimentalism and musical snobbery. And Mr. Sanroma understood the intimate speech of Schumann.

The humor of Mr. Chadwick's "Frogs" did not escape Mr. Sanroma. In the Spanish dances the sheer brilliance of his interpretation did not lead him to extravagance, did not make him overlook the inherent poetry of the Spanish measures.

Throughout the two groups he showed proportion, content with giving insignificant phrases tonal beauty, not calling attention to the insignificance by undue emphasis.

We were unfortunately unable to hear him play the music of Chopin and Liszt. An audience of good size was warmly and justly applaudive.

It may surprise many that our friend Jones, and Jones's name is really Legion, should wish to know the amount of the federal income tax paid by Brown, Smith and Robinson; yet when a man dies the first remark made by many is, "Did he leave much?" "He was an extravagant fellow; lived right up to his income. I suppose his house is heavily mortgaged. He wouldn't deny himself anything. Ten to one he was heavily in debt." Is not the first question, according to reports by a Chinaman to a "foreign devil": "How much are you worth?" And the Chinese are a courteous and philosophic people.

It has been said that there is no longer privacy in death. With X-rays, telephones, radio machines, contrivances to look through walls and to see interiors of houses through long-distance telephones, the publication of income tax returns, is there any privacy in life?

### JOURNEY

Stalwart and proud, the merchant ships put across the sea; But though they go with wind and steam They may not keep abreast of me.

They have but reached the utmost light That points their dancing track, While I who watch them from the shore Have been to Araby, and back.

GEORGE CARROLL.

### NEW ENGLAND'S FAUNA

As the World Wags:

An officer of Gen. Burgoyne's army, Lt. Thomas Anbury, on page 524 of Vol. II of his "Travels Through the Interior Parts of America" (printed in London in 1789) makes the following statement:

"There is an animal supposed to be peculiar to New England called the Cuba. This animal, as is sensible that his family rely on him for protection, is extremely tender of them, and never forsakes them till death dissolves the union. What further displays his magnanimity is, he never indicates the least anger to the female, though ever so provoked by her.

"What a charming lesson from nature is this to mankind; and how happy would the rational part of the creation become, if they did but pursue the examples of irrational animals."

Cambridge. I. SEE.

Our correspondent sends with the description of this remarkable animal, which is not mentioned by the observing Capt. Jonathan Carver in "Three Years' Travels" through America—the volume now before us was published in Philadelphia in 1792—a set of verses from which we quote:

Has it scales, or has it fur?  
And how about its nose,  
Is it retroussé or aquiline?  
And how does it turn its toes?

Does it have fins, or wings, or legs?  
And if it has a tail,  
Does it attach it to a tree,  
Or use it for a sail?

What does the cuba eat and drink?  
Has it some special diet  
That keeps its disposition sweet,  
Its manner calm and quiet?

Or is it strength of character  
That keeps it from decamping  
When the female of the species  
Takes up with jazz and vamping?

A horrid thought intrudes itself  
And fills my eyes with tears;  
Some wretched person may declare  
It's been extinct for years.

I do not miss the Dinorials,  
Nor yet the Dinosaur;  
But little cuba's won my heart.  
I love it more and more.

Or it may be that somebody  
Was pulling Anbury's leg.  
'Twixt me and you, that this is true  
I'm very much afraid.

### DID SHE TIP THE CONDUCTOR?

As the World Wags:

Honegger's "Pacific 231," produced here by Mr. Koussevitzky, is an extremely realistic composition. It is supposed to portray an express train thundering along at night. The portrayal succeeded. For at the first swish of steam voiced by the violin cellos and stringed basses, the lady in the berth just ahead of mine suddenly awoke, rubbed the sleep from her eyes and began making her toilet. She started with a powder blast; then rouged up a bit, got out the old family comb; in fact, did everything but take a bath. And she had her wraps on when the porter came to carry out her bag as the train slowed down. C. N. T.

### FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

It was a parson in the north of England, whose "few words" at a Harvard Thanksgiving service were noted by Dean Ramsay, who gave "thanks for the bountiful harvest and for its safe ingathering—all except a few fields between here and Stonehaven, hardly worth mentioning."

### IN THE BIRD CLASS

As the World Wags:

The exploits of the world fliers have aroused a great interest in the possibilities of this thrilling, but almost quite safe, mode of travel. It seems to me that the result may be the changing of man into a habitually migrating race. In my old school days one of our reading-books contained a selection from Washington Irving—"Birds of Spring"—which was a favorite with us children because of the indefinable charm of that great author's literary style. In describing the bobolink, he wrote that he might well have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,  
No winter in thy year.  
Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee;  
We'd make a joyful wing.  
Our annual visit round the globe,  
Companions of the spring!"

Well, this is now perfectly feasible, but at the time when I went to school, both Logan and Irving might have been called "cuckoo" for ever thinking of such a thing.

GEORGE A. ELDER,

Portland, Me.

### OTHER TIMES; OTHER MORALS

As the World Wags:

The latter-day saints and custodians of our morals by their own consecration must not arrogate to themselves any distinction as originals. The recent onslaught against some abominations peddled as magazines is merely a faint echo of the sturdy mid-Vic spirit that kept New England pure a couple of generations ago. Well do I remember my grandmother burning a copy of Godfrey's Lady's Book because of sundry intimations that women possessed nether limbs, and she proposed to have no such pith around her house to contaminate her fine daughters. And again, my own mother and some of her comrades in general redemption, in our town, once put Harper's Magazine under the ban, later reducing the decree to a rigid censorship before placing it on the home reading table, all because the editor, in his mildly spiced ginger-jar section, had dug from some English exchange a little jingle which read:

"Good old Anthony Trollope,  
Indulged in too much jalap,  
And God then took his soul up."

Mother, a precise hair-splitter, held that this savored too much of blasphemy, to say nothing of a needless parading of the deceased's private alliment, and her sisters concurred.

MORDECAI PHILLIPS.

Dorchester.

## JEAN NOLAN

Jean Nolan, the mezzo-soprano from Ireland, who sang delightfully here last spring, gave a second recital last night

in Jordan hall. This was her program:

"Floodes of Tears," arr. Somerwell,  
"So Sweet is She"; "When I am Laid in Earth," "How Pleasant 'tis to Love," Purcell; "The Clock," Sachnowsky; "La Flute Enchantée," Ravel; "D'une Prison," Hahn; "Les Papillons," Chausson; "La Nuit," Gretchaninow, Irish folk songs: "Una Bann," (traditional), Irish famine song, arr. C. V. Wood, "I Once Loved a Boy" (county Dublin), "The Garton Mother's Lullaby," "Two Ulster Fragments," "The Ballynure Ballad," arr. by Hughes; "Believe Me If All Those Eedeering Young Charms," Moore; "The Shepherdess," Dermot MacMurrough; "The Grace for Light," Hamilton Harty; "A Soft Day," "Back to Ireland," Charles Stanford.

Miss Nolan again displayed a voice of curious charm with tones, especially those in the low and lower medium registers, smooth and rich as velvet, tones singularly expressive. Throughout its long range, indeed, the voice is capable of much expression, but its quality does suffer a change when high notes come in play or any degree of force beyond moderate. It loses in resonance, too, from that want of clean articulation which makes Miss Nolan's enunciation less distinct than it ought to be. The voice sounded best in those songs most clearly pronounced, that of Hahn's, for example, the last lines of Chausson's lovely butterflies (sung, for once, at just the right pace), and Gretchaninow's "La Nuit."

Miss Nolan, however, is blessed with gifts from the gods which enable her to make her way despite such obstacles as defects of voice and technique. She has the knack of laying her hand on songs other people do not know, or, at all events, do not sing, which songs she puts together oddly, but in a way that proves just right. She sings them with so full an understanding of their poetic and musical meaning, be it droll like the tale of the aunt who died last week, pathetic like the song of the hungry in time of famine, or tragic, as when the woman shudders at the relentless ticking of the clock, that she carries her audience with her, by sheer force of temperament, intelligence and musicianship. The audience last night was of excellent size.

Mr. Ellmer Zoller, an accompanist of reputation, could not have added to that reputation by his performance of last night. R. R. G.

## Overture to "Oberon" Brilliantly Given—Roussel Work New

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its fourth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised these pieces: Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Roussel Symphony B flat (first time in America); Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhauser"; funeral music for Siegfried from "Dusk of the Gods," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

For a good many years the conductors thought it necessary, or safe—the words with them was perhaps synonymous—to play each season the three chief overtures of Weber, as they thought it behooved them to perform at least four symphonies by Beethoven. As a result the performance of these overtures was often perfunctory and pedestrian. Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday showed the audience that, in spite of familiarity, the overture to "Oberon" is beautiful and brilliant. Never within recollection has the fairy music been so exquisite, from Oberon's horn, a horn of Elfland softly blowing," to the crash that announces the change of mood and pace. In the Allegro, the theme first announced by the clarinet for once sung, not breathlessly hurried through, but as an aria with full liberty given to the singer for expression. In the same way the joyous outburst of Rezia's peroration was freed from the banality, not to say vulgarity, often attributed to it by literal, matter-of-fact, metronomic conductors.

Roussel's Symphony was produced at a Pasdeloup concert, Paris, in 1922. The work was courteously but adversely criticised. We are informed that a friend of Roussel showed the score of the modest and discouraged composer to Mr. Koussevitzky, who became interested in it and produced it at one of his concerts in the fall of the next year, when its reception by the public was very different; other performances were equally successful.

In the Fifties and the Sixties, when a good New Englander wished to prove that he had an artistic taste, he hung upon the walls of his parlor a series of engravings by Cole, representing "The Voyage of Life," in which a man beginning with innocent childhood en-



counters as a youth and in maturity temptations, knows the peril of shoals and rapids, but finally, in his old age, reaches him water and a peaceful end. These pictures were proudly shown with shells on the mantelpiece, mourning wreaths, a set of ivory chessmen brought by Uncle Ebenezer, the sea captain, from the Orient, while a silver plated ice water pitcher with goblets stood on the sideboard in the dining room.

Roussel provides an argument, not unlike this series of engravings, for his symphony. His music is intended to portray (1) the enthusiastic ardor of youth; (2) joys, then deep impressions of a rather sentimental nature; (3) sorrow, bitterness, revolt, "at last peacefulness in the serenity that raises man above the passions."

The introduction, the composer informs us, is only a sort of preface. It is peculiarly gloomy and mysterious, as if hinting at Adam's fall; man born in sin and reared in corruption. The youth is apparently lost in "devious coverts of dismay." But suppose no explanation of the composer's purpose were given? The music can hardly be said to be a literal and minute commentary on the announced thesis, except for those who are not content with music unless an explanation allows them to dilate with the proper emotion. They may easily find joyous moments, sad moments, a dramatic revolt; at the end serenity, and these pages are truly beautiful. But what shall be said of the symphony as absolute music? For the work cannot be called program music after the manner of Liszt and the later composers who turn poems, pictures, legends, heroic or pathetic figures into symphonic poems.

There is no doubt about the honesty, the high aims, the musical equipment of Roussel, but this symphony, in spite of many impressive pages, some of them beautiful as those we have mentioned, is lacking in clearness of design and firmness of structure. Themes that are not striking in themselves are lost in the development through a too painstaking search after details that do not often obscure the main ideas and do not enrich them. It might also be said that much of the work is diffuse and on the whole too episodic.

Life that is worth living is full of contrasts. One misses relieving contrasts in this symphony, especially contrasts in color. The prevailing tone is rather gray, drab. For one that has known the Orient and been inspired by it for other compositions, Roussel is here surprisingly without sensuous warmth in thematic material, in his use of it, and in the orchestral dress.

The production of the symphony yesterday was evidently a labor of love on the part of Mr. Koussevitzky. The music appeals to him; he believes in it; the performance was one to do it full justice.

The final pages of the symphony are intended to portray man raised above the passions. Wagner's Bacchanale that followed was not intended, like tragedy, to purify them. The performance was a glowing, gorgeous one, exciting in the Bacchantic frenzy, sensuous in the measures that should accompany the sight of the three Graces, Leda with the swan, and at last Tannhauser alone with Venus. And the performance of Siegfried's music and the overture to "The Mastersingers" was equally memorable.

After the first beats of the drum in the funeral music, Mr. Koussevitzky stopped the orchestra. He was evidently annoyed by the coughing and barking in the hall. Was the silent reproof headed? Not at all. The intrepid coughers continued, probably thinking that the drum was not beaten to Mr. Koussevitzky's taste.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Mozart, Symphony, G minor; Arensky, Variations for strings on a theme of Tchaikovsky's (first time in Boston); Moussorgsky, "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Ravel (first time in America).

"Ripito" asked the name of the Englishman in Paris who was the first to get into a royal carriage without protest when the King beckoned him to do so. J. R. of Roslindale gives the answer.

"The King was Louis XIV; the ambassador was the Earl of Stair. The occasion: a wager laid by the King (after a discussion on good breeding, etc.) that he would name an English nobleman who would excel any of his court in those particulars. My authority is an old copy of Ollendorff's 'French Method,' in which the story is given as an exercise for translation."

## FOOTBALL

I went to a football game. The Stadium was filled with yelling and thrilled humanity.

All bellowed when 22 men placed themselves in idiotic formation on a grassy oval streaked across with white lines.

A beautiful girl sat next to me. She wore a coche hat, rouge, and chiffon hose.

She clapped futile looking, highly manicured hands and brightly shouted "Yea, team!"

The brightness immediately left her face, and it resumed its accustomed vacuity.

She stared inanely about her, scanning especially the masculine faces within eyesight, evidently seeking friends or familiars.

When there was a stir in the stands and concerted shouts of "We want a touchdown" and "Hold that line."

The beautiful girl sat next to me. She clapped futile looking, highly manicured hands and brightly shouted, "Yea, team."

I shall never go to another football game. MARTHA.

## WHY NOT?

As the World Wags: In the hall where a select series of lectures by eminent scholars is delivered every season may be seen the following conspicuous notice:

"All numbered seats reserved for those holding corresponding tickets." Is it good English? W. A. F.

## AUSTIN & STONE'S MUSEUM

Austin and Stone's. Austin & Stone's. Where Prof. Hutchins lectured in declaratory tones.

Can't you hear his stately "Marvellous!" in comment on a freak.

That in amplitude or longitude he claims to be unique?

With his dignified demeanor and his scholarly address.

He would issue information well adapted to impress.

Of astounding facts pertaining to the giant snake Elg Ben.

Double-headed women, mammoth boys, and triple-legged men.

Austin and Stone's. Austin & Stone's. Where we saw the living skeleton with ill-upholstered bones.

Melancholy individuals of height surpassed by none.

Flanked by amiable ladies weighing nearly half a ton.

There'd be Jojo, dog-faced gentleman with whiskers on his nose.

And an armless spinster sewing or crocheting with her toes.

A miraculous automaton, invincible at chess.

Or a man stuck full of needles with no visible distress.

Austin and Stone's. Austin & Stone's. There were curios suggesting many periods and zones.

Like the two Wild Men of Borneo, the same our fathers knew.

The original What-is-it, and a boxing kangaroo.

Young Sam Cohen, Boy Expansionist and Anthropoid Balloon.

Apes and monkeys, from gorilla down to commonplace baboon.

Princess Rajah in her dances with a serpent or a chair.

Ossified, elastic-skinned, or tattooed men—they all were there.

Austin and Stone's. Austin & Stone's. Curiosities from pirate ships, long gone to Davy Jones.

You could see a man have paving-stones cracked open on his head.

And another drinking poison till of rights he should be dead.

Or the man who wore a harness to support a broken neck.

Or the one who lifted 20 men and never flinched a speck.

Capt. Bates, Kentucky Giant, and his wife, nee Anna Swan.

And the man who drank five gallons while the audience looked on.

Now the place is gone forever, its interior destroyed.

Though in many vainly bosoms it has left an aching void.

We shall never see its mysteries or marvels any more.

Nor the lifelike wax policeman keeping order at the door.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

## CENSORS CENSORED

As the World Wags:

I believe it to be of interest to all theatregoers, as well as to all readers of newspapers and magazines, that in this enlightened age censorship of art and of the stage seems to be gaining new followers.

The most flagrant expression of this wholly un-American movement is the recent arrest in New York of Earl Carroll, the theatrical producer, because he displayed in the lobby of his theatre certain paintings of undraped ladies of his "Vanities" ensemble. I hold no brief for Mr. Carroll, nor have I seen the paintings, but in my opinion

such action on the part of public officials forecasts the day when all art will be subject to restriction at the hands of a group of long-haired men and short-haired women.

If Earl Carroll or any other theatrical producer is to be arrested for displaying paintings or portraits of nude or semi-nude maidens, then why not send the police to our museums of art and arrest the exhibitors there?

Let's kill censorship in every form. It is an intolerant and repulsive movement. BENJAMIN DOLLOFF.

## "POPULAR PIE"

Richard Grant White, in his "Everyday English," tells a good pie story. He was in a dairy when he heard some one say in a discontented tone: "I don't call this very popular pie."

"He was a chap some 18 or 20 years old, who in an inked and dragged linen coat, with his hat on the back of his head, a pen behind his ear, a long, heavenly blue satin neck-tie, and a large amethyst ring on the little finger of his right hand, had come in for his dinner of 'roast beef lean on well done na cuppa coughy,' to which he had added by way of dessert or banquet, 'up piece up eye.' His declaration as to the segment of sodden dough and half-stewed 'sass' with which he was about to afflict his bowels, that it was not popular had no reference whatever to the favor with which it was regarded by the public at large, or even by that part of the public which frequented that particular eating-house. He meant merely that he found it not to his liking; that it was not good; and therefore he announced his inability to pronounce it popular."

## GOOD SHOOTING AT DEERING

Harold C. Bowley of Hillsboro, N. H., sends us this clipping from a local newspaper.

## WEARE CENTRE

(Too late for last week)  
Wilder Tenney is hunting for Dana Brown at Deering.

## MISS IPPOLITO

Carmela Ippolito, violinist, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall, with the help of the pianist, Jesus Maria Sanroma. They played together the Pizzetti sonata in A major, and Miss Ippolito, accompanied by Mr. Sanroma, played the Tchaikovsky concerto, a romance by Sinding in E minor, and a Loeffler arrangement of Paganini's Witches' Dance.

The Tchaikovsky concerto, if a virtuoso of dazzling technique and keen rhythmic feeling plays it against a background of brilliant orchestral color, does very well to enliven a concert which might otherwise prove sombre. Miss Ippolito lays herself open to blame from those who take high ground in the matter of program making when she elected to play it at a small concert with piano accompaniment. But, on the other hand, she may counter with the Pizzetti sonata, for the playing of which she deserves warm thanks.

Though it has been played in Boston before, not everybody has heard it. Surely it is music of high value, music that seeks above all else, as is the way of today's music—if one excepts the quips and cranks of some of the "Six"—and certain of their British imitators—expressiveness. But Pizzetti, unlike some of his contemporaries both here and abroad, can suggest rage and storm, walls, even howls, as in this sonata's first movement, without forgetting that his job is to write music and not imitate the actual sounds of growls and yells. With fine skill, too, he manages the sonata form—a desirable skill, since it has pleased him to write a sonata—and well he makes its orderliness suit his ends. Lovely music, and moving, he has written for the "Prayer for the Innocents," and a finale genuinely stirring.

This music is good to hear, not only for its beauty and its emotional force, but for the living testimony it bears that music written today need not be academic even if it is not so odd it makes honest folk stare. May we soon hear it again.

Miss Ippolito brought a small, sweet tone to bear on this noble music, and a refined style. Its meaning quite escaped her. Luckily, Mr. Sanroma, who had the larger task in hand, rose to the occasion finely, playing with passion, poetry and tenderness—not to forget his sensitive feeling for a suitable tonal balance in chamber music.

In the concerto Miss Ippolito seemed more at home, where her pretty phrasing, and her neat technique, if they did not take the place of the brilliancy demanded, at all events stood her in very good stead. The large audience applauded both her and Mr. Sanroma warmly. R. R. G.

## MARMEIN DANCERS

At Symphony hall last night the Marmein Dancers appeared for the benefit of the Emerson College endowment fund.

dowment fund.

Halling themselves as the precursors of a new and curious art, that of the drama dance, the Marmein sisters set tongues wagging. But, with the exception of several and infrequent interludes when the orchestra stopped playing and a sweet, thin voice took up the burden of the tale, to accompanying pantomime, and the occasional "atmospheric" preludes of Mrs. Marmein bathed in a blue light, there was no bold departure in the very oldest of the arts. It was merely interpretive dancing, vigorous, gayly costumed, not always over imaginative, and at times of a wild grace.

Their program was long and diverse—yet perhaps there was not enough distinction in their exoticisms; their Egyptian and Hindu dances were too much of a pattern—their Greek and oriental not markedly different in mood. Yet they have grace, rhythm and bounding vigor, and from their gay little Japanese dance and their variation on Balfe's Chinese Billikens to

their Dance of Shiva to music of Paul Dukas, they leaped with zest. In the "Vengeance of Kwan Yin," based on a Chinese legend, the goddess descends from her throne, and at the end of a voluptuous dance of hate blinds the girl who has stolen a jewel from her dress—here the spoken word first entered, and intensified the chilling pantomime effectively.

With "Undine" there was a curious suggestion of sea by means of revolving lights behind a screen—at first effective, but later too dazzling and tending to distract attention from the dance. This is not the Undine of Ruth St. Denis, but a tale of Undine, the fisher boy and the octopus, in which the mermaid, rather than leave the boy, already dead, allows herself to be devoured by the octopus, a great white, shrouded creature.

There were still many others—a puppet tragedy of the doll with the painted face, the dandy and the poor Pierrot—a fragile "Milly's Corsage," an Indian dance to music of MacDowell, and a piquant glee and take of the King, the Queen and the Knave of Hearts. The performance will be repeated again tomorrow afternoon. E. G.

## "THE CHASTENING"

Steinert hall—"The Chastening," a modern miracle play by Charles Rann Kennedy, presented by Mr. Kennedy, Edith Wynne Mathison and Margaret Gage.

Last year for the first time Mr. Kennedy brought "The Chastening" here, and again in Steinert hall last night, presenting it as closet drama, with no footlights to create the distinction between audience and players, with no conjuring settings, he profoundly stirred his listeners by the sheer fervor of the piece, and the strength and warmth of the acting.

Much in the manner of "The Terrible Meek" and "The Servant in the House" is this newer play, but there is no break from the beginning to the end, no act division. Laid at a mythical crossroads, both literal and metaphorical, the piece has to do with a carpenter and his wife who are deciding the future of their son. The man, strong, and glorying in the pride of his craft, and his dreams of "big business" which the boy will share; the woman, thinking mistily of how brave the boy would look in the long robes of the priesthood, and with gentle art, winning her husband to her purpose. A richly human and dramatic symbolism, delicately satiric. No easy feat to present, either, yet Mr. Kennedy played the father with strength and majesty; Miss Mathison, as the mother, was, as ever, beautifully pleading, soft of voice, maternal; and Miss Gage mimed the boy with a sense of the spiritual values of her role. This afternoon they will present "The Admiral," a play of Columbus.

## MISS COOK GIVES FOLK LORE MUSIC

Miss Ellenor Cook, sympathetic and well known exponent of the folk lore, music and dances of the Eurasian races, gave an informal recital last night at the Stuart Club, the Fenway, including in her program the lore of Poland, Russia, Ukraine and Czechoslovakia. Miss Cook, herself an alumna of the Stuart Club, made the event a benefit for the fund carried by the club toward fostering the education of a girl in the American College for Women in Constantinople.

The life history of this girl, a former member of the household of the now exiled Turkish sultan, was told during an intermission. She entered the college before the sultan's deposition, and when he was driven from the country elected to stay at the school and educate herself while striving to earn her living. She still does so with the exception of board, lodging and tuition.

Miss Cook received enthusiastic greet-



from the audience which more than the main reception room of the giving her numbers before a dark on which was painted a series of from Czechoslovakian mythology. Her program was arranged by tries, and for each she wore the costume of the land, bits of the life, love and sorrow she brought Boston audience.

So arranged the numbers of each try in the same order, in each case group of folk songs being followed representative music, with the por devoted to each country ending a folk dance. She was assisted Miss Ruth Ilau at the piano, a er which met with particular ac being a Slavic dance by Ivorak, no duet.

First division was devoted to o-Slovakia, a group of nine songs ring the country life, and then fol a girl of the country from cradle tar. This gave way to Dvorak's ion, a composition hardly known is country, submerged in the gen- popularity of his "New World ony" and the shorter though no moving music of such as "Humor-." The Czech numbers ended with nce by Miss Cook.

Music and dance of Poland was given place by Miss Cook, Dvorak again ing up in the piano group, with numbers by Arensky and Mou- rky. Russian numbers completed program, the "Song of the Volga enen," made popular by Chaliapin, ng with greatest response.

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vidently the date given in "Phoenix-," "1833" as the year when John lenix (Lt. Derby) assumed the ed- iple of the San Diego Herald is a rint for 1853. We are indebted to John C. Chase, president of the England Historic Genealogical So- ty, for the following note:

In re. Lt. Derby. He was born in S, graduated at West Point in 1846 was stationed at San Diego from '53, to the spring of '55, therefore date you mention must be an un- cected printer's error.

"Phoenixiana" was the first book of ur that I ever read, and being a il engineer by profession, much of book had a particular appeal to me, Interest in the book has not been ened by frequent visits to San Diego he past 16 years.

I have a little book about San Diego t devotes several pages to Derby's in the city and connection with The Herald."

#### "A BOY'S WILL"

A the World Wags: Looking backward," like Edward Blamy, I often wonder what a boy's thoughts were. I find this entry in my father's diary:

Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1876. Alley (ours truly) says he is going to the G in the morning and bring up Capt. Troy's team.

Thursday, Nov. 16, 1876. Fine and ed, quite a frost last night."

I wish some one would tell me what thoughts of a 11-year-old boy were w would quit his warm bed at 5 A. M., oia winter morning, ride five miles on stage without breakfast, just to dave back a livery team. I did it that rning and the ground was frozen, my feet did not touch the floor of the biggy, and I rattled around on the seat in corn in a popper. Just for the ride. In those far-off days only a few of "first families" and the livery stabs kept driving-horses. The village livery stable was the "hang-out" for the youngsters. Our ambition was to be a hitler, and to be head-hoatler "was a greater than to be a king." We would do any kind of work around the able just so that we could drive a tem once in a while.

was rather afraid of horses, but tire you would find me with the rest of the gang. At home they couldn't get to work, but around the stable we would be as busy as a dog in a sausage mill.

ften I think of the old town hat is seated by the sea; Gen in thought go up and down Te pleasant streets of that dear old town

And my youth comes back to me." BOZE.

#### THE PREVAILING MANIA

A the World Wags:

A member of my household is "in- gued" with the present cross-word- zle craze. She asked me to get her copy of the much advertised cross- word-puzzle book. I did so. But upon amination the book was not what as expected and I took it back to the apartment store where it had been purchased. The salesman gave me a edit slip which I did not examine till got home. Then I looked at it and ad this: "Credit by 1 cross-word 35."

With the abundance of cross-words hich are banded about every day, 35 seems too high even in these high est of living times. In a falling market the stock exchange (itself conducive

to and productive of cross-words—and worse) may we not hope for more fa- vorable quotations after election? Beverly. J. HENRY MASON.

#### THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

It isn't any puzzle. It's the plainest thing you know. This thing that's happened in our house The last few weeks or so.

The rooms are topsy-turvy, The dust has grown to dirt, My toes are peeping thro' my socks, Quito buttonless my shirt.

The meals are served al fresco, Solled dishes clog the sink; In fact, to speak quite plainly, The ranch is on the blink!

The beds are hardly slept in, For there's no time for sleep, When you're looking for a word that means "A wall-eyed, chinless sheep."

The family's wan and haggard, Not a one in restful mood, All our nerves are in a frazzle, Lack of sleep and lack of food.

But, it isn't any puzzle Why they named 'em "cross word"—no! For I haven't heard a kind word For about a month or so. BILL.

#### CONCERNING SIR WALTER

As the World Wags:

The discussion in your column in re- gard to the merits of Scott's works re- calls an experience of mine something over half a century ago that is perhaps worth telling. I had made the ac- quaintance of an old French professor, who was head of the French depart- ment of a large Turkish university. Being both chess devotees we struck up quite a strong friendship, a rather singular one, and he was an old gentleman and I but a lad. One evening, on re- verting to our favorite cafe, I found the old professor deeply immersed in a book. He could read English fairly well, but his pronunciation was appal- ling and almost unintelligible, while my own knowledge of French was decidedly negligible; yet somehow we managed to get along. The professor held the book up and said it was "grand." He asked me if I knew Scott, and on my replying in the affirmative, asked for my opinion of what sounded to me like "Cantun Deerwar." I had to confess I knew no such work, on which the old man, who was somewhat choleric, be- rated me, an Englishman, for not know- ing the finest work of our best author. I managed to catch the title of the book, which was a French translation of "Quentin Durward." Later, when my French had considerably improved, we often discussed Scott and his works, we being both great admirers of that writer. The old professor told me that no French writer had succeeded so well as Scott in depicting the complex character of the wily, unprincipled, superstitious, yet brainy, French king, though many had attempted to do so. I have heard other educated Frenchmen make the same statement. In regard to judging Scott, and other writers, it seems to me that most of us are apt to be greatly influenced by what we like; by that which makes an appeal to us. B. B. E.

We were under the impression that the portrait of Louis XI drawn by Philippe de Commines in his history was considered remarkably analytical and vivid, and it should be remembered that Commines lived on terms of intimacy with that monarch.—Ed.

#### As the World Wags:

Scott's best book, far and away, is his Journal. As I recently heard a well-known author say, it is the most in- spiring book since the Gospel of St. John. Far in the rear come lumbering up his novels, with the Scotch novels at the head. Scott was bigger than he wrote, like Dr. Johnson.

Has anyone ever checked up those persons and places which both Johnson and Scott knew, Johnson's Tour of the Hebrides and Lockhart? Scott knew well Boswell's son. And the Sir William Forbes who met Johnson at dinner, August 15, 1773, on whose bank Bos- well and Johnson drew a bill Sept. 24, was the father of Scott's banker friend, a successful rival. MONBODDO.

## "THE ADMIRAL"

STEINERT HALL—"The Admiral," a play in five continuous acts by Charles Rann Kennedy, presented by Mr. Kennedy, Miss Mathison and Margaret Gage. First time in Boston.

"The Admiral" is the second of the trilogy of which "The Chastening" is the first and "The Salutation," deal- ing with the legend of Paolo and Fran- cesca, as yet unrepresented, is the last which Mr. Kennedy is writing for "the same three players." His is a peculiar place in the theatre. A man more of abstract ideas and rich philosophies than a writer for the stage, less witty than

The Herald is indebted to a correspondent for a copy of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times for Nov. 3, 1860.

George Wilkes, the proprietor of this "Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage," was in his day and generation a famous man. If we are not mistaken, a trotting horse was named after him. He wrote about Shakespeare, and showed critical sense, good judg- ment. He wrote a history of California, also a book entitled "Europe in a Hurry." He contributed an introduction to Hiram Woodruff's "The Trotting Horse of America."

We do not now speak of the Spirit of the Times on account of a serial story published on the front page—"Hubert Longreach; or the Blackleg Peer," by C. J. Collins, though what we have read of it in- spires curiosity concerning the "early dissipations, loves and crimes" of Longreach and whether Denzil Raikes exposed him, for in the "resume" before chapter XIV (continued) we read: "As the Earl looks upon the stranger, he turns pale and says with a gasp, 'Raikes!'"

This has the good old ring. Was there any meeting at the old mill at midnight?

And on the front page is a picture of Berger, the French billiard player, fat and smiling.

There was a regatta at Yale. The Atalanta, class of '61; the Thalia of '62, and the Glynna of '63 rowed about 2½ miles and back. The winner made it in 19 minutes. Five boats entered the barge race.

The Atlantic baseball club played seven innings with the Eckfords. The Eckfords won, 20 to 15.

At a prize fight in Troy, the sister of Brann after two rounds had been fought, "arrived on the ground, clung to her brother, and insisted on his going home. The only sensible part of his conduct consisted in following her advice, and so the fight ended."

On another page there are interesting notes about John C. Heenan, Bendigo, Randall, Paddock, Tom Sayres, King, Jem Mace; there are notes about Flora Temple being out-trotted by George M. Patchen. The best time in the mile heats was 2:28. "The news of this defeat will be heard with general regret." John S. Rarey, the horse tamer, "whose success in taming the fiercest and wildest of the equine tribe has been so marvellous throughout Europe, may shortly be expected in this quarter."

There's a whole page about Jack Randall, "the Young Nonpareil," one of several articles about this once famous "pug."

Among the answers to correspondents we find this reply to "Old Sub's" question: "If A bets that Breckenridge will be elected our next President of the United States and he dies before the election takes place, how does the bet stand? Answer—The bet is off."

But let us turn to the page devoted to music and the drama.

It has been said that in New York today there are some "sacred cows" to be respected, if not revered, by the music critics. Prominent among them are Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor, the Metropolitan Opera House—there is a list of some length. Nothing must be said against Mr. Dam- rosch's interpretations, the performances at the Metropolitan, the singers, Mr. Bodansky, or the various Friends of Music societies. This report from New York may be only a low-born jest. In 1860 the Spirit of the Times indulged itself in what is known as "fearless criticism."

Note the article on opera at the Academy of Music.

"Albeit the Academical proscription of our journal still continues un- der the new regime, as it did under the former management of the Jewish Napoleon and his representatives. . . . we did ourselves the pleasure of attending upon Wednesday and Friday last, at the outlay of one dollar per visit, for the purpose of stating our unbiased impressions. Not a doubt can exist but that the house is in better hands. But it conscientiously wants much before it can be affirmed to be well managed."

This "Jewish Napoleon" was Max Maretzek. For the season begin- ning Oct. 24, 1860, Bernard Ullmann was the director. In December he announced that he was obliged to give up the management, "through want of public support."

Wilkes's critic went on to say that Fabbri was "undoubtedly one of the greatest sopranis we have ever had here. . . . What, however, shall we say of Bertucca Maretzek? Possibly it would be the kindest to say nothing, were it not that in saying nothing we depreciate the value of that which we may have said of Fabbri. We must accordingly declare our opinion that the time for Madame Maretzek's appearance upon the stage is passing, if not completely past, and that, agreeable as her voice once was, it is now but the shadow of that which it has been. Formes lacks some of that power which he had, but enough is still left to put in evidence the wonderful fervor and strength he once possessed. . . . His Bertram (in 'Robert the Devil') would be better if the chauve souris style of action was slightly modified. . . . In the name of all that is holy, let us have no more of Quint. . . . The chorus was no better than formerly. . . . We would suggest that eight nuns in white scarcely produce the impres- sion in the ruined abbey in 'Robert the Devil' which some hundred and twenty were wont to do in Paris."

There is a long review of a "new" play, "The Dead Heart," produced at Niblo's. "The acting was only tolerable. Mr. Fisher was clever, but Mr. Conway cated with his usual heaviness and slowness. He cast a som- bre shade over the whole piece and made it unnecessarily tedious."

"The disgrace of unpaid bills and broken engagements that hung so thick amidst the dust of the Old Bowery still there remains. . . . We regret it very much and are fearful that this theatre has taken its place alongside of the Front-Street-Theatre, Baltimore, and other de- cayed old fossils, never to be resuscitated."

Apropos of Jerry and Dan Bryant, and Dave Wambold: "We would suggest to the managers of the Academy to engage them, for there are better singers and actors in the Bryant Troupe than many of those who are gathered beneath the banner of the Academy."

At Laura Keane's Theatre the "Beggar's Opera" was announced, also Charles Reade's version of "Le Malade Imaginaire."

Joseph Jefferson was about to leave New York to tour, beginning with "The Heir-at-Law."

The sale of the comedian Burton's library brought \$15,000.

Carlotta Patti made her first appearance as a public concert singer in Dodworth's Saloon on Nov. 1. "As a vocalist, we frankly prefer her



to her clever sister ((Adelina)) and regret that she must remain incapacitated from an appearance upon the stage."

It will be remembered that Carlotta was lame, nevertheless we saw her in 1868 at the Academy of Music, New York, as the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute." She also appeared as Lucia in Donizetti's opera. On the stage as in the concert hall, her voice was metallic and exceedingly brilliant. Her range was great and her execution flawless.

Here is an interesting paragraph: "Mr. John Wilkes Booth was accidentally shot at Columbus, Ga., and was unable to appear as Hamlet, as was announced. Mr. J. W. Albaugh was substituted for Mr. Booth." "Johnny" Albaugh was a versatile and competent actor of the old school. Not a bad Iago in a conventional way. We once saw him in Albany, N. Y., where he had his own theatre, play Othello. John McCullough played Iago, and the difference in size was almost ludicrous. Ada Rehan, then Miss Crehan, a member of the stock company, was a black-haired Desdemona.

"Patti (Adelina)" was announced for a concert this week at the African Church, Richmond."

In a note about Jenny Lind we read: "Her successor upon the musical stage of Sweden, Louise Michal, whom the Swedish critics agree in considering little, if any, inferior, has lately been married to her cousin, and in imitation of her predecessor now signs her name Louise Michal-Michaeli." What became of her? The musical dictionaries do not mention her; her name is not in Walter Niemann's "Music of the Scandinavians."

"Richard Wagner, Meyerbeer, Henry Litloff, Henri Herz and William Vincent Wallace met a few weeks since in the same room at Wiesbaden." Did they come to blows? What a mess!

Does any one of our readers remember Mr. Neafie, "the American tragedian," whose Othello was praised in Liverpool in October, 1860? "He has a style peculiarly his own," said the London Era, "and it is greatly to his credit that he comes amongst us free from the noisy and unwelcome peculiarities of some of his countrymen." He also appeared in his own play, "Valmonde."

This Andrew Jackson Neafie made his first appearance in New York in 1839 as Othello, with so great success that he played a "star engagement" there. He was a tall, powerful man and his voice was powerful. He retired from the stage in 1867, and died in New York in 1892. He was a remarkably quick study. At a first rehearsal of "The Duke's Wager" his lines, 1302 in number, were handed to him, entirely new and in manuscript. At 7 P. M. he was letter perfect. He learned the lines of Virginius in one day.

Subscriptions for Wilkes's Spirit of the Times were received in Boston in 1860 by A. Williams & Co., Washington street; by Redding & Co., 8 State street, and by John J. Dyer & Co., 85 School street. P. H.

## "Strange" Doings at Our Symphony Concerts. What Do Young Folks Really Like?

The repetition of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bee" at a Symphony concert has excited comment. A "rule" was then broken; or shall we say that a tradition was disregarded? A rule against the wearing of hats has been printed for a good many years on the title page of the programs, but there has been no express declaration against repetitions. The program books of the Chicago Symphony orchestra give these "extracts from house rules":

"Hats must not be worn during the performance. Encores not permitted."

Since the repetition of Rimsky's charming and amusing little Scherzo, it has been stated in newspapers that Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" was repeated at a Symphony concert during Mr. Henschel's reign. Was this piece, said to have been written by Gounod in mockery of the peculiar gait of the critic H. F. Chorley, repeated? It was performed on Oct. 28, 1882. The reviews published in the newspapers discussed the question whether the piece was not of a too light, not to say frivolous, nature for the supposedly solemn occasion. They said that the applause was enthusiastic; they did not say that the performance was repeated. The late Louis C. Elson, reviewing the concert, said that the audience "actually tried to force an encore." "Tried." This would imply that there was no repetition.

A correspondent writes: "My memory is that the Scherzo, which is all pizzicato for the strings from some symphony, was repeated in response to applause. I think it was under Paur."

Does our correspondent refer to the Scherzo in Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony which was played when Mr. Paur ruled the roost?

There is this to be said about repetitions of a song or of an instrumental piece: The second performance is seldom as satisfactory as the first, and when the music is of an unusual character the element of surprise is lacking. "Encore." Was the word as noun ever shouted by enraptured hearers in France or Italy? We doubt it. The word commonly used in those countries is "bis." In Italy "da capo" was formerly heard.

When the "Funeral March of a Marionette" was played at a Symphony concert, some protested against the choice as being unworthy, not in keeping with the dignity that should characterize the programs; but the audience was as delighted as Miss Clara in the old story. No doubt there are "purists" who think the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" too light. But, men and brethren, there is amusement, there is joy, as well as psychological problems and doleful dumps in music. Let us again quote the saying in the "Deipnosophists" of Athenaeus, which might well be written in letters of gold on a wall of every concert hall: "Music softens moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy." "Gentlemanlike." This means that pleased hearers should not stamp the floor with feet, canes or umbrellas, or shout "Hi! Hi!" or any other loud cry.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked for acquainting us with this fanciful page of Rimsky.

The program he has arranged for the young people's concerts this week is of a different nature from those of the past. They were ap-

parently planned to let the boys and girls hear what they ought to hear. As a result, the children were often bored. They applauded pieces in which the rhythm was strongly marked, as the March to the Scaffold from the "Fantastic" symphony. They were cool and collected during pieces that were supposed to "educate" them. The program of the concerts on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons comprise excerpts from Mendelssohn's incidental music for "Midsummer Night's Dream," Stravinsky's Song of the Volga Barge-men; the Canzonetta from Tchaikovsky's violin concerto (Mr. Burgin); Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee"; two movements from d'Indy's Suite in D (Mr. Mager, trumpeter), and the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

Stravinsky's version of the Volga son "Eh Ughnyem" is for wind instruments and percussion. It was published in 1920 and played by the Philadelphia orchestra last month. It is said that Stravinsky has treated the famous song "literally and simply, preserving with fine tact, its strong simplicity, its pathos, and its mournful and sombre beauty." (Lawrence Gilman).

It is a pleasure to find Elgar's "Cockaigne" on the program of the People's Symphony orchestra today. It is one of Elgar's most genial works, written before he became sophisticated and took himself too seriously. It is interesting to compare this overture with Vaughan-Williams's "London" symphony.

Some will regret the substitution by Mr. Gallo of "Martha" for Auber's delightful "Fra Diavolo," an opera, however, that requires a peculiar grace, true elegance in the performance. We once heard "Fra Diavolo" in Dresden when Gudehus, the Wagnerian tenor, took the part of the bandit. Strange to say, he did not make a mess of it; but the role is better suited to a tenor like the inimitable Clement.

Ruth Breton, violinist, who will play here for the first time on Thursday afternoon, began to study when she was 5 years old. Having worked in New York, she made her first appearance of importance in public with the St. Louis orchestra in Louisville. She has played with this orchestra in St. Louis and with the Cincinnati orchestra. She gave a recital with unusual success in New York on Oct. 23.

Betty Gray, contralto, of Cambridge, has studied for two years in New York. She has sung at Sousa's concerts in Philadelphia for three years, and has been heard here, in New York and in Washington.

Abbie Conley Rice, contralto, will sing in Jordan hall next Wednesday evening. She is the wife of Dr. George B. Rice of this city. Having studied at the New England Conservatory, she coached later in Boston, and has studied in Paris, also in Nice, where Jean de Reszke was one of her teachers.

Charles Naegels' program of music for the piano (next Wednesday afternoon) is an unusual one. Only three composers are represented, and one of them by a transcription.

Interesting programs have been arranged by Katharine Metcalf and Dorothy Fairbanks for their recitals this week. P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Chaliapin, who will announce from the stage the titles of his songs. *Did not sing*  
St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. First concert of the People's Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra's first concert of the season for young people. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Charles Naegels, pianist. Bach-Busoni, prelude and fugue, minor; Chopin, sonata, B minor, op. 58; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques.

Symphony Hall, 4 P. M. Repetition of Tuesday's concert for young people.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Abbie Conley Rice, contralto. Handel, "Alma del gran Pompeo" from "Giulio Cesare"; Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Blind My Hair"; Arne, "Come Rosalind"; Bruch, "Penelope ein Gewand Wirkend"; Brahms, "Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer und Wie Komm' ich denn Zur Thuer Herein"; Strauss, "Zueignung"; Chausson, "La Caravane"; Levaude, "Les Veilles de Chez Nous"; Gerber, "Qui Est-ce Qui Passe Si Tard Ici"; Thomas, gavotte from "Mignon"; Smith, "Chinese Caravan"; Fogg, "Peace"; Bantock, "A Feast of Lanterns"; J. Arthur Colburn, accompanist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ruth Breton, violinist. Vitali, Chaconne; Lalo, Spanish Symphony; Scott, Elegie; Poldowski, Tango; C. Burleigh, Hills; Doret-Auer, Agite; Debussy, "Le Plus Que Lente"; Hubay, Scene from the "Czardas"; Walter Golde, pianist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Abbie Conley Rice, contralto. Handel, "Leiti Signori, Salute," from "The Huguenots"; Secchi, "Lungi del Caro Bene"; Rossini, "Ah, Quel Giorno," from "Semiramide"; Brahms, "Feldesamkeit"; Schubert, "Ungeduld"; Strauss, "Wiegenlied"; Debussey, "L'Ombre des Arbres"; Saint-Saens, "Le Bonheur Est Chose Bussy"; G. Faure, "Clair de Lune"; Saint-Saens, "Pourquoi Rester Legere"; Duparc, "La Vague et la Cloche"; Carey, "So Sweete Is Seulette"; Dunhill, "The Cloths of Heaven"; Hageman, "At the Well"; Rachmaninov, "The Isle"; Chadwick, "Thou Art to Me"; Inez Day, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Katharine Metcalf, mezzo-soprano. Gluck, Recitative and Aria from "Iphigenie," and "Armez-vous d'un Noble Courage"; Carpenter, Slumber Song and Serenade; Marx, "Marienlied, und Geslern hat er Mir Rosen Gebracht, Venetiansches"; Wiegenlied, und Geslern hat er Mir Rosen Gebracht, Venetiansches"; Rhene-Baton, Valse de Chopin; G. Faure, "Les Roses d'Ispahan"; Saint-Saens, "Serenade Melancolique"; Widor, "Rosa la Rose"; Saint-Saens, "Aimons-Nous"; old Highland melody, "Turn Ye to Me"; Engel, "Sea Shell"; Rasbach, "Trees"; C. Burleigh, "Awake, It is the Day. Walter Golde, accompanist.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ethel Hutchinson, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, D minor; Gluck-Saint-Saens, "Caprice on Airs from 'Alceste'; Schubert, Impromptu, op. 90, No. 1; Mendelssohn, Etude, B flat minor; Moret, Prelude, A flat; Milhaud, Corcovado and Gavea from "Saudades do Brazil"; Chopin, Impromptu F sharp, and Scherzo, B minor; Debussy, "Reflets Dans L'Eau"; Albeniz, "Sequillias"; Stravinsky, Berceuse from "The Fire-Bird"; MacDowell, Concert Etude.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Shaw, perhaps more profound, he takes historical happening to point his moral and adorn his tale.

With "The Admiral," a play of Columbus and discovery in general, he has given us another provoking and mordant piece, at times subtly satiric, disdant piece, at times scolding, and always curative, deeply scourging, and always human. And, strangely enough, he makes this somewhat long spun discourse a living thing; he touches on everything from pacifism to the contri-

bution of the sexes—at one moment it is rhythmic harangue, and in the next, sheer poetry, almost Whitmanesque in its furious energy.

For his scene he takes the tent of the queen outside of the city when the Arabs are making their last stand against Spain. He suggests the armistice, and boldly contrasted are the pacifist queen and the "no quarter" sailor who burns with his dreams of a new world, which for him means empire, personal triumphs, natives to be sub-



and forests unmade by old world  
ants. The woman sees it as a place  
of liberty, where women will have a  
place outside the home, for a realization  
of what the old world can never be; his  
life, young and naive, thinks only of  
fun.

The queen surrenders her throne to  
him, asks him to tell of his dreams,  
his "man's world," and then, cowering  
in his lust for power, he bares himself  
to a man instinct with creation. It  
is not until after the conference, when  
he has been ridiculed by pedagogues  
and the king, that he had crushed, hu-  
miliated. Then the queen offers him his  
three ships to conquer worlds.

It is a keen philosophizing—and he  
outlines for her the future of America,  
even to its being "without rum"—he  
talks of quelling the natives, of "word  
persuasion." And the queen, with his  
womanly wife, slyly humorous, knowing  
his strength, his courage and his weak-  
ness, prove themselves clear feminists  
and the moulders of new worlds.

It was a vivid and beautiful perform-  
ance that Mr. Kennedy and Miss Math-  
eson gave the piece. Perhaps Miss Math-  
eson has never been so light handed, so  
delicately satiric in her speech and man-  
ner; Mr. Kennedy was always strong  
and vibrantly dramatic; Miss Gage, soft  
voiced and ingenuous, a little too given  
to lifting her head to hold the eyes of  
the galleries. A small and deeply loyal  
audience applauded them well. E. G.

## BEETHOVEN RECITAL

Frederick Lamond, pianist, gave a re-  
cital of Beethoven's music yesterday  
afternoon in Jordan hall, playing the  
Waldstein, Pathetic and "Appassion-  
ata" sonatas, a fantasy in G minor, op.  
77, the G major rondo, op. 51, and the  
"Andante Favori."

Since Mr. Lamond likes above all else  
to give concerts devoted to Beethoven  
alone, there seems no point in com-  
plaining because he is not disposed to  
do something different. Surely he stands  
within his rights, and, after all, he has  
no law behind him to compel people  
against their will to assist at his re-  
citals. So why find fault with his pro-  
grams?

People ought, on the contrary, to be  
thankful to Mr. Lamond, since he has  
Beethoven so firmly on his mind, for  
placing on his program pieces so rarely  
played as the fantasy and the rondo.  
He would have merited still warmer  
hanks if he had carried his originality  
a step farther, substituting for the  
over-driven Appassionata, or even for  
the Waldstein, lovely as it is, one of the  
sonatas we rarely hear.

Beethoven, after all, did write more  
than half a dozen sonatas worth the  
hearing, though audiences, to judge by  
what they are offered, would scarcely  
suppose so.

Nor is there any good reason for tak-  
ing exception to Mr. Lamond's view of  
the right way to play Beethoven.  
Everybody, or nearly everybody, held  
it not many decades ago. Beethoven,  
in his greatness, must not be senti-  
mentalized, or prettified—that is what  
people used to call it when a pianist  
made bold to try, by means of the ped-  
als, to secure beautiful tone, or when  
he brought a melody into higher relief  
than Beethoven had indicated, or ven-  
ured, in behalf of a climax manifestly  
demanded for, to quicken the pace where  
Beethoven had not told him to. Pader-  
wski, the cry was in the nineties,  
could not play Beethoven. But little  
by little the question came often-  
er, then, can play his music better?

People have come to recognize today  
—and among them are those who yield  
to nobody in their reverence of Bee-

ethoven—that this music of genius loses  
at a whit of its grand majesty when  
played with all the tonal beauty and  
clarity, all the poetic imagination, all  
the emotional warmth a pianist can  
bring to the playing—provided, of  
course, he is guided by fine taste.

But Mr. Lamond sees the question  
differently, for evidently he has no  
patience with adding a nuance or a  
tard to Beethoven's own printed di-  
rections. Again, he is well within his  
rights. An excellent performer ac-  
cording to his idea of playing, Mr.  
Lamond evidently finds listeners who  
share his views, for his playing yester-  
day was received with spontaneously  
early applause. R. R. G.

Nov 3 1924

S. writes to us:  
"Why this long and painful (sic.)  
fence on the part of the ubiquitous,  
neat and frequently sarcastic  
M.?"

"Would it not be in order to arrange  
a big Republican demonstration to  
grenade him with that grand old  
ymn?"

"Washburn! tell us of the right  
What its signs of promise are."

As the World Wags:  
This clipping is from the Lynn Item:  
"Two young boys were caught Sat-  
urday night by Special Policemen  
thever, ransacking an auto on  
Union street. The boys were escorted

to police headquarters and may later  
be brought before the juvenile  
court. One of the boys said they  
thru ap, eeshdrucfmycmfwyppppp  
I have been wondering what the  
other boy would have said.  
Swampscott. J. H. BARNES.

## THE SECRETARY HAS BEEN FIRED

As the World Wags:  
Our Hall of Fame has a careless sec-  
retary. Three years ago I presented  
Candy Brothers of St. Louis (wholesale  
candy manufacturers) and Lemon  
Bros., Inc., of Toronto (importers of  
Spanish and Italian lemons) for mem-  
bership, and they were elected unani-  
mously—I might almost say with  
eagerness and enthusiasm.

Why propose the St. Louis men  
again? Did they resign? It is my  
opinion they have paid all dues to date,  
and this offering them membership in  
a notable institute to which they have  
belonged for years seems presumptuous,  
impertinent and notably obnoxious.

Mr. Cooling, of Trall & Cooling, Chi-  
cago, manufacturers of ice cream, has  
been proposed by Miss Ruth French of  
South Acton for honorary membership.  
LANSING R. ROBINSON.

It was a pleasure to find "R. M. G."  
writing about "Noctes Ambrosianae" for  
the Christian Science Monitor, even if  
R. M. G. says that these papers ap-  
peared originally in the Edinburgh Re-  
view, whereas they were published in  
Blackwood's.

"It is interesting," says "R. M. G."  
"to see that in about 10 years 'Maga-  
zine' as the Edinburgh Review was nick-  
named—." For "Edinburgh Review" read  
"Blackwood's."

R. Shelton Mackenzie's notes to the  
"Noctes" are instructive, amusing and  
sometimes caustic; as are his notes to  
Dr. William Maginn's works published  
by Redfield, New York, in the fifties.  
Mackenzie, born at Limerick, came to  
New York in 1852, but moved to Phila-  
delphia in 1857. From his notes to the  
"Noctes" and Maginn's volumes we infer  
that he had more than a bowing ac-  
quaintance with the Demon Rum. What  
would he say if he were now living  
under the reign of Butler in Phila-  
delphia?

## STOP THAT COUGH

Coughing at concerts has become an  
intolerable nuisance. Did not Prof.  
Copeland once say when some admirers  
in his class kept barking while he was  
talking or reading that he liked to cough  
himself, that he was fond of coughing,  
but when he went out he left his cough  
at home? In Sir Arthur Help's "Real-  
mate" a powder was given to every  
one entering a concert hall, theatre, lec-  
ture room. The powder possessed this  
property: When it was swallowed, the  
spectators and hearers were able to  
enjoy sleep while their faces bore the  
appearance of wide-awake and pleased  
intelligence. Why should not the door-  
men at Symphony hall present each  
one entering with a small box put by  
our esteemed friends the Smith Brothers  
or by that friend of our childhood,  
Bronchial Brown?

## NOT THE FIRST

Newspapers have stated that the  
course in musical criticism to be given  
at Harvard will be the first of its kind.  
The statement is inaccurate.

A course in musical criticism was in-  
stituted in the department of music at  
the University of Virginia at the begin-  
ning of the present session. This course,  
primarily for graduation, is given by  
Prof. Harry Rogers Pratt, a Harvard  
man. "The laboratory work in which  
the students may practise at preparing  
program notes, writing criticisms, etc.,  
includes 16 ensemble recitals by faculty  
and visiting artists, about a dozen con-  
certs by artists of international renown,  
the performance of a large choral soci-  
ety, an orchestral society and the Uni-  
versity of Virginia Glee Club."

Was there not, a good many years  
ago, a class in musical criticism at the  
New England Conservatory of Music,  
with Louis C. Elson as instructor?

This is how a Chicago poet views the  
rent question:

I never see an empty flat  
But what I throw away my hat,  
Emit assorted, heartfelt jeers,  
Yelps of delight and snootish cheers!  
I never read of suicide  
Of landlords on the dear north side  
But what I fill the tall carafe  
And sit up all night long and laugh.  
Last spring, when renting was the  
theme,

It was their autocratic dream—  
That four small rooms, a sink, a tub,  
Were worth two hundred to the dub.  
Now note the swarms of empty coops  
With landlords sobbing on their stoops,  
While agents hagard and intense  
Suggest nine rooms for 80 cents!

O, does this not shake pity's tree  
And pain the gentle heart of thee?  
It doesn't? Come with me, my dears,  
And we will rend the blue with sneers.

GORDON SEAGROVE.

## GUARD OUR HOMES

As the World Wags:

A social worker, Miss Marie G. Mer-  
rell of Chicago, recently expressed a fear  
that the kitchenette is menacing the  
home. Mother comes home late, she  
says, "kills a couple of cans" and an-  
nounces that dinner is ready.

How I admired ma that night,  
Seen through the lurid gas-range light.

When with the true Apache dash,  
She massacred the corned beef hash.

How devilish her languid ease,  
The while she croaked the can of peas.

We'll have a race of hellions yet,  
Hatched by the cursed kitchenette.

M. B.

## NOT IF YOU WISH US TO BUY IT

(From the Oconomowoc, Wis., Enterprise)  
FOR SALE—Player piano, most as  
good as new. You should hear it play  
"Silver Threads Among the Gold." See  
Lynford Lardner.

As the World Wags:

Another version of the old song, "In  
the Morning by the Bright Light,"  
which I heard sung by the minstrels  
years ago:

"Went down de river and couldn't get  
across,

Singing children, little children, don't  
you follow me;

Jumped on an alligator, thought it was  
a hoss,

Singing 'Glory, Glory Hallelujah!'  
"In the morning, etc." S.

When did the word "fan," meaning a  
maniacal devotee of this or that sport,  
come into common use?

The noun in thieves' slang meant in  
the 50s a waistcoat, whereas the Eng-  
lish slang words were "Ben, benjie,  
Charley Prescott." The verb "to fan"  
meant to beat, to berate, or, in thieves'  
slang, "to feel, to handle with a view  
to ascertain if a victim has anything  
valuable about his person."

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

ST. JAMES THEATRE—People's  
Symphony orchestra, conducted by  
Emil Mollenhauer, in the first con-  
cert of the season. Heinrich Geb-  
hardt, pianist, was the soloist. The  
program included Elgar's overture,  
"Cockaigne"; Liszt's concerto (No.  
2 in A major) for orchestra and  
piano; Tschalkowsky's serenade  
for string orchestra; and Svendsen's  
"Romeo and Juliet" fantasia.

This is the fifth season of these con-  
certs, and, willy-nilly, their audiences  
have been growing, until, yesterday af-  
ternoon, with rare spontaneity and  
doggedness, galleries and orchestra pit  
teemed with applause. There was ap-  
plause for Mr. Mollenhauer, who was  
presented with a bouquet, for his or-  
chestra, and for Mr. Gebhardt, who was  
even persuaded to play an encore. He  
chose Liszt's "Liebestraum."

The program was an interesting one,  
for neither the Cockaigne overture nor  
the Svendsen fantasia are too well  
known here, and the latter, although it  
has been performed here on various  
occasions, has never been given at a  
symphony concert. For his purposes  
this season Mr. Mollenhauer has an in-  
finitely more flexible orchestra, better  
co-ordinated, more responsive to him  
and to the subtler meanings of the  
music. Especially in the string and  
wind sections is the change marked.  
There is more roundness and less strag-  
gling. The performance of the Liszt  
concerto was a brilliant one, from the  
opening themes of the andante to the  
crashing rhythms of the martial close.  
Mr. Gebhardt, as pianist, was facile,  
intelligent, an excellent musician, play-  
ing his Liszt lovingly.

The original Cockaigne was a mythi-  
cal paradise where idlers might live in  
luxury and gaze upon black diamonds,  
fountains of cheese and macaroons, ac-  
cording to Boccaccio. In the 18th cen-  
tury, it was London that was dubbed  
"Cockaigne," and so Elgar's overture to  
"London Town." Unlike Vaughan Will-  
iams's London Symphony, its themes are  
based on no particular street cry. Yet  
it is alive with streaming sounds, blithe  
cockneys, lovers interrupted by the in-  
sistence of the street bands, and seek-  
ing respite in the church, where even  
the organ can not rout the disordered  
and ceaseless babblings. Roundly Eng-  
lish in its buoyancy, its clear bright  
themes, its sentiment, it is one of the  
best of Elgar's overtures. The orches-  
tra played it generously, with zest.

Well calculated to test the improve-  
ment in the strings was the Tschalkow-  
sky Serenade for a string orchestra,  
ranging through its four well ordered  
movements, from the first in the form  
of a onatina, through the valse and the  
mournful little elegy to the gorgeous  
finale, based on folk songs.

The Svendsen fantasia of "Romeo and  
Juliet" is beautiful, imaginative music,  
fluently orchestrated, but there is little  
suggestion of Shakespeare in this Nor-  
wegian version. It might have been an  
tragic romance, for there is no mention  
of Montague and Capulet, of Friar Law-  
rence, or any of the disturbing persons  
of the play. It is romantic, sensuous  
music, of tragic forebodings; interest-  
ing to compare with the Berlioz and  
Tschalkowsky music of the same source.

Mr. Mollenhauer and his players did  
nobly with it.

Next week the soloist will be Carmela  
Ippolito, and the program will include  
Humperdinck's "Vorspiel, Hansel and  
Gretel," Tschalkowsky's Concerto for  
violin in D Major, Cesar Franck's "Les  
Esliques," and Wagner's "Overture to  
Rienzi."

## Paul Robeson

A song recital of unusual interest  
was given yesterday afternoon in  
the ballroom of the Copley-Plaza  
Hotel before a large audience. Paul  
Robeson of the Provincetown Play-  
ers was the singer, listed as baritone,  
but easily qualifying as bass.

With one or two minor exceptions,  
the program was made up entirely  
of Negro spirituals. Mr. Robeson's  
singing of these left one in a curious  
state of admiration mixed with re-  
gret. Admiration because, without  
doubt, his voice encompasses beau-  
tiful tones that he handles with  
skill. Regret because he was obvi-  
ously ill at ease, with the result that  
he did not allow himself the full  
scope, the deep resonance that on  
such a voice would have been super-  
imposed by assurance.

Yet one could not escape the reali-  
zation that an artist of fine possibili-  
ties was singing. Some of the low  
tones were remarkable for their  
sensitive power while certain of the  
upper ones were of a veiled loveli-  
ness.

If Mr. Robeson's decision is to  
continue in concert work, it will be  
interesting to hear him a year hence  
when he has gained complete con-  
trol of the magnificent organ that  
is his and when he will have learned  
to play upon an instrument so pliable  
as a concert audience.

Louis Hooper was at the piano for  
Mr. Robeson. Those songs which  
showed the singer at his best were  
the ones he sang unaccompanied—

"Nothin," the Hammer Song with a  
bit of effective gesture, and "All  
God's Chillun Got Shoes." Z. B. F.

## 'SAINT JOAN'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First perfor-  
mance in Boston of "Saint Joan," a play  
in four acts and six scenes, with epi-  
logue by George Bernard Shaw. Pre-  
sented by Miss Whitney.

Robert de Baudricourt.....Eskline Sanford  
Stewart.....George Kendall  
Dunois.....Julia Arthur  
Bertrand de Poulengy.....John Fenn  
The Archbishop of Rheims.....George Fitzgerald

La Tremouille.....Emil Hoch  
Court Page.....Louis Cruger  
Gilles de Rais.....House Baker Jameson  
Capt. la Hire.....Henry Major  
The Dauphin (laor Charles VII).....Philip Leigh

Duchess de la Tremouille.....Marie Martin  
Dunois.....Albert Barrett  
Dunois' Page.....Mason Palmer  
Earl of Warwick.....Lynn Pratt  
Chaplain de Stogumber.....Henry Travers  
Peter Cauchon.....Edwin Mordant  
Warwick's Page.....Walter Winter  
The Inquisitor.....Lowden Adams  
Canon D'Estivet.....Maurice McRae  
De Courcelles.....John McGovern  
Brother Martin Ladvenu.....Adrian Sanford  
The Executioner.....Daniel Homes  
An English Soldier.....Stanley Wood  
A Gentleman of 1920.....Ernest Tanner

No doubt the great majority of play-  
goers in Boston have read Shaw's play  
or read about it, and column after  
column has been written about his  
treatment of the famous girl. No doubt  
some saw the play in New York, im-  
patient, knowing that many dramas and  
comedies worth while are exasperating-  
ly slow in arriving here. Some may  
have had the curiosity to read or re-  
read the books about Joan by Mark  
Twain, Andrew Lang and Anatole  
France. Then there is Shaw's long  
preface in which he insists that men  
do not grow wiser or more receptive  
with the years; that if the men of this  
century had been called on to judge  
Joan they would have put her to death  
not from sheer cruelty, but wishing to  
save her, bewailing her stubbornness.



And so what becomes of inomas de Quincy's rhetorically gorgeous apostrophe to the Bishop of Beauvais? As for Villon's line about the good Joan being burnt by Englishmen, was that written merely to save the French face?

Shaw like Anatole France, whom he treats cavalierly in his preface but to whom he is greatly indebted, especially in the trial scene, the best act in the play psychologically and dramatically, uses the story to serve his own ends. As Anatole France was anti-clerical, so Shaw cannot refrain from his attacks on English habits, traditions, institutions. Like Anatole France he sympathizes with Joan while he argues that there was nothing to do with her except to put her out of the way as a political and religious nuisance; he is fond of her, though he is not so eloquent as Anatole France in his affection. He is perhaps more human, genial is hardly the word, in this play than he was in those preceding. There is a keener sense of theatrical demands; the characters are not merely speaking tubes to accommodate Shaw scolding and sneering. As a play, a theatre piece, it will surely stand high among his stage works.

Neither Shaw nor Anatole France admits that Joan had striking intellectual qualities or was endowed with marvelous military talents; but she had the gift of inspiring soldiers while disconcerting routine military leaders and shocking honest and religious priests anxious for the safety of her soul and the supremacy of the church. The question then comes up, how should she be portrayed on the stage. Is her character as drawn by Shaw made clear to the spectator? Are the other characters in the play as sharply defined as in the printed book, with the aid of the explanatory preface? For a play, after all, is not a play until it is taken into the theatre, in spite of the belief of some, that excellent critic, Charles Lamb, among them, who insists that certain great tragedies, as "King Lear" mock performance.

Joan in life and in the play was a young girl. Should the part be played only by one? Cannot an experienced actress simulate youth and naive behavior more skilfully than comparatively inexperienced youth? Sybil Thorndike, whose Joan won the enthusiastic praise of London's fussiest critics and touched the hearts of the beholders, has passed her fortieth year. It's the old problem of Juliet again; though Shaw's Joan at the end is an almost irresolute and shrinking girl, not the creature of passion who puts love above life and death. It may be said here that probably no person, certainly no woman, has inspired so many dramatic works as Joan. In France alone up to 1390 she had been the heroine in fifty or more dramatic pieces. She had spoken pose in dramas, declaimed Alexandrines in tragedy, sung operatic verses; gesticulated in pantomimes, galloped in cirruses and hummed couplets in vaudeville. No other woman has incited, we do not say inspired, so many composers of music. Yet what actress, whose singer is now remembered by her impersonation of Joan of Arc?

How about the experienced Miss Arthur? Does she realize that some may find the scene of the conversation between Bishop Cauchon and the Earl of Warwick more engrossing, more dramatic, though it is only concerned with mediaeval politics, than any scene except the trial, in which she is supposedly the leading figure? Does she feel that Joan must be portrayed, to use Shaw's words as "an extremely real person," notwithstanding the visions and the voices? Joan in her day was a heretic with the saving grace of common sense. She saw no reason why any church should stand between her and God in whom "she had a childlike faith."

Miss Arthur gave a singularly engrossing portrayal. There is no veritable picture of Joan in existence, but Miss Arthur appeared as one would wish Joan looked, as the girl of Lorraine and as the soldier. Her bearing was not too manly; her frankness was not exaggerated. She was simple, unaffected; her love for France, her belief in her mission as coming from God, these gave her physical fervor and spiritual eloquence in the more emotional passages. In the more prosaic moments in her familiar talk with the soldier or with the Dauphin she was natural, not too eager in sharpening Shaw's verbal arrows. The charm of her voice with her clear enunciation and significant reading of her lines was irresistible. And at the trial scene, where many skilled actresses might easily come to grief, she

"Nothing common did, or mean upon that memorable scene."

As for the other members of the company, Mr. Pratt as the Earl of Warwick was conspicuous for his intelligent delivery of his lines, for his comprehension of the Earl's character as drawn by the dramatist. Also worthy of special mention were Mr. Fitzgerald as the Archbishop, Mr. Mordant as the Bishop, Mr. Adams as the Inquisitor. (The trial

scene was effective in its ensemble.) The Dauphin was, in fact, a weak thing, a poor fish, but was he the comic opera figure presented by Mr. Leigh? Mr. Travers's Stogumber, often excellent, was at times overacted. And why did Mr. Sanford as Baudricourt and Mr. Major as La Hire shout with the full strength of vigorous lungs. To show that they were masterful, bluff, hearty fellows?

There has been hot discussion over the epilogue. To us the play would be more impressive if it were not ended by this vaudeville scene; but Mr. Shaw thinks the scene necessary and quite admirable, and he does not wish to be impressive.

An audience of good size was most attentive.

It has been said that nearly every man thinks that he could play Hamlet acceptably and conduct successfully a newspaper. It might also be said that any lover of literature thinks he is the one man to compile an anthology of poems or prose. In other words, his anthology would be composed of poems or pages of prose that happen to suit his taste. It matters not whether he have on his table Charles A. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," "The Golden Treasury," Bryant's collection—or that disappointing "Parnassus," which reflects curiously on Ralph Waldo Emerson. Anthologies appear at stated intervals: an English painter has recently compiled one of poems that have suggested pictures, George Moore edits one of "pure" poetry, poems that are free from ideas, the only true poetry if Mr. Moore is to be believed. It comes down to this: in order to possess a wholly satisfactory collection of verse each one should make his own selections. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, discussing nobly the question, once informed us that in his collection Poe would not be represented by "The Raven," not by "The Bells," but by "Israfel," "The Haunted Palace," "Annabel Lee," "To Helen," "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea" and possibly "Ulalume." "What!" we exclaimed, "so much Poe?" "Yes," answered the Sage of Clamport and Blossom Court. "Yes, indeed; and in these poems I have named I find what Henley described as 'the artful, subtle, irresistible song of Poe.' I am not sure but I should include Poe's prose poems, 'Silence' and 'Shadow.'"

And now comes Mr. Joseph Lewis French with his prose anthology, "Sixty Years of American Humor," published by Little, Brown & Co., a stout volume of 400 pages from 30 humorists, male and female after their kind, beginning with Artemus Ward and ending with Sam Hellman. Stephen Leacock, of whom a very little goes a very long way, is included, although he was born in England, and is a Canadian.

Mr. French, a man of wide reading, fine taste and marked industry, has made a name for himself as a compiler of anthologies. Here comes in the personal equation to which we have referred. No book of this kind could wholly satisfy Jones, Brown and Robinson. They would say "Why did you choose this article, Mr. French; why didn't you include that?"

Why, for example, did not Mr. French begin with "Sam Slick" Halliburton if he admits Mr. Leacock? Why is there no page from Lt. Derby's "Phoenixiana" or "Squibb Papers"? The official report of Prof. John Phoenix's "Military Survey and Reconnaissance of the Route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores," or his "Musical Review Extraordinary," being a description of "The Plains: Ode Symphonique Par Jabez Tarbox" is far more amusing, more creditable to American humor than many of the pages published. Furthermore, Mark Twain and even Artemus Ward were indebted to Phoenix.

Artemus is not well represented. The three selections do not do him justice. Is "Orpheus C. Kerr" wholly forgotten? He surely deserved recognition. As for "Phlander Q. Doesticks" we cannot say; we know him not, yet in his day he made thousands laugh. Nothing from the Burlington Hawkeye or the Danbury News man.

"The Sparrowgrass Papers" were published originally in Putnam's Magazine. Was there no room in Mr. French's book for Cozzens's account of the drain that he wished laid?

Were "Petroleum V. Nasby" and Richard Grant White ("The New Gospel of Peace") too satirical in their treatment of politics to find an honorable place? But White's description of the shoddy aristocracy in New York during and just after the civil war is most amusing.

Mark Twain is justly represented by "The Jumping Frog."

And we are glad to find Max Adler's "The Obituary Poet," with those memorable verses beginning in turn:

"The death angel smote Alexander McGlue"; "Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick"; "Four

doctors tackled Johnny Smith"; "We have lost our little Harner in a very painful manner"; "Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the wood"; "Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life," and "Little Alexander's dead."

There might have been room for a page of George Arnold ("Macarone"), but those now delicately, now uproariously humorous sketches are buried in the files of Vanity Fair of the early sixties. We miss even a few lines from Bert Taylor, though we find two prefaces of Don Marquis. Mr. French was quick to appreciate the peculiar humor of Mr. Christopher Ward, whose volumes of parodies, "The Triumph of the Nut" and "Twisted Tales" are worthy of standing on a shelf with Thackeray's Burlesques and Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels."

Artemus Ward! We read last month that his "collected works" were shortly to be issued. Are the three red-covered volumes published by Carleton in the sixties, with execrable illustrations by Howard, often found in second-hand book shops? There was a handsomely printed volume, containing the lecture he gave in Egyptian hall, London, published in that city, and it was supposedly complete. To this new collection to be published in New York Mr. Albert J. Nock has written an introduction which appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature, New York, on Oct. 4.

Mr. Nock thinks that Artemus earned his way in the world of letters, not so much by the power of his humor as by the power of his criticism.

"Ward was a first-class critic of society," and he has lived . . . by precisely the same power that gave a more robust levity to Cervantes and Rabelais. The critical function which spirits like Ward perform upon this unorganized and alien order of humanity—an order, as Mr. Nock shows, characterized by "Intelligenz"—is twofold; it is not only clearing and

illuminating, but it is also strengthening, reassuring, even healing and consoling. They have not only the ability but the temper which marks the true critic of the first order; for, as we all know, the failure which deforms and weakens so much of the able second-rate critic's work is a failure in temper.

"Our modern school of social critics might therefore conceivably get profit out of studying Ward's view of American life, to see how regularly he represents it, as they do, as manifesting an extremely low type of beauty, a factitious type of morals, a grotesque and repulsive type of religion, a profoundly imperfect type of social life and manners. Baldwinville is overspread with all the hideousness, the appalling tedium and enervation that afflict the sensitive soul of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. . .

"Epitaphs are notably exuberant, but the simple line carved upon Ward's tombstone presents with a most felicitous precision and completeness, I think, the final word upon him. 'His name will live as a sweet and unfading recollection.' Yes, just that is his fate, and there is none other so desirable."

And it was Charles Reade that characterized him as "Artemus, the delicious."

To go back to Mr. French's compilation. It contains many pages that will amuse. In some of the volumes from which they were taken they would be only as grains of wheat lost in much chaff. His short introductory notes are pertinent. In his preface he says wisely: "Humorous literature has been so rapturously received by an overburdened and overstrung people during the past decade or two that it shows signs of overdevelopment as an art—the matter has occasionally become somewhat strained." But he thinks this forcing of the note will disappear "with a serene general outlook."

## LA GIOCONDA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Gioconda," opera by Ponchielli. San Carlo Grand Opera Company. Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

La Gioconda.....Marie Rappold  
Enzo.....Gaetano Tommasini  
Laura.....Stella de Mette  
Alvise.....Pietro de Biasi  
La Cieca.....Mary Kent  
Barnaba.....Mario Bastola  
Zuane.....Natale Cervi  
Un Cantore.....Luigi de Cesare  
Isepo.....Francesco Currel  
Conductor.....Fulgencio Guerrieri

For old sakes sake it was good to hear "La Gioconda." Was ever opera staged more picturesque, with the Venetian populace swarming through the court of the Doge's palace, Dalmatian sailors singing and dancing on the moonlit shores of the Lido, ships that burn in the night, the splendor of the Palazzo Badoer where lords and ladies gorgeously clad attend a fete and find

a funeral, and finally that ruinous, mysterious place on the shore where la Gioconda meets her end?

And the wild romance of it all! From Victor Hugo, what else would one expect but ladies of the Renaissance fleeing from courts and castles, heavily veiled and masked to keep their trysts with princes disguised as fishermen, blind women set upon as witches, singingwomen quick at drawing the poniard, husbands apt at administering poison, spies, rogues, priests—Victor Hugo saw them living folk, and even today he can, by his genius, make them live for people of imagination.

Though Boito left a gap or two in the plot of "Angelo" when he made it into an opera libretto, he maintained unspecked the spirit of romance. So did Ponchielli, the innovator who, a musician of parts with a keen sense of rhythm and a genuine gift of melody, yet lacked the genius to do justice to his attempts at operatic reforms. Attractive music he left behind him, none the less, in "La Gioconda," music of frequent charm and color, often of dramatic force.

It demands singers of extraordinary powers and a brilliant orchestra to show it properly forth. Mr. Gallo probably does the best he can. One singer, at all events, he has of distinguished ability, Miss Mary Kent, with a contralto voice, admirably trained, of rare beauty. Her singing of "Voce di donna" would have won her distinction in the finest operatic company in the land. Mme. Rappold, fresher in voice than when last she appeared here, sang with experienced routine. Mr. Tommasini, blessed with a strong tenor voice of the kind beloved today, was received with approval by the audience. Mr. Bastola, with an even stronger voice, made of his Barnaba a malignant creature indeed. Miss De Mette sang lustily—the arbitrary cutting out of an entire scene did sad damage to her opportunities, as well as havoc to the plot—so did Mr. Biasi and the chorus.

The orchestra, under Mr. Guerrieri, played, at this first performance, less flexibly and less sonorously than may be expected later. The Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet danced attractively. The audience, fairly large, seemed well pleased. R. R. G.

## PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The

Potters," a play by J. P. McEvoy, based on newspaper sketches, and first presented in Baltimore, on Oct. 23, 1923, with Donald Meek as Mr. Potter, produced by Richard Herndon. The cast includes

Ma Potter.....Mrs. Geo. A. Hibbard  
Bill Potter.....Gay Pendleton  
Mamie Potter.....Viola Frayne  
F. Potter.....Walter Perkins  
Red Miller.....Hal Thompson  
Gladys Rankin.....Miriam Coughlin  
Friend.....Lon Carter  
Mr. Rankin.....George Harcourt  
Mr. Eagle.....Wilbur Cox  
Conductor.....Frank Baker  
Motorman.....Lizzie McCall  
Medium.....Judson Langill  
Ice man.....Dorothy Lyons  
Her Daughter.....James Malady  
Walter.....Rose Dean  
Check Room Girl.....Mabel Wright  
Mrs. Rankin.....Wilbur Cox  
Fullman Porter.....Lon Carter  
Bill.....James Malady  
Mike.....Paggy O'Reilly  
Girl's Voice.....Raymond Hellman  
Boy's Voice.....John Little  
Mrs. Peterson.....Louise Mainland  
Mechanic.....Judson Langill  
Jack.....James B. Liskart  
Anabelle.....Ellen B. Warner

Gathering together his various and running comments of the American comedy as it appears in the homes and offices of the great middle class, Mr. McEvoy has, in the manner of the expressionists, written a play about the Potters. A play in three acts and 12 kaleidoscopic scenes. As a rather kindly cartoonist he has looked in upon the blustering and inept little man and his daily and unceasing harangues with his family; the disturbing function that is the American breakfast, the wild jolting of strap-hangers in the subway, the patter that goes for conversation when friend meets friend and discusses "the topics of the day"; the medium interrupted in her star roving by the untimely arrival of an earthly ice man; the interchange of courtesies between brother and sister—all these, and still more of the phenomena of our bolsterious lives.

There is not a one omitted from the raucous bedtime stories drifting in over the radio and Ma Potter at her "daily dozen" to the glimpse of an oil well and a Pullman train in action. Like Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" and his "Babbitt," it is an accurate reflection of Americanism in speech and custom, but, unlike these, it is a comedy, and at times self-conscious, and because, after all, it is comedy the wheel turns happily at the end; all difficulties are overcome and realism is forgotten.

Amusing because so clearing photographed they are like animated cartoons, flashing their Potterisms with an air of creativeness. There is no rounded dramatic structure, merely a collection of episodes following the futile and bustling Pa Potter through his round of adventures of a day and more; his bold and furtive indulgence in wildest old speculation; his trip to the fields where



of their worthlessness, his insistence on his rights in the case of his daughter marrying an ex-life guard; his frantic pursuit of the elopers, and his final bright flare with the oil leases.

And for the lesser persons, Mr. McVoy has flung in the man across the street, the unctuous swindler, prosperous neighbors, pert and all knowing stenographer, garage men who "never do anything today," the Pullman porter, and those who park their automobiles in convenient places. A piece of gibbous matter of factness, and the company, led by Walter Perkins as Potter and Mrs. Hibbard as his argufy'ing pouse, meets its demands bolsterously; and with the exception of Mr. Perkins as a tendency to strain for effects, where the result might be obtainable with much less effort.

E. G.

### COPLEY THEATRE — "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," a comedy in three acts, by R. C. Barton. The cast:

apt. Dorveston.....Hugh C. Buckler  
the Rev. Audley-Pillenger.....C. Wordley Hulse  
r. Cryl (Lord Huntworth).....Francis Compton  
he Rev. Henry Thorsby.....Allan Mowbray  
ndy.....Harold West  
aroline Rayward (Lady Huntworth).....Violet Paget  
Miss Lucy Pillenger.....Katherine Standing  
Miss Hannah Pillenger.....Elspeth Dudgeon  
esiah.....May Edis  
Mr. Carton's delightful comedy has not been seen in Boston since 1902, so came as something practically new, just a trifle archaic, perhaps, by reason of the lapse of years and shifting standards, but wholesome, clever and amusing, to the last word and the last detail.

The story concerns an English lady of title, who, divorced by her worthless brute of a husband, goes out to service as cook for a susceptible bachelor vicar. The new cook succeeds in vastly improving the menu of the establishment but causes terrible havoc in the hearts of the male members of the household, from the vicar down to the "general man."

The deftness with which she disposes of all these admirers and senses the complications which are continually arising, makes the thread which a succession of laughable incidents are lightly strung. The relief is afforded by the appearance of the husband, who getting wind of an inheritance which his ex-wife has come in for, tries to patch up a reconciliation. Needless to say, the attempt falls calamitously and the lady calls to her host's friend, the gallant apt. Dorveston.

The part of Lady Huntworth, previously taken here by such capable actresses as Hilda Spong and Lillian Lawrence, lost nothing in the hands of Miss Paget, who played it with a keen appreciation of its whimsical possibilities, but without the exaggeration which would have been so easy. She was not so flagrantly cheerful as her predecessors and exhibited a restraint that was most effective.

Miss Dudgeon, as the vicar's maiden sister, presented a unique bit of character. Mr. Buckler gave the blundering, clumsy, but good-hearted captain, with clever artistry and Mr. Compton, as the disreputable Lord Huntworth, as almost too repulsive. No man was ever so utter a scoundrel in real life as he looked to kick him.

Lady Huntworth's experiment is a thing to chuckle at rather than an incentive to unrestrained mirth. However, the spectacle of May Edis, who achieved the very happiest vein, going "out for evening" with her "new cloth" and her incidental plumage was one for the gods. The house rocked with laughter.

The play, as a whole, was given with remarkable smoothness and precision. Team work was admirable. Settings and costuming left nothing to be desired.

J. E. P.

serious and purposeful drama, he won the Pulitzer prize with his "Icebound," already familiar to Boston audiences, which leads us up to "The Nervous Wreck."

Dramatizing the "hypo" is hardly new to our Boston public, for the late Charles Hoyt was among those who wrote around this character. But Mr. Davis sounds a new note in development, in the main idea. Nor is this all, for the author has accomplished the seemingly impossible in correcting the flopping last act of farce as well as comedy a la mode in maintaining interest to the end, for the development takes on a steady crescendo, making the last act the most interesting of the performance.

No doubt Mr. Davis hides behind the license of farce in taking the impossible liberties with Henry. The head cow-puncher might have made quick work of him. In the earlier scenes, despite her plight, Sally would have left him in disgust. Both the sheriff and Jud Morgan were too keen and raw to have let him slip through their fingers. But then, if we would have it otherwise, there would have been no play.

It is not too much to say that it is the noisiest play that has ever come to Boston, a veritable bedlam. Of the West, it is decidedly woolly. Gunfire, a crockery carnage, roaring cow-punchers, barking dog, a mixing dish full of salad dressing thrust into the face of ner of Charlie Chaplin. Nor was all the noise on the stage, for many of the lines were inaudible because of an audience roaring with delight.

The role of Henry requires a skilled comedian, for it is a part of infinite detail, and one that calls for subtlety of speech, expression and repose. In all these Mr. Kruger bore himself convincingly, and very often to his credit gymnastically. Kathleen Comegys was at her best in the fabrication scene, when she handled the sheriff with lidd gloves and reduced her irate father to a more modified degree of complacency. Of the remainder of the cast, there is much to say in praise. Of the play, it seems to afford that relaxation that the tired business man seeks and so seldom gets.

T. A. R.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company presents "The Other Rose," adapted from the French of Edouard Bourdet by George Middleton and produced in New York last season by David Belasco, with Fay Bainter and Henry Hull in the leading roles: The cast:

Rose Coe.....Elsie Hitz  
Prof. Andrew Coe, her father.....Louis Leon Hall  
Johnny Coe, her brother.....Houston Richards  
Mrs. Mason.....Anna Layne  
Tony Mason, her son.....Bernard Nedell  
Rose Helen Trotter.....Olive Blakeney  
Betty Doolittle.....Marie Laloz  
Gideon, the gardener.....Ralph Remley

The audience that witnessed the first production of this play, by its size and its ready response to subtle lines and clever execution by the players, confirmed a wise choice as to the play and the selection of a new leading man and woman to fill the important roles.

Elsie Hitz, formerly of the "Cat and Canary" company, and Bernard Nedell, until recently a member of the Somerville Stock Company, made their debut as the leading members of the company and were enthusiastically received. Nedell needed no introduction to many of the audience, and had a warm reception at his entrance in the first act as Tony Mason.

The play, while not of the rollicking, humor-in-every-line variety, proved adequately amusing to the audience, albeit it moved somewhat slowly and dealt with a theme lacking somewhat in ability to hold interest at a high pitch.

The "other Rose" is a young lady of that name, to whom the hero transfers his calflove, formerly lavished on a "dangerous" woman, named Rose Watts, who, because of her conjugal attachment to another man and her affection for a Spaniard, is unable to return his love.

The love of the hero, Tony Mason, gradually assumes the aspect of true love, but only after his garrulous, devoted mother, assisted by the "other Rose," through the most altruistic of motives, succeeds in demonstrating to the young man that he really does not care for his first love.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Lewis & Gordon, in association with Sam H. Harris, present "The Nervous Wreck," a farcical adventure in the far West, in three acts, by Owen Davis, founded on a story by E. J. Rath, featuring Otto Lugger. Produced by Sam Forrest.

Best performance in Boston. The cast:

Sly Morgan.....Kathleen Comegys  
Harry Williams.....Otto Kruger  
Th.....Jefferson Hall  
Cester Underwood.....Albert Hackett  
Jome Underwood.....William Holden  
Erriet Underwood.....Betty Garde  
dy Nabb.....Riley Hatch  
rt.....Clifford Hall  
n.....Charles Henderson  
b Wells.....Edward Arnold  
a Morgan.....Lawrence Edlinger

It will be remembered that this is the same Owen Davis of the days of the "ten-twenty-third" at our own Grand Opera House uptown—the days of ripping melodrama, the sinister "think," the dripping dagger, the villain at bay, he of the drooping mustaches and the staccato "Ha! Ha!" utterly, turning his attention to more

from toe dancing to the more modern type. Cross and Mach, Jr., present a five-minute acrobatic act that is exceptionally fine.

William Frawley and Edna Louise give a sketch of four scenes, "Taxi, Please." It is a charming little play concerning a romantic young actress and a man about town. Interspersed are bright sayings, several melodious tunes and a few dances.

Mae Olsen and Lew Oliver in "A Series of Smiles" show what a pair of eccentric dancers can do. Miss Olsen, as the young country flirt, made the most of an exceedingly difficult part.

"The Keyhole Kameos," comprising a select company of accomplished actors and actresses headed by Jack Mundy and Leda Errol, present a miniature musical comedy revue in 10 scenes. The production is staged by Ray Perez. The young women are pretty, can sing and dance, and dress well. The principals work hard and their quips are productive of many laughs.

Others on the bill are Burth Shepherd and company, Jack LaVier, Bert Hanlon and Al Frabell and sister. The usual movies begin and end the program.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter, Dorothy.

MAJESTIC—"Charlot's Revue," English revue with Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Herbert Mundin and Sam B. Hardy.

SELWYN—"For All Of Us," William Hodge's play in which he stars.

SHUBERT—"Wildflower," musical comedy starring Edith Day.

WILBUR—"Moonlight," musical comedy starring Julia Sanderson.

### SYMPHONY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first of its Young People's Concerts yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture, Scherzo and March from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Stravinsky, Song of the Volga Boatmen; Tchaikovsky, Canzonetta from violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist); Rimsky-Korsakov, The Flight of the Bumble Bee from "Tsar Saltan"; d'Indy, Minuet from Suite in D (In the Olden Style); Mr. Magor, trumpeter; J. Strauss, Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube."

What, Stravinsky for the young and innocent? Well, why not? No one gives boys and girls any longer the improving, highly moral tales of Mrs. Sherwood. We doubt if boys now clamor for "Sandford and Merton" as a Christmas gift. By the time the boys of 1924 have reached man's estate, Stravinsky may be to audiences as Haydn is today, and the girls who will then be betrothed or wedded may ask: "Can't we hear something new?" We remember when conservative concert-goers in Boston thought the symphony by blameless Cesar Franck immoral. As for Richard Strauss, when his "Till" was performed for the first time, he was a madman, a son of Belial, if not Antichrist in the guise of a composer.

This arrangement by Stravinsky of the famous song of the bargemen on the Volga was performed here for the first time. Stravinsky arranged it for wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments. It is a comparatively recent work, having been published in 1920. The text of the song, "Eh, Ughnyem," consists of a few exclamations, with six other words. As given in an English version, it reads: "Pull, boys, pull! Once again, lads, pull the rope that rows the boat, winding round yon curly birch." For the brutal practice of using human labor to haul the loaded barges up and down the Volga was not abandoned until toward the middle of the last century. There are many arrangements of the folk tune. This one by Stravinsky was played in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia orchestra on the 17th of last month.

If any one should reproach the management for allowing Stravinsky music

to be played for young people, the authorities could say, with the poor girl in the story: "But it is such a little one," for, sonorously impressive as the arrangement is, it is simple and very short.

The children enjoyed the orchestra and the soloists greatly. The "Bumble Bee" was repeated. Wallace Goodrich, speaking before the selections a few well-chosen words, supplemented the helpful program notes written by Mr. Burk.

Now that there is Italian opera in Boston, and the "King" will soon be performed here in English, Mary Fitch Watkins's "First Aid to the Opera Goer," published by Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York, will be of use. There have been predecessors in this field, beginning, perhaps, with "The Standard Opera Glass," by Charles Annesley, which, published for the first time in Dresden by a bookseller, Tittmann, in the 80s, was written in English, probably for the benefit of English operagoers in that city. Enlarged and revised, it had reached a ninth edition in 1895. The book describes 115 operas, including many that were at the time heard only in Germany; some of them have by this time left the stage.

Miss Watkins's book is on a different plan from those preceding: it is not statistical. She has told the plots of nearly 50 operas in a romantic manner, so that the libretto is turned into a novellette, making easy and agreeable reading. By the way, the title of Leoncavallo's best opera is "Pagliacci," not "I Pagliacci," as Miss Watkins has it, and Puccini's melodrama is "Tosca," not "La Tosca," although the latter is the title of Sardou's play.

Our old and esteemed friend Scotti writes an introduction in which he advocates strongly municipal opera in our cities. In Europe, he says, an opera house and its support are a part of municipal provision. At present in the United States the giving of opera is a commercial enterprise, but he believes that business, although it seldom marries art, can be united with it. And so he makes a strong plea for that "delightful, uplifting, diverting and colorful form of recreation and entertainment which is called opera."

The volume contains portraits of Mmes. Galli-Curci, Mura, Garden, Bori and Fremstad; also of Scotti, Chailapin and Whitehill.

### SHAW'S LATEST

Apropos of "Saint Joan," Shaw's play now in Boston. A dinner was given on Sunday, Oct. 19, by the O. P. Club to Sybil Thorndike, whose portrayal of the heroine in "Saint Joan" has won the admiration of all. Mr. Shaw was not at the dinner, but he wrote a letter in the course of which he said:

"I am quite staggered by your revelation of the fact that the O. P. Club has waited until 1924 to screw itself up to the desperate and revolutionary steps of admitting women as associates under careful precautions, such as keeping them out of the clubrooms and discriminating between males and females as distinct classes. It has, it says, made this rash advance as a 'pioneer in welcoming ladies.' A pioneer, if you please! That such a belated, benighted, obsolete, absurd, ridiculous and mentally defective anachronism of a London club should have the audacity to invite Sybil Thorndike to one of its conventicles, actually to couple the occasion with the name of Saint Joan, takes away my breath. I am amazed at her condescension in carrying her radiance into your darkness. As for me, I would not be seen at a Victorian governess's funeral with such a club; and I am sure my wife would not come without me. I withdraw all the polite things I said before I knew about that notice, 'Women not allowed in the clubroom.' How can you, who really were a bit of a pioneer, countenance such things?"

The Morning Telegraph of New York in its sketch of Dora Wiley, "the sweet singer from Maine," who died on Nov. 2, says that she first attracted attention as the soloist of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1874 and 1875.

The Boston Symphony orchestra was established in 1831. Its first concert was on Oct. 22 of that year.

### A REMARKABLE UMBRELLA

The legends about Anatole France are taking shape. Already there are several versions of his "last words" on the death bed. Now we read that one of his most cherished possessions was an umbrella which he had purchased many years ago in Rome. The cover had grown to a dingy brown, but the framework was not impaired. Strange to say he could not lose the umbrella. He would often leave it behind him in a visit to an old book shop, but he never lost it for more than an

### RAE SAMUELS

Rae Samuels, "The Blue Dream" of Vaudeville, presenting a cycle of dialect and jazz songs, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. She is assisted by Mildred Land, a piano player of ability. Miss Samuels has an irresistible way. Her selections were well received. She had to give numerous encores.

Sharing honors on the bill are Mile. Rhea and Santoro in "Divertissements of Vaudeville." Alex Cross and Joseph Mach, Jr., assist. Mile. Rhea gives a unique dancing act. It ranges



hour 9 o. it always turned up, and he w exclaimed: "Je crois qu'il est feel!" believe it must be enchanted). Stran to say—yes, stranger—no one borrow the umbrella and forgot to return it.

### THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

(An essayist refers to "platitudinous comparisons between the beloved and vegetable products.")

Your throat, my delight,  
Is of celery white,  
Your lips are red as the beet,  
Tomatoes may seek  
To rival your cheek,  
Your teeth with horse-radish compete.

Your carriage I trace  
To asparagus grace,  
Hair waved as the kale of the sea;  
In short, dear old bean,  
With ardour most keen  
I crave your allotment to me.

A. W.

Mr. Hermann Oberth, a German of scientific attainments, purposes to send two men to the moon in 10 hours. He has designed a projectile weighing 400 tons. There will be room for two persons. By means of hydrogen and alcohol, he can send this projectile from the earth to the moon at a speed of seven miles a second. (Some bright-eyed boy will please figure whether this calculation is mathematically correct.)

All Mr. Oberth now wants are the two men and the money. But how about the return journey?

Will he call in the aid of rockets? Will the intrepid excursionists grease their bodies with beef-marrow? For Cyrano de Bergerac in his memorable voyage to the moon knew that at the time the moon is waning she is wont to suck up the marrow of animals.

### IN ENGLISH, PLEASE

So Wagner's "Ring" is to be performed in Symphony hall with the stage turned into the River Rhine. American singers will sing in English. Since the performances are to be in the vernacular would it not be well to give the titles of the respective music drama in English? Why "Die Walkure," when "The Valkyrie" is not a word wholly unknown in English? Why "Goetterdaemmerung" when we might have "Twilight of the Gods" or "Dusk of the Gods"?

We read in an advertisement published in Boston that a "home-like, warm, comfortable woman in large apartment would let one or two rooms."

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—San Carlo Company in Verdi's "Aida." Conductor of orchestra, Fulgenzio Guerrieri. Incidental ballet by Miles Romany, Camana, Samuels and Pavley Oukrainisky ballet. The cast:

Aida ..... Anne Roselle  
Amneris ..... Stella De Mette  
Radames ..... Leonard Snyder  
Amonasro ..... Mario Valle  
Ramfis ..... Pietro De Biasi  
King of Egypt ..... Natale Cervi  
A Messenger ..... Francesco Curci  
Priestess ..... Alice Homer

Like a Scribe play, "Aida" really commences with the third act; before then it has been merely exposition, and exuberance of musical pageantry—the hushed and chanting choruses of priests and priestesses in the temple, the blare of the modulating trumpets as Rhadames returns with the Ethiopians chained to his chariot. And in the midst of this wave of orientalism the persons of the play have little life—they are dwarfed by the magnificence of the pageant, and it is not until the conflict between Aida and her father, when, rather than be a traitor to her own country, she decides to betray her lover, that there is reality. And here Verdi has written gorgeous, dramatic music, adapted to the spiritual and emotional moods of his players.

Yet it is all (and even the unstable beards of a traveling company do not interfere) brusque and beautifully stirring music from the opening "Celeste Aida" which Pietro Moncini suggested be transferred to the end of the first act so that it would not interfere with later arrivals—his suggestion was looked upon with disfavor—to the tragic dual scene in the crypt beneath the Temple of Vulcan.

And last night's performance by the San Carlo company was an unusually good one; there was the vivacious and always regal Anna Roselle as Aida—hers is a lovely soprano; and Mario Valle, a powerful and potent Amonasro; Stella De Mette as Amneris, perhaps not quite dignified enough for a princess—but then so few are; and Leonard Snyder, a tenor who makes his first appearance in Boston, as Rhadames, in place of Mr. Salazar. His is a strong and well-placed voice, yet he seemed to lack dramatic poise at first, although this disappeared as he progressed to his moments on the banks of the Nile. But it was Miss Roselle from her first startled entrance when she sees Rhadames, who captured the honors of the evening; a lithe, swing-

ing Aida, soft and sweet of voice, well poised, an excellent actress, capable of tragic moments. There was a large and appreciative audience. E. G.

## RICE RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Abbie Conley Rice, contralto, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. J. Arthur Colburn accompanied her. Her program was as follows: Handel, Alma del gran Pompeo, from "Giulio Cesare"; Arne, Come Rosalind; Bruch, Penelope ein Gewand Wirkend; Brahms, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer and Wie Komm' ich denn sur Thuee herlein; Strauss, Zueignung; Chausson, La Caravane; Levade, Les Vieilles de chez nous; Gerber, Qui est-ce qui passe si tard ici; Thomas, Gavotte from "Mignon"; Storey Smith, A Caravan from China comes; Peter Kin, Under the Greenwood Tree; Shaw, Heffle Cuckoo Fair; Fogg, Peace; Curran, Life.

The air of Handel is sung by Caesar over the urn that holds the ashes of the murdered Pompey. As he regards the urn he ponders the instability of human life. What are Pompey's victories now but shadows, as he himself is only a vain shadow. Yesterday, he triumphed; today, dust and ashes. This is the end of ambition and glory. We come from dust and to dust we must return. O wretched life! A

breath creates, and a breath ends all!

This aria in an opera two centuries old was sung in London with unsurpassable dignity and pathos by Francesco Bernardi, the male soprano, better known as Senesino. It should be sung in the grand style, and mistresses of the grand style are very rare today.

The program contained several unfamiliar songs worth singing and worth hearing—among them those by Levade and Gerber. Levade, a prix de Rome, has written for the stage, and he had the courage to turn Anatole France's "Rotisserie de la Reine Pedaque" into an opera. It was said four years ago that his courage was rewarded. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Smith's "Caravan From China" again, with its text taken from Le Gallienne's paraphrase of the poem by the Persian, Hafiz. Mr. Smith thought it best to leave the last verse untreated.

Mrs. Rice has a good voice, sufficiently flexible, of true contralto quality. The lower section is at present richer and more effective than the upper. She is still in need of tonal concentration. The tones were often too far back and not sufficiently pointed. As an interpreter she showed a livelier comprehension of the poetical significance of the songs in the French group than in the songs that preceded. Though she was aware of the meaning of Caesar's apostrophe and of the words in the German group, she did not make it so significant. "Rosalind" is for a lighter voice and demands archness in expression. That Mrs. Rice can be arch in song without being frivolous was shown by her singing of the songs by Levade and Gerber, which was well contrasted with the dignity and solemnity of her delivery of Chausson's "Caravan." Her enunciation, particularly in "Rosalind," was not always distinct, and at times the purity of melodic lines was disturbed by unmeaning emphasis on unimportant notes.

An audience of fair size applauded warmly.

### "TALES OF HOFFMANN" AT OPERA HOUSE

Offenbach's Weird Music Again Pleases Audience at Matinee

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"Tales of Hoffmann," opera in three acts, prologue and epilogue; music by Offenbach, performed by the San Carlo Opera company, Mr. Gallo, director:

Olympia ..... Consuelo Escobar  
Antonia ..... Mr. Escobar  
Hoffmann ..... Demetrio Onofrei  
Giulietta ..... Abby Morrison  
Nicias ..... Mary Kent  
A voice ..... Frances Morosini  
Spalanzani ..... Natale Cervi  
Orestes ..... Mr. Cervi  
Nathanael ..... Mary Kent  
Luther ..... Luigi De Cesare  
Schlemil ..... Mr. Cesare  
Coppelius ..... Mario Valle  
Dappertutto ..... Mr. Valle  
Miracle ..... Pietro De Biasi  
Cochenille ..... Mr. Curci  
Franz ..... Mr. Curci

Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" does not get stale or shop-worn with the years. Performed yesterday afternoon, it again gave pleasure by the interest of the story, its fantastical nature, and by the charming music, with a few pages that might have been signed by Mozart, with many that have peculiar grace and charm—for Offenbach was a

born melodist, and even in his maddest operettas this talent is shown, as in "The Grand Duchess," "La Perichole," "The Princess of Trebizond," not to mention "La Belle Helene." In the last act of "Hoffmann's Tales," with the entrance of Dr. Miracle, the composer struck a tragic note that is strangely sinister, demoniacal.

The performance, which was of a fair order, pleased the small audience. Among the singers Miss Kent and Mr. Valle were conspicuous by their work.

## NAEGELE, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE

Charles Naegele, pianist, played yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall for the first time in Boston. His program comprised Busoni's arrangement of a Prelude and Fugue by Bach; Chopin's Sonata, B minor, op. 58; and Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques.

What possessed this young man, who has received laudatory reviews of his playing in Paris, London, Liverpool, Manchester, to prepare this program for Boston? Was it his belief that he would thus impress his hearers, convince them that he was a serious pianist, "formidable" to use a German characterization? We happen to know that he is not unacquainted with Franck, Debussy, Stravinsky and Ravel. Why did he for his first appearance here arrange a program that would strike terror to the stoutest soul?

Would that pianists, young and old, would recognize the fact that Bach wrote beautiful music for the piano: that it is not necessary to levy on transcriptions of his organ works, whether the transcriber be named Liszt, Tausig or Busoni. As for this Prelude with Fugue played yesterday, it is a sheer virtuoso piece for the organ, and even August Haupt, whose veneration for Bach was religious, once told us that it was not worth while from a musical point of view; in fact, he gave it to his pupils with words of warning while he took huge pinches of snuff.

Would also that the Largo in Chopin's Sonata had never been written.

Mr. Naegele has acquired facility. He has evidently studied faithfully. Whether he has learned to think for himself is a question that can be better answered when he brings with him another program. His performance of Bach's Prelude was rather precise, square-toed; in a word, uninteresting. The Fugue was played with the appropriate brief, and his readings of the first movement of the sonata led one to wish that he could be heard to greater extent in modern, emotional, and whimsical music.

There is an inspired composer employed by the Bloomington Pantomorph; witness this dispatch from Los Angeles:

"Eva Tanguay is losing the sight of her right eye. Doctors say she must have an operation in order to save the other eye. A cataract is responsible for the actress' grief.

"South African beach proprietors are becoming interested in American amusement devices."

Mr. Koussevitzky evidently was not greatly pleased at rehearsal with Arensky's Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky which was announced for performance at the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, for he dropped the piece from the program, which now stands as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Mozart, Symphony, G minor; Debussy, Two Nocturnes; Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Ravel (first time in America).

Moussorgsky was a great friend of the architect, Victor Hartmann, who died in 1873. An exhibition of Hartmann's drawings and pictures was held in his memory, and Moussorgsky, wishing to pay tribute to his friend, wrote 10 piano pieces, naming each one after a picture, and introducing them with "Promenade," which is supposed to suggest the gait of the spectator and impression made on him. "The composer," says Stassov, "here shows himself walking to and fro, now loitering, now hurrying to examine a congenial work. Sometimes his gait slackens; Moussorgsky is thinking sadly of his dear friend."

These pieces were entitled, Gnomus, The Old Castle; Tuileries, representing sports and quarrels of children in the gardens; Byalo, a Polish cart with huge wheels drawn by oxen; Ballet of Chickens in Their Shells, intended for a ballet "Tribly"; Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle, representing two Polish Jews, one fat and prosperous, the other lean and begging; Bickering Market-women at Limoges; The Catacombs, showing Hartmann visiting the cata-

combs in Paris by the light of a lantern; The Hut on Fowls' Legs, a design for a clock in the shape of Baba-Yaga's hut. (She was a witch, fond of collecting human bones, traveling about in a mortar, which she urged on with the pestle—Lidov's musical sketch named after her has been performed here at Symphony concerts); and the Bogatyr's Gate at Kiev—the drawing was a proposed design for a massive gate whose cupola was in the shape of a Slavonic helmet.

The piano pieces were brought out in Boston by Harold Bauer.

Eight of them were orchestrated by Touschmalov and performed at Leningrad in 1891. Sir Henry Wood then tried his hand at orchestration for London. Ravel, well acquainted with Russian music, in conversation with Mr. Koussevitzky, expressed his liking for these "Pictures" and gladly accepted Mr. Koussevitzky's invitation to orchestrate them. Ravel's arrangement was produced by Mr. Koussevitzky at one of his concerts in Paris (May 3, 1923). A still later orchestration is by Leonidas Leonadi, a pianist and composer in Paris, who conducted his work in that city last June.

### Notes and Lines:

I was quite interested in the poem written by Quincy Kilby of Brookline, entitled "Austin & Stone's Museum," published in The Herald, Nov. 1. I wonder how many West end men and women of 30 years ago, read it, for we all remember Prof. Hutchins, the wax policeman, and the several freaks mentioned.

It was my good fortune to attend school (the old Wells school on Blossom street, class of 1890) with Miss Louise Austin, the daughter of the museum keeper, and after school was over, I would often walk home with her. (They lived for awhile in an apartment directly over the museum. Later they moved to a large house on Allen street, facing Blossom street.

I well remember my excitement and agitation as Louise would nonchalantly lead me through the museum to get to the apartment up stairs. Prof. Hutchins would be exhibiting the ossified man or Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy. I would only get a glimpse as we made our way up the stairs. Pleasant memories of the old West end, gone forever. Our class in school at that time was made up of 62 American girls, all from good old New England families.

There were no movies in those days but when Saturday came we all got a dime to go to the museum and see the freaks. MRS. C. H. D.

### Notes and Lines:

I read with much interest Quincy Kilby's poem on Austin and Stone's and Prof. Hutchins. It happens that only Thursday evening in reminiscence I had told of hearing Prof. Hutchins introduce a physical culturist named Paul Brooks with a speech dealing at length with the illustriousness of both parts of his name, emphasizing the man's relationship—nomenclaturally speaking—to the Apostle Paul and Bishop Brooks, reaching his climax in approximately these words: "Paul Brooks will now punch the bag." A rare character, Prof. Hutchins. HAROLD H. CORYELL.

Ruth Breton, a young violinist, who has played successfully with the St. Louis and Cincinnati orchestras, and gave a recital recently in New York, where she was warmly praised by the critics, will make her first appearance here this afternoon. Her program will include Vitali's Chaconne; Lalo's Spanish Symphony, and pieces by Scott, Poldowski, Cecil Burrell, Doret-Auer, Debussy and Hubay.

Betty Gray, contralto, will sing in Jordan hall tonight.

Katherine Metcalf will sing in Jordan hall tomorrow night; Ethel Hutchinson, pianist, will play there on Saturday afternoon, and Josef Hofmann will play in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. On Sunday afternoon at the St. James Theatre the People's Symphony Orchestra will play the Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel." Franck's "Eolides," the overture to "Rienzi," and Miss Ippolito will play Tchaikovsky's violin concerto.

We read that Mr. de Pachmann, after he has made a last fond lingering farewell to this country by giving 60 concerts, will retire a year hence to Rome, where he owns a villa; but it has been shrewdly said that "as long as he cares to go on playing he will be sure of an audience."

"No adult admitted except in charge of children," we read on the bills of the special orchestral concerts for children, which are to be given on six Saturday mornings during the winter at the Central hall, Westminster. Uneasy memories of Latin grammar stir the mind, and doubts arise about subjective and objective genitives: are the adults



Take charge of the children, or the children of the adults? The question is answered when one gets inside the hall. It would be a wicked aspersion on the children to suggest that so many grown-ups were needed as a police force. Memories of the similar concert given in the spring, through the kind kindness of Mr. Robert Mayer, had plainly attracted a considerable number of adults who were lucky enough to find children who might procure admission for them."—London Times.

## ANDREA CHENIER

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Andrea Chenier," opera in four acts by Umberto Giordano. The San Carlo company. The cast:

Andrea Chenier.....Gaetano Tommasini  
Charles Gerard.....Mario Basiola  
Antonia De Coligny.....Philine Falco  
Adeleine.....Blanca Saroya  
Eral, her maid.....Stella De Mett  
oucher.....Pietro De Elasi  
athieu.....Natalie Cervi  
adelon.....Stella De Mett  
eville.....Natalie Cervi  
he Abbe.....Francesco Curi  
chmidt.....Luigi De Cesare  
Spy.....Francesco Curi  
ouquier-Tinville.....George Cehanovsky

In his story of the love of two men, or Maddalena di Coligny, one a poet, Andrea Chenier, the other Gerard, a former servant of the family of Coligny, now a power of the revolution in the government of Robespierre, Luigi Illica, that able craftsman, has contrived a libretto quite good enough to stand on its merits alone, a libretto of stirring and plausible dramatic action, with the three leading personages sympathetically and truthfully drawn.

But Illica has done more than set forth a moving tale of human emotions.

With fine imagination and with genuine dramatic skill he has set this excellent drama against a background that intensifies its force tenfold. In the first act Chenier, the poet of the revolution, finds himself ill at ease in Mme. de Coligny's salon, where nymphs and shepherds sing pastorals, an abbe pays court to the ladies, the company dance gavotte—(all the people in their rags break in on the polite festivity. And then the rabble is routed the quality, and to what is before them, turn again with slippers to finish their mincing gavotte.

The play presents, the next act through, a vivid picture of the revolution, in the background ever the shouts and yells of the folk rushing about in warms, the tramp of troops marching to life and drum, folk with haggard, hungry faces dancing the Carmagnole, laughing one minute, wailing the next, cursing, reviling and praising Gerard almost in a single breath, ferocious like single beasts in their attacks on the aristocrats condemned to die, tender to the old woman who gave her last ransom to France—a striking foil to the idyllic love of a poet!

To suggest this spirited setting Giordano wrote perhaps his strongest music. Though he lacks the imagination and musical invention to find motives and orchestral devices that serve to any marked degree the purpose of italicizing the force of incidents on the stage, he has the gift of full-bodied melody, high-sounding if not notably distinguished, which makes the big emotional passages effective.

The music is well enough, but the drama is the thing. This Mr. Gallo, for the most part ignored last night, trusting rather to Miss Saroya's attractive voice and considerable skill in song. Mr. Tommasini's cornetlike high tones, and Mr. Basiola's fine voice—more discreetly used last night than sometimes—for the opera's success. Mr. Cervi and Mr. Curi, however, each playing admirably two roles, lent touches of the proper artificial elegance to the first act and character to the others. One thrilling instant of drama, when somebody announced Chenier's death sentence, demonstrated the power that comes from finding the fitting tone.

Mr. Guerrieri urged the orchestra to needlessly harsh tone. Excellently the chorus sang the pastoral in the first act.

R. R. G.

cented), the famous baritone, some of whose songs, as "Palm Branches" and "Crucifix" were popular for many years).

Gabriel Faure's music has a most distinctive quality. He drank out of his own glass. This music is often subtle, elusive, but it is also haunting.

The first of the melodies were conventional, and therefore they were the ones which were immediately popular. With each succeeding publication his style became more pronounced, his individuality more marked. He belonged to no school. Imitating no one, he has had imitators, and he has been fortunate in his pupils. Maurice Ravel owes much to him. Faure, as director of the Paris Conservatory, was sorely and righteously grieved when the old fogies in that institution refused the young Ravel entrance in the competition for the prix de Rome. (They reminded one of Thackeray's George the First: who hated arts and despised literature; but he liked train oil in his salad and gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters).

Perhaps the nature of Gabriel Faure is best shown by the fact that he omitted the "Dies Irae" from his beautiful requiem mass. Scoffers said at the time that he had written this requiem for the "petites dames" who chose the Madeline for their church.

Faure wrote his music for "Pelleas and Melisande" for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production, and when she appeared in Boston as Melisande the music was played, but it is doubtful whether any just idea of it was then obtained, for the music requires a full orchestra of excellent musicians. Mr. John Sargent drew portraits of Gabriel Faure and in one or two of them Mrs. Patrick Campbell is by his side.

Faure's music will never please the crowd. He chose poems with great care for his songs, and he strove to wed to the verses music that was in the same mood; that had the same beauty. These songs are to be ranked with those of Duparc, who was equally fastidious.

What a pleasure, it was having received a postal card, for us to learn that a "psychologist of line, form and color" is now within call in Boston! We shall urge Mr. Herkimer Johnson to visit him, for the last time we saw Mr. Johnson his trousers not only bagged, they were at half mast, and his waistcoat was climbing above the collar of his dingy, gravy-splashed Seymour coat.

The Morning Telegraph of New York says that Congreve's comedy "The Way of the World" will be played in New York next week for the first time in America. Can this possibly be true?

POEM FOR THE DAY

(Obituary Verse in the Quere, Texas, Record)

A SAD, SAD EVENT

The Angel of Death has felt no mercy,

Though He knowest best.

A tender bud he picked from our neighbor's garden

But, He wanted another,

A flower just expanding in the holy bonds of ceremony.

He leaves his life mate,

Who now suffers the torture of living.

But, in the beyond, reunion is a blessed comfort.

A mother's heart, who gave and must give again,

Has been torn to shreds

Which time, only, can heal,

Life is darkness, then sunshine,

Darkness, then sunshine forever.

From our little village, death has claimed Little Hagood Seneat,

A child whom God loved better,

The now raging disease, measles with pneumonia, taking him home,

Then, O bitter truth!

Another must go, a brother of he who has gone, Abel Seneat,

A bridegroom of a few months, succumbed to the extraction of one eye, having been abscessed beyond cure.

RE "MARTHA ON FOOTBALL"

As the World Wags:

I went to a highbrow concert.

The hall was filled with powdered, painted and scented humanity.

All spat their hands when the soloist, followed by her accompanist, appeared on the stage. They rubbed and twisted as they strove to see what she had on—or didn't.

A woman, who wore little above her waist and almost as little from her waist down, sat next to me.

Like the others she clapped her gloved hands five times and then told her neighbor on the other side what the soloist's gown cost. What little intelligence had shown in her face, disappeared.

She spotted Mrs. Dinky Dink and, as the soloist began her opening number, she leaned forward and nodded and pointed and gurgled under her breath. She mumbled and sissed to her neighbor.

The soloist stopped. She spat her gloved hands five times. "I think she's much over-rated," she said.

I shall never go to another highbrow concert.

Holden.

As the World Wags:

The following clipping is from the Beloit (Wis.) Daily News:

ORFORDVILLE NEWS

ORFORDVILLE, Wis., Oct. 27.—H. F. Silverthorn has sold his Ford business to John Egan. Possession was given on Saturday. Mr. Silverthorn retains the undertaking business.

I wonder that Henry overlooked the possibilities of this combination.

Belmont.

H. C. BERRY.

THEY ARE POSTED

As the World Wags:

I should like to suggest the following candidates for your Hall of Fame. I noticed this sign on an ice wagon in New Bedford a short while ago:

PETER PARENT & SON

S. S. B.

STUMBLING ON CUT PRICES

(From the Granite State News)

Monday was an unlucky day for Ernest Jones of Wolfeboro Falls, a student of B. F. A. He was assisting his father shopping in the woods and had the misfortune to sever one toe or so badly lacerate that it had to be amputated.

RUTH BRETON

By PHILIP HALE

Ruth Breton, violinist, played in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. Walter Golde was the pianist. The program read as follows: Vitali, Chaconne; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Cyril Scott, Elegie; Poldowski, Tango; Cecil Burrell, Hillo; Dont-Auer, Agito; Debussy, Le plus que l'ont; Hubay, Scene from the Czardas.

Miss Breton, who came from Louisville, as we are told, has played with the symphony orchestras of St. Louis and Cincinnati. She gave a recital not long ago in New York, when the critics spoke of her in a manner to awaken lively anticipation in this town.

She is young and personally attractive; not trading on her youth. Not self-conscious, not irritatingly sure of herself, she plays as one heading only the composer's intentions and wishing by her interpretation to do him justice.

It is a pity that she felt it necessary to play Lalo's concerto, for no matter how skilful and sympathetic a pianist may be—and Mr. Golde has deservedly a high reputation—no piano can possibly reproduce the ingenious, glowing, sensuous, plangent, fascinating orchestration of Lalo. This lack of color should be felt by a sensitive violinist.

Miss Breton has evidently and fortunately escaped the influence of teachers as far as interpretation is concerned. She thinks, or rather feels, for herself. She is musical in her phrasing her sense of rhythm is well marked; her rhetorical speech is spontaneous, not as a painfully rehearsed and laboriously remembered lesson. Her performance yesterday was often intense to a passionate degree. She loved the richness of the G string, and in her passion the richness at times nearly turned coarseness. There might have been a little more classic repose and dignity in her reading of Vitali's Chaconne, brilliant and effective as it was. There might have been greater elegance in her interpretation of Lalo's Concerto, but Miss Breton has virtuosic blood and the hey-day in her blood is not tame. Let us be thankful that she is as she is, rejoicing in her youth, her technical proficiency, her emotional nature. No violinist of her sex and age has made here so delightful an impression for many years.

MISS BETTY GRAY

Betty Gray, contralto, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall, with the help of Inez Day, accompanist. She sang: "Liet! Signor, Salute!" Meyerbeer; "Lungi dal caro bene," Secchi; aria: "Ah, quel giorno!" (Semiramide) Rossini; "Feldensamkeit," Brahms; "Ungeud," Schubert; "Wienlied," Strauss; "L'Ombra des Arbres," Debussy; "Le Bonheur est Chose Legere," Saint-Saens; "Clair de Lune," Faure; "Pourquoi Rester Seulette," Saint-Saens; "La Vague et la Cloche," Duparc; "So Sweete Is Shee," Carey; "At the Well," Hageman; "The Isle," Rachmaninof; "Thou Art to Me," Chadwick.

Miss Gray arranged an attractive and original program. Shrewdly recognizing the fact that audiences perhaps may weary of the very old Italian airs if they must hear a brace or two every time they set foot in a concert hall, in their place she set one of Meyerbeer's prettiest tunes and also a Rossini air that, for purity of line and charm of melody, might well have been written by one of his more illustrious predecessors of the classic age, except that it has more life to it than have nineteenth-century productions.

How many more years must pass before Rossini at his best receives again his due? Ten, perhaps? Say 20, for the world learns slowly, and musical snobishness, like the worldly kind, dies hard.

Miss Gray would have shown a wiser judgment and also a finer reverence for Rossini if she had sung his air more nearly as he wrote it, without the added florid ornaments dearly beloved of Scacchi, Fabbri and the public who heard them sing. Rossini himself furnished quite enough in the way of flourishes to suit modern taste.

For the rest of her program Miss Gray chose tastefully two fine German songs not too often sung, songs of three great Frenchmen at their best, and Saint-Saens's delightful "Pourquoi rester seulette." And for her songs in English she did not stoop to trash.

She has a voice of singular beauty, a true contralto of long range, delightful in the medium and lower registers, where it has been admirably trained, less agreeable in the upper, perhaps because of a not entirely successful management of the breath. Miss Gray has acquired a certain facility in coloratura, a remarkably smooth legato, a clean attack and a finely sensitive feeling, especially in the French songs, for the proper shape of a phrase. A nice sense of rhythm, too, is hers.

Nature has done so much for her, and wise study has done much, too—it is to be hoped that Miss Gray will try to add to the lovely sound of her voice more color. She must also strive for more marked differentiation in the moods of her songs if she is ambitious to raise her interpretation to the level of her voice, her technical skill and her musicianship. She was at her best last night in songs of gentle sentiment, like the Rachmaninof song, and, above all, the first extra song, Faure's exquisite "Roses d'Isaphan." The large audience showed great pleasure.

R. R. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company in Donizetti's "Lucia Di Lammermoor." The cast:

Henry Ashton.....Mario Basiola  
Lucia.....Consuelo Escobar  
Edgar of Ravenswood.....Gaetano Tommasini  
Raymond.....Natalie Cervi  
Norman.....Luigi De Cesare  
Alice.....Fredonia Frazer  
Lord Arthur Bucklaw.....Francesco Curi

Precarious as is its plot and the outmoded musical antics of Donizetti's opera, there is still life and a formal passion in "Lucia," and when it is well performed there is all of the graceful artifice and tinkling pattern of 18th century French painting.

Cammarano, in writing his libretto, made no pretense at retaining all the intricacies of Scott's tale; he took only the setting and atmosphere of Scotch plaid and baronial halls, and the barest skeleton of its plot. And so today we have the amusing inconsistency of hearing an Italian company singing their arias in baronial halls of Italian Renaissance design, the while they are costumed in Scotch plaids.

And Donizetti never thought to write music of wildest ecstasy or dramatic ardors. He invented continuous melodies; introduced a harp solo in his orchestra; wrote the unfailing and beautiful sextet of the second act and, for his soprano, the serene "mad" aria to the accompaniment of a delicate and cajoling little flute obbligato. Yet with his fragile tunes and pompous dramatic measures "Lucia" has survived.

Last evening's performance of the San Carlo company was well ahead of their others; in the precision of the orchestra as conducted by Alberto Baccolini, in the singing of the choruses, in the ensemble of the sextet and in the individual performances. Consuelo Escobar's Lucia was ingenuous, unaffected, and even in her "mad" scene she sang the efflorescent measures with restraint, delicately, in a lovely, small voice, that is flexible and unforced. Mr. Basiola, as Henry, sang with a strong and well modulated voice, making of an almost inanimate role, a living thing. Mr. Tommasini, as usual, forced his voice too much and swaggered. Of the others Mr. Cervi, as Raymond, contributed eloquent moments, and Miss Frazer, as Alice, made much of a small role. There was a large and very enthusiastic audience.

E. G.

LITTLE THEATRE

At the auditorium of the Municipal building last night the Boston Little Theatre Players, under the direction of Raymond Gilbert, gave an entertainment that was a combination of drama, farce and vaudeville. The drama, "The Pearl Maker," is the story of a genius who struggles on with the world against him, but in the end triumphs. Rosilind Dawson-Watson, as the doubting wife, gave a finished performance and James Walsh as the "Pearl Maker" was the inventor to the life. Frank L. Aiclere and Lena Thibault were in the cast. The farce was "Dolings of the Dooleys," with P. E. Teehan, Morris Skolnick, Lena Thibault, Keith Mofford, Rosilind Dawson-Watson, James Walsh, D. F. En-



gel, Marion Matthews and Frank P. Alcere.

The vaudeville numbers were headed by M. Theresa Canella's dancers. Priscilla Simpson played the violin; Rose Casprone sang; May Bennett-Brown gave an original monologue and George McCormick, Leo Sciere and William McCarty did fancy stepping. The auditorium was nearly filled.

**FINE ARTS THEATRE**—Three single-act plays given by the Theatre Guild of Boston, now in its seventh season. The casts were as follows:

"The Daughter of the Sun God," by Antonin Artaud—Miss Elizabeth James Ondole, Miss Harrison Crofford Sun God, John Harris Outterton West Wind, Miss Marcia Bell "Unto the Third Generation," by Frances A. P. Ballantyne

Mrs. James Mathew  
Miss Matilda Perkins  
Miss Angela Morris  
Lydia, Miss Gertrude Hoffmann  
Sophia Cope, Mrs. Henry V. Greenough  
Gordon Merriam, Edward F. Goodnow  
"The Three Promised Brides," by Cheng-Chin Hsuan

Wang Ta-Ming, Stanley F. Bileh  
Tuan Chai, Richard B. Locke  
Chung Ting, Darle W. Harden  
J. Che-Fu, Harry M. Tuttle  
Wang Mei-Pao, Mrs. Margaret F. Bileh  
Han Chu-Yin, Mrs. M. Fletcher  
The Bride Mother, Dr. Grace M. Cross  
Chien-Shou, Elmer E. Hall  
Fu Kuang-Yan, Stanley M. McDonald  
Liu Ma, Miss Betty Gerrish  
"The Daughter of the Sun God" has some beautiful lines, which on the whole were well spoken. The material itself, however, is hardly suited to production as a play. There are some plays with little action, which nevertheless call on the listening mind to furnish it. This interesting legend of the birth of the Seminole tribe of Indians is, at most, material for a poem.

"Unto the Third Generation" is an artistic playlet which is quite the prize of the program, both as to construction and production. It deals with the meaning of an illegitimate child in the family. There is laughter and there are tears; and there are a number of memorable lines. All was well noted and spoken. A particularly finished characterization was that by Mrs. Frederick H. Briggs. Her work was well supported by the four other members of the cast.

"The Three Promised Brides" is a little play, Chinese in theme, treatment and production, concerning a match made differently by two matchmakers. It is, perhaps, difficult for an American reviewer, not too familiar with the Chinese theatre, to judge its real merits; but since its author is a native of China, one accepts its authenticity. The pageantry of the oriental costumes is beautiful.

A large and enthusiastic audience was present.

These plays will be repeated at 7:20 this evening. H. L.

## MOUSSORGSKY'S "PICTURES" ALSO

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Mozart, Symphony, G minor; Debussy, nocturnes; "Nuegas" and "Fetes"; Moussorgsky, "Pictures at an Exhibition" arranged for orchestra by Ravel (first time in America).

Some, remembering how Mr. Koussevitzky read the cantabile theme in the main body of the overture to "Oberon" and insisting that it was sung with too much sentiment, shook their heads when they saw in the program book that he would perform the overture to "Egmont" and the G minor symphony of Mozart. What would he not do to them! Probably one or two exclaimed: "New wine in old bottles," or indulged themselves in similar platitudes.

They were grievously disappointed yesterday, for the classic works were performed without any attempt at modernization. True, there was here and there in the symphony a slight slackening of pace before the introduction of a new musical idea, but this slackening was natural, not forced, serving as a graceful one might say Mozartian preparation.

The performance of the overture was uncommonly dramatic. We heard this overture played in Berlin by the Philharmonic orchestra in the early eighties. When Franz Wulner, the conductor, came to the heavy recurring chords in the Allegro, the chords that are supposed by some ingenious, deep-thinking commentators to typify the leering Duke of Alva with his iron heel of oppression, he played them

Adagio with long holds and a long pause between them, thinking thus to give them emphasis. The continuity of the Allegro was thus destroyed; the musical energy instead of being strengthened was dissipated; Beethoven's fire was for the moment quenched.

The performance of the symphony was conspicuous for its clearness, its happy choice of tempi, its euphony. Measures in dialogue were musically as well as rhetorically contrasted. The second movement was sung with great but not exaggerated expression, and for once it was not dragged. Did some think the Finale was taken too fast? Mozart indicated a very rapid pace, but as played yesterday there was distinctness; the instruments had time to breathe; no detail was slighted. In fact the clarity of the whole performance led one again to wonder at the structure and the beauty of this masterwork among symphonies, ancient or modern.

Interesting as Ravel's arrangement of Moussorgsky's "Pictures" is, the most striking feature of the concert was the extraordinary performance of the two Nocturnes. Mr. Koussevitzky has succeeded in obtaining an orchestral pianissimo—as yesterday in "Nuegas"—that is sustained, not merely for a measure or two after which there is the tonal restlessness that shows the impatience of the players to swell the tone—yet not an "inaudible pianissimo." And so yesterday the "Nuegas" was approximately vaporous, elusive, now floating, now arrested, dreamy music, musical cloud-land. The hearer for the first time fully appreciating the exquisite character of the Nocturne remembered the famous prose-poem of Baudelaire. Then followed a gorgeous reading of "Fetes," one of Debussy's crowning works. How skillfully Mr. Koussevitzky introduced the episode of the pompous, superb procession, sounding its spectacular way at first as from far off!

Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," composed for the piano, were a tribute to his dead friend Hartmann, the architect, whose drawings and pictures were shown publicly after his death. (Harold Bauer played the series here some years ago). They have been orchestrated by four musicians. Ravel's version was made for Mr. Koussevitzky. It was a labor of love, for his work shows uncommon fancy, humor and technical skill. He has glorified Moussorgsky's little pieces. Ravel's wit, humor, irony, qualities which characterize his delightful opera, "The Spanish Hour," are here exercised in full: witness, the children in the Tuileries; the amusing ballet of chickens dancing in their shells; the two Polish Jews—the poor, thin one fawning on the prosperous, fat one, and begging and being abruptly dismissed; the market women quarrelling. Ravel has given mysterious grandeur to "The Catacombs," and national solemnity to "The Gate of the Bohatyrs at Kiev."

Even more impressive in its simplicity than the sonorous Finale is the suggestion, by persistent rhythm and cunningly conceived orchestration, of huge groaning cartwheels and slow-placed, tugging oxen in "Bydlo."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program for Nov. 21 and 22 is as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Boccherini, Symphony, C major, op. 16; No. 3 (first time in America); Debussy, "The Sea"; Wagner, A Siegfried Idyl; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

In conversation, the lively spirit of dialogue is agreeable even to those who desire not to have any share in the discourse. Hence the relater of long stories, or the pompous declaimer is very little approved of. But most men desire likewise their time in the conversation, and regard with a very evil eye that loquacity which deprives them of a right they are naturally so jealous of.—David Hume.

As the World Wags:

Believing as a former contributor and constant reader of your column that I have a right to cast my opinion on this serious question of "Male vs. Female," let me say in behalf of our dear girls that the only difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing her cud is that a cow occasionally looks thoughtful. GORE OF SEMINOLE.

NECK OR NOTHING

(Neckties this year are fascinating in their variations.)

Low neck and high neck,  
Swan-neck and wryneck,  
Crane-neck and goose-neck,  
Close neck and loose neck,  
Scalene, isosceles, hypotenuse neck.

Polygon, rhomboid,  
Delicate, Tomboy'd,  
Long neck and short neck,  
Country and Court neck,  
Lunch neck and dinner neck, walking and sport neck.

Wide neck and narrow,  
Bow neck and arrow,  
Broad as a gypsy's,  
Curved in ellipses,  
Subject to swift, unexpected eclipses. A. W.

SWIFT-FOOTED ACHILLES

As the World Wags:

Leichtfuss, quarter-back of Marquette University, Milwaukee, just naturally enrolled in the football squad. Are there any objections to electing Mr. Nimble-foot (unanimously) to our Hall of Fame? L. R. R.

IN MILWAUKEE

We have nothing in Boston like Mr. Fred G. Smith's "Recreation Parlors" in Milwaukee, 60 billiard tables, 37 bowling alleys, lunch room, cafeteria, soft-drink bar, new soda grille, 24-chair barber shop with manicurists and valet service, three cigar stands, shoe shining for ladies and gentlemen, new rifle range, telephone station, ladies' beauty parlor and rest room, novelty stand, candy and fruit stand—we are surprised at Mr. Smith's modesty; why doesn't he call his establishment an "emporium"?

There is a note of sadness: "Soft-drink bar"—ah, where is the drink that once made Milwaukee famous? But where is Hans Brettmann's "Barty"?

"Vere ist de himmelstrahlende stern—

De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
All goned afay mit de lager beer—  
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Even grilled soda would not console us for the loss of Milwaukee beer.

AT BREAKFAST

An advertising agent who breakfasted at the White House, and promptly advertised the fact, says that the bill of fare, comprised of fruit, cereal, hot cakes, maple syrup, sausage, poached eggs, bacon, rolls, toast, corned beef hash and coffee; that Mr. Coolidge played the man like a worthy son of Vermont. But where were the doughnuts. Was there no pie?

New Englanders were once a hardy folk. When we were "suspended" from college—we had merely looked on while some of our classmates threw a freshman into the fountain of a prosperous citizen whose house was near the college fence—it was in the mild September—we went to Conway to pursue our studies under the clergyman of the village. We ate at the tavern, and ate well. For breakfast the bill of fare consisted of beefsteak or fried ham, rolls, eggs, buttered toast, griddle cakes, doughnuts and always pie, sometimes apple, sometimes mince, sometimes squash. Thus were we strengthened for the daily task.

"Pie for breakfast?" we hear some delicate and genteel person ask with raised eyebrows. Yes, pie for breakfast. Remember the noble saying of Emerson, the sage of Concord, when some one asked him impudently why pie was on his breakfast table, "What's pie for?"

L. C. H. thinks that Mr. B. L. Pye, pastry cook at an inn at Concord, should have a latch-key to our Hall of Fame.

"CAL" AND PIE

As the World Wags:

When the Saturday Evening Post in an article on our President goes so far as to reproduce a picture of "little Cal" at the period when he asked for pie, and your fellow-columnist, Mr. Whiting, warms up to the discussion of the pie-eating habit, both public and private, it would seem an opportune time to contribute indorsements of this item of diet as an active factor in the development of New England traits of character. This might naturally be supposed to be known to the so-called white collar professions, but it has also found a lodgment in the minds of the horny-fisted sons of toil, with black collars or no collars at all, as witnessed by a newsboy's recent comment on President Coolidge when he said: "He may look like a pointed-nosed, pie-eating Puritan, but he has the pep and a pelt impervious to political piffle. Vote for a man." Talk about your classical poly sigma lines, how is that for a poly pie effusion?

Nothing in the Windy City delights me more than a leisurely stroll through Marshall Field's store. Last summer I appeared as usual in that emporium, and was enjoying the ramble when a floor walker approached and politely said: "How is Boston, and what can we do for you?" We never had seen each other before, but on being pressed for an explanation of his powers of divination he insisted that my bearing was unmistakably Bostonese. Now I am devoted to apple pie—with ice cream—and it has occurred to me that the floor walker may have looked me over and thought pie and then said Boston, a sub-conscious suggestion followed by a conscious thought.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, in his colossal work, as yet unpublished, has doubtless collected valuable data about the effect of foods on facial expression and bodily

bearing. Could you lure him from Clamport or Blossom Court and induce him to lend a hand? R. L. W.

IF (AGAIN)—

If you can keep your hair when all about you  
Are bobbing theirs and making fun of you—  
If you can wear a pug which ill becomes you,  
And leaves your mulish ears uncovered, too—  
If you can watch the fashions ever changing,  
And wear the self-same suit you wore last year—  
If you can love one male and not go ranging,  
And yet not seem so very strange and queer—  
You would be a paragon, tho' you'd miss lots of fun;  
But, girle, don't attempt it. It isn't being done.

IVA H. DREW.

AND THE NIGHTS ARE GROWING COOLER!

(Williamson, Pa., Gazette.)

For the honeymoon Mrs. Robins wore a black dress.

## MISS METCALF IN

Katharine Metcalf, mezzo-soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall, to the accompaniments of Walter Golde: O Toi qui prolonges mes jours, Gluck; Arme-vous d'un noble Courage, Gluck; Slumber Song, Carpenter; Senenade, Carpenter; Marienleied, Venetianisches Wiegenlied, Valse de Chopin, Marx; Les Roses d'Ispahan, Faure; Serenade Melancolique, Rhene-Baton; Rose la Rose, Widor; Almonous, Saint-Saens; Turn Ye to Me, Old Highland Melody; Sea Shell, Carl Engel, Treels, Rasbach; Awake, It Is the Day, Cecil Burleigh.

Miss Metcalf, in her praiseworthy determination to plan a program of originality, carried her good intentions so far that, in casting aside the hackneyed, she tossed away as well all recognized masterpieces but one, "Les Roses d'Ispahan," or—let us be respectful of masterpieces. She sang three, counting as such the two airs from "Iphigenie en Aulide." The call to Diana, of a certain austere nobility, may well form effective in the course of the opera, though in the concert hall it stirs few thrills. But the second one, "Armez vous"—if it came from a lesser man than Gluck, how many persons would find it grand?

Miss Metcalf evidently belongs to the band of Joseph Marx's admirers. Mme. Alda sings his songs with devotion, Mme. Eva Gauthier did what she could for his effective setting of the Valse de Chopin from Guiraud's "Pierrot lunaire"; the acute Mr. Newman wrote an article about his songs these 12 years ago. Those heard last night seem very well, though not important, songs with clearly defined melodies that fit the meaning of the texts—the "Chopin" excepted—none too closely. The simplest song made the strongest impression, that about Venice.

To the American composer Miss Metcalf did her duty, singing Mr. Engel's pretty setting, more distinguished than monotonically than melodically, of Miss Lowell's charming "Sea Shells." Valiantly she struggled to make the Carpenter songs effective, enunciating with remarkable skill the words of the serenade which the composer did his best to smother; to its engaging rhythm she did full justice. Why a musician who admires Siegfried Sasson's "Slumber Song" should wantonly write music that breaks the flow of its most beautiful lines, above all the first, is a question hard to answer.

Possessed of a large voice of true dramatic fibre, a voice that shows the marks of much skilled training, Miss Metcalf gave of her voice last night sometimes too liberally, and, in an effort to line up to its volume and quality, fell into a way of singing too constantly robust. She felt, no doubt, that what she sang; she need not have underscored so heavily. In quiet songs sung in a beautiful mezzo voice and with a very fine legato, she gave the pleasure, songs like the Faure, the pretty Widow song she also sang effectively. She was much applauded by a large audience.

R. R. G.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—San Carlo Company in Puccini's "La Boheme." Conductor Fulgenzio Guerrini. The cast

Mimi..... Anne Rosell  
Rodolfo..... Demetrio Onofre  
Musetta..... Clara Shea  
Marcel..... Mario Vall  
Colline..... Pietro De Bias  
Chauvart..... George Cehanovsk  
Benoit..... Natale Cerr  
Alcindoro.....

As his earliest and most favorite opera, "La Boheme," has in it all of the marks of the later Puccini, his tenderness and nervous energy in dramat



# "A Very Skyscraper of Snivel"

## Shameless Bathing in the Warm Waters of Sentimentality

Charles Reade makes one of his characters in "Foul Play" assert that Americans are the most generous people in the world. We are probably the most sentimental in the world, even if, unlike the French, audiences in our theatres do not weep every time "My Mother" comes from the lips of the stage hero in sore distress, or the girl turned from home and wandering in a snowstorm, or abandoned in New York, seemingly a prey to designing and desperate men. No doubt there are still women who weep when Camille on her death bed speaks of poor Gaston and waits for Armand; the same women who snicker when a scene of genuine pathos is admirably but quickly acted.

"Pollyanna" was played in Manchester, England, on Oct. 20. The Guardian of that city published a review which for its splendid savagery takes one back to the good old days of criticism.

Note how "A. S. W." begins his article: "It is long since one has seen an audience bathing quite so shamelessly in the warm waters of sentimentality as did the well-filled house that welcomed this new play at the Prince's Theatre. The effrontery of the thing is memorable. The crudest essence of 'East Lynne,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Daddy Long Legs,' 'Peg o' My Heart'—why continue the list?—is here distilled. There is scarcely an outworn phrase in the traditional jargon of melodrama that does not find its place in the course of three acts. Sometimes, indeed, they crowd so thick upon our astonished ears that for a moment the fancy seizes us that the author who has staged this American novel is waggishly propounding a skit. Alas! it passes. The thing is meant, and taken, in deadly earnest; and one perceives that it is being done with a grim thoroughness that is little short of appalling. The full structure is a very sky-scraper of snivel. It rises to heights of unabashed artificiality that a home-made essay of the sort could not hope to reach."

The critic, naming the situations, ends by saying that the play contains "enough gadgets for melting to equip a gelatine factory."

That excellent actor, Lyn Harding, took a prominent part. He "as the peppery hermit learned from the little ray of sunshine that her mother, though married to a missionary, had prayed for him every night; and to the line, 'So she loved me to the end? Ah, God, if I had only known!' he melted so rapidly that we had fears of his complete dissolution. . . . By the end of the play the audience was in far too fluid a state to have a tear left to shed over the only devastating fact of the night—that after some 30 years of British playwriting, which has given our country distinction in the world, a company of our ablest actors should be wasting their time on such stuff."

That great artist, Povla Frisch, sang at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on Oct. 19. Mr. Brailowsky, pianist, who will give a recital in Jordan hall on Nov. 24, played at a Colonne concert in Paris on Oct. 26 Liszt's E flat concerto and Chopin's Andante Polonaise and on Oct. 28 gave a recital of Schumann's compositions. Ethel Leginska gave a concert in Paris on Oct. 27, when she appeared as conductor and pianist. A piano "concerto No. 1, Franco-Americain," by J. Wiener, has been performed at a Pasdeloup-concert, "Franco-Americain." A film play, "Le Miracle des Loups," is to be shown at the Paris Opera on Nov. 13, with music by Henri Rabaud.

Apropos of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," playing at the Tremont Theatre this week. We quote from an English paper of Oct. 17:

"The few who dared to trumpet the genius of Mr. Bernard Shaw during its early struggles to make itself felt in the nineties must almost feel qualified to sing Nunc dimittis when they look upon an edition that Messrs. Constable has just published of his play 'Saint Joan.' It is limited—only 750 copies are printed; it costs five guineas; to look at it is like the daughters of the gods—'divinely tall and most divinely fair'; it is beautifully printed, and it is illustrated by no less a master than M. C. Ricketts with drawings in color so charming that they make you almost pity nature for not being true to them. Mr. Ricketts's design for an act drop figuring 'Joan and her Voices' in a Fra Angelico manner is a wondrously pretty piece of self-projection by an artist, for the purpose of one drawing, back into a fiftieth-century state of mind.

"Mr. Shaw has somewhere described, with his usual brilliancy, his earliest efforts to conquer the public—the doing up of the novels of his nonage with brown paper and string, for dispatch to publishers, and the rapidity with which they were rendered back to him by those hard men. He has ascended now into the heaven of large folio limited editions. It is like the revolution described by Mr. Kipling's private soldier who could not even get into the gallery in peace-time, but in war-time 'Lord! they shove you in the stalls.' Or, as Henry James would have said, Mr. Shaw has, enormously, arrived."

An anonymous student of Hamlet has produced a bulky volume, entitled "The Story of Hamlet and Horatio" (Selwyn and Blount), to prove that the real and only author of Hamlet is Bacon, that Hamlet is Bacon (that Ham—is bacon, we could have believed), and that the play is merely an historical conspectus of the Elizabethan times. For all the characters in the play "can be closely identified with well known persons or personages." Who are they? Well, Horatio is our old Warwickshire theatrical producer Shakespeare, the Queen is Elizabeth, the murdered king her favorite, the Earl of Essex, King Claudius is Raleigh, Polonius Lord Burghley, Ophelia, his daughter, Countess of Oxford. Laertes is, of course, Sir Robert Cecil, Fortinbras is James I, and Rosencrantz is old John Dee. Here is indeed mirth for a winter evening!—Daily Chronicle.

P. H.

cinl's most pleasing operas, to be ranked with "La Boheme" in spite of the fact that the latter is the more spontaneous, the less sophisticated work. "Tosca" is sheer melodrama, an assault on the nerves with Sardou's courteous, yet sin-

ister, Scarpa turned into a bug-a-boo; a raw bones and bloody head melodrama with music; while "The Girl of the Golden West" was evidently designed for American consumption. It is not necessary to ask how close the librettists are to Japanese manners and

Blackwell, her noblesse m'oblige. Besides, I'm alive with curiosity—always my overmastering passion.

Why does Miss Blackwell, who goes through the entire Scott cycle once a year, omit "St. Roman's Well"? Swinburne gives it swollen and empurpled praise, and other men of letters have lauded it only less hotly. I've never read it, and, one way or the other, I want to be shown!

Then, does Miss Blackwell actually include in her yearly reading of Scott "The Black Dwarf," "Count Robert of Paris," "Castle Dangerous" and "The Surgeon's Daughter"? If so, would that she might divulge what really goes on within covers that I, for one, have never had the courage to open.

I confess that for me "Ivanhoe" is far better than a "tinsel and sawdust romance," though not so good as "The Little Grandmother" and Miss Blackwell find it. "Anne of Gelestein" is greatly appreciated by Mr. Herbert F. Peyser of New York, whose addiction to Bach has not crowded out his enthusiasm for Scott. Like your editor, I could not succeed in reading "Waverley," and it has always been a mystery to me how that invulnerable book ever launched the vogue of Scott. But really there are fine things in "The Abbot," and Mr. Peyser has almost persuaded me to try to read "The Monastery," "Woodstock" at least has a dog in Scott's best style.

But the question that bites and burrows is, "Why, or why not, 'St. Roman's Well'?" And Miss Blackwell in the kindness of her heart, might give us a word of appraisal in the case of "Count Robert," "The Black Dwarf," "Castle Dangerous" and "The Surgeon's Daughter."

### DUNCE SCOTS OF MANHATTAN.

#### TO MY LITTLE IRISH ROSE

(A Song for Waltz Music)

Come fill my cup,  
The moon is up  
And sailing in the sky;  
That little star  
That shines afar  
Proclaims the dawn is nigh.

And I've a tryst  
Will not be missed  
Unless that I should die;  
And I'll away before the day  
To bid my love good-by.

I am coming o'er the ranges,  
The bluey dewy ranges;  
I am coming o'er the ranges  
To meet my lover true.  
I am coming o'er the mountain,  
The lonely lovely mountain,  
I am coming o'er the mountain for  
To bring my heart to you.

Beneath the crest  
In cozy nest  
The valley lies asleep;  
I see the mill  
Beneath the hill  
Where we were wont to meet;

A twinkling light  
Shines through the night  
Like lighthouse on the sea,  
And evermore, all else before,  
That light my star shall be.

I am coming o'er the ranges,

I come, hush! hush!  
I hear the thrush  
A singing in the grove;  
I reach the door  
And stand before  
The mansion of my love;

A lifted latch  
A lighted match,  
Two little shining feet  
A sigh, a tear, my lady dear  
And love my love to greet.

I am coming o'er the ranges.

#### WITHOUT A TURNING

Here is a new trespass problem. In a long, narrow lane of the sort that has no turnings to speak of, stands a new house. In front of the carriage gates is a space which for a short distance doubles the width of the lane. Over the hedge is a notice to motorists that no turning is allowed on that space, which is private. Could a motorist be successfully summoned for disregarding the warning?—London Daily Chronicle.

### "Madama Butterfly" Sung by San Carlo Company

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company, Mr. Gallo director. The opera in the afternoon was Puccini's "Madama Butterfly."

Madama Butterfly.....Anne Roselle Suzuki.....Mary Kent B. F. Pinkerton.....Demetrio Onofrei Kate Pinkerton.....Gilda Mercalle Sharpless.....Gilda Mercalle Sordani.....Francesco Carci Yamadori.....Natale Cervi The Bonze.....Pietro de Biasi "Madama Butterfly" is one of Puc-

asures, as in his opening scene in the act, and at the Cafe Monius, his sk orchestration, and his eloquence sentimentality, his lack of inventiveness in more lyric moments. A most effective opera in point of scene and music. Its careless artists ardently dancing, idling gaily, in garret and lowly cafe, and all the beloved uncertainties of life in the Latin quarter, they are a brave and singing company, and of the little white hands, Rodolph, the grotesque little Benoit coming to collect his rent, the wild capers and rant coquetries of Musetta. But as the San Carlo company gave last evening, it was labored, self-conscious. Mr. Guerrini spurred the orchestra to harshness, and Anne Roselle's ami was but dully capricious affected, although she sang clearly, with precision, her voice lacked the quality of the Aida. But Miss Shear's Musetta is a thing of wild abandon, pent flames, ardent desires, a blithely gay rante, singing clearly, although not ways smoothly. Mario Valle's Marcel was humorous and had vigor, and Demetrio Onofrei, as Rodolph, sang his part in the first act with warm and crossing tones. Of the others, Mr. Ivanovsky as Chaunard, had a rich and well modulated voice, and Mr. Cervi gave two curiously and diverting characterizations of Benoit, a little like the messenger and of Alcindoro. There was a large, appreciative audience, and Miss Shear was loudly acclaimed.

E. G.

The University of Chicago will begin next year on the great "Dictionary of American English."

John Pickering compiled "A Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America. To which is prefixed an Essay on the present state of the English language in the United States." This curious and interesting book of 206 large octavo pages, published in Boston by Cummings & Billiard, No. 1 Cornhill, in 1816.

One, with the aid of the great Oxford Dictionary, could easily prove that many of the words and phrases supposed to be peculiar to this country have been in use in reputable use in England; even solecisms.

Pickering cites: "Like for as or like is. Ex. 'He carries them like he does'; 'Why don't you strike like I do?' This is common in some of the southern and in a correspondent informs me) in the west of the western states; but it is not used by people of education." Englishmen who in their writings have thus abused "like" are Lord Berners, Shakespeare, Charles Darwin, Maudsley, Southy, J. K. Jerome, Bonamy Price—we cite at random—and the misapprehension is frequently found in contemporary English novels.

There are many amusing pages in Pickering's book, amusing and instructive. How many remember that the names "Fredonia, Fredonian, Fredens, Fredish," were once proposed and countenanced by two or three individuals as names for the territory and people of the United States?

Insularity. Used by some American writers. It is not in the English dictionary, and, I believe, is never used by English writers.

The word was used by Horace Walpole in 1755, and is in approved use to-day in England as meaning narrowness of mind or feeling. And so we find Dr. Johnson speaking of the "penury of insular conversation." Insular also means inhabitant of an island. A writer in Blackwood's speaks of "the intolerant insularism and contempt of other people, which is one of the great national characteristics of Englishmen." Pickering noted that in some towns in the interior of New England the word "musical" is used in the extraordinary sense of "humorous." We have heard the word "musical" used for "funny" on Cape Cod within recent years.

Awful, disagreeable, ugly. "In New England many people would call a disagreeable medicine, awful; an ugly woman, an awful-looking woman; a perverse, ill-natured child, that disobeys its parents, would be said to behave awfully. This word, however, is never used except in conversation, and is far from being so common in the sea ports as it was some years ago."

Does any farmer in New England today speak of unruly oxen as "breachy"? And is "curious" ever used in the sense of "excellent"? "This is a curious cider" Factory. "This is a new word in America, and is doubtless an abbreviation of 'manufactory.' Its (factory's) common English meaning is well known to be 'a house or district inhabited by traders in a distant country,' and the traders embodied in one place."

#### GREAT SCOTT!

The World Wags: I did not expect to impose on the hospitality of your column again, but having drawn an answer from no less a source than Miss Alice Stone



Charles Hawtrey, the actor, dying in 1923, did not live to complete his memoirs. His manuscript ended with a description of a strange vision that came to him early in 1920 when he was recovering from appendicitis. He felt that, carried swiftly through space, he found himself alone on a pavement of black marble and knew, although he saw no one, that he was in the Divine Presence. He thought himself obliged to arrange on a step in front of him several golden balls. When he had done this, he said: "I am sorry not to have done better." A Voice answered, "Then go back and try again." Once more Hawtrey was borne through space; he found himself on the earth. "I have tried but doubt very much if I have done any better than before." And here the manuscript ends.

Somerset Maugham has written an introduction and added a few pages descriptive of Hawtrey's last years. He felt somewhat embarrassed in the work because, having read the manuscript, he found the actor's chief interest lay in a pursuit for which he (Maugham) cares little and knows less, for Hawtrey was "by passion a racing man and only by necessity an actor. I think that he forgot the name of half the characters he played, but never that of a horse he backed." Hawtrey had no burning desire to go on the stage. He began in a haphazard way; his training was desultory, yet he became a singularly polished, finished comedian; dominating in his day and generation. And as he was beyond doubt the coolest, most accomplished, most fascinating liar in comedy known; decades, this volume is aptly entitled "The Truth at Last." The book of 331 pages, with nearly 20 illustrations and a carefully prepared index, is published by Little, Brown & Co.

When Hawtrey was a schoolboy at Eton he bet on the Derby and won £2. 10s. It seems that his father, a teacher at Eton, had sporting blood. The boy wished to enter the army, but his mind lacked concentration. He was a solicitor's clerk for only a day or two. He could not stomach the senior partner, for he had a black velvet collar on his frock coat. This partner became prominent in his profession, but he, at last, was imprisoned for fraud. "I always knew I was right about the black velvet collar."

It was when he found himself without money that he thought of the stage. Having letters of introduction, he played small parts in London. Present at Camillo's death-bed he was obliged to face the audience. "It was this remarkable performance of mine—for I did not move a muscle of any soft or kind and kept rigidly still with my eyes fixed on Miss Lingard—that caused Wilkie Collins to send a message to Alexander to say: 'For God's sake tell the boy with the wooden face to turn his back on the audience.'"

And when later he was playing for £6 a week in "Daniel Druce," his brother cheered him up by telling him about two girls who were sitting in front of him. They were evidently bored. "But when I made my third entrance one of them turned to the other and exclaimed in an exasperated voice: 'Oh! Here comes that Dreadful Man again.'"

Hawtrey's fortunes turned with the production of "The Private Secretary," which was at first reviewed unfavorably, and was unsuccessful at the box office. The play ran for two years in London. No one knows how much Hawtrey made out of this farce. From the time of the next production, "The Arabian Nights," to his death, he was in debt, a prey to money lenders; yet he won at Ascot over £14,000 by the victory of a rank outsider, and once when he could not raise money, bankers were obdurate and failure was imminent, he saved himself for the time being by winning nearly £2000 by a lucky bet.

He writes with greater zest about the race track than about the theatre. Perhaps his genuine modesty prevented him from writing unreservedly about his theatrical career. Racing—ah, that was another matter. There is a long chapter about "the wonderful jockeyship" of Fred Archer, to whom he was strongly attached. Archer, who died in a fit of delirium by his own hand, had undermined his constitution, Hawtrey thinks, in order to keep down his weight. "I have known him to go through a whole day with nothing more to eat than a couple of bunches of grapes, for fear of adding a pound to his weight. He was little more than skin and bones." Victor Hugo said: "Success is hideous"—and so it is even on the race track.

Whenever Hawtrey writes about racing, steeple chasing, horses in any way, he writes with a peculiar gusto. About his acting and the stage in general, he seems to be more or less constrained, yet the book abounds in facts, anecdotes, opinions.

His judgment was not always sound. He could not be persuaded by Penley to accept "Charley's Aunt." The chief successes of his later years were "A Message from Mars," "The Man from Blankley's," and "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure." The first by an American, Richard Ganthony, was thought in its original form, too melodramatic for London. Ganthony rewrote it, and then Hawtrey and his brother revised it. According to Hawtrey, audiences in the United States did not fully appreciate the satire in "The Man from Blankley's." One American critic wrote: "It is hard to understand how any company of ordinary folk could so mercilessly humiliate a good-natured chap for being a nobody, or why they should wither before his monocle like snowflakes under a burning glass when they find he is a real lord."

Hawtrey visited the United States several times, first in 1901 in "A Message from Mars." When he was asked what he thought of New York, he said it reminded him of Paris, it was so full of Americans. He thought when he landed that there must be a fire, as every one was rushing along in the same direction. He was surprised to learn that they were merely men hustling to get to their work.

"Yes," some one may ask: "What did he think of Boston?"

customs or whether Puccini gained anything by the use of a Japanese tune or two. The story pleases in spite of the fact that the cad of a hero is an American, christened Benjamin Franklin at the baptismal font, on the other hand the American consul is a credit to our diplomatic service.

Miss Roselle gave a thoroughly artistic portrayal of the heroine, both vocally and dramatically; by her song giving character to the joyous, sentimental, sad, then tragic situations. Her delivery of the aria in the second act thrilled the audience, which should have filled the theatre. Miss Kent acted intelligently, and Mr. Valle did his lit-

There is very little about his playing in Boston, in fact only this: "One of my greatest friends in America was Harry Otis, a member of the Somerset Club, and belonging to one of the best families in Boston. I always told him that he could do nothing longer than any man I knew. He was a most delightful companion, always the same, always cheery. Occasionally, he would break into verse." (Hawtrey quotes four verses of "Reminiscences.") This friendship was kept up until the time of Otis's death.

It was in the United States that Hawtrey was offered \$500 for his accent by an American. Once Hawtrey took De Wolf Hopper's part for a few minutes in a burlesque at Hopper's request. One of the critics wrote: "The resemblance to Mr. Hawtrey was certainly remarkable, and would have been more so, had it not been for the pronounced American accent." Hawtrey adds: "I can sympathize with Charlie Chaplin, who, on one occasion, found himself in a town where a competition was being held for the best imitation of the Charlie Chaplin walk. He entered as one of the candidates. But, alas! he only came out thirteenth on the list."

Playing in "The Man from Blankley's" at New York, Hawtrey as Lord Strathpeffer used to vary the conundrums asked at the dinner scene. One related to a family that was fond of playing bridge. They thought and spoke of nothing else. The father died and the sons discussed whether he should be buried or cremated. The younger son said: "I'll leave it to you"; to which the elder one replied, "Well, let's make it spades."

At Philadelphia, in the Chestnut Street Theatre, the dressing rooms were alive with rats and creeping insects. At Fort Wayne there was "a typical American hotel, with an enormous long menu of every conceivable kind of dish that you could not possibly eat, when you were dog-tired and worn out. Nothing but cereals, and such things as lambs' tongues and pigs' feet." At New Brighton, where they played in a music hall, Hawtrey mistook a chimpanzee sitting in a chair, waiting his turn, for the property man and asked him for two books that were missing. One of the drawing room cars in which he traveled was "The Iolanthe," and the two negro servants were named Boon and Desperate. It was at San Antonio that Hawtrey was excessively hot. Mopping his brow—the mercury was 73 degrees in the shade—he spoke to the doorkeeper about the beauty of the weather. "A lovely day!" I said. "Gee! This is the first cold snap we have had!" was his reply.

In some American cities the audiences were apparently not grateful—witness these entries in Hawtrey's diary:

"The most apathetic, stupidest audience ever encountered."

"The management cheated us, altering the contract."

"Of course the play went splendidly, but 'pearls before swine' expresses the value of this place."

"The manager cheats when he can and is rude always."

At Columbus all they could obtain at the hotel "on the American plan" were fried eggs and cereals, but, mirabile dictu! they found a vintage champagne, Pommery. There were six bottles in the cellar; Hawtrey took the lot.

The loss of the Titanic injured theatrical business in New York in 1912 when Hawtrey's company opened in "Dear Old Charlie." The houses

were practically empty. In one scene Hawtrey had the stage to himself. Holman came on and in a lugubrious and solemn voice asked: "Are you alone?" "I very nearly upset his gravity, for I looked all round the house and then replied, 'Almost.'"

This volume is entertaining in many ways. Reading it, one has a feeling of personal friendship for the admirable actor and mourns the loss of the modest, sensitive, humorous, kind-hearted man. Mr. Maugham says that Hawtrey took neither life nor himself with unbecoming gravity. "In England laughter is never very respectable; our countrymen give their esteem more readily to those who bore them than to those who amuse." Charles Hawtrey knew this very well, and it never failed to cause him a lively and good-natured amusement. He enjoyed himself, and he gave enjoyment to others. I can imagine no more pleasing recollection to leave the world." P. H.

tle well. The orchestra, led by Mr. Baccollini, gave full support and was eloquent throughout. The ballet in divertissement following the opera was an agreeable supplement.

The opera as announced for the evening performance was good old "Trovatore," with Ferrando frightening the co-n's retainers by his gruesome story, with the mysterious Gypsy, the revengeful count, Leonora sobbing while she hears the man in the tower with his immortal melody; with the "Miserere" for her lover about to die. What a marvelous last act. No wonder the opera with its fire and passion has lived and mocked the carpers. The singers as announced were Mmes. Jacobo and deMette; Messrs. Salazar and Basilio.

## MISS HUTCHINSON

Ethel Hutchinson, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, playing this program:

Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Bach; Alceste, Gluck-Saint Saens; Impromptu, opus 90, No. 1, Schubert; Etude in B flat minor, Mendelssohn; Prelude in A flat, Moret; Corcovado, Gavea, from saudades do Brazil, Milhaud; Impromptu in F sharp, Chopin; Scherzo

In B minor, Chopin; Reflets dans l'eau, Debussy; Sequidillas, Albeniz; Berceuse (from L'oiseau de feu) Stravinsky; Concert Etude, MacDowell.

Miss Hutchinson showed excellent judgment in several respects as well as nice taste, when she laid out her program for yesterday. Recognizing, no music of the deepest import, wisely she doubt, that she is not yet grown to left off her list music better fitted to Rosenthal than to a player very young. In her modesty, furthermore, Miss Hutchinson stood ready to play a Bach piece as Bach wrote it, not as Tausig, Busoni and the rest conceived he should have dressed it out.

They being in the fashion today, Miss Hutchinson shrewdly supplied her audience with music by Stravinsky and Milhaud. The Russian's Berceuse, for piano, mattered little one way or another, but the "saudades" from Brazil brought Miss Hutchinson the tribute of brisk applause and laughter. The joke lay in the "Corcovado," in a tune in D major, eight bars long, being supported by a lazy rhythmic bass in G major. Milhaud presently, in his desire for grosser disparity between the two voices, ranged harmonically still farther

afield. Therein he showed a long head, for more trivial music than the few bars all in the key of G it would be hard to imagine. The "Gavea" sounded less silly, though even more unpleasant than the first piece. But the audience relished the joke, as they conceived it.

Miss Hutchinson played with such unfailingly beautiful tone, so skillful a use of the rather limited scale of dynamics at her command, also with such competent employment of the pedals, that she gave real pleasure to an audience of good size. It was surely owing to nervousness that she somewhat too frequently allowed one hand to fall before the other. To her advantage she might cultivate a keener feeling for rhythm, and if she should come to feel that in much of what she played yesterday there lies a deeper vein of poetry than she has yet discovered, it would be well.

To some listeners Miss Hutchinson did her best work in the Gluck gavotte and in the Schubert Impromptu, into the varying moods of which latter piece she showed true insight.

R. R. G.







Meat is loathsome, full of blood;  
And your bullock you must kill.  
Tigers love it as their food,  
Vultures gorge their fill.

Fish-bones bring men to their grave;  
Death is lurking in the dish.  
If an early end you crave,  
Eat a plate of fish.

Wine is food; a drink is wine;  
Wine will give you ease and wealth.  
Gods may keep their draughts divine;  
Here's to wine's good health.

This Paul was also an amorist, Jacobean and Caroline poets did not hesitate to plunder his treasure house. How different was the mood of Pallas of Alexandria. Leopardi and Schopenhauer were gay dogs in comparison. To him Dame Fortune was malignant. Here is one of his more cheerful views of life:

Death is the butcher, man his herd of swine;  
To him we owe our life.  
He picks at random from the squealing line;  
Then draws his knife.

Poor Pallas! He was a secondary schoolmaster, who forced boys to commit Homer and the Greek tragedians to memory. No wonder he sat like John Ford, the dramatist, in doleful dumps.

The old satirists are well represented. Nicharchus dreaded the sea. Johnson has a sailing boat; "Safety" is her name. And of all the craft afloat None can match that same.

If they went aboard his hooker,  
Even angels grand  
Would go straight to Davy's locker  
Once she left the land.  
Was Nicharchus fond of music?  
The hooting owls bode death with flapping wings;  
But owls themselves fall dead when Nanoy sings.

Note the jaunty ease of these translations. Mr. Wright, who can be lyrical in translating exquisite lyrics, does not hesitate to drop into slang when foot-pads and loafers of speech are appropriate. Pailadas, who did not like his own wife, addressed a boastful friend: "I won't do what I'm told, that's flat; My wife shall never master me"—Good sir—you're talking through your hat.

You're no monstrosity.  
You, like the rest of us, must stay  
Obedient to a woman's sway.

Our sporting friends should enjoy this tribute paid by Lucilius to the statue of a professional pugilist during the reign of Nero:

He never hurt a living thing,  
His hands with blood were never wet;  
So we who fought him in the ring  
His statue here have set.

How terse, yet how eloquent, were these old poets! Callimachus wrote this inscription for the grave of Saon:

Say not the good are dead.  
It is a mystic sleep  
That now they keep.  
The grave is but their bed.

Many pages tempt us to quotation; the verses and page after page of Mr. Wright's characterization of the many poets and his graphic description of the time in which they lived; but lack of space forbids. There must be room, however, for these lines of Philodemus the Epicurean:

White waxen cheeks, soft scented breast,  
Deep eyes wherein the Muses nest;  
Sweet lips that perfect pleasure bring,  
Sing me your song: pale Xantho sing.

"Close shut within a bed of stone  
Soon shall I rest in sleep alone  
And there for ever sleeping lie  
For ever and eternally."

Too soon the music ends. Again, Again, repeat the sad sweet strain. With perfumed fingers touch the strings; O Love's delight, pale Xantho sing.

Speaking of the women poets, Mr. Wright regrets that the "prudery of monks" has robbed us of the more passionate verses. Like Sappho, whose poems were publicly burned as immoral at Rome and Byzantium in 1073 A.D., Nossis too has been almost entirely destroyed. The taste that could endure Sappho and Rufinus at their worst refused to her even a very modest license,

and the asceticism of the early Christians proved as unfavorable to women as had the perversions of classical Greece."

It is strange that the learned Gabriel Peignot in his dictionary of books condemned to the fire says nothing about this public burning of Sappho's poems. Pierre Bayle says nothing in his remarkable article, "Sappho," about this wanton destruction, nor does Mr. Wharton in the long preface to his edition of her poems.

Mr. Wright says of the poets, "who have hitherto almost escaped the notice of the literary historian" but are represented in this volume: "They are usually persons of no very great importance in their own day, and they have no claim to possess the highest kind of poetical genius, but they represent the ordinary man and the common sentiments of ancient life perhaps better than do the great names of literature."

Even if they tell us nothing about themselves, the epigrams of many enable us "to trace, at least in outline, a picture of their life and times which may supplement the more formal records of history." And so these old, forgotten poets with the sympathetic aid of Mr. Wright acquaint us with the splendor of the court of the Ptolemies, take us to the sun-scorched mountains of Arcadia. "With Leonidas we can tramp the roads of South Italy and live with laboring folk; with Philomedes enjoy the doubtful advantages of existence in Rome dependent on the bounty of a patron."

Of Bandillo and Reynard the Fox we shall speak later.

#### ADD "GOLDEN THOUGHTS"

(Indianapolis News)

It's a poor alienist that won't work both ways.

A polite man went into a drug store in the Bronx and said, presumably in a mutton tallow voice, "I'm sorry to bother you, but please hold up your hands. I'm a bandit."

How tame, how unconventional this announcement! In the good old days the "bandit" introduced himself with blood-curdling oaths: "I'm a bad man from Bitter Creek"; sometimes naming his lair as "Hell-Roaring Gulch." The gentleman in the Bronx forgot to give his address.

#### EXTREME CRUELTY

A husband, sued in Chicago by his wife for divorce on grounds of cruelty, replied in a poem which he presented to the court. He said:

No pallid pearl where sleeps an haunted sea,  
No skyer opal, stained with mystery.  
No talisman far sought—to thee I send;  
No gaud, nor jewel, nor golden comb to lend

Its costly charm—  
'Snuff! Charge of cruelty sustained.  
Call the next case.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Carmen,"** opera in four acts by Bizet. The San Carlo company. The cast:

Carmen.....	Ester Ferrabini
Don Jose.....	Gaetano Tommasini
Escamillo.....	Mario Valle
Dancario.....	Francesco Curci
Remendado.....	Natale Cervi
Zuniga.....	Pietro De Biasi
Morales.....	George Cehanovsky
Micaela.....	Consuelo Escobar
Frasquita.....	Frezonia Frazier
Mercedes.....	Philina Falco
Conductor.....	Fulgenzio Guerrieri

This performance last night had excellent features. Mr. Guerrieri, to begin at the top, brought more life to his conducting and less coarseness than has sometimes been the case. The second scene had real atmosphere, the four ballerine, who bore an amazing resemblance to those odd girls in Gulo-aga's picture of his uncle's family, dancing with what we Americans are taught to regard as genuine Spanish character at Lilas Pastia's very Spanish looking inn.

In this scene the chorus, by their high spirits and convincing air of interest, gave life to Escamillo's account of his exploits in the bull-ring. The quintet, too, though it lacked the Gallic elegance which French actors can retain even in low comedy, moved with lively spirit.

There was also good singing, for Miss Escobar, descending for the evening from her heights of coloratura, proved herself quite at home in a lyric role. Indeed she sang charmingly in the first act duet, with a purity of tone, fineness of phrasing and clarity of diction a pleasure to hear. Only less successful—barring a sustained high note or two not quite perfectly placed—in the great air of the third act, she was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Shouting, after all, is not the only way to win favor.

From Mme. Ferrabini there was good acting. Unlike some illustrious persons acting. "Carmen," Mme. Ferrabini is able to suggest the girl's nature, as she sees it, without indulging in heavy-handed manifestations of vulgarity. It may be questioned, to be

sure, if her view of Carmen is meretricious or even Bizet's. The girl must surely have had a charm about her different in kind as well as in degree from that of the rank and file of gypsies and factory girls. Mme. Ferrabini, the first stressed her violence and above her hardness, her violence and above all, her dogged determination to rouse the silly trooper from his indifference and win him, or die in the attempt. But any suggestion of love for Jose, it is usually believed, while it lasted, was left out of the picture. Mme. Ferrabini set forth her idea of Carmen skillfully, with an admirable economy of gesture. The audience was large.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—The Boston stock company in "We've Got to Have Money," a comedy in three acts by Edward Laska. Staged by Samuel Godfrey. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Dave Farnum.....	Bernard Nedell
Thomas Campbell.....	Houston Richards
Tony Platt.....	Ralph M. Remley
Robert Brady.....	Roy Elkins
Richard Walcott.....	Louis Leon Hall
Prof. Brigley.....	Wm. H. Hatt
Lucas.....	Donald Keres
James Doolin.....	Ralph Morehouse
M. Levante.....	Samuel Godfrey
Kennison.....	John Collier
Otto Schultz.....	Frederick Murray
Henry Mack.....	William Smiley
A Frenchman.....	David Smiley
Another genius.....	George Spelvin
Dunn.....	Leroy Askam
A barber.....	Frank Twitshell
Olga Walcott.....	Ralph Morehouse
Evelyn Russell.....	Elsie Hiltz
Betty Clark.....	Marle Laloz
Miss Doolittle.....	Caroline Murphy
Miss Finney.....	Oliver Blakely
	Anna Layaz

When this piece was first produced at the Playhouse Theatre, New York, in August, 1923, Robert Ames played the part of Dave, the sport; Leo Donnelly was Brady, the money man, and Flora Finch was seen as Miss Finney, the bookkeeper.

The program has it a comedy, but the obviousness of farce a la mode will not down. Mr. Laska has let his imaginings run wild, improbabilities are piled on thick; this aside, he has given us an interesting play, albeit dressing up an old idea very ingeniously, developing much complexity and dealing a blow just before the curtain that has its point in maintaining interest to the end.

Much of the dialogue is sharp, often funny, but more often commonplace, smacking of the ways of the theatre. There is the threadbare trick of simulating big business with the aid of the push button, conjuring up a swarming staff, and in this scene the stage carpenter outdoes the playwright.

Dave Farnum will not study. Pressed by a sleuthing guardian, who has a pretty daughter, looking with favor on Dave, he engages a fellow student to impersonate him during the entire course. Commencement day, and the mask is torn off Dave; besides he has had an affair with a woman and there is a breach of promise suit. The guardian is through with him, so is the pretty daughter. Dave declares himself on study, claims he has business talent and will demonstrate.

In a well appointed suite in the Woolworth building he starts as the American Promotion Company. Everything is artificial, faked. But Farnum was right once more. They come in, nuts, types, dopes. Among them is Schultz, who would dispose of a patent that claims unending life for shoes. Brady, a money man, listens, and agrees to back the project. The idea proves an immense success. In the line of unfortunates Dave hires a masquerading derelict as his secretary. The latter is an accomplice, a tool of M. Levante, a slippery crook, and a competitor. He has the letters patent signed in duplicate, one for himself. Dave is over-whelmed with his success, and both he and the girl have pledged their troth. The father, the guardian, is lured to the offices. The duplicity of Levante is exposed. The guardian, capitulates, melting as he sees Dave handle Levante. Dave wins Olga, the girl.

Mr. Nedell's interpretation of Dave was exceptionally good for a first night of stock. A part that involves endless detail, he made his points well and clean. Houston Richards's old in the role of student for the most part lay in repose, and in this respect he was at times even eloquent. Miss Hiltz made a pretty Olga, Miss Murphy a peppy Betty, and Frederick Murray was a valuable Schultz. In fact, all contributed to what is conceded a very hilarious entertainment.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—"Hindle Wakes," a play in four acts by Stanley Houghton. First produced in London by Miss Horniman's company in June, 1912. The cast:

Mrs. Hawthorn.....	Elspeth Dudgeon
Christopher Hawthorn.....	C. Wordley Hulce
Fanny Hawthorn.....	May Ediss
Mrs. Jeffcote.....	Violet Paget
Nathaniel Jeffcote.....	E. E. Clive
Ada.....	Ruth Holmes
Alan Jeffcote.....	Philip Tonke
Sir Timothy Farrar.....	Harold West
Beatrice Farrar.....	Katherine Standing

Although "Hindle Wakes" was writ-

ten in 1911, and has been produced many times since its first performances in Manchester by the company for which Stanley Houghton wrote it, there is still a searching reality and grim humor in it, and it plays excellently. Problem plays fade soonest, for with the settling of their particular issues, they become curiosities, and the next generation comes upon them with amused, intolerant eyes, as phenomena of a strange and inglorious past.

But Stanley Houghton wrote a sound play, of piercing characterizations, and terse drama, and his problem is still unsolved. There are still double standards of morality, and Fanny Hawthorn, glorying in her freedom, has had many and darling counterparts in plays that have followed. Shaw thundered for her, and she has flared momentarily in many a sophisticated piece, of cynical and jibing comments. But Mr. Houghton was a stout realist; he saw his problem very seriously; and his people are Lancashire mill folk.

And from the very first curtain rise, when Christopher Hawthorn, mild-eyed, unambitious, resigned, a "shear-eyed" in the mill of which his old friend Jeffcote is now the owner, sits waiting with his virulent and loud-mouthed wife, for Fanny's return, to Jeffcote's determination that, engaged or no, his son shall marry Fanny or be forever "without the brass" that he has spent his life in gathering for power for him, and Fanny's ringing defiance of them all, and her blatant refusal to marry Alan, merely because they have had a gay week-end together—there is vigor, a cool reality, and evidence of dramatic skill.

As for last night's performance, it was an excellent one, from the staunch and grimly humorous Jeffcote of Mr. Clive, a beautiful piece of acting, down through each and every member of the cast, with the possible exception of Miss Paget, who seemed doubtful as to how to pitch her playing. Miss Ediss's Fanny was a bold and pretty wench; there was the slow, futile manner of Hawthorn in Mr. Hulce's characterization; warm, relieving humor in Mr. Timothy; Mr. Tonge did well with Alan, and Miss Standing as Beatrice played with an admirable coldness and restraint. Miss Dudgeon's Mrs. Hawthorn was flagrantly shrewish, although at times a little overdrawn. A large audience applauded enthusiastically.

#### Alice Brady and Salvation Army Band Are Features

Mirth and music, with a bit of tense drama tossed in for relief, greeted a large audience at E. F. Keith's Theatre last night. The headliner was Alice Brady, once of the legitimate, more recently of the silver sheet, and now for a time on the two-a-day "by arrangement with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation."

The audience showed appreciation where it deemed appreciation due, and it tendered Miss Brady all that she could wish. Her part gave her free rein with her emotions, and that her years before the camera have not lessened these was well evidenced by the manner in which she made the most of her opportunity. It was a tale of the Yellow sea and its infesting dives, and the notorious "Queen of Sheba," who had sworn never to lose her heart, but did to one equally notorious. It was a romance near to shattering on the rocks of the China coast, each stifling love in the belief that the object of the passion was many rungs higher on the social ladder as it is reckoned in the east. Miss Brady was ably supported by Charles A. Bickford, Eda von Buelow and William G. Leith.

She had to share her honors, though, with the N. E. staff band of the Salvation Army, which gave a varied program of music, including a vocal number by a "Sally." Over and above these, the high lights of the bill were a comedy skit by oe Marks and company going under the name of "Then the Fun Began," though without apology to a certain well known cartoonist, in which Marks got over a deal of delightful horseplay; and a blackface act, old favorites in Boston, Glenn and Jenkins in their song and dance, "Working for the Railroad."

Outside of the usual film numbers, topics, cartoon and news reel, the bill opened with Cooke, Mortimer and Harvey in basketball on a bicycle, and closed with Nathane and Sully in an attractive dance skit. Other acts were Dave Roth, versatile comic, with a dummy dancer that came to life after

it had been taken on-stage; Elly, a girl juggler with an interesting act and childish patter; and A. Robbins, billed as "The Walking Music Store," though his or her, clothes proved a hardware and house furnishing emporium in addition, and the audience went home



Not being quite sure whether it was a man or a woman that played every-thing from a cello to an Arabian flute weird contortions of the vocal organ.

CONTINUING

OLONIAL—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter, Dorothy. Sixth week.

OLLIS—"The Nervous Wreck," Owen Davis farce with Otto Kruger, Kathleen Comegys, Edward Arnold and others. Second week.

AJESTIC—"Charlotte's Revue," English revue with Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Herbert Mundin and Sam B. Hardy. Third week.

ELWYN—"For All Of Us," William Hodge's new play in which he stars. Seventh week.

LYMOUTH—"The Potters," comedy by J. P. McAvoy. Homely and amusing scenes of American everyday family life in 12 scenes. Second week.

UBERT—"Wildflower," musical comedy starring Edith Day. Fifth week.

REMON—"Saint Joan," Bernard Shaw's play in which Julia Arthur is seen as the Maid of Orleans. Second week.

ILBUR—"Moonlight," musical comedy starring Julia Sanderson. Third week.

MISS FAIRBANK

By PHILIP HALE

Dorothy Fairbanks, soprano, sang in Jordan hall last night. Mrs. Dudley Atts played the accompaniment. The program read as follows: Handel-Bibb, omml Del from "Radamisto"; Handel, io caro bene from "Rodelinda"; Res-ghi, Storcellatrice, Porta bella di blini; G. Faure, Dans les ruines d'une abbaye, Les Berceaux, Le Parfum Im- missable; Stenhammer, In the Forest; nass, Selma; Sibelius, Autumn Night; anson, Joy, Shipmate, Joy; Carpenter, hen the Misty Shadows Glide; Ruec-luf, Enticement; Waller, On the ater of the Marsh; Walker, Snow-pps; 17th Century, arr. by O'Connor-rris, Alleluia.

Several young singers have recently been to singing operatic airs by Han-el. This is eminently praiseworthy, Handel, the opera writer, was a great melodist and a master of expres-son; praiseworthy, if the singer chooses sngs that are suited to her nature, he voice, and her degree of technical efficiency.

The aria of Polissena in "Rada-misto," the plot of which is taken from "Annals" of Tacitus, was written by a great dramatic singer. The spirit of the music, with the exception of a few measures, is tragic. Music of this character and of this period should be in the manner, which for want of a better definition, is known as "the old style." Playing or singing in the old style is seldom heard today. He. Neruda, the violinist, was mis-eris of it; so was Emmy Fursch-Madi, dramatic soprano.

ow Miss Fairbanks is essentially a soprano, with voice and musical ure for the expression of the more her sentiments and gentler emotions. He can be gay and lively in songs, as shown in the agreeably jingling y of the Norwegian Alnaes, and in ariel Faure's "Dans les ruines d'une abbaye." The charming songs of Res-ghi are not foreign to her. He might say, "But there was her tive interpretation of 'Autumn' by 'lus.'" This remarkable song, a lit-erantata in itself, is melodramatic, ical, it is not tragic. Its emo-ol intensity has not the classic dig- of Handel's great air. And it may e said that Miss Fairbanks's e was heard to least advantage in an air from "Radamisto," for the r tones were at times without full erty and labored.

a rule her use of her voice was and the tonal quality was agree- Her phrasing was musically in-ent, although in "Dans les ruines abbaye" she often ended consec-

itive phrasing with an unmelodious em-phasis, thus destroying the purity of the melodic line and impairing the signifi-cance of the poet's verse. Miss Fairbanks has gained in proflig-ency as an interpreter since we last heard her. Last evening there were many pleasing moments. Mrs. Pitts accompanied musically and skilfully. An audience of good size, very friendly, applauded with fervor.

The New York World of last Sunday speaking of John Walter Cross, who died recently, the husband of George Elliot, said: "Mr. Cross was an old-time friend of George Elliot's circle, including George Henry Lewes, her first husband."

Let's see. Just when did George Hen-ry Lewes marry George Elliot? We were not invited to the wedding and neg-lected to enter the date in our diary.

As the World Wags:

Said the first gentleman of Texas to the Governor of Texas: "But, my dear, I simply cannot attend the inaugural ball; I haven't a thing to wear!" R. H. L.

ATTENTION OF MR. MELLON

As the World Wags:

I like Gypsy. She's the nicest girl I know. Black, bobbed hair, naturally curly; large, innocent black eyes, pas-sionate red lips, wonderful teeth, and the most wonderful personality!—yes, I like Gypsy, but if her old man don't rate higher than 12 bucks on the income tax list by next year—I'm through. GORE OF SEMINOLE.

EMILY DICKINSON

To this determined little authoress, so carefully shut up in her provincial cell, nothing was sacred and nothing daunting; she made as free with heaven and hell, life and death, as with the daisies and butterflies outside her win-dow. She was small, she was obstinate, she was not as wise as she ended by thinking herself; but her voice was unique, and she flung out the short cry of her joy or pain or mockery with a note that cannot be forgotten. It is much to say in a world where voices are so many.—Percy Lubbock in the Oration and the Athenaeum.

READ YOUR YEATS

As the World Wags:

Having read "Black Oxen," I wonder why the title? Why oxen and why black? Why not "Purple Elephants" or "Blue Prairie Dogs"? Wakefield. ADAM REASONER.

You will find in Yeats's play, "The Countess Cathleen" these lines spoken by Oona at the end:

"The years like great black oxen tread the world, And God the herdsman goads them on behind, And I am broken by their passing feet."

Like the English girl who amidst potatoes, au gratin, hashed, fried, browned, sweet in an American menu would always wish for boiled potatoes, too, so woman, in some phase, or per-centage, or aspect, or development, will always have her own will with man.—Saturday Review of Literature.

As the World Wags:

Recently there was published in your column an article entitled "An Old Maid's Dilemma," signed "W. Rox," dealing with the question of marriage versus single blessedness. I enclose a few original lines on the subject. MARGARET L. BUCKLEY.

Quincy.

PAGE BILL SHAKESPEARE! "To love or not to love"—that is the question, Whether 'tis better in the end to trust to luck

For happiness in your wondering single state, Or dedicate your life in marriage to some man

Who may or may not prove an ideal mate? To live—to love,

To cater to "His" many urgent needs, While baby cries with that perversity That flesh is heir to—'til your nerves do snap

In righteous indignation; To live sans love, To flirt, perchance to kid; aye, that's the stuff,

For in such flippancy gay moments come To chase away the blues that hang in wait

For lonely souls who think their lot is hard, And walk Life's path alone.

Waste not your time in walling lamen-tations. "Unhappily Unmarried," show some pep, 'Til a male clamors—"Lead, dear, and I follow!"

Love while the loving's good, And in your orisons

May other old maids be remembered!

FATAL EFFECTS OF LAUGHING GAS

On Oct. 23, 1824, the London Times, price 7d, quoted from Medical Adviser:

"The foolish experiments upon the laughing gas, now so much in fashion, have been attended with what is not at all surprising—the death of a person who breathed a portion of it. It occurred at Bordeaux last February. We sincerely recommend the public to set their faces against further exhibition of this dangerous practice; everything which operates upon the sensorium, so as to derange it, even temporarily, is dangerous. The same quantity of this gas inhaled by different people will possess vastly different effects. One man may be but gently stimulated by it, while another, from peculiar physical construction in the brain or blood vessels, may drop down in apoplexy."

BLANKET SHEETS

As the World Wags:

Mr. T. H. Soule, Jr., of Hyannis has been reading the New Bedford Standard for three score years and ten. That is no small accomplishment, but still more interesting is the fact that when Mr. Soule and the Bristol County Bible were youngsters together he learned to put words together as he pored over the great blanket sheet, which he had to spread on the floor in order to handle.

Mention of blanket sheets recalls the Pawtuxet Valley Gleaner, published at Phenix, R. I. There may have been newspapers of greater acreage than the Gleaner, but not many. The type went the other way for size with the result that the Gleaner contained fully as much reading matter as a hard-working generation could well assimilate.

Nothing human was foreign to the Gleaner. Captious Cape Codders, who neither own cars nor arc on good terms with people who do, complain that the Cape papers too faithfully chronicle those who motored to Wild Harbor or "below the bridges," the latter a Hyannis colloquialism for the hinterland east of Bass river. Such critics should have seen the Gleaner. The scribes never let any goings or comings escape them. If they could not get a name they stated that "a stranger was seen on our streets last week." When the correspondent at Arctic Centre could find nothing for his budget one week in February, 189—, except "Snow is very deep in the woods," you may be sure it had been a dull week around the wharft.

Hyannis. HENRY WATERMAN.

Is the term "blanket sheet" unknown to English printers and other newspa-per men? The English dictionaries define "blanket" in printing as a woolen cloth used to cover the platten so as to deaden and equalize its pres-sure. One finds the compounds "blanket-sluice," "blanket-weed," "blanket-love" but not "blanket-sheet," not even as an Americanism. Strange to say, the great Oxford Dictionary, defining "sheet" as a newspaper, says this use is now rare. What? Does no English-man today in his furious wrath write a letter to the editor beginning, "Sir: My attention has been called to an ar-ticle in your filthy sheet, in which you say—?"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata," performed by the San Carlo Company. Conductor Alberto Bac-colini. The cast:

Violetta.....Consuelo Escobar  
Flora.....Yvonne Trava  
Annina.....Philine Falco  
Alfredo Germont.....Demetrio Onofrei  
Gastone.....Francesco Curci  
Giorgio Germont.....Mario Basiola  
Baron Douphol.....Luigi DeCesare  
Dr. Grenvil.....Natale Cervi  
"La Traviata" has led a whimsical life; when it was first produced in Italy an audience of enviable bluntness, ridi-culed the stout consumptiveness of the Violetta and despite the flare of ballet, picadors and gypsies in the second act—traces of the earlier Verdi—the mod-ern costumes did not suit. So, later, it was recostumed, and since then the period of the piece has varied indiffer-ently. And with colossal indifference, the soprano has dressed for the 19th century, and the rest of the company for the 14th. And, each Violetta, in turn, no matter how well she sings, must make plausible the alluring graces of the Lady of the Camelias.

The San Carlos Company indulges in none of these inconsistencies, and the Violetta of Miss Escobar, although at times disarmingly young and ingenuous, has the air of the fragile lady, and she sang last evening with a clear, un-strained voice, gently modulating, as sure in her more dramatic moments as in her flights of Verdian coloratura. Mr. Basiola, as Germont, sang with feeling, and played with intelligence—a very good opening scene of the second act.

Mr. Onofrei's Alfredo was but an in-different lover, although a magnificent accuser, and Yvonne Trava, as Flora, sang with immeasurably buoyancy, and tilted about with extravagance. The chorus of guests sang as if they en-joyed the party. There was zest and swift color in the ballet, and the or-chestra played smoothly. E. G.

So Symphony hall is not turned into a Festspielhaus to make a Wagnerian holiday. The Rhine will not overflow the concert stage; the Rhine maidens will not go through the motions of swimming while they give forth melo-dious strains. Siegfried will not slay the dragon and follow the dickeybird; Alnne will not perform his vaudeville stunts, old man Wotan with a patched eye will not be able to tell his sad story a half dozen times.

Mr. Fred Patton, who was to take the part of the malignant dwarf Alberich, laughing a harsh, grating laugh off-stage when his little brother Miml is killed, talked to a reporter in New York a few days ago. "I am sure that everything will be all right and I intend to sing tomorrow night. I sing for art and for money, and I surely will not sing tomorrow night unless I am paid."

Art and money, with a heavy em-phasis on money. There's your true 100 per cent. American spirit. Truly a noble outburst on the part of a Wag-nerian singer. All up! Hi, hi! Wow! or any loud cry That was Wagner's motto. Art and money, and he was always begging his friends, from Lud-wig to Liszt, not neglecting women, for loans in the name of art.

Notes and Lines:

I happened into a picture house near the North station yesterday afternoon, the Lancaster, and I heard a chorus of children singing under the direction of R. L. Harlow. It was a most re-markable demonstration. Mr. Harlow, as you no doubt know, writes the music for the Filene shows and directs the productions. It would be well worth your while if you have not heard the children to drop in at the Lancaster any Saturday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock and hear them sing Nov. 9. F. E. H.

Kathleen McAllister, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall tonight music by Handel (why does she spell the name Haendel?), Schubert, Kjeruff, Strauss, Lotti, Rossini, Debussy, Chadwick, Rachmaninov, Foote, Benedict.

Mme. Karsavina will dance in Sym-phony hall tonight and Saturday night. She has long enjoyed the reputation of being the leading exponent of the art.

Mr. Newman will give the first of his fascinating series of travelogues on the Orient tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon in Symphony hall.

Mrs. Hudson-Alexander will sing in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon. Music by Handel, Godard, Duparc, Massenet, Brahms, Henschel, Forsyth, Watts, Hanson and an old Spanish air.

The de Reszke Singers, a male quar-tet, all pupils of Jean de Reszke, who have been enthusiastically applauded in England and cities of the European continent, will make their first ap-pearance here next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall.

Stuart Mason will conduct the Peo-ple's Symphony orchestra next Sunday afternoon in the St. James Theatre. Music by Bizet, Haydn, Converse, Men-delssohn, George Miquelle, cellist, will play Boellmann's Variations.

Walter Hampden will be seen next Monday as Cyrano at the Boston Op-era House. We shall have occasion to talk about Cyrano's justly celebrated nose next Sunday.

Mr. George Taggart, having seen Mr. Hampden as Cyrano was so deeply affected that he wrote these lines:

To others we have harkened when Rostand's immortal poem was read, Each lucent line, resplendent then, Its own pure rays of glory shed As might the words of Aven's Bard, Ill-spoken and yet each a prayer, For, tho' expressed in scant regard, The soul of Cyrano was there.

And here, endowed with life, we view The offspring of the poet's art— A printed vision coming true In presence, manner, voice and heart; No more this figure vague shall be Since now, at last, we seem to know The man himself in entity— We've met the soul of Cyrano.

IN THE EIGHTIES

Notes and Lines:

Some mid-Victorians pity the moderns who find entertainment at the vaude-ville houses, but consider what they listened to and applauded in the eighties.

Monologue man speaking:

"Tom Nutt married Major Hickory's daughter Hazel. The wedding notices read 'Hickory-Nutt, in this city, May 11th, united under one shell, Tom Nutt and Hazel Nutt nee Hickory.' In due course a son arrived. They named him Walter, but the boys called him Wal-nut. He became a Colonel in the army, but was court-martialled for working a



shell-game, which showed he wasn't what he was cracked up to be. Their second son was Chester, called Chestnut for short. Chess wasn't very bright. At first he got a job as brakeman in a zoo (breaking bread for the elephants), then a clerkship in an office, finally going off his nut.

"They had one daughter with lovely almond eyes. They named her Hazel in honor of her mother. This caused confusion; when anyone called for Hazel, a voice would shout down from upstairs, 'Which Hazel?' You'd think you were in a drug store."

"I will now sing that pathetic ballad entitled:

#### THE FATAL WEDDING

Professor, a chord in G, please. (Sings waltz tempo, and as it were, lugubriously.)

The wedding bells were rung and rung 'til they were wringing wet. And then the parson wrung his hands, I never shall forget.

The organist pulled out a gun and tried to take his life.

When someone called an usher and the usher called his wife.

The crowd got all excited and out of the window flew.

Just as the choir was singing do, my huckleberry, do.

Someone shouted now they're off for where no one can tell.

I went and told the parson and the sexton tolled the bell.

#### Chorus

While the wedding bells were ringing The congregation wrung a towel.

They hit the parson with a chicken But the parson hollered foul.

The bride and groom were there together Vowing they would never part.

The parson yelled "Pay me ten dollars," And died with a broken heart.

(Finishes his turn with a waltz clog, for no apparent reason, executing a most intricate design of syncopated foot tapping as he smirks his way out of the first entrance.)

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Julius Klengel, a name known to all violoncellists, took leave of the Gewandhaus orchestra, Leipzig, last month. He had been a member of that orchestra for 50 years, and for the last 35 years principal violoncellist. His grandfather was first violin in the same orchestra for 50 years.

Has anyone quoted these lines put by W. S. Gilbert in King Gama's mouth? "I know everybody's income and what everybody earns."

And I carefully compare them with the Income Tax returns."

Two pieces for small orchestra: "Japanese Boat Song" and "By the Brook," by Seigi Abe, which were awarded a prize in the Endicott competition, 1924, will be performed at a concert of the New England Conservatory orchestra, Wednesday evening, Nov. 19.

## PARISH WILLIAMS

Parish Williams, baritone, with the able help of Robert O'Connor, accompanist, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall:

Lungi dal caro bene, Secchi: O cessate di piagarmi, Scarlatti; Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?, Donaudy; Die Krahle, Der skumische Morgen, Schubert; Die Malinacht, Botschaft, Brahms; Der Sommerfaden, Den Andern, Trunk; Elegie, Duparc; Bulle de Savon, Samuel-Rousseau; Mandoline, Debussy; Chanson du Mele; Moret; Le Capitif, Gretchenanow; Tears of God, I Meant to Do My Work Today, Treason and Plot, The Logical Owl, Bent Mowrey; Beauty, Rain on the Down, Malcolm Davidson.

Mr. Williams showed himself no mean hand at planning a program. If he chose to sing two of the most frequently heard of the old Italian airs, at all events they are two of the most beautiful, and he did, after all, vary the program by closing it with one of those attractive songs which it pleases Donaudy to entitle "airs in the antique style." The German group he made unusual by singing songs by Schubert, who has in our concert halls today been ignored with tolerable completeness, unless some dramatically disposed person feels impelled to show what may be done with the Erl King.

There were the songs as well, which sounded as if they might be very good. Richard Trunk, music critic, conductor of choruses, writer of songs, choruses, a piano quintet, also music or orchestra—a man of experience, indeed, who lived in Munich.

With his less familiar French songs Mr. Williams had no great luck, but the song by Duparc, Debussy's "Mandoline" not often heard today, and Gretchenanow's "Capitif," would lend distinction to any group. For his English songs he found some that at all

events are new. Those by Malcolm Davidson seemed the best.

Mr. Williams is blessed with a moderately strong voice that sounds exceedingly well so long as he sings, neither too loud, too soft, nor too high. He has acquired a smooth legato technically, however. Mr. Williams has achieved his greatest triumph in acquiring a distinctness of enunciation, in four languages, that can be equalled by very few singers. He enunciates, furthermore, in just the right way, that which makes for tonal resonance and color.

It is clear Mr. Williams makes much of words; he chooses songs with really poetical texts, for which he gives the poets credit on the program, and he sees to it that these texts are understood by the people. He deserves warm praise. The only pity is that he seems not so sensitive to musical beauty as to poetical, for he breathes phrases where they should not be interrupted, the value of keen rhythm he appears not to understand, he has not learned the art of planning a climax. If he would devote careful thought to the analysis of a song's musical design, Mr. Williams would add much to the real worth of his present attainments. R. R. G.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo company in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Conductor, Mr. Guerrieri. The cast for "Cavalleria Rusticana" was as follows:**

Santuzza.....Blanca Saroya  
Lola.....Mary Kent  
Mamma Lucia.....Alice Homer  
Turiddu.....Manuel Salazar  
Alfio.....George Cehanovsky

The cast for "Pagliacci":

Nedda.....Abby Morrison  
Harlequin.....Francesco Curiel  
Canio.....Getano Tommasini  
Tonio.....Mario Basiola  
Elvino.....George Cehanovsky

Almost inevitably these two operas are coupled together, and they are much alike; each has sharp, tearing passion, a crude dramatic force, terse and skillful orchestration, and the sensual beauty of Italian melodies. And, no matter how ill performed, they still have poignancy.

There was an air of lusty peasantry, a feverishness and decision to the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" last evening. Miss Saroya's Santuzza was like a woman of Goya's, blackly passionate, of swift and dominating moods, and she sang dramatically, in a clear and high soprano. And no less effective was the excellent little drawing of Miss Kent's Lola, the bold and sly little sensualist, blithely vain and alluring, and her voice was full and rich, well placed.

Although Mr. Salazar, in his farewell to his mother, sang with emotion, even pathos, it was difficult to believe that this pompous little man was the cause of women's woes, and that Lola would have preferred him to the gay and stalwart Alfio of Mr. Cehanovsky, who sang so stirringly of his mules and his wife. Miss Homer was more suited to the niceties of the drawing room than the keeping of a wine house.

With "Pagliacci," Miss Morrison, as have so many before her, made her debut here as Nedda. She has vivacity, slowness, an easy coquetry, and a small, thin soprano voice, more lyric than dramatic, and her high notes were a little forced, although, she improved in the course of the opera.

But the storms of applause were for Mr. Basiola, who as Tonio, was obliged to repeat his solo of the prologue. For some reason he chose to sing it within the circle of the stage, rather than outside of the curtain, as is customary.

Mr. Guerrieri conducted with more precision, and connectedness than he has before, sharpening the dramatic climaxes and not lingering too long in the intermezzos. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

E. G.

## "MARTHA" PRESENTED AT THE OPERA HOUSE

**San Carlo Company Wins Plaudits with Old-Time Favorite**

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The San Carlos opera company, Mr. Gallo, director, gave a performance of Flotow's "Martha" yesterday afternoon.**

Lady Henrietta.....Lucille Chalfant  
Nancy.....Stella De Mette  
Lionel.....Demetrio Onofrei  
Pinkett.....Mario Valle  
Sheriff.....Luigi De Cesare  
Tristan.....Nadia Cervi  
Conductor.....Mr. Guerrieri

This opera, which will be 77 years old this month, is still popular, by reason possibly of the easily understood story, perhaps because many of the melodies are known to all, in church and out of church. The opera was founded on a ballet-pantomime, "Lady Henrietta," for which Flotow, Burgmüller and Deldevez wrote the music. The ballet was produced at the Paris Opera in 1844, but the story had served a ballet performed under Louis XIII, the vaudeville "La Comtesse d'Egmont." The libretto of Balfe's "Maid of Honor" is not very different from that of "Martha."

Hackneyed as the music may be to some, there are still many who look for-

ward to hearing the duet for the men, which is known in church as "Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah," the Spinning wheel quartet, Lionel's romance, and above all, "The Last Rose of Summer." Great singers have not been loath to appear in "Martha." Lady Henrietta was one of Adelina Patti's most fascinating and brilliant roles. A performance at this late day must have a certain elegance; it must carry the conviction that a great lady is amusing herself with farmers. Now, elegance is hardly the leading characteristic of performances by this company when the operas are supposed to portray in any way aristocratic life.

Miss Chalfant a couple of years ago was here as a member of the Greenwich Follies company. Leaving the stage, she went to Rome to fit herself for grand opera. Yesterday she sang and acted with taste and spirit. Her voice is of lyric quality, yet flexible in florid passages. The whole performance of the opera was in fact excellent. Mr. Onofrei was vocally at his best and could easily have repeated his romance, so insistent was the audience, which was surprisingly small, considering the popularity of the opera. It was a pity, for the performance deserved a theatre full.

Nov 14 1924

## KARSAVINA

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Tamar Karsavina danced for the first time in Boston last night in Symphony hall. She was assisted by her dancing partner, Pierre Vladimirov, and an orchestra conducted by Sepp Morscher. There was an audience of good size but not so large as it should have been. The orchestra played the overture to "Egmont," Bach's Air on the G string, music from a Serenade by Mozart, Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Procession of Sadar," and Tchaikovsky's Valse des Fleurs in the course of the evening.

Mme. Karsavina has a singularly beautiful face and arms. Her figure is approaching matronly proportions, but she is still graceful in the dance and sufficiently agile. Would that we could have seen her in the ballets of the Ballet Russe when it was in its glory and she and Nijinsky were the bright particular stars in a brilliant constellation, for, according to report, she shone as actress as well as dancer. She was to have come here with Nijinsky, but harassing, or pleasing—as one is inclined to look at it—domesticity prevented, for Mme. Karsavina is married to an Englishman and at the time appointed for her departure she found herself unable to appear on the stage.

As a dancer last night she showed herself extremely well trained in the Russian school, not too academic, not too naturalistic. She cannot be classed with the "interpretative" dancers who prance, leap, cavort and gesticulate, in the vain hope of "expressing" a symphony by Beethoven, a symphonic poem by Liszt, or the Prelude, Choral and Fugue of Cesar Franck. For this, the Lord be praised! A dance should be expressive of grace and beauty without literary or symphonic association.

Mme. Karsavina last night was a dancer pure and simple, though in an Adagio from "Raymonde" with Mr. Vladimirov she indulged herself necessarily, but not distressingly, in pantomime; while in Bach's Sinfonia she was supposed, according to the program, to be an angel—that is, she sported wings; and in an Allegro of Mozart's she was Diana, but a chaste Diana fearing the eyes of Actaeon rather than enamored of Endymion.

She was especially attractive in

Kreisl's waltz, in the old-fashioned "Schoenbrunner" waltz of Lanner's and, with her partner, in Caucasian dances and the Adagio from "Sylvia." She was amusing by her artistic rigidity in Goossens' "Hurdy Gurdy" dance, and in the "Polka Vendredi" with its pleasing suggestion of vulgarity. (One thought of Rosina Vokes and her polka song and dance.) Her costumes were not always becoming. When they were simplest they were the most beautiful in themselves and in the revelation of her own beauty. From her art, as displayed, one might say that she is very accomplished in technic, agreeable to the eye, but not strikingly poetic or imaginative.

In one of his novels Thackeray inveighed bitterly against male ballet dancers of his period. If he could have seen Mr. Vladimirov, he would have written differently, for Mr. Vladimirov is virile, surprisingly agile for so strongly built a man, graceful, accomplished, without smirks or grimaces in response to applause. He, as well as

Mme. Karsavina was enthusiastically applauded, but he refused the honor of a repetition, although the audience was insistent. Mme. Karsavina repeated her Hurdy Gurdy dance. The orchestra was adequate and ably conducted.

There will be a change of program on Saturday night, when the music for the dances will be by Tchaikovsky, Puni, Kreisler, Handel, Lanner, Mendelssohn, Grainger and others.

## MISS M'ALLISTER

Kathleen McAllister, soprano, sang last night in Jordan hall, to the very competent accompaniments of William Heller. This was her program:

"Pur dicesti, o bocca bella," Lotti; "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Schubert; "Song of Synnove," Kjerulf; "Staendchen," Strauss; "Qual farfalla," Haendel; aria, "Una voce poco fa," Rossini; "Mandoline," Debussy; "He Loves Me," Chadwick; "Song of the Hebrew Maiden," Moussorgsky; "I'm Wearin' Awa," Foote; "The Wren" (flute obbligato by Verne Powell), Benedict.

Miss McAllister showed herself last night a singer of oddly uneven worth. Her voice, though it possesses a very high range, is most notably good in the lower medium register, where its quality is singularly warm and beautiful. Higher in the medium it loses its excellence—perhaps because the head register is not called soon enough into play—only to regain warmth and beauty in the neighborhood of the first notes above the staff. From there upward the tones are rather thin and not always securely placed. To this same insecurity of technique, one may guess, rather than to a defective ear, must be attributed intonation not always true.

In the best part of her voice Miss McAllister has acquired an amazingly clear enunciation and, thereby, a resonance that adds brilliant color to her tones. Her legato, too, in this register, is smooth. Songs, therefore, such as those by Kjerulf and Moussorgsky, which demand these excellences above all else and a tender sentiment as well, Miss McAllister sang charmingly. The Debussy song she also managed very well, and better still Mr. Chadwick's graceful "He Loves Me."

In "Una Voce" she was less successful, though, unlike too many singers, she appreciated its real character, because the ornaments she introduced she could not perform with the surety and brilliancy which alone can make them effective. Of the lovely Handel air she quite mistook the force, and she went feigning it has any force, and she went strangely abroad in her performance of "Pur dicesti"; so it may have been sung 20 years ago, but today the way of Mr. McCormack is more in taste.

Miss McAllister has a personality that commands attention; she has many vocal and musical virtues. If she can raise the entire range of her voice to the high level of its best and can bring herself to avoid for the present music still beyond her powers, there seems to be no reason why she should not become a singer of rare charm. R. R. G.

Nov. 15 1924

## IN TRAVEL TALKS

By PHILIP HALE

A very large audience in Symphony hall last night welcomed the return of Mr. Newman. He has entitled the series of five travel tales for this his 16th annual season, "The Road to Mandalay: Impressions of 1924."

Mysterious India, the mother of religions; Burma, with its golden Pagodas; Ceylon, that gem set in the sea; Sumatra, Java, the Malay straits; Borneo, famous for its wild men (though the celebrated "wild men of Borneo," known to frequenters of side shows and dime museums, were born not far from Boston); not forgetting the King of Siam, one of whose ancestors' sayings has echoed down the corridors of time.

In a word, the East: "The gorgeous East with richest hand Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Last evening Mr. Newman confined himself to Bombay, the great gateway to India; Chitor, with its magnificent ruins; Udaipur and Lake Pichola, with palaces of marble that might have been created in a night by the genii, slave of Aladdin's lamp; Jaipur, the pink city dominated by an aesthetic Maharaja; Lahore, celebrated in Massenet's opera and Kipling's "Kim"; Amritsar, with temple of gold; Simla, the summer capital; the Vale of Kashmir with nature at her loveliest, and finally at Agra superb palaces of the Moguls, the cer-



of the warrior Akbar, and that velvet monument, that incomparable tribute to a loved woman, the mausoleum built by Shah Jehan, the triumph of architecture that for three centuries has been the wonder of the world.

These scenes were portrayed by still motion pictures; not only palaces, forts, temples, landscapes and rivers, but street scenes in European and native quarters, glimpses at wretched poverty and incredible wealth, snake charmers, trained parrots, camels and elephants in city streets, pet alligators, sacred monkeys, ceremonious meetings of Maharajas and British ruler, tribesmen from high hills—a long panorama of man's life and customs.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. Newman's entertaining and instructive talk was his account of the Sikh rebellion and the causes that led to it. Interesting also was his description of the Parsees adherents of Zoroastrianism, who, according to the tales in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" are fire-worshippers, enemies of Allah and his prophet, whereas in truth they pray toward the sun, thinking its flames will purify their words in prayer—not worshippers of fire even in their burials.

The lecture, by reason of Mr. Newman's clear, fluent talk and the character of the pictures shown, was of a pleasing nature. The travel talk will be repeated this afternoon.

The travel talk for Friday night and Saturday afternoon will describe Delhi, Jaipur and the holy Ganges, the great city of Calcutta, views of the Himalayas with reference to the last ill-fated expedition, Rangoon, the Burmese and the hill country.

Propos of the repetition of "The Fight of the Bumble Bee" at a recent Symphony concert. Some say that "The March of a Marionette" was repeated at a concert led by Mr. Henschel. Our correspondent writes that Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre" was repeated early in the history of the Symphony orchestra. We have not found any proof of the two statements in the contemporary newspaper reviews.

But there was a repetition on March 2, 1884. At that concert a scherzo by M. Chadwick pleased the audience so much that a repetition was demanded and granted. This scherzo was afterward incorporated in his symphony in flat. We believe that this was the first repetition in many years.

**"HE DIGGED A PIT"**

the World Wags:

The telephone company with its current bills sends out a circular in which it sets a model of what public service corporations should avoid; for it attempts to drag red herrings across the long scent leading to its own inefficiency. For instance, its nearly 50 years' experience should have taught it that the similarity (in sound by telephone) of the numbers 5 and 9 make it imperative to discard one of these numbers; one of them is doubled in its telephone number so that today, as usual, about three-quarters of my calls are mistakes, due to such confusion. This the circular imputes to carelessness of subscribers, but it happens that a large proportion of my calls are toll calls, which are handled by the telephone employees only. So the case was truly and quaintly put by the old (New England?) version of the VII Psalm, to wit:

He digged a pit, he digged it deep,  
He digged it for his brother;  
In that pit he fell himself,  
Which he had digged for t'other."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.  
Boston.

the World Wags:

"For a Progressive, Ed Howe, the Iowa iconoclast, is a bit old-fashioned."—From a Boston newspaper.

Such indifference to western geography! Suppose one read in a Kansas newspaper that David I. Walsh made a close contest to retain his seat as senator from Rhode Island, wouldn't one think the writer a "boob"? L. R. R.

the World Wags:

In a brief notice of a book "Rugby Football," published in England in 1897, appears the following comment on the author's treatment of the history of the game:

"The chapter given to the 'Past' is brief. This is probably prudent. More than once in history Governments have felt themselves compelled to forbid the game in the interest of the public peace. In Brittany it seemed likely to blaze out into civil war, and not long ago the Japanese forbade their Korean immigrants to play it."—(London Spectator, Vol. 73, page 278.)  
Dedham. W.

**GOOD WISHES FOR THE FUTURE**

(From the Woburn Daily Times)

The party dispersed at a late hour after congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Baker and wishing the couple a successful marital career.

**MR. SEALE FOR THE HALL OF FAME**

(From the Salinas, Cal., Index)

Dr. and Mrs. Garth Parker had as their guest at their home in South Main street Friday Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Seale of San Francisco. Mr. Seale is in charge of the aquarium in Golden Gate Park.

**NO. 347,621**

(From the N. Y. World)

Oh, football is a cruel game,  
I like it;  
It batters, bruises, makes you lame,  
I like it;  
Eleven ruffians like Bill Sixes  
Tread on your neck and ears with spikes.  
There's no accounting for such likes—  
I like it.

A. L. P.

**THE LITTLE OLD BOYLSTON**

(For As the World Wags)

Johnny, don't you remember the amateur nights,  
At the little old Boylston a long time ago,  
And the Grand Female First Part, with girls all in tights,  
And a pantomime chucked in to round out the show.  
Jerry Cohan was middleman. Then on the ends,  
Decker, Watson, Fred Warren, perhaps Wally Gibbs.  
Honest, Johnny, that seems like a list of old friends.  
How the gags that they sprung used to tickle our ribs!

Charley Yale was the clown. You can't equal him now  
And remember Bob Allen in "Ma, Look at Him."  
Maggie Cline's "Mary Ann Kehoe"—that was a wow.  
And we howled over J. D. Roome, Spangled Nose Jim.  
Tony Williams, Mark Sullivan, Collins and Moore,  
Will H. Morton, the swell, Edward Kendall, the same.  
And our own slick quartette, the Olympia Four.  
Yes, and young Sadie Martinot, cute-looking dame.

And the girls—Viro Farrand, with legs like a tree,  
Betty Remmelsburg, Constantine, two sisters Ross,  
Classy Irene Santella—betwixt you and me,  
They could put up a dance that was strictly the boss.  
"Alvin Joslin" Charles Davis—he did "On the Sly."  
And that nut Dr. Landis in "Dick Shaw the Flend."  
Fanny Herring—she stripped in the good old "French Spy,"  
And could beat any movie star ever was screened.

Don't forget Carrie Swain. Say, but she was a star,  
Very first woman song-and-dance acrobat seen.  
And one-legged Frank Melrose, the King of the Bar,  
Fire-eating Rel Mueab, and H. F. Ju-leene.  
Don't on any account leave out Harry Leclair.  
Harry used to make up for a pretty swell dame.  
And the famous Nell Burgess we often saw there,  
Quite a while before ever he made his big name.

And the stock—Harvey Collins and Harry Lampe,  
Billy Stanton, Tom Plummer and skinny Lew Cole,  
Emma Marden, Spray Arlington—take it from me,  
Just to mention each one is like calling a roll.

And the amateurs—old Hiram Stanton, d'ye mind,  
And his sister, Roxana, the both of them sights.  
Well, there's no place I've ever been able to find,  
Like the little old Boylston on amateur nights.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

**THRIFTY VERMONTERS**

(Quotation from the Rutland, Vt., Herald in the Boston Journal of April 19, 1875)

"A man with an eye to the main chance is Warren Waldo of South Royalton, who recently sued Elbridge Pierce, his son-in-law, for \$41, his board bill for 82 Sundays, while he was courting Josephine, but a compromise has been effected."

**"TOSCA" GIVEN**

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Company in Puccini's "La Tosca." Conductor, Mr. Guerrier. The cast:

Flora Tosca, celebrated songstress.... Gladys Axman  
Baron Scarpia, chief of police.... Mario Basiola  
Mario Cavaradossi, painter.... Gaetano Tommasini  
Spoletta, police agent.... Francesco Curci  
Sparone, gendarme.... Luigi De Cesare  
Cesare Angelotti, political prisoner.... Pietro De Biasi  
A Sacristan.... Natalie Cervi

A Jester.... Luigi De Cesare  
A Shepherd Boy.... Philine Falco

What Shaw has dubbed as "Sardoodle-dom" is still, even today, as insistent and actor-proof in its flaring melodramatics as ever. And for "Tosca," which is in essence the Sardou play, except for the loss of the first act, Puccini has perhaps written his best score. Here he is most piercing in his musical characterizations, most ironic, and dramatically intense in his chilling ardor.

There is the quirkling gaiety of the sacristan's theme breaking in on the energy of Angelotti's measures; the recurring Te Deums; chanting of the choristers in their clear, high voices; for the second act there is the sweeping vigor that ends with the sharp little roll of the drum as Tosca lays the crucifix on the dead Scarpia. And for the third act there is the orchestral prelude with its suggestions of Debussy and of Wagner.

There were periods of excellence in last evening's performance; in the tripping little impersonation of the Sacristan by Mr. Cervi; in the briskness of Mr. de Biasi's Angelotti; in the lean and hungry Cassius that Mr. Curci made of his Spoletta; in Miss Axman's violent physical abandon and menacing glances, and in the malevolent pose of Mr. Basiola's Scarpia. And the reeking thunders of the second act were enhanced by glimpses of a gleaming and red abyss beyond the door of the torture chamber. Although, at times in the first act, the orchestral tones were unduly harsh, throughout the rest of the evening Mr. Guerrier contained his men and played the prelude to the third act exceedingly well.

This afternoon Miss Saroya will sing the role of Marguerite in "Faust," and in the evening as before, Miss Roselle will play Aida.

E. G.

**ACTORS DO BITS FOR THE BOX OFFICE MEN**

Principals from Every Theatre Appear in Treasurers' Benefit

Principals from every theatrical attraction now in town took part in the benefit performance given yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre for the relief fund of the Theatre Treasurers' Club of New England.

Among those who appeared were Fred and Dorothy Stone, Julia Sanderson, Otta Arthur, Edith Day, Beatrice Lillie, Otto Kruger, Frank Crumit, William Hodge, Walter Perkins, Mrs. George Hibbard, Viola Frayne, Gay Pendleton, Marion and Martine Randall, George Hermann, Ward Fox and Sascha Beaumont, Guy Robertson, the Remick Trio, the Tiller Girls and members of the San Carlo Opera Company. Sam Hardy of "Charlot's Revue" was master of ceremonies.

red and Dorothy Stone gave their "Peter Pan" dance from "Stepping Stones." Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit sang songs from "Moonlight." Beatrice Lillie sang her comedy hit, "March with Me," from "Charlot's Revue." That entertainment was also represented by the skit, "Telling Benny," in which Mr. Hardy, Herbert Mundin and Edith Price took part. The breakfast scene from "The Pottery" was presented.

The San Carlo company was well represented, including the charming "Blue Danube" waltz by members of the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet.

Otto Kruger of "The Nervous Wreck" gave evidence of his versatility by conducting the orchestra. Edith Day sang her familiar "Alice Blue Gown." Julia Arthur and William Hodge appeared in person to say a few words of appreciation of the treasurers.

**Mme. Hudson-Alexander Sings Many Fine Numbers**

Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall: "Let Me Wander Not Unseen," "Hide Me from Day's Garish Eye," "Alleluia," Handel; "Embarquez-vous," Godard; "Extase," Duparc; air, "La Vierge," Massenet; "Meine Liebe ist Grun," "Uber die See," "Madchenfluch," Brahms; "The Arrow and the Song," "The Angels Dear," "Gipsy Serenade," Henschel; "The Birds Praise the Advent of Our Saviour," old Spanish, arr. by Schindler; "Snow Fairies," Forsyth; "Wings of Night," Watts; "Joy, Shipmate, Joy," Hanson.

Mme. Hudson-Alexander, in her Boston days, was noted for the lovely purity of her voice, her wide knowledge of the technique of song, and a skill in legato singing, which enabled her to deliver one of the gentler airs of Mozart

or of Handel with the best. She was likewise apt at music set out with florid ornamentation.

Since she has lived in the West, Mme. Hudson-Alexander must have developed new ambitions, for yesterday she showed a strong leaning toward a dramatic kind of song, to interpret which properly she has evidently tried hard to add nasal resonance and tonal color to her medium tones.

Her attempt has not been entirely successful. In songs best suited to her, say in the first one by Henschel, and in parts of Duparc's "Extase," Mme. Hudson-Alexander sang phrases of a rare tonal beauty to which she added happily the warmth and lustre she so manifestly has been aiming for. Here and there, furthermore, throughout her program she sang many tones very beautiful indeed. In her search for expression, however, too often she forced her voice and thereby sacrificed sound.

This sacrifice was needless; nothing on the program demanded a louder tone than Mme. Hudson-Alexander can give sonorously. That "Embarquez-vous" after all it is but an invitation to the timid Lise to go for a row, not a call to man the life boats. And "Meine Liebe ist Grun" depends for its effect on sentiment, not on force.

It seems a pity, Mme. Hudson-Alexander sang with such fine spirit and yet with agreeable voice the Handel "Alleluia," so deftly she turned the melody of "Extase"—a feat—so beautifully she sings when she confines herself to the range of music, a wide one, too, that suits her—why does she long to wander afield?

The audience, of good size, would have several songs repeated and asked for extra pieces. Mr. Huyman Bultekan played excellent accompaniments.

R. R. G.

**SAN CARLO OPERA**

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company brought an end to its engagement of a fortnight at the Boston Opera House last night by a performance—repetition—of Verdi's "Aida."

The opera in the afternoon was Gounod's "Faust," in which the chief parts were taken by Mmes. Saroya, Kent and Homer; Messrs. Onofrel, Basiola and De Biasi. The performance was on the whole interesting. Mme. Saroya was a pleasing Marguerite, Miss Kent bore herself well as Siebel and sang delightfully, Miss Homer made much of the small part of Martha. It's a pity that Mr. Onofrel does not improve as an actor. He was a most phlegmatic Faust. Mr. Basiola sang finely the air interpolated by Gounod for Valentin when Santley took the part. Unfortunately for him and the audience, which was of fair size, the orchestra seemed to take delight in covering him. Mr. De Biasi was a sonorous Mephistopheles.

**Soul of Films**

"The Soul of the Moving Picture" by Walter S. Bloem, translated by Allen W. Porterfield, and published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, is a book that should be read and pondered by all interested in film plays; producers, writers of scenarios, directors, actors, audiences, and especially producers. This is no ordinary, conventional book; it is the work of a thoughtful man, who respects the art and wishes it to be respected by others. It is not a book to be hastily read or lightly dismissed.

What he says about Americans producing and acting in moving pictures is here of particular importance.

Mr. Bloem begins by saying that the American has too much appreciation of this world and too little sense for the world beyond to grow enthusiastic about phantoms or nebulous adventures. (He has just mentioned that remarkable picture, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." We saw it in a private house and are still haunted by it, but Mr. Bloem condemns it for certain aesthetic reasons.) The American, "who troubles himself but little about theoretical considerations, frequently mounts, in less important films, individual scenes with six or more bits of text arranged in remark and reply. There has been a tendency of late, however, to exercise greater moderation in this respect. The whole matter can be summed up by saying that with regard to the number of interspersed words, and the length of the explanatory sentences that are used, one's feelings for the only safe criterion to follow: they set down this as an infallible rule. A text is good if it is effective. It can be effective only when it harmonizes with the pictures. "And if it is to be effective—that is, if it is to find its way to the heart, the very narrowest of limitations are imposed upon it. The business of depicting feelings must be left to the actor."



Walter Hampden will take the part of Cyrano de Bergerac this week at the Boston Opera House. Will his stage nose be bulbous, Bardolphian, or will it be a long snout? There is naturally curiosity concerning this important feature of any man's portrayal of Rostand's hero.

Mr. Richard Aldington in his preface to Bergerac's "Voyages to the Moon and the Sun," takes pains in proving his statement that Bergerac as generally understood today is a legendary character, far removed from the veritable duellist and extraordinary writer. Mr. Aldington finds fault with Gautier, Nodier and Rostand for falsifying, without malice, the man, his character and his physical appearance. Speaking of the sixth chapter in Gautier's "Les Grotesques," he says: "This opens with a fantastic divagation upon noses, perhaps the most exaggerated development of the legendary Cyranesque appendage." He asks the reader to examine, without prejudice, Cyrano's nose as represented in the portraits.

But let us take the testimony of a contemporary, the learned Gilles Menage. He was born in 1613; he died in 1692. Cyrano was born in 1619; he died in 1655. We now quote from "Menagiana," the third edition (Paris, 1715), being a collection of Menage's critical remarks and bons mots.

"Bergerac was a great fellow with the sword. His grossly disfigured nose led him to kill more than 10 men. He could not brook anyone looking at it; it made him at once take his sword in hand."

Let us hear Bergerac himself. In his "Voyage to the Moon" he tells how, arriving there, he found men with great noses. An inhabitant gave the reason why everyone in the moon had a large nose. Whenever a child was born, it was taken to the Prior of the Seminary. "At the end of a year his nose is measured before the assembly of experts by the Syndic, and if by this measure it is found too short, the child is reputed a Snub-nose and handed over to the priests." They inflicted on this child the cruelest of punishments.

"You will perhaps ask the reason of this barbarity? Learn then we act in this way from 30 centuries of observation, showing that a large nose is a sign over our door that says, 'Here lodges a witty, prudent, courteous, affable, generous and liberal man,' and that a small nose is the sign post of the opposite vices. . . . The Republic prefers to have no children from them than children like them."

Is this not Cyrano's apology for his own nose?

No doubt this information about lunar beliefs and practices led Gautier to begin his sketch of Cyrano by his amazing disquisition on noses. He alludes to the Salernian sayings: Socrates was snub-nosed; did he not admit that he was born with vicious tendencies, which only laziness held in control? Caesar and Napoleon had the beak of an eagle; Corneille's nasal promontory was greatly developed. "Look at the medals and the portraits; you will find that heroes have a nose proportioned to their glory; not one suffers from ozoena. . . . Elephants, whose intelligence puts poets to shame—do they not owe it to the prodigious extension of the nose, for their trunk is really a nose five or six feet long." Then follows a marvellous description of Cyrano's nose.

Was it not one of the Napiers who said "Give me a man with plenty of nose?"

Here is Gautier's description. We now quote Mr. Aldington's version:

"This incredible nose is settled in a three-quarter face (portrait), the smaller side of which it covers entirely; it forms in the middle a mountain which in my opinion must be the highest mountain in the world after the Himalayas; then it descends rapidly towards the mouth, which it largely obdumbrates, like a tapir's snout or the rostrum of a bird of prey; at the extremity it is divided by a line very similar to, though more pronounced than, the furrow which cuts the cherry lips of Anne of Austria, the white queen with the long ivory hands. This makes two distinct noses in one face, which is more than custom allows."

Mr. Aldington omits the following lines: "There are dogs of the chase that present this conformation; it's the sign of a great benevolence." Now Mr. Aldington again: "The portraits of St. Vincent de Paul and the Deacon Paris will show you the best characterized types of this sort of structure, but Cyrano's nose is less doughy, less puffy in contour; it has more bones and cartilage, more flats and high lights, it is more heroic."

Happy Cyrano, to have his nose so eulogized by no less a man than Theophile Gautier!

When "Cyrano" was produced at the Porte Saint Martin with Coquelin as the hero, on Dec. 28, 1897, a critic exclaimed: "Ah! Why did Pascal undertake to immortalize the nose of Cleopatra? That of the Sieur de Bergerac, monumental, insolent, deformed, has a far greater importance."

The performances of Coquelin and Mansfield are fresh in the memory of many. Mansfield went to London to see Coquelin act the part. After the first act he was in despair, and was ready to abandon his plans and hopes; but when Coquelin introduced the cadets, Mansfield was encouraged. He left the theatre, admitting that the Frenchman was in his way imitable, but "my Cyrano," he said, "equally of Rostand and of Bergerac, was on its pedestal again."

Mansfield commissioned Miss Gertrude Hall, formerly of Boston, to translate the poem. Her translation, "accurate and and exquisite," lacked dramatic vigor. Mansfield used the translation by Howard Thayer Kingsbury of New York, which according to Mr. Paul Wiltach, Mansfield's enthusiastic biographer, "uttered with the directness of prose, the cadence of poetry and the vibration of energy." "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?"

The translation made for Mr. Hampden by Brian Hooker of New Haven, is dated 1923. Mr. Hooker wrote the librettos of the opera "Mona" and "Fairyland," "Morven and the Graff" to which Horatio Parker set music.

Then there is the translation by Louis N. Parker.

The last performance of Rostand's play we saw in Boston was one in which Mr. Vroom gave an interesting portrayal of the hero.

How many remember that Augustin Daly altered the play to give more prominence to Roxane, played by Ada Rehan. Charles Richman took the part of Cyrano. Daly chose for the production at Philadelphia the night of Mansfield's production in New York. Daly's was a complete failure. No wonder that Judge Daly in the life of his brother only says: "The Dramatic company, while playing out of town, added a version of Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac' to its repertoire. Miss Rehan was Roxane, and Mr. Richman, Cyrano. This version was not given in New York, as Mr. Mansfield had announced his intention of presenting the play there." Truly a guarded statement.

And Francis Wilson once played Cyrano. Victor Herbert wrote the music; Mr. Wilson made his scenario; Stuart Reed and Harry B. Smith collaborated. In September, 1889, the piece was produced in New York at Abbey's (now the Knickerbocker) Theatre in September, 1889. Mr. Krehbiel wrote with unnecessary cruelty that this opera had been "fabricated to give vent to the ambition of Mr. Francis Wilson, to get away from acrobatic musical farce and demonstrate that he could use his mind as well as his legs on the theatrical stage. Unhappily, the demonstration involved also the use of Mr. Wilson's voice from the idiosyncrasies of which the genial and scholarly comedian could not divorce himself, and so this first 'Cyrano' opera failed miserably."

Mr. Wilson, in his life of himself, does not take this opera or the production too seriously. He says that he played or tried to play many scenes in actual earnestness. "I leaned still more to the serious." As he had had long practice with the sword, he hoped to make a deep impression in the scene of the ballade.

"I was confident that I could fight that duel and, at the same time, speak the supposedly improvised ballade in a way that must win favor from the audiences and praise from the commentators, meaning the dramatic critics. I did it so well that, on the morning after the premiere, no review that I remember mentioned either the fencing or the ballade."

A serious opera "Cyrano de Bergerac," libretto by William J. Henderson, the accomplished critic, music by Walter Damrosch, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on Feb. 27, 1913. Mr. Krehbiel thought that Rostand could not contemplate with equanimity the fact that his Cyrano was to put on "an antic operatic disposition. . . . If he had been displeased with English performances of his work, he no doubt felt doubly outraged at the fact that his hero's famous note was to be set to music." Mr. Krehbiel spoke kindly of the libretto and was reasonably kind toward Mr. Damrosch. Mr. Amato took the part of Cyrano; Frances Alda, that of Roxane; Riccardo Martin, that of Christian. There were five performances. "It went into the lumber-room at the end of the season."

Johann Wagenaar wrote an overture to the play; Harrison Frewin of England wrote an orchestra Suite, and we believe that other composers

have been more or less inspired by the subject; that a European turned the play into a serious opera.

After all, Mr. Towse summed up the matter when he wrote that the problem of the actor playing Cyrano is "to make the facial malformation of the man sufficiently prominent to account for its consequences, and, at the same time, to bring into full relief the precious jewels of character contained in that unpromising casket." P. H.

## Fitch's "Life and Letters"

### What He and Others, Actors and Critics, Thought of Him and His Plays

Those who knew Clyde Fitch slightly thought him to be a courteous, rather dapper gentleman, fastidious in dress and speech. Those who knew him well recognized his many excellent qualities and were very fond of him.

Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson are the authors of "Clyde Fitch and His Letters," a stout, handsomely printed volume of 406 octavo pages with an introduction by Mr. Moses, with 29 illustrations, portraits and scenes, and an exhaustive index. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Moses says in his introduction, an enthusiastic tribute to the memory of Fitch, that he was the same, "simple, unaffected person at the height of his career, when all the managers were clamoring for his work, that he was in the early days, when ease of manner and grace of living hid so skilfully his limited means of livelihood"; that no one reading these letters can avoid submitting to the spell of Fitch's picturesque background; that there was no greater privilege than to be his friend; that without pose he was the hero of his correspondence, which was a diary of literary accomplishment. Mr. Moses, wishing to show the charming and intimate side of Fitch's nature, drew heavily on the letters in the possession of the Gerson family. "If there is not much to draw on, written to his mother, and to Mrs. Homans of Boston, between whom and Clyde there sprang up the friendship of an old woman for a young man—it is that both destroyed their letters."

Clyde Fitch wrote 62 plays; 36 were original; 21 were adaptations; five were dramatizations of novels. How many knew when Otis Skinner played in "The Honor of the Family" that Fitch had a hand in adapting it from the French play, "La Rabouilleuse," founded on Balzac's "Menage de Garcon," making the swaggering scoundrel Bridau an almost lovable character, and turning the tragic ending into happy sentimentalism? For this adaptation was not credited on the playbill to Fitch. Otis Skinner says in his "Footlights and Spotlights" that Frohman Gillette and Fitch overhauled Paul Potter's almost literal translation and Mr. Skinner himself "had a go at the manuscript." Mr. Moses gives Fitch sole credit.

The list of Fitch's plays is given in this volume with dates and places of production and the names of the leading actors and actresses.



looking over the list, and at the same time remembering the authors' letters about these plays, his fervid interest, his hopes and fears, his lead of adverse criticism, a dread that was almost morbid, one reflects on the passing fame of these works for the stage. How many of them are known even by the title today? How many knew the good fortune of a revival?

"His Grace de Grammont" (1894) was revived in Boston by Otis Sinner in 1905.

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" (1901) was revived in New York for Ethel Barrymore in 1907.

"The Truth" (1907) was revived in New York in 1914, with Grace Corge.

124, and possibly other plays by Fitch have had the same honor.

We are not discussing the merits of the plays; we have to do here with the letters.

It seems ungracious to say it, but many of the letters reprinted here are inconsequential, mere acknowledgments, notes of no more significance than "Chops and tomato sauce," letters shedding no light on Fitch's character or works. The "complete" correspondence of few men or women would bear publication. A smaller volume would in this instance contain that is valuable in acquainting one with Fitch the dramatist, his friends in and out of the theatre, and Fitch the man. As regards the present volume, the letters reveal the vitality, the sociability, the exuberance, the brightness of this ready letter writer. There is little or nothing about his tastes, his prejudices, his joy in literature, art; he apparently was not interested in politics or social problems. He loved nature and he collected antiques; but his life was in the theatre. He was persistent, courageous in his belief in himself. He could write at length and vigorously to one that had criticised a play severely and yet be his affectionate friend. Witness his extraordinary letter to John Corbin in 1904. Mr. Corbin had called him the "most artificial of any playwright"; had said that he was "most offending in taste"; that he was "the most openly a borrower." Fitch replied to these charges in a letter so long that we wonder whether Mr. Corbin read it till the end. In it Fitch said that he had written 22 successful plays before he was 38 years old; that he had done his work against antagonism, public and private, and ridicule and belittling of his work; that his plays had been performed before "a more or less intelligent community and not one of these original plays had anything sensational in it or any meretricious aid to success."

How easily pleased he was! He wrote to Miss Marguerite Merington in 1903 that Prof. Phelps of Yale, lecturing on the drama, had said that Fitch's "Girl With the Green Eyes" was "the finest exposition of jealousy since Othello." This is only one of Prof. Phelps's wild statements about the theatre, music, "all things knowable besides other things."

James Huneker puzzled Fitch: "He believes I'm insincere (like other people who don't know me, who seem to get it from the manner in which my hair is, or isn't, brushed, and the cut of my coat), and so can't understand and appreciate, or realize, my sincere work."

There are some allusions to life in Boston. He wrote a letter from the St. Botolph Club in 1888, chiefly about his siege with a dentist, though he had had a "jolly" evening at the club with Arlo Bates, Arthur Weld and Dr. Chadwick—all now dead. "If it wasn't that gums were so unbecoming, I should wish I'd been born without hope of teeth. Gumsified gums wouldn't be bad, would they?" (He envied Pyrrhus in this aspect). "Why, he grabs hold of a tooth, takes a poker, braces himself and then forces out all previous fillings, with chilling sarcasm apropos of his former dentist—then he proceeds to rip, and buz (sic) and file, and scrape, and hoe, and rake, till he has turned a once solid white molar into an empty receiving vault. With all this, he's a good dentist. He is the one Mama said she had talked to all the time he was filling her teeth to keep his spirits up."

In 1890 he was stopping here at the Berkeley in Boylston street. He bought back "Betty's Finish" from Rosina Vokes. (It was produced later at the Boston Museum without success). His letter to Mrs. Homans about William Winter's letter intimating that Mansfield was the author of "Beau Rummell"—Mrs. Homans sent the letter to the Evening Transcript—and Russell Sullivan's letter to Fitch in the matter are printed, also a couple of letters to Sullivan, one about "Nero."

He wrote to Miss Merington in 1898 about the success of "Nathan Hale" in Boston. "Colossal! Even old Clapp said it would 'long linger in his memory.' Only Athorp in the Transcript damned it (wholly and entirely). But the people love it. First night over 24 curtains. I stopped, en, counting. Second night (blizzard) packed house, eight curtains after Act III, and calls and a speech out of Nat after the final curtain. . . . I enclose two notices, one an editorial in The Herald, the other The Traveler, which Norman Hapgood tells me is one of the best, gnified papers for notices now."

There is a pleasant reference to Nat Goodwin in a letter to Miss Benson in 1897. "They stayed till 4:30 and Goodwin drank enough W. S. I to put his hand on his heart and say he had from that spot a true and lasting affection for me! and that I was GREAT! It is true that he was nearly as effusive with all of them! ! However, he wasn't tipsy enough to spoil—and it come later, the effervescence of spirits and affection, I mean."

Mr. Moses gives intimate details about Fitch: How his desk in New York was crowded with framed photographs, a tray of unanswered letters, scissors, paper knife, a china cigarette box, a bunch of violets, a long blue pencil, his address book and the never idle telephone. His library contained 500 or 600 volumes of plays and books about the drama; books by foreign authors; French and English books of caricatures. His breakfast was a cup of cafe au lait with toast. "The dining room was of California redwood, with red brocade hangings, tapestries and soft-shaded, old gilt candelabra. The table settings were very beautiful. Sometimes a gold service would be used, with Italian china and bunches of violets and red roses; sometimes it would be English glass with old silver. One setting had a company of Napoleonic china soldiers as the piece de resistance."

Fitch loved luxurious surroundings. We are glad that he was at least able to possess and enjoy them.

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. The De Rezke Singers (male quartet). See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Stuart Mason conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Rose Armande, soprano; Clara Haskil, pianist. Songs: L'Amour de Moy (Anon); Bach, Aupres de Tol; Lullu, Air of Venus from "Thesee"; Gluck, Aveux d'Iphigenie; Rameau, Air from "Les Fetes de Polymnie"; Mozart, Air of Pamina from the "The Magic Flute"; Chausson, Oraison; Hue, L'An Blanc; Ravel, Sainte; Roussel, Ode a un Jeune gentilhomme; Debussy, Le temps a laisse son manteau; G. Faure, Cimetiere, and Mandoline. Piano pieces: W. F. Bach, Concerto, D minor; Brahms, Caprice; Schubert, Two Impromptus; Schumann, Carnival.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Mr. Mollnhauer conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harrison Potter, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, G major; Scarlatti, Menuetto; Brahms, Intermezzo, B flat minor; Chopin, Prelude, F sharp minor; Turina, Orgia; Schumann, Davidsbundler-taenze; Debussy, La Terrasse des audiences du Clair de Lune; Marion Bauer, Prelude, F minor; Liszt, St. Francis' sermon to the birds; Griffes, The White Peacock; Bloch, Chanty and At Sea.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Kate Friskin, English pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, D major (Book 1); Prelude and Fugue, G sharp minor and Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor (Book 1); Beethoven, Sonata, A flat, op. 110; Schumann, Davidsbundler; Ravel, Jeux d'eau and Pavane; Bridge, Ecstasy; Ireland, Chelsea Reach; Bax, Gopak.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. The Triqua Ensemble, a tripe quartet of women singers of Boston. Minnie Fowler Scott director.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harry Farberman, violinist. Franck, Sonata for violin and piano; Saint-Saens, Concerto, B minor; Paganini-Kreisler, Prælium and Allegro; Chopin-Wilhelmj, Nocturne, D major; Dvorak-Kreisler, Slavonic Dance; Achron, Hebrew Melody; Wleniawski, Russian Carnival. Max Rabinowitsch, pianist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Marcel Dupre, organist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

The human weakness that makes a relatively long and at the same time inspired action impossible, has been made by the Americans the basis of photographic technic. For this Mr. Bloem commends them. The European generally lets the apparatus stand during the whole scene and plays a few closeups later on. The American takes a picture of every individual scene, and from all conceivable angles. The American film thus owes a good share of its charm to this "distinctly advantageous and manifold dissection of the pictures." Mr. Bloem thinks the failure of many German and Swedish pictures is due to the slowness and the tediousness associated with their photographic technic.

"In America colorful"—we are sorry that Mr. Porterfield uses this word—

"film actresses are as numerous as the sands of the sea. But in all film countries the average film actress is a tired, tedious, washed-out and wornout character."

The modern film shows the differences in peoples. "The American rejects any and every film that does not stand with both feet on the ground of actual life." He takes his themes from his "gigantic" activity. He has his people engage in their own callings. "He is as little inclined to scorn the orphanage or the tent of the cowboy as he is to close his eyes to the elegant urban salon." He notes all that he sees with the pencil of the professional reporter. He is objective, seizing the world wherever he finds it most interesting, and places his characters in this surrounding, endowing them with the "fates and the fancies of their new setting." His film is more effective when it takes its material from the checkered fullness of the very present. It aims to be true. The American despises heavy, tiresome, serious art; he depicts a highly colored life. "The great city is the mother-earth of the American film." The minute it abandons the city and goes forth on voyages of discovery in nature it loses its vivacity, its effectiveness, its sense of reality, and goes over into watered makeshifts or highway romanticism.

This might be disputed, but let Mr. Bloem go on: The American has no idea of dramatic composition; at the most

he indulges in a short exposition, "which he expresses in a few and none too labored words—and then the thing starts." His film is as unsentimental as his life. (Yet we have been called the most sentimental nation in the world.) It is dramatic only in a secondary sense. The hero is a man of deeds; no weakling need apply. The basic principle of the American film is expediency. When an American takes and makes a motion picture he is not familiar with the word "art"; he prefers "effect," and to him "the soul is merely a means toward an effect."

"The American film reflects the inmost nature of a people that is happy; of a people that has been accustomed to create without being loaded down with theory or chained to tradition. It is the film of a people that has preserved unto itself the riches of the centuries."

"The American is genuine; the Swede is true. Other peoples fill their motion pictures with foaming and sometimes frantic melodies."

We have taken these comments as we found them scattered through the book. The titles of the chapters will give some idea of the scope of the work: Tools of

the Trade, Texts, Tricks, The Scene, The Setting, The Poet, The Compass of Poetry, Film Adaptation.

Mr. Bloem ends by saying that this is certain: "The motion picture, in its inseparable union with technic, is one step more away from Kultur and toward civilization. The inventions of civilization endure; they connote the inescapable way of humanity. Just as cannon and railroads, electricity and airships can no longer be struck from the book of life of coming generations by the wilful and wilful act of individuals, parties or the whole human race, for that matter, just so is it true that the technical invention of the motion picture belongs forever to the conditions upon which the future will be predicated."

The task of the coming centuries will be the reconciliation of Kultur and civilization. The motion picture—never as a unit or a totality, always as reflected in the possibilities suggested by its rarest fruits—is a powerful sign that this reconciliation will be a complete success."

The book contains 22 illustrations, scenes in motion pictures mostly, if not all, German. It's a pity that an index is lacking.

P. H.

There were twin brothers Lionnet, born at Paris in 1832, Hippolyte and Anatole, who for many years enjoyed life as singers in the drawing rooms of Parisian "rust circles." They were amiable; they met many celebrated men and women; they were well-liked. In 1888 they published a volume entitled "Souvenirs et Anecdotes." We mention them and their book because, happening to pick it up, we opened at the page containing an anecdote that might serve in these troublous days as an inquiry into the precise degree of drunkenness when Brown, Smith or Robinson is taken before a magistrate.

The twins sang at a soiree given at the Louvre by the Count de Nicuwerkerke. He presented them to Alfred de Musset.

"He had the air of a prince. . . . But what was our stupefaction in perceiving when he spoke to us that he was in a light state of inebriety; the inebriety of a gentleman. In spite of a certain heaviness that veiled his handsome face; in spite of his rather hesitating speech, he none the less preserved an air of supreme distinction."

As the World Wags:

Often I have heard a prominent East Milton descendant of the Pilgrims, in the old days, speak over his glass of the "perfume" and of the "bouquet" contained in his liquor. I never got the meaning, being a novice as to the quality of booze, but the following item from the Boston Globe enlightens me:

NEWTON, Oct. 31.—Barney Cohen of Cross street, Malden, employed by a Newton Corner florist, who, according to Police Sergeant Moran and Patrolman J. Franklin Munroe, made a sale at his employer's shop of four roses in a bottle, was fined \$100 in the Newton district court this morning on a charge of making an illegal sale of intoxicating liquor.

T. P. H.

RATHER BELATED

As the World Wags:

In recent pondering on the answers made to so many questions of the day of election, I find that one still remains unanswered, and, remembering that the



editor of this column has concerned himself with the whiskerage of American statesmen in the past, perhaps he can advise me now:

Does Senator Walsh use a Gillette razor?  
ABEL ADAMS.  
Amherst, N. H.

#### FROM THE NURSES' EXAMS

(Answers Published in a Medical Journal)  
A turpentine stupe is used to stupefy lice and fleas.

Intunction is used in delereous and chorele patients.

Turpentine is used as a dupo in distension.

Oil of turpentine is used as an irritant to mucous membrane of respiratory tract to cause catarrh formation.

Jannercatin is a fermentant.  
Sodium phosphate is one of the salient cathartics.

#### PALE POPLARS

(For As the World Wags)

Sedate, shining-leaved, with slender grace

Standing one by one in quiet place,  
Or swaying slightly, like a pendulum great,

Slowly, slowly; slowly;  
Then with movement sudden, opening  
as a fan

Held in the graceful, dainty band  
Of a painted and powdered coquette of old.

Pale poplars, now your thickly-laced,  
upcurving branches are stripped  
and sere.

Recalling sadly the passing of the fair  
season of year.

JANEE KNOTT.

We read that Arthur Dassent's "Neil Gwynn; Her Life Story from St. Giles to James's," gives an "admirable picture" of the social life of Charles II's court. We note that Neil's silver bed weighed over 2000 ounces; her necklace of 50 evenly matched pearls cost £4000. There are also interesting facts about her "crochet of diamonds" and her lingerie.

"Crochet" sent us to the dictionary. We learned that a crochet in connection with jewels means an ornamental hook serving as a brooch or fastening. The great Oxford Dictionary contains no illustrative quotation later than 1710, when Steele wrote in the Tatler about a "crochet of 122 diamonds set in silver."

No one to our knowledge has complained of the absence of soloists at the Symphony concerts. Mr. Koussevitzky, as soloist, seems to answer the purpose.

#### TWAIN AND SCOTT

As the World Wags:

In re the Sir Walter Scott discussion, an extract from a letter of Mark Twain's to Brander Matthews may not be amiss:

"I lie here dying, slowly dying, under the blight of Sir Walter. I have read the first volume of Rob Roy, and as far as chapter XIX of Guy Mannering, and I can no longer hold my head up nor take my nourishment. Lord, it's all so juvenile! so artificial, so shoddy; and such wax figures and skeletons and spectres.

"Interest? Why it is impossible to feel an interest in these bloodless shams, these milk-and-water humbugs. And oh, the poverty of the invention! Not poverty in inventing situations, but poverty in furnishing reasons for them. Sir Walter usually gives himself away when he arranges for a situation—elaborates and elaborates and elaborates, till if you live to get it you don't believe in it when it happens.

"I can't find the rest of Rob Roy. I can't stand any more Mannering—I do not know just what to do, but I will reflect and not quit this great study rashly. He was great, in his day, and to his proper audience; and so was God in Jewish times, for that matter, but why should either of them rank high now? And do they?—honest, now, do they? Hanged if I believe it. . . . I'm still in bed, but the days have lost their dulness since I broke into Sir Walter and lost my temper. I finished Guy Mannering—that curious, curious book, with its mob of squalid shadows jabbering around a single flesh-and-blood being—Dinmont: a book crazily put together out of the very refuse of the romance-artist's stage properties, finished it and took up Quentin Durward and finished that.

"It was like leaving the dead to mingle with the living; it was like withdrawing from the infant class in the College of Journalism to sit under the lectures in English literature in Columbia University.

"I wonder who wrote Quentin Durward?"  
S. A. MERRILL.

#### A MODEST OFFER

American Medical Assn., Chicago

Gentlemen: If your association would like to know the real fundamental cause of boils, cancer and tumors I will send you the secret. If the medical fraternity will agree to pay me the sum of five hundred thousand (\$500,000) dollars after you have proved that my theory is the real thing. Boils are not caused by bad blood as some doctors think. If you are interested in my theory you can learn more about it by writing me; otherwise the facts will be published, advertised and sold direct to the public.  
R. C. CARPENTER.

Clyde Fitch was thought by some to be effeminate, so the following anecdote that was published in the Daily Telegraph of London when he was in that city in 1899 was welcomed by those who knew him better.

"While Clyde Fitch was roughing it in the western states of America, one day he was 'called down' at a drinking saloon by a cowboy and forced, at the pistol's point, to sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' So well did he sing it that the cowboy was touched, and let his pistol hand drop. Instantly Mr. Fitch covered him with his revolver and ordered him to drink a bottle of whiskey. This finished the cowboy, who fell an inert mass, while Mr. Fitch pursued his way in peace."

This was at the time Fitch's "Cowboy and the Lady" was playing in London. Unfortunately, Fitch had never been West in those years when the play was staged and had never used a gun.

Ah, gentlemen, the power of the press, the Archimedian lever that moves the world! (Terms \$6 a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch.)

The Daily Telegraph, by the way, objected to the profanity in "The Cowboy and the Lady." The story about the adventure in Arizona is followed in "Clyde Fitch and His Letters" by a postcard sent from him in London.

"Max Beerbohm lunched with me yesterday, and he was very amusing. . . . But O, he has lost one of his front teeth, and bears the loss, which I think such a mistake."

#### A TIP TO COOLIDGE

As the World Wags:

I shall not call an extra session of Congress. The country at large, as I see it, would welcome nine months of political rest. I certainly shall not contribute to a legislative system where Congress sessions never break up, and speeches have no end.  
BOSTON. DARIUS.

As the World Wags:

If there is yet room on the mourners' bench of your Hall of Fame may I present for such accommodation Messrs. Greaves & Dye, esteemed merchants of Winslow, Ari.? Yours in melancholy,  
E. P. M.

#### THAT GLORIOUS CLIMATE

(From El Paso Herald.)

Mrs. George Byrns of Oklahoma City, Okla., at the age of 5 years has given up housework and taken up blacksmithing.

#### POSTHUMOUS JOLLIFICATION

(North English (La.) Record.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Blaylock and Mr. and Mrs. Harley Blaylock and family attended a family reunion of the deceased Michael Miller family at the park in Wellman Sunday. There were 81 present. They all took well filled baskets and report a fine time.

#### PUZZLE-MANIA

(For As the World Wags)

Alone she sat in her chamber,  
Long after the midnight hour,  
Her face was pale and careworn,  
And her mouth was grim and dour.  
And anon her lips were mumbling  
Words strange and obsolete;  
And like a burden or refrain  
She'd o'er and o'er repeat:

"A titmouse, a nickname, a name,  
And a bird that is extinct.  
A butterfly of Australia,  
And two together linked.  
A cebine monkey, a nodule,  
A ccama, a prickley pear—  
Oh, help me, dear Lord, to get this one!  
A coat that the Hindus wear."

And so, with strange insistence,  
She worked the whole night long—  
"One to nine and ten to twenty,"  
Then across in a rhythmic song.  
And just as the dawn was breaking

The cross word puzzle was done.  
And she shrieked with ghoulish laughter,  
"I've finished another one!"

They found her there in the morning,  
Where word books littered the floor;  
But the light of reason had left her  
And she muttered o'er and o'er—  
"Gentle, endysis, cepaceous."  
Who says that Gehenna's not hell?  
Yes, she was a woman demented!  
But she now makes puzzles to sell.  
BOSTON. IVA H. DREW.

#### PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS

As the World Wags:

I was personally acquainted with Prof. William Street Hutchings, the famous lecturer and lightning calculator of Austin and Stone's dime museum on Tremont row, and with his wife and daughter. The professor's surname is often given as Hutchins, as is done by Quincy Kilby in his poem and by Mrs. C. H. D. and Harold H. Coryell in their communications, but his surname was, as I have given it, Hutchings, his full name being William Street Hutchings. Prof. Hutchings was born in New York city on Jan. 7, 1832. The maiden name of his mother was Jane Street, a native of Norwalk, Ct., and it was from her maiden surname that he was given his middle name of Street. He died at his home, 3 Bulfinch street, Boston, on August 25, 1911. His remains were inhumed in Mount Hope cemetery. There is no gravestone to mark the grave. Prof. Hutchings's wife and daughter left Bulfinch street soon after the professor's death, and I then lost track of them, and have not seen them since. I am told that Mrs. Hutchings has died and that Miss Hutchings, whose name was Ida Estelva Hutchings, has gone West, but I don't know whether that information is correct. Does any reader of your column know where Mrs. Hutchings, if not living, died, and where Miss Hutchings, if living, now resides?

I understand that Prof. Hutchings was the original of "Professor Bumpus" in Rollin Lynde Hartt's volume entitled "The People at Play," which was published in 1909, or two years before the death of Prof. Hutchings.

INQUIRER.

Brookline.

#### EVE PREFERRED THE FIG

(From the Quincy Patriot Ledger)

At the meeting of a club: "Decorations used at the rooms . . . are red, white and blue, the women serving at tables wearing a maple leaf."

#### SONGS OF THE PEOPLE

As the World Wags:

Punch Wheeler also perpetrated this incredible (and cryptic) exception to the Esoteric circle) verse to fit a song and dance. One understands it better if the music is remembered:

"While strollin' down the street the other day  
Lookin' at what we seen,  
Our two hearts they were quickly stole away  
By a blue-eyed Sheeny Scandinavian Queen.  
She looked just like a Cuckoo in a cage  
And for her love we beg,  
For the first time that I met her was  
The last time that we seen her,  
She was leaning on her leg."  
(Retard last line then a "neat" break.)  
L. R. R.

## RESZKE'S PUPILS

Four pupils of Jean de Reszke, Hardesty Johnson, Erwin Mutch, Floyd Townsley and Sigurd Nelson, who call themselves the "de Reszke Singers," gave a concert, with Mildred Dilling, harpist, yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Since they saw fit to make many changes in the program, the following list of music performed can make no claim to accuracy. There were three ancient French songs, "Languir Me Fais," by Claude le Jeune, transcribed by Anthony Bernard; "Dieu te Garde, Volsin Thibaut," arranged by Andre Bloch; "Depuis Que Je Suis Amoureux," arranged by Bloch, and Saint-Saens's "Serenade d'Hiver." Two madrigals by Morley followed, "Hark, Jolly Shepherds," and "Lady, Why Grieve, You Still Me?" and one by John Bennet, "Lure, Falconers, Lure."

The company sang presently music written for its particular behoof, "Raging Fortune" (with harp and piano), by Anthony Bernard; "The Rat-Catcher," by Cyril Scott; "It's Oh! To Be a Wild Wind," by Elgar; "Lend Your Ear, Pretty Maid," by Harry McLellan, and a piece by a composer named Brewer. After Miss Dilling played harp solos, a fantasy by Saint-Saens, a Bach Bourree, "Clair de Lune" by Debussy, the old song of Gulliot arranged by Perlethorn and a "Legend" by Renie, the singers performed four "Studies in Imitation" by Herbert Hughes; "Mary Had a

Little Lamb" after Delibes, "Little Jack Horner," "Simple Simon" after Corelli, and "Mr. Foster Went to Gloucester" in the style of Handel. The applause was so warm for both singers and players that the program was lengthened generously.

Although they have not been able entirely to avoid the conventional humming accompaniment and the sprightly "la-la-la," which make a "male quartet" concert wearisome to many persons, by their shrewd choice of transcriptions and composers the de Reszke singers have quite escaped the high, hollow tone that cries out for the founding of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Tenors. They sing on the contrary freely, with fresh, fine voices, enunciating clearly and with a spirit that really suggests a little party of young gentlemen taking their pleasure in song. This is as it should be.

But since the program—the lovely French songs aside and those madrigals which everybody respects but many hate to hear—brought forward little music of worth, the question is if the performance of these singers would not furnish better entertainment for an informal gathering of an evening than for a concert in Symphony hall. Under different conditions, perhaps, the "Imitations" would sound funnier than they did yesterday, that of Handel was surely amusing. In the music written for them they were not fortunate.

R. R. G.

## Stuart Mason Conducts at St. James Theatre

ST. JAMES THEATRE—People's Symphony in third concert. Stuart Mason, conductor. Soloist, Georges Miquelle, cellist. The program included: Bizet, overture "Patrie"; Haydn, Symphony No. 2 in D Major; Converse, "Festival of Pan"; Boellmann, Variations Symphoniques for orchestra and violoncel; Mendelssohn, Nocturne, Scherzo and wedding march from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The concert yesterday afternoon, although it did not venture far afield in its modernisms, was a pleasurable one; not too exacting for the listener, and of varying moods. Under the baton of Mr. Mason, a conductor of authority and precision, the orchestra played with admirable spirit, and even a certain finesse, music so dissimilar as the Haydn symphony of sprightly and formal airs, clear and tenuous melodies, and the Wagnerian "Festival of Pan" of Mr. Converse, an early piece, the first of his three inspired by Keats's "Endymion," and not too often heard here.

Mr. Miquelle, as ever, played his 'cello solo of the Boellmann Variations with sure and glowing tones, with intelligence, and musicianship. There was brusque energy in the playing of the Bizet overture which Mr. Mason conducted at these concerts several years ago, and a delicate zest in the Mendelssohn Nocturne and Scherzo. Written to please the Prussian King, and for the performance of Shakespeare's comedy in 1843, this incidental music was then preferred to the play: even "the most refined" thought the buffooneries of Bottom and his fellows vulgar. For these, yesterday, Mr. De Yesso played the horn solo of the nocturne, and Mr. Kurth the exquisite little flute solo of the scherzo.

There was much applause—for Mr. Mason, for Mr. Converse and for Mr. Miquelle.

Next week the guest conductor will be Henry Hadley and the program will include: Hadley, Symphony "Youth and Life"; Vivaldi, Concerto for String Orchestra; Weber, Overture to "Oberon."  
E. G.

We were surprised yesterday when we learned from Mr. Herkimer Johnson's letter, which we now print, that the world-famous sociologist had early in the season left his engrossing work to mingle with those of lighter minds pleasure lovers, not interested in an "ology," in the drawing-rooms of "ou best people." We knew that he was not averse to meeting the fashionable and the wealthy, for his observing eye and retentive memory find material a the dinner table and in the salon for his colossal work, as yet, alas, unpublished but we were surprised at his early entrance into what romantic writers of the last century described as "the dazzling halls of light and luxury." But to the letter:

#### MUSIC, NOT TALK

As the World Wags:

Is the art of conversation lost? Is there no longer pleasure in sage remarks, criticism of life and manner quips, jests and epigrams?

Not long ago an old friend invited me to his sumptuously furnished house.



believe that in columns devoted to the things of society it is described as a residence, sometimes a "mansion." I looked forward to a pleasant evening, for he is noted for his sparkling wit and good-fellowship; his wife is tactful, fair to look upon, companionable. Then there is a charming daughter. The book's ability excites the envy of Mallam's friends. There is still wine in the cellar. I enjoyed myself greatly at the table, for I sat between two young women who had something to say and said it well. Like Dion Boucicault, who remarked at an advanced age that he kept himself young by consorting with young actresses—he took one to himself for a second wife—I never feel so much at ease; my mind is never so stimulated as when I am surrounded by youth and beauty. I ate and drank moderately; I talked—if I may say it—in a rather brilliant manner, and I looked forward after the coffee and corollas to a cigar in company with the men while the ladies withdrew to scrutinize each one the costume of the other and to chatter not without the saving grace of malicious hints and innuendoes.

What was my dismay on hearing my hostess say as she rose from the table: "And now we'll hear a little music." There was nothing to be done but to follow her to the torture chamber, where for one hour and a half I was obliged to listen to infuriate pounding of a piano and songs sung in French so badly pronounced that I understood the meaning of the words. And as I saw a violinist unsheathing his fiddle, I mumbled an apology to madam and fled the scene.

There was no talk with the men about politics, finance, literature, art, horses, with relieving anecdotes of a tabularian nature. No talk with Mrs. Polightly, whom I have admired from my college days, no pleasurable intimacy with the fascinating Miss Bullion and her older sister, Mrs. Opal Goldmore, now divorced. And I bethought myself when I was on the sidewalk of saying in the Symposium of Plutarch: "Thus Demosthenes the Mitylenæan was pleasant enough when, knocking at a man's door that was much given to singing and playing on the harp, and being bid come in, he said, I will, if you will tie up your harp."

Is it possible that Bostonians assembled of an evening are afraid of being left to their natural resources for entertainment? Must there be a refuge from boredom only in bridge, mah jong, cross-word puzzles, or music? Is good talk to be heard only at two or three clubs for men? Boston was once widely known as the modern Athens and Bostonians as Athenians. Would Boeotians be now the fitting characterization? Perish the thought! Yet—

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

#### WHY "BICKERSTAFF"?

A correspondent asks, "Why was the name 'Bickerstaff' given to the street that runs from Haviland to Astor?" Did some one have Pope's lines 'to swift in mind'?

"O thou! Whatever title pleases thine ear,

Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff or Gulliver."

Or was some one thinking of Isaac Bickerstaff, whose song of the Miller of Dee had this burden:

"I care for nobody, no, not I,  
If no one cares for me."

Poor Isaac! "To this wretched being, himself by his own misconduct lashed out of human society, the stage was indebted for several very pure and pleasing entertainments." When Bickerstaff ran away, Thrale said, in answer to Dr. Johnson's astonishment, that he had long been a suspected man; to which Johnson replied: "By those who look close to the ground dirt will be seen, sir; I hope I see things from a greater distance." Perhaps some one in Boston remembered that Isaac was the author of "Love in a Village" and "The Maid of the Mill" that once delighted our theatregoers.

There is a Bickerstaff in the Tatler; there are Bickerstaffs now in Boston. When the street was laid out its name was Turner.

The history of streets is as interesting as that of tavern signs. The Lazare Bros. published 30 years ago a historical Dictionary of Parisian streets. There is agreeable reading in the dictionary of Boston's streets published by the city of Boston. Take Keswick street, for example; its former name was Rose-land, but we doubt if roses grew there, certainly none to rival the roses of Ispahan, or those in the Vale of Kashmir shown here last week by Mr. Newman at Symphony hall. And why Keswick? Keswick in England contains only pink houses; those today in Keswick street are cream colored on one side, red on the other.

#### A HUMAN ADDER

As the World Wags:  
I was interested in the verses by Mr. Quincy Kilby about Austin & Stone's, and also in the article from the old "West end," where I live, but no one has mentioned incidents about Prof. Haskin that I am familiar with. In the summer of 1861, in a hall on the

right-hand side of Broadway street near Court street, I used to go in and see "the lightning calculator" (Prof. Haskin). He would ask any one in the audience to write down several columns of figures, and he would immediately put the sum total down; he would also multiply six figures by six figures and put the answer down in one line. I bought his book giving directions, but enlisting soon after. I found other complications. I returning in 1865 from the war, I found by passing by the way policeman the wonderful Prof. Haskins.  
S. P. RIDLEY.

#### BUT HIS HAIR ENDED HIM

As the World Wags:  
Perhaps the question of bobe or no bobs really does loom larger than we are aware. I remember a deep and scholarly article on "Whiskers" in The Herald which impressed me very much. And yet there is really nothing new to write about in hairdressing. Every new style is as old as the hills. May I call attention to an allusion to bobbed hair in a hoary part of the Old Testament? (II Samuel, xiv, 26). Absalom was renowned for his beauty of person and apparently was very solicitous about his hair and complexion. He was thrifty, too.

"And when he polled his head, for it was at every year's end that he polled it, because his hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it. He weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight." N. F. L.

## HAMPDEN CYRANO

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Cyrano de Bergerac," a heroic comedy in five acts by Edmond Rostand; English version by Brian Hooker (heard in Boston for the first time).

Cyrano De Bergerac.....Walter Hampden  
Christian De Neuville.....Charles Francis  
Comte De Guiche.....Bailoi Holloway  
Ragueneau.....Cecil Yapp  
Le Bret.....Ernest Rowan  
Ligniere.....William Sauter  
Carbon De Castel-Jaloux.....Robert Thorne  
Vicomte De Valvert.....Reynolds Evans  
Montfieur.....Jay Fessett  
Bertrand, the Pifer.....Allen Thomas  
A. Capuchin.....John Parry  
Roxane.....Jeannette Sherwin  
Her Duenna.....Ruth Chorpennin  
Lise.....Mary Hall  
The Orange Girl.....Mabel Moore  
The Flower Girl.....Elsie Herndon Kearns

Is "Cyrano" still to be ranked among the "great" plays? It was so considered by many in the late nineties, who differed only in characterization; whether it should be called a sword-and-cloak drama, a romantic comedy, an historical comedy, a psychological study, or a suite of heroic and burlesque adventures. Yet William Winter, who did not like the French art of the theatre, had the courage to say the play was greatly over-rated, "not nearly as interesting as 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' and, dramatically, it is not comparable with 'The Duke's Motto.'" Truly, a surprising judgment; and Winter, who could not appreciate Coquelin, described Roxane as a "shallow, capricious, lovely dunce, as bright as an icicle—and as brittle." Mr. Towse, a man of few prejudices, a sane, clear-headed, critic of long experience, spoke of the play as a brilliant romantic and literary fantasy, and added that the part of Cyrano as conceived by its creator had never been fully embodied in this country, not even by Coquelin.

Mr. Warkley, an admirer of French dramatic art, preferred 17 years ago to regard Rostandism as a passing mirage. "If, indeed, it be not a mirage already dispelled." He spoke of Rostand as an inspired schoolboy, who could turn anything into metre; a duel, gasconades, patisserie, a battlefield, Napoleon's cocked hat. And only a few weeks ago a prominent English newspaper, reviewing, and not unfavorably, Mr. Hooker's translation—a faithful and at the same time poetic translation into English is well nigh impossible—headed the article "Burnt-out Fireworks" and wondered how audiences were once thrilled, or deeply interested in the hero.

Those who saw either Coquelin or Mansfield as byrano were curious to see Mr. Hampden if only for the sake of making comparisons. We doubt if they were excited over the merits or the failings of Mr. Hooker's translation. That the comedy still has drawing power is proved by the extraordinary success that has crowned Mr. Hampden's production, and, one might also say, crowned this excellent actor.

The comedy in a way reminds one of Victor Hugo's anti-theatrical dramas and novels: Quasimodo and his love for Esmeralda; the appalling Gwynplaine with his carved laugh tempted by the radiant and sensual Duchess Joslane; Triboulet, the malicious jester, with his idolized daughter; Gilliat, conquering the spasms of the sky and the shatter of the seas, then sacrificing himself that Deruchette might wed her lover; Lucrezia Borgia the incarnation of

mother-love.

Here is Cyrano, disfigured according to the legend, loving Roxane, knowing the hopelessness of his love, and aiding Christian in his wooing; or as Mr. Towse well put it the problem before the actor is to make Cyrano's facial deformity "sufficiently prominent to account for its consequences, and, at the same time to bring into full relief the precious jewels of character contained in that compromising casket."

Now the Cyrano of Rostand is far from being the Cyrano of history, though Cyrano did drive the actor Montfieur Montfleur in the play from the stage as Rostand pictures the scene. First of all Cyrano's nose was not the long, hideous snout of the tapir. Portraits and contemporaries show that it was uncommon by its thickness and its resemblance to a parrot's beak. The true Rostand was a man of philosophic mind though he was an accomplished duellist; the writer of the brilliant comedy and satirical journeys to the moon and the sun in which he expressed so free views about religion that he was dubbed an atheist. He left the army, having served gallantly, to devote himself to literary pursuits. He was singularly continent with regard to the fair sex.

The Cyrano of Rostand, better suited to the stage is a Swashbuckler, a poet, audacious, sensitive; withal a humorist. Can all these qualities be portrayed by even the most adroit and passionate actor?

Whatever may be said for or against the play and surely the third act is preposterous in its romanticism with Guiche being kept from Roxane by Cyrano's nonsensical talk; the preceding flowery poetical lines are tiresome after a few minutes—the production and Mr. Hampden's portrayal of the hero deserved a much larger audience. The size of this audience was in fact a sad commentary on the taste of Bostonians in theatrical matters.

The stage settings were impressive by their artistic simplicity and appropriateness. The stage management was equally artistic; the crowd in the first act was truly animated; each one in it

had individually, while the battle scene was in general conception and in detail the best of this nature that has been seen here for many years. The ensemble was excellent throughout, from the leading men and women of the supporting company, to those who had only a few lines and were otherwise minor characters.

Nor is it wholly true that the play is for one man. Roxane is, indeed, a negligible woman, and the irony of Cyrano's passion is thereby emphasized, though this was not intended by Rostand. But the comedy demands a large and well trained company. If the performance of the hero himself is to be encouraged and illuminated by his environment.

We do not see how Cyrano could be better played. There are actors who no doubt could do justice in a measure to the scenes of bravura, the ballade, with the duel, the scene in the bakery, the prompting of Christian by Cyrano beneath Roxane's balcony; but to give an intimate revelation of Cyrano's complex character—there is the work, there is the labor. In the management of the detail, both in speech and in action, this revelation was continuous. How eloquent the change in countenance and bearing, yes in the very voice, when Cyrano learns that Roxane's confession of love regards Christian, not himself! Nor were the explosive and suddenly checked outbursts provoked by Christian's repeated insults unduly melodramatic. The personation is one that would repay patient study, so full it is of artful spontaneity, so intelligently conceived, so romantically carried out. And one was tempted to say, not "This is the Cyrano of Rostand," it is the Cyrano of Rostand, it is the Cyrano that Rostand imagined and almost succeeded in delineating; for Mr. Hampden was at times a more glorious swaggerer, a more ardent and nobler lover than Rostand's words would lead a reader to suppose.

## ROSE ARMANDIE

Rose Armandie, soprano (with Simone Petit to accompany her songs), and Clara Haskil, pianist, gave a concert last night in Stelert Hall. Miss Haskil played a concerto in D minor by Friedemann Bach, the Brahms B minor Caprice, two impromptus by Schubert and the Schumann "Carneval." This was Miss Armandie's program: L'Amour de moy, XVth Century; Aupres de Toi, Bach; air of Venus, from "Theseus," Lullu; air from Spilgenie en Aulide, Gluck; air from "Les Fetes de Polymnie," Rameau; Fannina's air Mozart; Or-alson, Chausson; L'Ané blant; Hue; Sainte, Ravel; Ode a un jeune gentilhomme, Roussel; Le Temps a laisse son manteau Debussy. An Cimetiere

Pauro; Mandoline, Pauro.

Is Miss Armandie one of the lucky folk with a flair for fine unfamiliar music, or is it possible that Rameau's "Fetes de Polymnie" is now the fashion in Paris? When this "Ballet," with a prologue and three "entrées" was produced in 1745, in spite of its glorification of the victory of Fontenoy and its homage to the virtues of that exemplary sovereign, Louis XV, it made no great success. After two revivals some years later it so completely dropped from sight and sound that many French musicians did not know the work existed. So state the editors of the complete edition of Rameau's works, who republished the ballet in 1908, in an edition made by Debussy. These editors fancy the ballet; on paper surely it looks attractive, and the air Miss Armandie chose, not the most distinguished of all, none the less has charm.

So has the air of Iphigenie, as well as dramatic force; Gluck did not always unite the two great qualities so happily. There was lovely grace in the Lullu air, and rare beauty in the Bach and Mozart music, better known by their German texts. Miss Armandie has fine taste. She showed it, too, in her choice of songs, the least of them being pretty, some of them masterpieces.

But the texts, if you please, are by Richepin, Kilgusor, Maeterlinck, Verlaine and Mallarme. Though her enunciation was admirably distinct, does Miss Armandie believe she can convey, without the help of a printed translation, the meaning of these poems to an English-speaking audience? It cannot be done. And in the best French songs music and text are so closely interwoven that the music without the inner meaning of the poem is less than half the whole.

Miss Armandie has nice taste in music, clear enunciation and a voice pleasant in its medium register. At present, however, she has not a sound enough technique to enable her to find the purity of style or the elegance needful for French classics, or for Mozart either. Nor has she yet the poetic imagination or the nicety of diction necessary to do justice to songs of Faure, Chausson and Ravel.

Miss Haskil has in her favor youth. The Bach concerto she played something after the order of Liszt doing a storm, with thunder and rage to spare. But she played as though she sincerely felt the music to be stormy, and the gentler passages had their sunny side, in the Brahms and Schubert pieces she showed less violence, depending more on persuasion. Great talent she surely has, a musical personality. Wisely taught, she ought to accomplish much.

The audience, of good size, was very friendly. R. R. G.

COPLEY THEATRE—Sir James Barrie's "The New Word," "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" and "Barbara's Wedding." The casts were as follows:

#### THE NEW WORD

Mrs. Torrance.....Violet Paget  
Lucy Torrance.....May Ediss  
John Torrance.....C. Wordley Hulce  
Roger Torrance.....Philip Tonge  
THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS  
Mrs. Dowey.....Elspeth Dudgeon  
Mrs. Towey.....Katherine Standing  
Mrs. Mickleham.....Madeline Grande  
Mrs. Huggerty.....May Ediss  
Mr. Wilkinson.....Francis Compton  
Private Dowey.....Alan Mowbray

#### BARBARA'S WEDDING

The Old Colonel.....E. E. Clive  
Derling.....Alan Mowbray  
Barbara.....Katherine Standing  
Billy.....Philip Tonge  
Karl.....Harold Wes  
The Colonel's Wife.....Elspeth Dudgeon

It is not very often now that the one-act plays of Barrie are mounted professionally—a pity, for many of them are sharp and teasing miniatures, as delicately turned as his longer plays, and as generous in their light ironies. And it is seven years or so since these particular three, born of the war time fervors of Sir James, have been given here.

And Mr. Clive and his company have presented them admirably, with restraint that still preserved all of the cautiously vagrant humors and eloquent silences of these people that Barrie has somehow made peculiarly his own; he has seen them so gently. Only once was there a lack of emphasis last evening, and that is remediable, for in her last lines of "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," Miss Dudgeon, by mumbling them inaudibly, lost the point for many of the audience.

Mr. Hulce as the fearful father of "The New Word" and Philip Tonge as his son broke their awful diffidence most amusingly, and in the spirit of Barrie; in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" Miss Dudgeon gave a brave impersonation of the old lady who has charred and charred for years, and at last discovers a son, and Mr. Mowbray as the dour kiltie and Miss Ediss as that Huggerty woman, even in charring circles, an outcast, did excellently. And "Barbara's Wedding," Mr. Clive as the fragile and thinly veiled old colonel, only half aware of the present, added



all one more careful and boldly turned characterization to his already formidable list. There was a large and very enthusiastic audience. E. C.

## JACK DEMPSEY HEADS ORPHEUM

### "JUDY DROPS IN"

A rambling attic studio in Greenwich Village, four youths of dilettante tastes and noise-making proclivities, a landlady of motherly heart and fiery temper. Add one charming blond orphan who has been locked out overnight in scanty masquerade costume and eventually disowned because she disobeyed her cruel stepfather and went to a dance, and you have all the elements for the making of a whimsical, farcical comedy-drama, touching on pathos and then careening toward slapstick.

Judy does drop in, and drops in to stay. With a firm hand she rules the den of wild bachelors, and soon has them all eating from the hand. Tom Danforth, the rotund young sculptor, must immortalize her in marble; Harry worships her on canvas with his brushes; and Dick, the doctor-to-be, woos as best he may. Only Jack Lethbridge remains apparently aloof, and around Judy and Jack hovers the romantic suspense of two acts, with the inevitable result.

Between the Scylla and Charybdis of the cruel stepfather who seeks to steal her legacy and ruin her name, and the haughty family of the Jack whom she secretly loves, the dainty Judy trips her way to happiness.

Miss Elsie Hitz plays Judy with the smiling deftness and piquant grace typical of her family of actresses, and Bernard Nedell, the serious Jack who happily parted with his beloved beard to please her, was well set off by the antics of Roy Elkins and Messrs. Remley and Richards, of well known comic traits. Miss Anna Layng scored a remarkable success as the landlady, Mrs. Maguire.

The play is only a week off Broadway, where it ran at the Punch and Judy Theatre. For Thanksgiving week the management announces a revival of "The Old Homestead."

## GADSKI AT KEITH'S

Mme. Johanna Gadske, former grand opera diva, who gained international fame through her interpretation of Wagnerian roles, makes her vaudeville debut at Keith's this week, in a cycle of songs that made her famous in this country and abroad. She is in splendid voice and retains much of the vigor and acting that made her such a striking figure when singing roles in Tannhauser and Die Walkure.

Her selections last night ranged from "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Reizger's "Cradle Song," to "The Battle Cry of the Valkyrie," and the aria sung by Elsa in Tannhauser. Every selection was enthusiastically applauded. Mme. Gadske was generous with her encores. Miss Margo Hughes, piano accompanist, came up to every expectation.

The Avon Comedy Four, featuring Joe Smith and Charles Dale, assisted by Eddie Miller and Frank J. Corbett, was one of the hits on the bill. The antics of Smith and Dale in an East Side restaurant and in a doctor's office kept the audience laughing every moment he two were on the stage. The quartette harmonize pleasingly and their songs include a parody on Tosti's "Good-bye Forever," and some of the more popular airs.

Norman Hackett and company, presenting a comedy sketch, "Four in a Flat," a satire on the tired business man, who has to put up in his home with a sister-in-law and her husband, held the attention of the audience through the fine acting and the rather novel plot. The company was recalled several times.

Neville Fleson, writer of "The Gingham Girls," "The Honey Girl," and other popular song hits, assisted by Ann Greenway, appears in a speaking and singing skit, billed "Samples." The travesty on the New York legitimate drama, "Rain," is a scream. John and Nellie Olms offer something new in magic. The act consists of making watches appear and disappear in a most inconceivable way.

Other acts on the bill are Fred Miller and Bert Capman, dancers; Carlton Emmy and his dog troupe, and Chinko and Kaufman, jugglers. The movies also are on the bill.

### CONTINUING

**COLONIAL**—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter, Dorothy. Seventh week.

**HOLLIS**—"The Nervous Wreck," Owen Davis farce, with Otto Kruger in the leading role. Third week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Charlot's Revue," English revue, with Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Herbert Mundin and Sam B. Hardy. Fourth and last week.

**SELWYN**—"For All Of Us," William Hodge's new play in which he stars. Eighth week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"The Potters," comedy by J. P. McAvoy. Homely and amusing scenes of American everyday family life in 12 scenes. Third week.

**SHUBERT**—"Wildflower," musical comedy starring Edith Day. Sixth week.

**TREMONT**—"Saint Joan," Bernard Shaw's play in which Julia Arthur is seen as the Maid of Orleans. Third week.

**WILBUR**—"Moonlight," musical comedy starring Julia Sanderson. Fourth week.

## APOLLO CLUB

By PHILIP HALE

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave the first concert of its 54th season last night in Symphony hall. The club was assisted by Richard Crooks, tenor; by the club members, Messrs. Dane and Harris, baritones; by the trumpeters, Walter Smith and E. S. Brown; and by George W. Stewart, Henry Woelber, A. F. Smith and A. P. Ripley. The program was as follows: Coleridge-Taylor, Viking Song; a Suabian Folk-Song harmonized by Brahms; Cough-Letter, Possession; Leon, The Brownies; Grieg, Discovery (baritone solo by Mr. Dane); Gahnes, Salutation; Cadman, Four American Indian songs (baritone solo by Mr. Herrick); Kremsner, Hymn to the Madonna (with tenor solo by Mr. Crooks); Converse, Laudate Dominum (with organ, trumpets and trombones). Mr. Crooks's selections were Liszt, O Komm Im Traum; Wolf, Erlst's; Strauss, Morgen und Zuegnung; Wagner, the Prize Song from "The Mastersingers"; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me; Luker, Your Eyes. Frank H. Luker was the pianist; E. Rupert Sircom, organist.

This was the 264th concert of the Apollo Club, an institution of which this city may justly be proud. It is 54 years old, but it is still youthful in spirit and enthusiasm. The passing years have only added experience. The club's singers have come and gone; the ranks are filled with those anxious to preserve the traditions of art and good fellowship; to maintain the high reputation won in the past, no higher, however, than it is at present under the able leadership of Mr. Mollenhauer. The friends of the club are still faithful, as was shown by the large and appreciative audience last night.

The program was diversified and interesting. The Apollo Club has not thought it necessary to go back to the 16th century or the 17th in order to entertain its audience. It has not thought it musically wise to substitute tenors for male sopranos and male contraltos, or for boys; nor is it willing to sing music of past centuries, when few, if any, know how this music should be interpreted; when even the proper tempi and the dynamics can only be guessed.

Mr. Mollenhauer has brought the club to a remarkably high degree of technical proficiency; more than this the members sing with rhetorical as well as musical intelligence. They do not see-saw between piano and fortissimo; their pianissimo is not inaudible; their sonorous vigor is impressive without coarseness. There was a fine sense of proportion in the performance last night, witness the manner in which the walk of the different voice parts in

Cough-Letter's "Possession" was defined. With what admirable lightness was Leon's "Brownies" sung! No wonder the audience insisted on a repetition. Vocal delicacy and euphony characterized the reading of the Suabian Folk-Song.

Mr. Crooks greatly pleased the audience. He added Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh" to his first group. Mr. Luker played helpful, sympathetic accompaniments. The brass instruments and the organ brought an imposing ending to the familiar "Discovery."

The next concert will be on Jan. 6, when Clara Shear, soprano, will be the soloist.

"The ideal retiring hour" is a subject that excited academic discussion recently in a newspaper of New York. "Retiring" from what? From office? From the "loathed stage?" From business, or the pulpit? No; the discussion was about bed-time.

It was Richard Grant White who said: "If you are going to bed say so, should there be occasion. Don't talk about retiring, unless you would seem like a prig or a prurient prude." And Dr. Holmes wrote in "Elsie Venner": "At an hour when most of the Rockland people had retired, or, in vulgar language, 'gone to bed.'"

Although writers of reputation have used "retire" as a supposedly genteel word for "going to bed," some have been so shameless as to write "retired to bed." After the reign of censorship is in its full power and glory "bedroom farces" will probably be described as "retiring room farces." Even now women who have "lower limbs" are given to "retiring" at reasonable or unreasonable hours.

Charles Reade coined the phrase "prurient prude" apropos of objections made against his "Griffith Gaunt." It is surprising that the Oxford Dictionary does not give the quotation under either one of the words.

### WHAT POSTERITY MISSED

(Journal Am, Med. Association.)

Confessions of a Burglar—by Tom, the Piper's Son.

My favorite Methods—by Don Juan and Casanova.

The Stories They Told Me—by Boccaccio.

What I Learned About Women—by Sims.

### CHILDRENS BED TIME STORIES

As the World Wags:

Sammy Squirrel crawled inter his home in the big oak tree, an' sitin' down, he perceded ter extrakt bird-shot frum his tale. Mrs. Squirrel wuz bizzy hammerin' bloo blazes out uv the twins fer wastin' a 'akorn, so she didn't pay much attention ter him. Enyway he wuz her 13th husband and had lived longer than she expected.

"Well," sed she, after the twins had quit yellin' bluddy mcdur, "yuh careless galoot, I sorpouse sum hunter almost gotcha." "Nothin' else but," sed Samuel, handin' the baby a couple more bird-shot ter play with. "Are yew tryin' ter polsen this poor deer child?" sed the Mrs., as she slapped the baby kookoo fer puttin' them in his mug. "Aw hell," sed Sam, an' started out the door. Jist then he got kitted with a 38 calibre callin' card. Turnin' 6 flip-flops, he rolled offen the linn an' headed fer tera furma, an' as he did so, Reginald Squirrel sneaked inter the house. "Wuz he hit?" sed Sam's wife. "Nuthin' else but; are yuh lookin' fur another husband?" sed Reggy. "O, Reggy, this is so suddin!" sed the late Sam's wife, an' they clinched as Sam hit the ground. SNOWSHOE AL.

### THE NEW HEROINE

(All the best heroines, we learn, are now going wrong, and making a success of it.)

Be bad, sweet mald, who will may be scraphic,

Do naughty deeds and dream them all day long,

Comport thyself as those who nightly maffick,

And go it strong.

Do daring things that out-delile Delilah, Quit shingling for the tonsure and the queue, The goody goody girl tires in a mile-a, The bad pulls through.

Copy the modes and manners paleozoic, Express thine ego, bid it effervesce, And so make life onc hectic, huge, heroic

And wild success. A. W.

### WHERE ARE THE JASONS?

As the World Wags: Newspaper reports from the University of Kansas record the formation of a new society among the red-haired sisters, called "Girls of the Golden Fleec." A member of our Chamber of Commerce was rapidly and painlessly separated from certain hard-earned simoleons by the attractive representa-

tives of a Boston colleg during the record drive. Since, awakening from the spell of their oratory and charms, he asserts, he is sure that a chapter of the same sorority has been established in this city. These golden fleeces, he admiringly remarks, are certainly eligible without reference to capillary cut or coloring; whether it be Titian, sandy, brick, auburn, Skaneateles (which is one station this side of Auburn), bobbed, or au naturel.

DEE DEE.

### THEN AS NOW

As the World Wags:

One of the very earliest black marks against the poor proof-reading brotherhood was put down in old Teutschland, at Regensburg, in 1757, about 167 years ago.

There was a certain urgent need for that sort of pressure which only soldiers can exert and the ponderous, old Reich's Diet, after a whole year of hesitating and talking, finally decided to raise an army to which they gave the threatening title of "executions army." To make up for time lost and to evidence the businesslike frame of mind into which these legislators had got, they went further and designated the new army an "Eilende-Reich's-Executions-Armee."

Unfortunately for the solemn old Reich, the printers accidentally left the letter "i" out of the word "eilende" (meaning speedy) so that it actually appeared everywhere in old Germany as "elende," which meant "miserable."

"Elende Reich's-Executions-Armee!" the proclamations shrieked in all the public places. "Contemptible Reich's Executions Army," much to the amusement of the secretly laughing multitude. C. F. B.

Manchester, N. H.

This reminds one of the southern woman who would not read "Les Miserables" because, as she said, Gen. Robert E. Lee's army was anything but miserable.—Ed.

### OUR PEEPING TOMS

"Sodium" of Cambridge writes to us: "In the report of our latest purity league I find this gem: 'It is known that between the houses it is not infrequently the case that both men and women dress and undress without pulling down the shades.' Of course grammar and rhetoric should not be allowed to interfere with compulsory virtue. But in the words of the Greenwich Village Follics: 'Where is this place?'"

The choir will now sing Gus Williams's once famous song: "Pull Down the Blind." Second story workers are not expected to join in the chorus.

We recommend to "Sodium" the articles "Une manifestation de la pudeur" and "La Demoiselle de Poitiers" in the second volume of Remy de Gourmont's "Epilogues."

### WHY THE MAKEUP MAN LEFT TOWN

(From the Camden Press)

Dr. Lankford has returned. (Adv.) Public Service Bus Line Roselawn Burial Park Leave Main Plaza Every Hour. Every Day.—(Adv.)

### LUCKY "BROILERS"

(From a "People's Lawyer" Column) E. W. C.—The broilers and children of deceased brothers or sisters will inherit the property if there was no wife or parents or children.

## HARRISON POTTER

JORDAN HALL—Piano recital by Harrison Potter, at which he played music by Bach, Scarlatti, Brahms, Chopin, Debussy, Liszt, Schumann, Bloch, Griffes, Marion Bauer's Prelude in F minor, and Turina's "Orgia."

Mr. Potter is a pianist of pale and melancholy moods, of black and white, always restrained, fluent in his technique, and of impeccable taste; he is rarely exotic or given to wild flights. So last evening he chose his program accordingly; he was swift and articulate in his Bach, lucid and formal in the Scarlatti Menuetto; and he played the Chopin prelude of restrained fires, the one in F sharp minor, in the grand manner.

With the harsh and throbbing rhythms of Turina's "Orgia," an unfamiliar and interesting piece of this young Spaniard's, whose music for the piano George Copeland was the first to play here, Mr. Potter played with a cold intensity and marked rhythm the turns of the dance and the languorous intercepting melodies. And though the continuous "Davidsbündlerstaeze" of Schumann, he played with appreciation of their swift changes of mood, their varying characterizations.

But it was in the last group that included Debussy's "La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune"; a flaring and amusing little minor prelude by Marion Bauer (of a dissonant close).



St. Francis's "Berman to the eds," suggesting, strangely enough, unsophisticated frescoes of Giotto; life's "White Peacock," exquisitely insidious music based on William Sharp's poem in his "Sospir di Roma," and the two sea pieces of Bloch of stark and minor mood, that Mr. Potter played his best vein. In music of the lunatic and of aqueous and descriptive mood, he is at home. More violent and turbulent fare is not so much to his liking. A small audience applauded enthusiastically. E. G.

Mr. Ernest Newman of London, who now disporting himself in New York as the music critic of the Evening Post, having the time of his life. He goes to concerts and the kind editor gives him tickets for the operatic performances, diversions, entertainments, squabbles at the Metropolitan. Happy as he heard Bolto's "Mefistofele" the other night and he began his review: Musically, 'Mefistofele' is beneath contempt."

Mr. William Archer is lecturing in London on "Elizabethan Worship," i.e., excessive adulation of Elizabethan drama. So he is still at it. He wrote a volume of about 400 pages to show how wretched a thing this drama is. Insultate Archer! Could not one suffice?"

Harry Farbman, violinist, will play in Jordan hall tonight Cesar Franck's Sonata; Saint-Saens's concerto, B minor, and a group of smaller pieces, ending with Wienlawski's Russian Carnival. He has toured for four years in South America and Australia. He is a pupil of Auer, who sat in the audience when Farbman gave a recital in New York on the 24th of last month.

Miss Reina M. Falardeau, soprano, will sing in Steinert hall tonight songs by Chadwick, Whelpley, Scott, Smith, Brahms, Veracini, Charpentier, Pessard, Camille, Bachelet, Warum, Dobson, and a Forge. Born with defective eyesight, she has been treated at the Perkins Institute.

Marcel Dupre, the distinguished organist, will give a recital in Jordan hall tomorrow night.

And tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon Mr. Newman will give in symphony hall the second of his interesting travel talks about the Orient. The subject will be "Burma: Land of olden Pagodas." Delhi, Benares, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Rangoon, Mandalay, and the Hill Country will be visited.

Appropos of Mr. Newman's last travel talk, wishing to know still more about Burma, we looked at Everyman's Encyclopedia, vol. 1, which happened to be on our desk. We were thereby informed that Shah Jehan built the Taj Mahal as a tomb "for himself." Twelve volumes of miscellaneous misinformation.

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening will comprise Mozart's overture to "Figaro's Marriage"; a little symphony by Boccherini, which has been played in St. Louis, but not in Boston; Debussy's "La Mer"; Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" (instead of the "Siegfried Idyl" announced, for Rachmaninoff is expected to be present at one of the concerts and Mr. Koussevitzky wishes to pay him this honor); Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice on Spanish Airs" instead of "Till Eulenspiegel" which had been announced. The orchestra will be out of town next week.

As for Mr. Rachmaninoff, he will give the afternoon concert in symphony hall next Sunday, playing: Bach-Liszt, Organ Prelude and Fugue, A minor; Bach, Prelude, D minor, from "The Well-Tempered Clavier"; Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Chopin, Scherzo, Etude in E major, Ballade, and Etude C minor; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G major, Etude Tableau, D major Prelude, G flat major; Strauss-Godowsky, "Kuenstlerleben."

Delysia has been engaged for the Piccadilly Hotel, London, for eight weeks at the ridiculously small sum of \$2500 a week.

We have been requested by MacFadden's Publications to publish the following paragraph. We gladly comply with the modest request.

Miss Helen Macfadden, the beautiful 13-year-old daughter of Bernard Macfadden, the multimillionaire publisher of 10 magazines and New York's newest daily newspaper, the Graphic, has gone on the stage. Through exercise

Miss Helen has developed the most perfect figure in America. She heads the Bernard Macfadden Physical Culture Girls, who demonstrate the ideas of the "Father of Physical Culture."

Henry Hadley will conduct the People's Symphony orchestra next Sunday at the St. James Theatre. The program will include his symphony, "Youth and Life," a concerto for strings by Vivaldi, and the overture to "Oberon."

The Boston Public School Symphony orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor, will give a concert at Lowell school, Jamaica Plain, tomorrow night. Mozart, Turkish March; Schubert, music from "Rosamunde"; Haydn, Symphony No. 4; Grieg, Ingrid's Lament and Solveig's Song from "Peer Gynt"; Tchaikovsky, Waltz from "Eugene Onegin."

There has been a decided cut in the admission prices at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York for the remainder of Mme. Simone's engagement. The price of one orchestra seat has been \$3.30. There should be a decided cut in the admission prices for the great majority of the plays produced in Boston.

When she returns to Paris, Mme. Simone will produce a new St. Joan play, "La Vierge de Grand Coeur." It is said that "three scenes begin in similar manner to three of the scenes in Shaw's 'St. Joan.'" This new play by Francis Porche is described as "a spiritual drama in free verse which rhymes."

When Arthur Rubinstein played recently Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne in London, the Times said: "Bach-through-the-megaphone had a sort of success d'estime." Mr. Rubinstein also played three movements of "Petrouchka," which led the Times to say: "There was a curious sort of satisfaction in hearing Mr. Rubinstein slap his way (most accurately) through Stravinsky's vulgarities. Vulgarly is a hard name, but what else can we call a persistent attempt to catch the attention of a presumably inattentive audience? If it were attending it would demand consecutive thought and a sense of proportion. The mistake really is to play such a thing on the piano-forte; it is more bearable on the orchestra, and less nonsensical with the ballet."

Frank Damrosch of New York has been named honorary conductor by the People's Choral Union of Boston, and Mr. Camilleri, director of the People's

Chorus of New York, has been made an honorary member of the board of directors of the Boston organization.

#### Notes and Lines:

In reviewing the recent trip of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to certain "secondary American cities," such as Buffalo and Pittsburgh, a leading Boston journal announced last evening that during his journey Mr. Koussevitzky "has known the luxury of a private car." How greatly he must be edified by the naive satisfaction which is taken in the thought that every comfort, not to say luxury, is provided for him, as well as by the innocent glee with which the fact itself is proclaimed to a gaping and breathless public. JUNIUS, JR.

Richard Strauss's new opera "Intermezzo" was produced in Dresden Nov. 4. It is said that the comedy is of an extremely light character and the music is "light and delicious flagree work."

To return to Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne. The Daily Telegraph was moved to say, when Mr. Rubinstein played it: "One felt he had already made the fateful decision; that one was listening to the performances of a fine showman who had more or less extinguished his artistic conscience, and was out to amuse or impress his audience from now henceforth. One could pass over the inferior aesthetic of the Bach-Busoni 'Chaconne'; it is the common stock-in-trade of most ambitious players, just a little less boring than the original, and diverting enough as Mr. Rubinstein plays it. . . . But the central tour-de-force of the programme, the 'Petrouchka' transcriptions made expressly by Stravinsky for this pianist (and introduced by him earlier in the year) are, to those of us who know and rejoice in the original, barely amusing even on a first hearing; and on

any in its novelty has come off. As legitimate piano they have, of course, no place, and only represent to sensitive ears an uncomfortable quarter of an hour of meaningless noise. The noise, such as it is, takes a lot of making, however, and a great deal of agility, and Mr. Rubinstein's audience was duly impressed."

Mr. D. Lassimonne has written a piano piece entitled, "The Long Hairs of Mellsande." His fingers should not be entangled by them.

## MISS FRISKIN

Kate Friskin, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert hall. This was her program:

Prelude and Fugue in D major, Bk. 2, prelude and Fugue in G sharp, Bk. 1, prelude and Fugue in C sharp major, Bk. 1, Bach; sonata in A flat Op. 110, Beethoven; Davidshuendler Op. 6, Schumann; Jeux d'eau, Pavane pour une Infante defunte, Ravel; Ecstasy, Bridge; Chelsea Reach, Ireland; Gopak, Russian national dance, Bax.

Though a listener might wish that Miss Friskin were not so partial to fugues that she chose to play four almost in a row—with the Davidshuendler, no less, to follow!—nevertheless she played them so well, and the preludes too, that one could easily pardon the excess. Yielding to none of her colleagues in the clearness with which she laid out Bach's designs, she stood high above most of them in her appreciation of the varied emotional content of the six different pieces. Delightfully she brought out the bright rhythm of the prelude in D major, poetically the gentle melancholy of that in G sharp minor; to the C sharp major fugue she brought a sparkling grace instead of the lyrical note some people find in it, a grace, however, full of charm. It was very attractive playing.

Miss Friskin played attractively all the afternoon, if once it be granted that she shows a curious disregard for the effects of tonal color a skilled pianist can contrive by different varieties of touch and a judicious use of the pedals. Of her Bach, her Beethoven and her Schumann she showed a musician's thorough knowledge. A listener knew in advance, after hearing the preludes and fugues, that she would understand the force of Beethoven's direction, "con amabilita," that she would feel the pain of the lovely arioso. Securely one could count on the tarantella rhythm in the Schumann standing forward, a sensitive response to the poetry of the close.

Miss Friskin plays so warmly, intelligently and musically that it seems a pity if she doesn't see her way to acquire a more beautiful tone in passages of full strength, and a wider variety of tone as well. In all essentials she is already a pianist of genuine accomplishment. R. R. G.

Some days ago we spoke of Plotinus, the philosopher, the Herkimer Johnson of the third century, who did not wish his portrait to be painted. A correspondent asks us the reason for the great man's refusal.

Amelius, the disciple of Plotinus, repeated these words of his master: "Is it not enough to drag about this image in which Nature has confined us? Do you think it is necessary to hand down for future ages an image of this image, as a sight worthy of their attention?"

Nevertheless Amelius played the old man a mean trick. He took an excellent artist with him to hear Plotinus lecture. This artist looked the philosopher over carefully, and from memory painted a faithful likeness, though Amelius touched with a brush a feature or two that he thought needed correction.

There was a Mme. Deshoulleres who wrote verses on the peculiar vanity that leads one to sit for an artist. Yet she allowed herself to be painted by one Mlle. Cheron and took pleasure in thinking that her face would be thus known when it had crumbled into dust. She died in 1694. Is the portrait still in existence?

Are there not artists who make a specialty of painting presidents of banks, possibly vice-presidents also, whose portraits are to hang on the walls of the directors' rooms? After all, why should not presidents of banks be painted? They were born to be presidents, as others to be chairmen of philanthropic committees; others to lend their heads to advertisements. Looking at the portrait of an eminent bank president, even when he is depicted in the act of signing a check, should not excite one to envy. One should rejoice, for these officials are useful to portrait painters, worthy laborers in the artistic vineyard, even when they paint from a photograph of Uncle Alonzo or from a clayon sketch made by some wandering Willie.

## THE BICKERSTAFF ROMANCE

At last we know why Bickerstaff street was so named. The name was given to Turner street by the board of street commissioners on March 1, 1901.

An old man—we'll not name him, though he is dead—called at the office of the commissioners one day and said that he owned half the houses on Turner street; that he had placed them in the hands of an agent, who had filled the houses with most undesirable tenants so that the street was a street of ill repute. The old man proposed to turn them all out and see if he could not fill the houses with decent persons, but he thought it necessary first of all to change the name of the street. He proposed "Bickerstaff." When asked if that was his own name, he said no, but the name had been in his family in England for many years.

Who knows but Isaac Bickerstaff, dramatist and run-away, was one of the old man's ancestors?

## A GERMAN CASEY

Mr. Max Duesing gave a party in Berlin. When the gaiety was at its height he shouted to his guests that he was about to kill himself. He then swallowed benzine from a bottle, struck a match, lighted the liquid in his mouth and gave a capital imitation of a human torch. Some of the guests, not appreciating this humorous exhibition by which Mr. Duesing endeavored to entertain them, extinguished the blaze and took him to a hospital, where he will recover.

This recalls the sad case of Mr. Casey, marching with his blow-torch in a procession. He was suddenly missed in the line:

"What's the matter with Casey?"  
"Poor Casey, he socked his torch?"

## EIGHT; NOT THREE

As the World Wags:

In my note concerning Prof. William Street Hutchings, I stated that he died at 8 Bulfinch street, Boston, but the printer, changing "8" to "3," erroneously makes me say that he died at 3 Bulfinch street. INQUIRER.

## WHAT IF YOUR HEAD RUNS UP TO A PEAK?

(From the Omaha Bee)

Many a man's career has been ruined because, as a baby, the top of his head closed the wrong way, making a depression, where there ought to be a well-rounded surface. Feel the top of your head. If it sinks in, watch yourself closely.

## BALLADE OF FOOT-LOOSE WRITING MEN

(For As the World Wags)

Where are the facile lines they made,  
The words like gems which flash and go?

Where the high grandeur they portrayed  
That only fools and heroes know?

O. Henry's art, Poe's afterglow?  
Villon transfigured, Pater's thrall?  
The homage that all tyros show?  
Into the dusk go one and all.

Where are the friendships, lost or strayed?

The smoke, the ale—the mellow glow?  
Titanic souls, the garments frayed,  
The boast, the song, the jest, the woe?  
The April noons and winter's snow?  
The muses' sprightly festival?  
The brain script gleaming row on row?  
Into the dusk go one and all.

The book is closed, the day is shade;  
The night wind murmurs, whispers low;

Fortuna laughs, the fickle jade;  
The strings are silent to the bow.  
Where are the friends of old John Doe?  
The loud guffaw and hearty call?  
The magic fellowship, helpho!  
Into the dusk go one and all.

Prince, through Production's overthrow,  
And Andy Volstead's curveless ball,  
Came twilight of the gods, and so  
Into the dusk go one and all.

EDWARD YERXA.

As the World Wags:

She had a sweet voice and she laughed and laughed as she tried to talk to me over the telephone. "Well," she said finally, "it's about Jefferson Livingston, who is known as the Ketchup King. Well, he's being followed everywhere by a girl named Muriel Buell and he has to hide from her." "That's very sad," said I. "No," said the sweet voice, choking with merry, girlish laughter, "that isn't it. The sad part is that she can't ketchup with him." R. H. L.

## FARBMAN

Harry Farbman, violinist, appeared last night in Jordan hall before an enthusiastic audience of fair size. To the excellent accompaniments of Carl Lamson he played: Concerto, Vieuxtemps; Poem, Chausson; Praeludium and Alle-



gro, Pugnani-Kreisler, Nocturne, Chopin-Wilhelm; Slavonic Dance, Dvorak-Kreisler; Hebrew Melody, Achron; Russian Carnival, Wienlawski.

If some of Mr. Farberman's audience were disappointed because he cast aside the Franck sonata, others were delighted to hear once more the "Poem" by Chausson, poetic music in very truth, music of rare distinction and fine subtlety but at the same time so simply melodious the merest child could scarcely fail to enjoy it—granting that the modern child enjoys anything so simple as melody.

The Vieuxtemps concerto, too, it was no cross to hear in place of the overworked piece by Saint-Saens. Vieuxtemps wrote, of course, to suit the fashion of a period which had an in-temperate taste for ornamentation; the last movement of the concerto Mr. Farberman played is very much for display, and there is the cadenza, quite outrageously long. In the imposing recitative, though, there lies music of real fancy, set forth with an air; in 10 years' time surely it will take rank as a classic, arm in arm with the best of Rossini and Donizetti.

Beautifully Mr. Farberman played this recitative and the melodious adagio that followed, with strong, rich tone remarkably sweet and pure, rhythmically, with exquisite fineness of phrasing. Guided by a nice understanding of style, he approached these two movements seriously, not as pieces for parade, but finding emotion in them; thus stirring played as they were meant to be—they make their effect today. An equally sensitive appreciation he showed for the higher quality of Chausson's noble poem.

Discussion of Mr. Farberman's technique may best be left to violinists. There seems no doubt that he has enough and to spare. To a non-violinist his tone in loud, quick passages sounded less agreeable, less freely produced than in song, be it ever so robust. A musician, however, Mr. Farberman is, with passion in his musical nature, and poetry and, most important of all, charm. R. R. G.

## MISS FALARDEAU

STEINERT HALL—Song recital by Reima M. Falardeau, soprano. The program included songs by Chadwick, Whelpley, Cyril Scott, Warren Scott, Warren Storey Smith, Brahms, Veracini, Emile Pessard, Chaminade, Bachet, Warum, Tom Dobson, La Forge and an aria from "Louise."

Miss Falardeau has a soprano voice of wide range; at times it is almost contralto, but as yet her scale is uneven and she is not too careful in matters of phrasing and diction, particularly in the French and German songs. It was the French program and, although in her singing of Brahms "Der Schmelde" she loosed a voice of robust proportions, not even suggested by her restraint in the songs of Whelpley, Cyril Scott and Warren Storey Smith's "A Caravan from China Comes," it was not always well poised.

In Veracini's pastoral and in the plaintive French folk song, of Emile Pessard, "Bon-Jour Suzan," she sang prettily and with a naive charm. There were suggestions of the dramatic in the aria of "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise" and a crude strength in Brahms' "Wir Wandelten." In the American songs of lightest vein she sang unrestrainedly, at times forcing her upper tones. With more practice, care for elegance in phrase and a more rounded diction, she should develop an agreeable voice. Mrs. Jesse F. Vose accompanied her on the piano. A small audience was friendly. E. G.

Nov 22 1924

## BOCCHERINI WORK FIRST TIME HERE

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its sixth concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Boccherini, Symphony, C major, op. 16, No. 3 (first time in Boston); Debussy, "The Sea"; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes. The sparkling overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," and what music could be more appropriate as a prelude to Beaumarchais's comedy with its insolence and wit mellowed by Mozart, played brilliantly and at a swift pace that did not forgo clarity, grace and elegance, brought with it pleasant memories. Again we saw Emma Eames, the radiantly handsome Countess in her gorgeous Spanish costume. Again we

heard the exquisite "Letter" duet sung by her and Mme. Sembrich, and the latter as Susanna breathing forth her love to the consenting stars. We remembered Edouard de Reszke, lumbering along the stage and singing measures that lay too high for him. Was there ever a more roguish Cherubina than Pauline Lucca? There was Campanari in the old days, a sly, malleous, humorous Figaro. And there were performances in English that we would gladly see again, with Clara Louise Kellogg, the charming Zaida Seguin and William Carleton, surpassed by no one as the dashing, amorous, jealous Count. Alas, Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years!

Maurice Barres wrote many pages to show how El Greco, the painter, arriving at Toledo and making it his home was influenced in his art by that venerable and sombre city. Was Boccherini, the Italian dwelling in Madrid, affected by Spanish surroundings? Was his music, and he was incredibly fertile, changed in native spirit by the stately court, the music of the old masters for the church, the folk and gypsy tunes of the street and the bleak country? We doubt it from the compositions by him that we have heard; purely Italian in melody and simple harmony, pleasing to the ear with here and there a haunting strain that led Champfleury to liken this music to a rose colored ribbon tenderly preserved for years in a lavender scented drawer of rosewood in the chamber of a noble dame. In the symphony of yesterday there were a few measures that might have been written by Mozart; a few that were Haydnesque; but the movements were distinctly Italian. In all probability Boccherini's name will long live by reason of the familiar minuet from a string quartet. Perhaps Debussy 50 years from now will be only the man of "The Faun's Afternoon" and Rachmaninoff, the writer of the Prelude, which James Huneker swore was composed for the funeral of a piano tuner in Brooklyn, N. Y.

To us "The Sea," in spite of certain beautiful and striking passages, is as a whole inferior musically and aesthetically—the two words are not always synonymous—to the "Afternoon" and the "Nocturnes." Nor is this impression derived from A's, B's or C's interpretation; nor is it due to any consideration of pictorial or naturalistic effects, whether they are vivid or pale. One might say of a conductor, he is not a true Debussyite; he does not appreciate the value of the hints, vague suggestions, demi-lints; he does not respect Debussy's indications. But what if his interpretation produces a composition that, bearing Debussy's name, might excite the envy of the composer if he were living? Or does any composer hear his own music twice alike? We know from personal experience that men as unlike as Brahms and Gounod, conducting their own works, paid little attention to the indications in the printed score.

And here comes up a question about Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem. When he conducted at a Symphony concert, 10 years ago, his "Island of the Dead," the music seemed throughout to be quietly elegiac; the prevailing, persistent color was gray. There was no frenzy of lamentation, no shrieking against the decree of inexorable Fate; there was no suggestion of dramatic and stormy intensity, any more than in Boecklin's picture itself. Yet the succeeding conductors in Boston, without exception, have turned this poem, after the opening measures, into a thing of storm and stress. It would be interesting to know whether Rachmaninoff would conduct his work in 1924 as he interpreted it in 1905. Today the music itself is not so imposing as it first seemed. Is it not too long drawn out, in a word, verbose and at times platitudinous? Or does this feeling come from the modern interpretations?

Rimsky-Korsakov took pains to say in his autobiography that his Caprice on Spanish Airs is not a magnificently orchestrated piece; it is a brilliant composition for the orchestra, a purely external piece, but vividly brilliant for all that.

Brilliant it surely was as Mr. Koussevitzky conducted it, inspiring rhythm, performed with compelling dash and bravura by solo players and the whole orchestra. Yet this Caprice is not to be ranked among the Russian's finest works. ("Splendid" is the better word, for this music has a certain splendor.) Now that the concert is over, we look back with the greater pleasure on the music of Mozart and Boccherini, the interpretation of Debussy's works and of many pages of Debussy's "Sea."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will go to New York next week. The program for Dec. 6 has been arranged in memory of Gabriel Faure; Locatelli, Funeral Symphony; Faure, Elégie for violoncello and orchestra, and overture to "Penelope"; Ravel, "Alborada del Gracioso"; Scriabin, Symphony No. 3, the "Divine Poem."

## Newman Describes Burma and Shows Pictures

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Traveltalk in Symphony hall last night was "Burma: Land of Golden Pagodas," but he had also much to say that was interesting about Delhi, Benares and the Ganges, Calcutta and Darjeeling.

Americans are inclined to laugh at Englishmen who show ignorance of American geography, having no idea of the size of the country or the distribution of cities, rivers, mountains. But how many entering Symphony hall could have named the capital of India, told the exact situation of Rangoon, or said offhand whether Mandalay was an old or a modern city. In the public schools of our boyhood, pupils gained only a smattering knowledge of geography. Is it better taught today?

Mr. Newman's Traveltalks are not only interesting, they are instructive, and the eye as well as the ear receives lessons that are given in an agreeable manner without pedantry or superiority on the part of the instructor. We thought we would learn something about Burma by consulting books at hand. We found a description of Ava, the ancient capital; we read that in the thirteenth of the last century there were 20,000 priests among its inhabitants; many of them, women, wore gigantic earrings; that divorce was easily obtained and in one section of Burma Gaudama was represented as a cock because at one time, the king of all fowls, he scratched vigorously the ground of this region. And so in the geographies of our youth the French were described as a polite and lively people, fond of light wines and dancing, while the Portuguese were erroneously characterized as a frivolous folk, easily amused.

Mr. Newman showed the gorgeous pagodas of Burma. The life in Mandalay, women, young and old, smoking enormous cheroots, the weaving of silk by primitive methods, sagacious elephants laboring with huge teak logs, strange dwellers among the hills near the Chinese boundary, boat races with the crews paddling swiftly with their legs. Some of the young women pictured had sensitive and attractive faces, and there was an extraordinary butterfly dance. There were many views of the gorgeous Shwe Dagon Temple.

The pictures of Delhi, with its wonderful pearl mosque, audience chamber, gate of justice; with the imposing procession of rajahs, were still more engrossing. Then there was a vivid hunting scene, cheetahs in pursuit of deer. The scenes at Benares, with its temples, palaces, burning ghats, its swarms bathing in the sacred Ganges were impressive. Calcutta was visited, there were imposing pictures of Kin Chinjunga and Mt. Everest. The setting out of the expedition was shown, with the ill-fated Mallory talking with a Lama, and Gen. and Capt. Bruce brought into close range.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week "Ceylon and Singapore" will be the subject. An extra Traveltalk, "Around the World," will be given on Friday evening, Dec. 13, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 20. P. H.

He that inquires anything of an old man, though the story doth not at all concern him, wins his heart, and urges one that is very willing to discourse:

"Nestor! the renown Of old Neleus, make the clear truth known,

How the most great in empire, Atreus son,

Sustain'd the act of his destruction. Where then was Menelaus? How was it That false Aegisthus, being so far unfit A match for him, could his death so enforce?

Was he not then in Argos? Or his course With men so left, to let a coward breathe Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"

Here is a multitude of questions and variety of subjects; which is much better than to confine and cramp his answers, and so deprive the old man of the most pleasant enjoyment he can have.—Plutarch's Symposiasts.

This is sad news from Mt. Holyoke College at South Hadley. We have always taken a deep interest in this college—once a "female seminary," for in our boyhood we could see the spire of the South Hadley church from our bedroom window far across the meadows. We were then told that this institution of learning was maintained for the purpose of providing missionaries with wives; that a missionary would call on the principal and she would order the girls in the upper class to toe a chalk line, so that the Rev. Jabez Honey-coller could easily make his choice. In cooler could easily make his choice. For trepid missionaries! Intrepid girls! For the South sea Islanders were then in the habit of eating those sent to convert

them. As the poet tells us, describing the King of the Cannibal Islands: He dined on clergymen cold and raw And never ate less at a meal than four.

Woman pudding and baby sauce He ate them all without remorse.

These lines are probably not letter perfect. We have not heard the good old song for many years. There was a legend in our little village in the Sixties that a Yale student wishing to make himself agreeable in company lifted up his voice in this song. Suddenly he was interrupted by a woman fainting. Her father, a missionary, had been boiled or roasted to make a cannibalistic holiday.

But to go back to Mount Holyoke College. We read in the Christian Science Monitor that freshmen arriving at this college show many painful misconceptions in the vocabulary test. Thus, more than a third of the class thought "condiments" meant "flattery."

This reminds us of the old story about Tom Corwin, at a supper table where the hostess, overcome by the presence of the great man, wished to be "genetel" in doing him honor.

"Mr. Corwin, what condiments will you have in your tea?"

"Pepper and salt, madam; no mustard, please."

Now, as a matter of fact, some medical writers class tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks as condiments, but they are not ordinarily so called. In happier days rum was served in tea by hostesses whose acquaintance and hospitality were worth while. Could rum then be called a condiment?

The correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor gives us more pleasing information: "A carefully guarded home and background was evident in a pretty general incapacity to attach a specific meaning to words like 'ribald,' 'lascivious,' etc. The sophistication now attributed to adolescent girls by their elders was not supported by any evidence to be drawn from this vocabulary test."

This is as it should be. Nothing is more painful than to hear a young woman, blonde or brunette, pronounce the word "lascivious" as if it were spelled "laskivious."

## AN ANVIL CHORUS

We have always been under the impression that botanists were gentle souls, while geologists, going about with their little hammers, were appropriately granitic. There are stories in Dr. Merrill's "First One Hundred Years of American Geology" that confirm us in this opinion. There was J. P. Leslie of Philadelphia, who in one of his reports, after describing the chemical activity of the earliest period, added: "All this had taken place before the first age of which we have any geological monuments, and is known only to God and Dr. Sterry Hunt, who has described it magnificently in his Chemical Researches." An English reviewer of Dr. Merrill's book, reading the statement that James Hall, the state geologist of New York, was of "a child like simplicity," that he was a most "tractable" man and any one possessing his confidence could do anything with him, makes this comment: "We have known James Hall as a man of extraordinary vigor, setting his own way by various methods, and not always quite fair to those who trusted in him; while as for those who opposed him—so much the worse for them."

And so the hammers of geologists are not always for the rocks alone.

## "NAP" AND FRANK

As the World Wags:

One of our contemporaries published recently a picture representing Napoleon III investing C. Frank Chickering with the Legion or Honor. Now I must admit that I never saw a portrait of Mr. Chickering, but I am familiar with many of "Napoleon le Petit," and I am accordingly convinced that the gentleman in court dress with a very obvious "imperial" on his chin standing humbly before the dais was not copied from the Chickering and that the tall Yankee with bushy hair and apparent whiskers wearing a full-skirted frock coat and pantaloons and standing on the dais was not sketched from the Bonaparte, in spite of their respective positions and attitudes. How the two figures got transposed I cannot guess. Perhaps the artist had not been properly coached. If I were acquainted with any member of that firm I might invite his attention to the mystery, but coming from an entire stranger my query would probably be resented as impertinent.

My mother, who would be 100 years old this year, told me that in her youth a worthy dame from Dedham, on seeing for the first time the statue of Apollo Belvedere in the old Boston Music hall, asserted it to be a portrait-statue of Jonas Chickering! That is even better than a Bonaparte. G. BROADWOOD.



## A DIALOGUE

(For as the World Wags.)  
 "What do you think of the novel trick  
 at they're playing now on the  
 Electric?"

"Perhaps with me you'll not agree,  
 at it looks like thirty cents to me."

"I rode last night one quarter mile  
 and the poor conductor raised my  
 bile.  
 Then I offered him just half a dime,  
 and he said to me with a sad, sad  
 smile,  
 'In cents if you haven't the strip to  
 fear  
 that's sent abroad by the B. E. R.  
 then I howled with rage at the new  
 decree,  
 and it looked like thirty cents to me.'  
 Dorchester. BAIZE."

## NEW MEMBERS

M. H. nominates these two young  
 sons of Brandon, Vt., as star mem-  
 bers for our Hall of Fame: Mr. Victor  
 Lord and Miss Nina Harta.

## Marcel Dupre Heard in Jordan Hall Recital

Mr. Henry Finck's point is well  
 known, that people will pay to hear piano  
 recitals but will not part with their  
 money for organists, because, quoth he,  
 the piano lends itself to rhythm whereas  
 the organ does not, then Mr. Marcel  
 Dupre, the celebrated organist from  
 France, must be the exception that  
 proves the rule, since he attracted last  
 night an audience of very good size,  
 also of warm enthusiasm.

Mr. Dupre played Franck's Chorale  
 in minor, a little "Noel en Musette"  
 in the 18th century d'Aquin, an Inter-  
 mezzo in minor by Eric Delamarier, a  
 piece by Harry Benjamin Jepson, and  
 the Bach prelude and fugue in D major.  
 After he performed a symphony of his  
 recent composition in four parts, in  
 which he delineates musically the life  
 of Christ. Mr. Dupre planned to close  
 his program with one of those improvi-  
 sations in which he has shown on sev-  
 eral occasions masterly skill.

The quality of his musicianship and  
 technique has been praised till repeti-  
 tion becomes uncalled for. Nor does  
 tonight's program cry out for lengthy  
 comment. Not to mention Mr. Dupre's  
 symphony, there was the superb chorale  
 of Franck and the Bach prelude and  
 fugue for music of high worth, and in  
 the latter vein the old French tune, more  
 familiar when sung to the legend of  
 Saint Nicholas, the butcher and the  
 little children. The butcher dealt  
 with right harshly. In his compliment  
 to the American composer Mr. Dupre  
 is no better luck than the usual visit-  
 in foreign artist.

The program no doubt suited well  
 the fond of organ recitals. In kind-  
 ness, though, Mr. Dupre and other  
 organists might remember that there are  
 other folk in plenty who take no de-  
 light in seeing (or hearing) a stately  
 instrument like the organ put through  
 its paces, but who do relish a rousing  
 human tune played with gusto. It would  
 be many a person's pleasure if distin-  
 guished organists from abroad would  
 play as it should be played "Old Hun-  
 dred" or "Coronation." R. R. G.

Wm 23 1974  
 Leonard Merrick's "The Quaint Com-  
 panions," now appears in the new uni-  
 form and definitive edition, "entirely re-  
 vised with the author's final corrections,"  
 published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New  
 York.

Some of Merrick's novels were pub-  
 lished a good many years ago, and with  
 later ones were included in the Tach-  
 nitz edition. They attracted little at-  
 tention in this country; they were, in  
 fact, shamefully neglected. Then that  
 tireless discoverer, Mr. W. D. Howells,  
 who, it will be remembered, also dis-  
 covered Edward Harrigan and trumpet-  
 ed his praise long after others had  
 recognized his talent and applauded,  
 but the tam-tam for Merrick. The  
 novel that did not appear in the  
 Tachnitz edition, and is not included  
 in the present, definitive one, is a story,  
 I believe, of Jewish life. It would be  
 interesting to know why it is so ignored.  
 Does Mr. Merrick think it unworthy, or  
 is there some question of publisher's  
 rights?

Mr. H. G. Wells contributes an intro-  
 duction to "The Quaint Companions,"  
 for, as our readers know, each one of  
 Merrick's novels in this edition is pre-  
 ceded by a laudatory article written by  
 a fellow-novelist. Mr. Wells finds that  
 the chief fault of "The Quaint Com-  
 panions" is that it ends. He wishes  
 that there would be a second end,  
 which he thinks is inevitable. Here is  
 a novel about racial miscegenation. An  
 Englishwoman weds a celebrated negro  
 actor. A son is born to them.

Did Mr. Merrick have the Coleridge-  
 Taylor story in mind? The father of  
 the composer was a negro physician;  
 the mother was an English woman. This  
 is not the only instance of Mr. Mer-  
 rick's interest in the question of black  
 and white. In one of his short stories  
 he tells of a singularly beautiful and  
 attractive woman, most companion-  
 able, who is courted vigorously by an  
 Englishman and refuses him. At last  
 she gives him the reason for her re-  
 fusals. She invites him to dinner, ap-  
 pears in full evening dress, and, lo, be-  
 low the neck she is coal black; a case  
 of a pre-natal accident occurring to the  
 white mother. The wooer is dismayed.  
 The adored one later marries an Eng-  
 lishman. He kills himself the day after  
 the wedding. Mr. Wells does not refer  
 to this short story; he says one should  
 go from "The Quaint Companions" to  
 "Le Chat Malgre" by Anatole France;  
 "and good collaterals to it would be Mr.  
 Archer's 'Through Afro-America' and  
 Mr. Hesketh Prichard's 'Where Black  
 Rules White.'"

Mr. Wells is disappointed because  
 Merrick, after he has brought David,  
 the tenor's son, and Bee together,  
 "sounds a short unjustifiable note of  
 sentimentality—and ends." This novel  
 was completed in 1900. Mr. Wells thinks  
 it possible to tell what became of the  
 queer couple. They married, although  
 David was a mulatto. Bee learnt to  
 write; David produced "short fantastic  
 pieces of fiction that had an immense  
 vogue in America." He was praised by  
 "the aged but still active Yeats, and  
 elected an original member of the New  
 Academy of Literature which had just  
 received its charter. Mr. Gosse was  
 extremely nice to him."

For to Mr. Wells, as to many of us,  
 these characters are real. There is  
 Elsie Lee. "He lives in my mind just  
 as Micawber or Peter Quint lived. And  
 I would never be surprised to find my-  
 self in a railway carriage with Mrs. Lee  
 and her stepson. How disagreeable they  
 would make the journey!"

Is "The Quaint Companions" the best  
 of Merrick's novels? Some put "The  
 Actor-Manager" first, but we believe  
 that in the years to come Merrick will  
 be known chiefly by his delightful  
 "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." By  
 the way, what became of Conrad after  
 the last adventure as related by his  
 creator, say rather intimate friend?  
 Did he again neglect a golden oppor-  
 tunity by falling asleep?

What became of Clive Newcome and  
 Ethel? Did she twit him about his first  
 and foolish wife? Thackeray told us  
 what became of Laura and Penderennis,  
 of the peerless Beatrix, Lady Castle-  
 wood and Henry Esmond. Did he not  
 in a spirit of burlesque continue "Ivan-  
 hoe"?

Another novel, "The Fox's Paw," by  
 the Spaniard Ramon Perez de Ayala,  
 is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; a  
 novel to be recommended without re-  
 serve, even in this period when as  
 Theophile Gautier declared in his pre-  
 face—did this preface keep him out of  
 the French Academy, as some say?—  
 that it is as indecent for a young man  
 to appear in a drawing room without  
 his novel as it would be if he entered  
 without his trousers. And do not  
 young women just out of college, or  
 bored by life in an office or a farm,  
 write romances in which they discuss  
 all manner of psychological and physio-  
 logical problems?

Let no one be deterred from reading  
 "The Fox's Paw," by first glancing at  
 Mr. Livingston's preface. Let the novel  
 be read simply as a novel. Its "pur-  
 pose" needs no explanation. What a  
 relief this story is from the super-  
 heated pages of Ibanez, who is fondly  
 believed by many—and not the fre-  
 quenters of film theatres alone—to be  
 the one, only, great Spanish novelist  
 now living.

"The Fox's Paw" was not written  
 with one eye on translation and export-  
 ation. The descriptions of life, whether  
 the singular, irresolute hero—hero by  
 courtesy—is with the strolling com-  
 pany, rioting in the Spanish town, jailed  
 by a ludicrous mistake, amusing him-  
 self in London, or dreaming of a peace-  
 ful life with the faithful and forgiving  
 Fina at Villaclara are as vivid as they  
 are concise. What admirable deline-  
 ation of character! Who can forget the  
 various Spanish men and women, Don  
 Medardo, Telesforo, Victor, the head of  
 the wandering crew, the rascally valet,  
 the showy widow, who came from  
 Piedmont, whose lips were "heavy and  
 always wet. . . . She possessed a  
 sort of spongy attraction or futile sug-  
 gestion for the lazy curiosity of a sum-  
 mer afternoon." There's Marshall, whose  
 only weakness was to steal baths in the  
 London hotel so that they would not be  
 charged against him in the bills. There  
 are the three Swedish girls in London.  
 Above all, there's the enigmatical, fas-  
 cinating Meg, who at last was to the  
 herd only an accident of the world, a  
 curious object, an interesting artistic

When did the practice of applauding vigorously a singer, pianist,  
 fiddler coming out on the stage for the first time before an audience of  
 Bostonians begin?

We have been attending concerts for 50 years. In the seventies and  
 early eighties in cities where we then lived a new-comer made her or his  
 appearance without a fanfare of clapping hands. There was curiosity as  
 to what would happen; whether the goods would be delivered. We were  
 all from Missouri.

We heard Anton Rubinstein when he visited this country with  
 Wieniawski. We heard Hans von Bulow when he first crossed the At-  
 lantic. No one of them was greeted so fervently as is the unknown  
 Miss Mercedes Slushington, the young soprano, or Mr. Boanerges Ham-  
 merkuis, the intrepid pianist; yet Messrs. Rubinstein, Wieniawski and  
 Bulow had something of a reputation before they visited the United  
 States.

Hearty applause before a singer opens her mouth; hearty applause  
 after each song, whether it is well sung, whether the singer is without  
 voice or brains. Applause so hearty after each group that she comes out  
 to acknowledge it. Hearty applause every time she comes out on the  
 stage. What is all this applause worth?

The Emperor Nero is supposed to have invented certain kinds of  
 shouts and applause to reward his own singing in public. When he  
 lifted up his "celestial voice," for so he would have it called, it was not  
 lawful for any person to depart out of the theatre, were the cause never  
 so necessary. "Many men, weary of tedious hearing and praising him,  
 when the town gates were shut, either by stealth leaped down from the  
 walls, or counterfeiting themselves dead, were carried forth as corpses  
 to be buried."

We do not know anything about Mr. C. E. M. Joad, but his description  
 of a piano recital in London answers to an evening one in Boston.

"The audience is composed largely of ladies in evening dress, with a  
 considerable sprinkling of school girls, most of whom seem to be mutually  
 acquainted and to be unusually pleased to see their acquaintances, so  
 that the animated scene suggests a reunion of old friends. These ameni-  
 ties enable the audience to tolerate with equanimity the lateness of the  
 performer who, after discreetly waiting until the audience has been keyed  
 up to the proper pitch of expectation, finally puts in an appearance. She  
 is greeted with tumultuous applause, which is redoubled after the per-  
 formance of each item, and again after the numerous encores. Also, she  
 is overloaded with bouquets. Most of the audience is in a state of adora-  
 tion, and the school girls are ecstatic with hero-worship. Treated as  
 though she were a prima donna or a cinema star of modified lustre, she  
 fills the limelight and dominates the music. The latter has become an  
 incidental accomplishment to the triumph of Miss XY. It is not a per-  
 formance of works by Bach, Mozart and Beethoven which you are attend-  
 ing, but a public exhibition of the musical prowess of a modern young  
 lady, a display of skill not dissimilar in kind and in the manner of its re-  
 ception—witness the anxiety of the audience to obtain positions from  
 which they can see the pianist's hands—from that of troupes of acrobats  
 and jugglers at an old-fashioned music hall. The glorification of the  
 interpreter being the end and purpose of the concert, it follows that only  
 that type of music is chosen which tends to subserve that end. Chopin,  
 Debussy, with his challenge to the stress and pathos of the pianist are  
 obvious favorites. . . . Showy pieces with bravura-passages are naturally  
 popular. . . . Audiences who desire above all things what is called the  
 personal touch, and who are led to demand fireworks from a soloist for  
 much the same reason as they have come to prefer tennis as a spectacle  
 to cricket."

If only the applause were discriminative, even at the afternoon con-  
 certs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra! The audience at these concerts  
 in former years was, as a rule, icy cold when any new work was pro-  
 duced, unless it were by a local composer, when it was loudly applauded  
 irrespective of its merit. Unfamiliar works were viewed with suspicion.  
 The word for an unknown composer was: "Eave 'arf a brick at him."  
 Now the audience is palpitating and ecstatic. The hearers are as en-  
 thusiastic over an ultra-modern work as one by old man Brahms. Is it  
 Mr. Koussevitzky's compelling personality and magnetism that worked this  
 surprising somersault of attitude? He is certainly to be commended for  
 not wishing disturbing applause between the movements of a symphony  
 or suite.

Forty years ago the unfortunate Hugo Wolf insisted that audiences  
 should applaud only where applause is appropriate, "after vociferous  
 endings, after pieces of a lively, festive, warlike, heroic character, but  
 not after such a work as Beethoven's 'Coriolanus.'" Wolf portrays the  
 average hearer during the performance of the overture, who sees with  
 staring eyes, as in a magic looking-glass, the mighty shade of Coriolanus  
 pass slowly by him; tears fall from the hearer's eyes, his heart throbs,  
 his breath stops, he is as one in a cataleptic trance; but, as soon as the  
 last note is sounded, he is again jovially disposed, and he chatters and  
 criticises and applauds. And Wolf cries out: "You have not looked in the  
 magic glass; you have seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, under-  
 stood nothing—nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing."



But who is to tell an audience when it should applaud? At Miss Jenny Jumpup's recital there are father and mother, Uncle Amos, Cousin Ike and possibly a nearer and dearer one, not to mention friends, to start the applause, while the flowers are waiting in the corridor to be borne down the aisle by the carefully instructed usher at the psychological moment.

But in Symphony hall what is to be done? Should a sign be displayed on the platform by an attendant, a sign bearing the legend—"No applause," or "Applause is respectfully requested"? A black flag might be waved when no applause is desired; or one of the trustees of the orchestra might rise in his seat and shout—"All up for Johannes Brahms," or Honcger, or Debussy, as the case might be.

We attended the Lamoureux and the Colonne concerts in Paris during the seasons of '85-'86 and '86-'87. There was refreshing expression of opinion. If the men and women in the gallery did not like a composition they hissed freely. On one occasion we remember the Prelude to Saint-Saens's "Deluge" was performed. The hearers in the orchestra chairs demanded a repetition. Angry protests in the gallery. Near us stood up a Russian girl, a glorious Amazon with a mane of Titianesque hair, leading us in a chorus of: "What! That machine? Not on your life!" And there was no repetition.

Now we do not advise hissing at a concert, though it might be salutary, and symphony audiences in Chicago and Philadelphia have been known to express disapproval in this manner. Better chilling silence, such as in our Symphony hall followed in past years the excellent performance of compositions now rapturously applauded.

It may be said that many recitals, whether they were given by local singers and players or by young visitors, should not have taken place, for the simple reason that, whether they were hardy annuals or buds, they were not prepared for appearing before the public. In some cases the teachers are at fault in allowing these premature performances. In some cases there is towering ambition. A young woman whose English is unintelligible in song will not hesitate to sing with pathetic self-assurance in Italian, French and German and with each group betray lack of comprehension of poet's meaning and composer's purpose. The teacher says that Mary Jane will thus gain experience; that she will please by her top notes even though the rest of her voice may resemble a fog horn in full blast, and she may sing in four languages with a marvellous showing of vocal and aesthetic ignorance.

The pity of it is that Mary Jane is so warmly applauded that she moves she has reached the goal. P. H.

## Mme. Leginska, Conductor

### "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" as Opera— Brailowsky and Sedano

The Herald has already published Mme. Leginska's remarks about the folly of putting fat men in heroic operatic roles—for she hopes to have her opera produced—and Mr. Whiting has commented amusingly in his column about her theories, present facts and possible results.

But Mme. Leginska goes too far when she or her press agent cables that she "within the last two months has surprised prejudiced critics by conducting world-famed orchestras in Munich, London, Paris and Berlin in a manner acknowledged to be superior to many males."

Paris? We happen to have on our desk the Menestrel of Oct. 31, in which M. Pierre de Lapommeraye, a critic of experience and high reputation, reviews Miss Leginska's concert in Paris. We quote in part from the article, which is entertaining reading.

"Mme. Ethel Leginska, before leaving to tour in America, wished to be consecrated by Paris as an orchestra conductor. She brought together at great expense, I hope so at least, a band composed of the most part of musicians belonging to the Society of the Conservatory Concerts, and wished to give herself the illusion that she had won for women a new career. So we saw last Monday in the Gaveau Hall a young woman take the conductor's stand, a young woman, naturally with hair cut short, clad in a long and sombre tailor's coat, stretch out her arm and give to the men the cabalistic signal for letting loose violins, violoncellos, woodwind instruments and brass. Offering herself in this manner to criticism, Mme. Leginska should be considered as a conductor; the matter of sex should not here concern us. She was very lucky in having to do with experienced artists whom she presumed to direct. If they had not been sure of themselves and of the works to be interpreted, what a mess! Mme. Leginska beat the measures contretemps, gave the indications for the entrance of instruments at cross purposes. Her lack of preparatory study and of authority was often shown, especially in the fugal section of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers," where her baton would have disconcerted the players if they had not wisely refrained from looking at her. Beethoven's Symphony in A was directed in a singular manner, with exaggerated tempi, whether slow or fast. She would do better, I think, to devote herself to composition than to indulge herself in veritable acrobatic feats, as in conducting while she played the piano part of Bach's concerto. These are music hall stunts that perhaps will please in America, though I doubt it. Our taste prevents us from finding the least pleasure in them."

Mr. Otto H. Kahn, indefatigable, persistent patron of art in all its branches, may sponsor, if the reports are to be believed, a jazz opera at the Metropolitan. "It is understood that Mr. Kahn has told the three composers of syncopated 'rag' that he was disposed to accept a jazz opera, provided the story dealt with none of the stereotyped plots of the olden opera. It was indicated that he believed the sort of 'book' which would harmonize with a jazz score might be a tragedy of a modern shop-girl, stenographer or factory worker."

We respectfully suggest that "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" be turned into a libretto. We even now hear the sewing machines in music—

Scherzo tempo—and see on the program: "Sewing machines furnished by ———." Charpentier's Louise was a working girl, but she, alas, was a light-skirt. Now Bertha is a much more estimable character, one that should be approved by the noble dames in the golden horseshoe.

A pianist, Alexander Brailowsky, will play in Jordan hall tomorrow afternoon. His recitals in Europe have been successful to an extraordinary degree. It is said that he was born at Kiev, Russia, 27 years ago. His father kept a music shop and gave piano lessons. The boy's talent was recognized by relatives who sent the family in 1891 to Vienna, where he studied with Leschetitzky. When the war broke out the family went to Switzerland, remaining there until the armistice, when it went to France. Mr. Brailowsky has played in Scandinavian countries, Spain, South America, and given many recitals in Paris—13 last season. The criticism of Scandinavians has been rhapsodic.

"During his playing, the air is filled as with perfumed sentiments from afar, often vague and indistinct in its outline, as if coming through the morning haze. He leads us through a land of mysticism and imagination. The dreamer at the piano brings the whole audience into a visionary state."

Provided this dreamer does not snore.

The Bergens Tidende: "Wild and impetuous when thundering, mild and soft as an Eolian harp when coaxing his arpezzios from the strings of the piano."

And Irving Scherke, writing to an American journal, said that Mr. Brailowsky's reading of Chopin's E minor concerto was so "unadulteratedly beautiful" that he had the same reaction he always has "before a certain Boticelli—There is nothing to say—words would be only murmuring of the shallows when the deeps are still."

No doubt Mr. Brailowsky plays very well. We shall hear what we shall hear.

Carlos Sedano, "new violin genius," will appear in Symphony hall on Tuesday evening. His press agent says that his story is one "replete with human interest." Born in Madrid, "the son of a high official," he was destined for the law and diplomacy, but his mother, who had "a wonderfully acute ear," gave him violin lessons until he was 7 years old. Then he went to the Madrid Conservatory, studying law privately. The day came for the final examination.

"The most noted of Spain's musicians sat on the jury. Among them was Ruis de Feyada, then an old man, and during the lifetime of Spain's immortal violinist Sarasate, was his close friend. After the boy had played, de Feyada, tears trickling down his cheeks, turned to the jury and said, 'Gentlemen, do you not know that we are listening again to Sarasate?' It was unanimously declared, 'if the boy is not allowed to become a professional violinist it will be a terrible loss to the nation.' Following the conservatory examinations Carlos Sedano was given first prize."

After this pathetic incident, Mr. Sedano played in Spain. About a year and a half ago, he came to the United States to pursue his studies with Leopold Auer. When Mr. Sedano gave his first recital in New York, on the 19th of last month, the critics praised him warmly. The press agent informs us that the shutting off the light in Carnegie hall did not quench the wild enthusiasm of the audience; that Mr. Sedano was recalled in the dark several times and at last, "a feat unprecedented, the lights had to be switched on again and Sedano played his 11th encore of the evening."

We are glad to learn that Mr. Sedano is not ungrateful. To quote again from the dithyramb of the press agent:

"Following special studies in this country Sedano returned last summer to Spain for a series of concerts, his every appearance calling forth enthusiastic ovations. Following one of these, enthusiasts carried him on their shoulders to his hotel. There, when he was called to the balcony to make a speech, its unique brevity held a world of eloquence, that speech was, 'I owe it all to my mother.'"

A good son, and no doubt an able fiddler.

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. Henry Hadley, guest conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist; his first appearance in Boston. Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Chopin, Fantaisie-Improvisation; Ballade in A flat major; Waltz in D flat major; Polonaise in A flat major; Schumann, Papillons; Moussorgsky, Baba Jaga and The Gate at Kiev; Stravinsky, Etude, F sharp major; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Carlos Sedano, violinist. His first appearance in Boston. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Laura Littlefield, soprano. Handel, The Smiling Dawn of Happier Days; Purcell, Lament from "Dido and Aeneas"; Pergolesi, A serena pensiero from "La Serva Padrona"; Duparc, Elegie and Serenade Florentine; Chabrier, Ballade des gros dindons; Debussy, Il pleure dans mon coeur; Grovlez, Guitars et Mandolines; Mrs. Beach, I send my heart up to thee; Bullock, I love my God; Bliss, The Witch Hare, and the Buckle; Shaw, Song of the Palanquin Bearers; Lehmann, No Candle Was There; McLain, All Souls Day. Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Elena Gerhardt, mezzo-soprano. Schubert, Suleika II, An die Musik, Fischerweise, Staendchen, Die Forelle, Erlkoenig; H. T. Burleigh, The Sailor's Wife; Carpenter, The Lawd is Smilin'; Golde, To an Invalid; Besly, Three Little Fairy Songs and "Music, When Soft Voices Die"; Bantock, Serenade; Brahms, Nachtigall, Vergebliches Staendchen, Feldinsamkeit, Wolf, Storchensbotschaft, Auf dem gruenen Balkon, Der Freund. Betsy Culp, accompanist.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Lois Maler, pianist. Grainger, Irish tune from County Derry; Brahms, Capriccio, Intermezzo; E flat minor, E flat major, C major; Bach, Italian Concerto; Ganz, The Pensive Spinner; Mendelssohn-Liszt, On Wings of Song; Inon, Nymphs at the Spring; Cervantes, Five Cuban Dances; Chopin, Ballade in A flat.

theme. Albert escaped from her, having come to the conclusion that life is a work of art, "a ground for reflection on sincere impartial matters of feeling," but when he went back to Fina in Spain, Fina, tired of waiting, had died. No wonder that Aunt Anastasia cursed him as only a Spaniard could curse.

Another Spanish book published by E. P. Dutton & Co. is "Count Lucanor

or the Fifty Pleasant Tales of Patronio." It is a volume in the Broadway translations. We shall refer to it again.

## "THON"

As the World Wags:

Since the late changes in woman's constitutional status some friend of accurate English should offer a prize for a new personal pronoun to mean in the singular either he or she.



Some ingenious person has already suggested the word "thou" to represent either gender. The word is taken from "that one." Why not?

OLD BAILEY.

"To be sound is, of course, to agree with oneself, and one reads such a book as this"—Alfred C. Ward's "Aspects of the Modern Short Story"—"very much for the confirmation of prepossessions. Most of us don't refer to a set of criteria, but to ourselves with whatever of critical may be implicit in us."—A. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

#### "SIMPLICISSIMUS"

Before the war many of us found pleasure in looking at the picture-books in the Fliegende Blätter and Implicissimus of Munich. The former bounded in illustrations of life in parades, beer halls, and the Bavarian Alps; these jokes were almost always good natured. Simplicissimus was bitterly national. No one was spared, not even Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern and the chief draughtsman was sent to jail at last once, though our impression is that he "sat" more than once. Simplicissimus is still bitter. After the armistice many of its cartoons, hostile to the French, not at all friendly to any one of the allies, were joyfully reproduced in the Manchester Guardian.

And now appears in that excellent series, Broadway Translations, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., "Simplicissimus, the Vagabond," the life of a strange adventurer named Ichclior Sternfels von Fuchshalm, translated from the German by A. T. S. Goodrick of St. John's College, Oxford, with an introduction by Dr. William Rose. The author, whose real name was unknown for many years, was Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, and the book was first published in 1668 or 1669. It is an extraordinary book, intensely interesting as a picture-quest novel, valuable as a picture of German life and its terrible conditions during the 30 years of war.

This Simplicissimus, a peasant lad, half-educated by a hermit, leaves the forest and little by little, by observation and his own native shrewdness, gains fame and fortune. He buys a farm, and when it would seem that his practical nature was suddenly changed into that of a visionary, for his adventures are fantastic and incredible. He goes to Russia and comes back by way of Asia, and at last farewells the world in a speech which, Dr. Rose informs us, is taken bodily from a work by the Spaniard Antonius de Guerva.

Our Simplicissimus was married twice, but he makes no comment on the death of the first wife—John Wesley in his voluminous journal merely mentioned the date of his wife's death; he could not live with her—and when his second wife died, Simplicissimus had no cause to mourn her.

"For since our marriage she had so used herself to the bottle that 'twas seldom away from her mouth, and she herself scarce went to bed any night but half drunk; by which means she robbed her child of its nourishment and so inflamed her inward parts that soon after they fell out, and so made me a widower the second time, which went so to my heart that I well might have laughed myself into a sickness."

Page after page describes the outrages committed by the German soldiers in the long wars of those years. Life was then as Thomas Hobbes described it when men lived without other security than their own strength: "No arts, no letters, no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." Yet even then Simplicissimus wrote of "a German hero that shall conquer the whole world and bring peace to all nations." This prophecy is put in the mouth of no less person than the great god Jupiter. For Simplicissimus captured a man that he thought was a prince, but when he was a little more acquainted with him the captive told him plainly that he was Jove himself.

The German plan is unfolded in six pages; the hero would first of all destroy all wicked persons in Germany itself and then Jupiter would dwell among the Germans, set Hell on their borders, establish the Muses there; "then will I swear the Greek language and only speak German, and in a word, show myself so good a German that in the end I shall grant to them, as once I did to the Romans, the rule over all the earth." The hero would conquer all nations; he would build a city in Germany "whose walls shall be

as high as the mountains of Tyrol and its ditches as broad as the sea between Spain and Africa." There would be a temple built entirely of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The kings of China and Persia, the great Mogul in the East Indies, the great Khan of Tartary, Prester John in Africa and the great Tsar in Muscovy would pour gifts into his treasury. As for the Christian kings, "those of England, Sweden and Denmark (because they are of German race and descent) and those of Spain, France and Portugal (because the Germans of old conquered and ruled in those lands) shall receive their crowns, kingdoms and incorporated lands in fee as fiefs of the German nation, and then will there be, as in Augustus's time, a perpetual peace between all nations."

Does not one hear Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern talking, "Deutschland ueber Alles," even when Simplicissimus over two centuries ago saw German soldiers devastating their own land and butchering German men and women. As for the conquest of the world, one is reminded of the chapter in Rabelais, in which the Duke of Small-trash, the Earl of Swash-buckler and Capt. Durtaille tell Picrochole how he can make the whole world subject. The stern soldier Ecephron, who had been in many great hazards, made bold to ask: "What shall be the end of so many labors and crosses?"

"Thus it shall be," said Picrochole, "that when we are returned, we shall sit down, rest, and be merry."

"But," said Ecephron, "if by chance you should never come back, for the voyage is long and dangerous, were it not better for us to take our rest now, than unnecessarily to expose ourselves to so many dangers?"

Alas, there was no Ecephron to consult Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern; nor would the counsel have been heeded.

Simplicissimus takes nearly 400 octavo pages to tell his story, but what a vivid picture of life and manners—life hardly worth living; manners abominable. Peasants oppressed; other peasants "so godless that if they were not thoroughly well and cruelly fleeced they would sneer at other folks or even their lords themselves for their simplicity." There are chapters of swinish joviality, as "How a man step by step may attain unto intoxication and finally unawares become blind drunk."

The translation reads as if Simplicissimus were writing in sturdy English. Can there be warmer praise? The book is not for the genteel, for those of delicate stomachs, but it is not the less engrossing as a story of adventure and invaluable as the graphic description of German life in the 17th century.

"Simplicissimus" may well be compared with Spanish views of life in the 13th and 14th centuries as expressed in Don Juan Manuel's "Count Lucanor" and Italian manners in the 16th as revealed in Bandello's "Tragic Tales," volumes published in the Broadway Translations.

## RACHMANINOFF

At his concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon Sergel Rachmaninoff, pianist, played Liszt's arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor; the D minor prelude from the first book of the "Well Tempered Clavier"; Liszt's B minor sonata; two Chopin studies, a scherzo and a ballade; two preludes by himself, in G major and G-flat major, and an "Etude Tableaux"; and a Godowsky arrangement of a Strauss waltz, "Kuenstlerleben."

Mr. Rachmaninoff began this program yesterday in gracious vein. He found poetry in the organ prelude, which he set forth with beautiful tone. In the fugue he made a superbly swelling climax, right from the subject, announced with a curious blitheness, to the noble close. This was lofty. To the D minor prelude he gave much color, as well as tenderness. Since no pianist today wields greater authority, in this country, than Mr. Rachmaninoff, pray let those people who will have it that Bach's music calls only for a certain tidy crispness, remember for evermore Mr. Rachmaninoff's way with this lovely prelude.

After it, yesterday, people came in late. Evidently annoyed, Mr. Rachmaninoff fell out of the vein. Angri-ly he dealt with the Liszt sonata; for the moment he felt not its dramatic force, or even the grandiose pomposity which is all some musical folk will allow it; its passages of song he failed to make sing; to the brilliant ornamentation he lent faint color and glitter. Nor, in his fret and fury, did he always play with clean technique.

Calmer when he came to Chopin, though he still indulged in phrasing not usually regarded as musical—unimportant notes he often struck with undue emphasis—Mr. Rachmaninoff considered once more euphony and rhythm. When he reached his own pretty pieces, he was in a mood again to play charmingly, with exquisite tone, with grace, and with phrasing truly elegant. At last he made melo-

dies sing.

The very large audience, highly enthusiastic, insisted on many extra pieces.

R. R. G.

## HADLEY CONDUCTS

At the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon for the fourth concert of the People's Symphony, Henry Hadley, conductor, the program included Mr. Hadley's first symphony, "Youth and Life," in F major (first performance in Boston); Vivaldi, Concerto in A minor for string orchestra, and Weber, overture to "Oberon."

Although Mr. Hadley's youthful symphony has been performed on various occasions since Anton Seidl first brought it out in New York in 1897, the year of its composition, until yesterday it had not been heard here.

Mr. Hadley's first symphony, appropriately titled "Youth and Life," was written when he was 27 and under German influence. It is nervous music, the conventional and fevered expression of the young man's first struggles with the rank disorders of life. There is a sombre theme for the trombones to

set the mood of the first movement; there are short and disturbed themes, a calming angelus for the andante; a scherzo of humor and spontaneity; a finale of thundering climaxes. Exuberant, precocious, bombastic at times, there is no marked philosophic progression, and the riotous youth of the finale still exults in his careless vigor, rather than in the joyous strength that is the result of conflict.

Mr. Hadley conducted with his customary amazing and tearing energy, a conductor who spares neither himself nor his orchestra; a man with a keen sense of drama. The Vivaldi concerto was lucid, not too mannered, never perfunctory, and the concert closed with the "Oberon" overture played with joyful flourish, and in the elfish opening with sharp nuances.

A large audience applauded enthusiastically. The program for next week will include Spohr, overture, "Jessen-da"; Tschalkowsky's Concerto for piano, No. 1, in B flat minor; Massenet—Suite for Orchestra, "Esclamonde"; Liszt-Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 6; Pesther Carnival. The soloist will be Fela Rybler, pianist.

E. G.

Apropos of changes in the names of streets, we recently wrote that Turner st., Boston, was changed to Bickerstaff st. on March 1, 1904. The linotype evidently doubted our statement for it changed 1904 to 1824. We have told the queer reason for this change of name. Now can one tell us who was the Turner that gave his name to the street? The street itself was laid out in 1894.

#### THOSE COLUMNS

As the World Wags:

Mr. G. F. O'Dyer, in a communication in the Courier-Citizen of Lowell the other day stated that 100 years ago this month (November, 1824) one of the large pillars of granite for the old U. S. Bank on State street, Boston, was quarried in Chelmsford, Mass., and brought over the road 30 miles to State street in a specially constructed team. Have you any data on this pillar? or its companions? The above one was 22 feet long, 4 feet at base and weighed 19 tons.

G. W. MASON.

Drake wrote in his "Old Landmarks and Historical Personages of Boston" (1893), that the two columns which supported the front of the Merchants' Bank in that year—this bank succeeded to the location of the U. S. Branch Bank—"performed a like service for its predecessor, and when taken down were fluted to correspond more nearly with the plan of the new building." The U. S. Bank was built of Chelmsford granite, in imitation of a Grecian temple. "The columns referred to were brought from Chelmsford on ponderous trucks built for the purpose. On account of their great weight the proprietors of the bridges refused to permit the passage of the teams, and they were accordingly brought over the neck."—Ed.

#### UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

(From Mercy Hospital, Baltimore, Golden Jubilee Hospital Report)

"Per quam nobis aditus datur ad coelestia."

"Through this the approach to our celestial home."

#### "REPOSSESSED"

As the World Wags:

There is a sign on Commonwealth avenue, "Repossessed Auto Co."

There's a Bostonian elegance about that. In rough and ready Chicago this

sign might read "Second-Hand Auto Co." The good old flub is there when it comes to euphony, or is it euphulism in this case?

L. R. R.

"Repossessed": To regain or recover possession; to reoccupy; to restore one to, replace or reinstate in possession of something; to put one in possession of something again; to regain possession of something.—Ed.

#### OUR OLD FRIEND JONAH

Dr. John Roach Stratton of New York, preaching a series of sermons on "Jonah and the Whale," gave instances of men who had been swallowed by whales or sharks; some of the men were taken out alive; some were dead, as the unfortunate man who was found fully dressed near Marseilles, in company with two tunnies, in the stomach of a shark. The sermon of sermons on this important subject is the one that Ishmael heard in a New Bedford church before he embarked with Capt. Ahab in the mad pursuit of Moby Dick. Has Dr. Stratton read the 83d chapter, "Jonah Historically Regarded" in Melville's immortal romance? Has he quoted Bishop Jebb, who said it was not necessary to consider Jonah as tombed in the whale's belly, but as temporarily lodged in some part of his mouth. Melville found this idea reasonable. "For truly the Right Whale's mouth would accommodate a couple of whist tables, and comfortably seat all the players. Possibly, too, Jonah might have ensconced himself in a hollow tooth; but, on second thoughts, the Right Whale is toothless."

Our old friend, Martin Lipenius, in his masterly treatise, "Jonas Periplo Thalassio," quotes rabbins as saying, the fish that swallowed Jonah had seven eyes, which served the prophet as windows, so that he could see clearly the wonders of the deep, among other things, the path taken by the Israelites in crossing the Red Sea. According to Salomon Jarchi, Jonah was swallowed at first by a huge male fish. Not being cramped, it did not occur to Jonah to pray, so this fish was ordered to vomit Jonah into the stomach of a female fish that happened to be full. And it was then, and only then, that Jonah lifted up his voice in prayer.

We are sorry that we did not hear the Rev. Mr. Stratton's sermons on Jonah, but daily routine, even on Sundays, forbade. Mr. Herkimer Johnson would gladly have gone to New York, but chill penury repressed his noble rage, although it did not freeze the genial current of his soul.

#### PHYSIOLOGUS'S WHALE

There is an interesting description of the whale with the moral lesson to be drawn from this huge animal in "Physiologus" which is bound up with "Reynard the Fox" in a volume of the Broadway translations published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. ("Physiologus" is part of Alexandrian apologetics.) The short chapter on the whale begins with a quotation from the Book of Proverbs, 5, 3.

"There is a great monster in the sea called the whale. He has two attributes. His first attribute is this: When he is hungry, he opens wide his jaws, and therefrom streams a very sweet savour. And all the little fishes gather themselves in heaps and shoals round the whale's mouth, and it laps them all up; but the big and full grown fish keep away from him."

"So do the devil and the heretic, through their pleasant speaking and the seduction of their savour, tempt the simple and those who are wanting in judgment. But they of good and firm understanding are not to be so caught. Job was a fully-grown fish, as also were Moses, Jeremiah, Isalah and the whole choir of prophets. So likewise had Judith power to escape from Holofernes, Esther from Artaxerxes, Susannah from the elders and Thelka from Thamyris."

"The other attribute of the whale is as follows: The monster is very large, just like an island. Now the sailors in their ignorance moor their boat to him as to the shore of an island. They make a fire thereon to cook their meal. And, when the monster feels the heat, then he dives down into the depths of the sea, and carries the boat with him man and mouse."

"Thou, oh man! if thou fasten thyself to the empty hopes of the devil, wilt sink with him into the fires of hell."

"Well indeed has Physiologus spoken concerning the Whale."

#### THOSE REPETITIONS

As the World Wags:

The repetition at a Boston Symphony concert of the "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens actually took place. I was present myself when it happened, on a Saturday evening, and have always remembered it. I was not merely reminded of it by what you say a correspondent writes, but I immediately thought of it when the "Bumble Bee" scherzo was encored a few weeks ago. I am uncer-



tain which year or under which conductor, whether Henschel, Gerike or Nikisch, the event occurred; but there is no doubt about the occurrence. Thinking any additional testimony might be of interest to you or your readers, I decided to write this letter.

WILLIAM S. FENOLLOSA.

Salem.

## "CARNIVAL"

By PHILIP HALE

**NEW PARK THEATRE**—First performance of "Carnival," a play in three acts, by Ferenc Molnar, translated by Melville Baker. Presented by Charles Frohman.

Nicholas Kornady... Tom Nesbitt  
Edmund... Nicholas Joy  
Camilla... Elsie Ferguson  
Rudolf... Stanley Logan  
A cavalier captain... Franklin Fox  
Morty Oroszy... Leo G. Carroll  
Sander Oroszy... Bertton Churchill  
Liszka... Madeline Delmar  
Police commissaire... Nicholas Joy  
Police secretary... Henry Bloomfield

It was a pleasure to note the return of this theatre to the spoken drama, under the direction of Mr. Erlanger. The changes made in the remodeling have already been described in *The Herald*. It is enough to say that the playhouse is eminently fitted for the performance of intimate comedies, with or without music, which would lose in effect if produced in a great auditorium.

It was also a pleasure to see Miss Ferguson, though one wishes for her sake and that of the management that she might have been seen in a more brilliant play and with a supporting company of more marked ability.

The play does not really begin until the fall of the curtain with Camilla holding the diamond that had dropped from the coronet of a princess. Up to that time there had been only a conversation. Young fops of Budapest pay court to Camilla, the wife of Oroszy, who, like Silas Witherbottom, is a cold, stern man. She herself has the reputation of being a darling horsewoman, fond of excitement, desirous of adulation, but marble-hearted. The fops try to interest her. They play her with more or less foolish questions. They crack weak jokes. Their gaiety is of the forced draught order. Vapid talk, in which Camilla shines no more than shine her suitors. Nicholas makes hot love to her. Liszka loves him, but Camilla tortures Nicholas. Does she in her heart love him? Does the dramatist wish her to appear enigmatical? Does he think for a moment that he presents her as a psychological study?

Suddenly there is commotion in the ball room. The princess has lost a priceless diamond, a famous one; one eye of Buddha that has passed through the hands of mighty potentates. Camilla is alone. She sees something glittering near a curtain. She picks it up, nor will she hand it back.

Then the play begins. With this diamond, confessing to Nicholas that she is a thief, declaring that she has loved him all the time, she tests his love. Will he run away with her, preferably to America? She woos him passionately. Her husband, winning enormously at cards, suspects her. But Nicholas, put to the rack, weakens. She sees his timidity in his face. She hears it in his voice. She relieves her husband of his jealousy; hands over Nicholas to the highly objectionable Liszka, and leaves the ball room, looking like a dead woman, as a coatroom attendant audibly remarked, on the arm of her haughty, exacting, nagging husband.

All this consumes two acts. Miss Ferguson gave an admirable portrayal of a more or less complex character; her coldness and her passion; her tenderness and her insolence; her indifference and her ambition; and at the last her scorn and her desolation. It is impossible to think of the play without her.

For with the exception of the scenes which reveal the true strength of Camilla's nature, the play itself is without interest. The episodes intended to be humorous may be judged by the fact that stress is laid on the lingerie of the noble dames who, when the diamond is lost, are searched, and searched thoroughly.

Mr. Churchill gave one a good idea of Oroszy's character. Mr. Logan was a mildly amusing Rudolf. The rest is silence.

The piece is well mounted; the waits were uncommonly long; the large audience called the comedians before the curtain several times.

### "Janice Meredith" Portrays Heroine of the Revolution

The spirit of '76 swept over a packed house last night when "Janice Mer-

dith," starring Marion Davies, opened at the Majestic Theatre. It is a stirring photoplay of the Revolution, adapted from the novel of the same name by Paul Leicester Ford.

Wending its way, slowly from the serenity of the Virginia home of Squire Meredith, staunch henchman of King George, and his charming daughter, who gives an ear to the whisperings of discontent among the patriots, the play rolls on with increasing momentum as the love of the tory's daughter and Washington's young aide leads them through the thick of historic battles and bombardments.

The Boston Tea Party, the ride of Paul Revere, the fight at Lexington and the battles of Trenton and Yorktown are accomplished by significant detail and clever suggestion rather than by panoramic display. The high point is reached when Washington's army sets out in its fleet of small boats to cross the ice-strewn Delaware. Grim reality is portrayed in the labors of the half-frozen oarsmen, and frantic struggles in the water as the patriots fight their way to the opposite bank and gather to hurl themselves upon Trenton.

Janice Meredith, compelled by her father to remain "safe" among the British forces, and preened for an unwelcome marriage with a loyalist, retains the memory of her father's indebted servant, Charles Fownes, a British nobleman, who had secretly sold himself into service to heal the wounds of betrayed love, and with the outbreak of the war went into service under Washington. When he returns to the Meredith home and is captured by the jealous Lord Clowes, it is she who engineers his escape, and when Washington sends him, as a spy, to learn the disposition of forces to pave the way for the attack at Trenton, she pleads for his life upon his discovery, and succeeds in postponing his execution until morning.

With his dispatch, she sets off on a perilous ride to meet the great general and fulfil the mission of her imprisoned lover. Once again it seems he must be shot, when the fatal hour arrives and the muskets are levelled at his head. This time the guns of Washington's army break down the walls and liberate him.

True to its source, "Janice Meredith" is historical romance rather than pictorial representation of the revolution with love interest thrown in. The scenic representations and details of action are set forth with beauty, if not novelty.

Miss Marion Davies plays Janice in an adequate manner and fulfilling all prophecies. The dashing colonial hero of Harrison Ford rings true to the best traditions. Joseph Kilgour as George Washington, seems to have stepped out of one of the steel engravings. The other historic figures of Franklin, Revere, Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Lafayette, do not disappoint those who remember their grade school histories. The settings by Joseph Urban and the musical score by Deems Taylor add greatly to the success of the production.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—Boston Repertory Company in "Captain Applejack," a comedy in three acts by Walter Hackett. The cast:

Lush... C. Wordley Hulse  
Poppy Fair... May Ediss  
Mrs. Agatha Whitcombe... Elsie Dudgeon  
Ambrose Applejohn... E. E. Clive  
Anna Valeska... Katherine Standish  
Mrs. Penzard... Violet Parrot  
Mr. Penzard... Francis Compton  
Ivan Borolsky... Alan Mowbray  
Maid... Marianne Dodge  
Dennett... Barry Jones  
Johnny Jase... Philip Tonge

In England, when Sir Charles Hawtrey played the timorous and fastidious Ambrose Applejohn adventuring in mock piracy, the play was called "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," and the cumbersome title was more suited to the strange disorders of that amazing night. But we with our skill in manipulating slogans called it "Captain Applejack."

It is only a few years since the play was given here, with Wallace Eddinger a more robust and American Applejohn than Mr. Clive. And since then it has been filmed, so that there is little need of outline now. An amusing and inventive piece, it was a happy thought to plunge this mild little gentleman of inherited tastes into a night of wildest imaginings, peopled with bold and shrieking Russian spies, fainting women of unknown antecedents and gurgling pirates planning mutiny.

The performance last night at the Copley was spirited and the company well assembled. Mr. Clive's Ambrose Applejohn was amusing in his impotent fears, his naive attempts at readjusting himself to his different states and the gusto with which he flung out his last hard, lingering oaths as his visions of a piratical past fled away. Mr. Mowbray's Borolsky was decidedly Anglo-Saxon despite the fierceness of his makeup, and Miss Dudgeon as the gaccato Aunt Agatha was too insistent in her enunciation. As the languorous adventuress Miss Standing was suggestive and well costumed, and Miss Ediss as Poppy and again as the cabin boy played with a pretty zest. A large audience was enthralled. E. G.

## "Artists and Models" Is a Brilliant Show

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—First annual edition of "Artists and Models," a novelty revue in two acts and 24 scenes. Written and designed by James Montgomery Flagg, Harold Atteridge, Harry Wagstaff Gribble, Watson Barrett, Helena Smith Dayton, Eugene Lockhart, Dean Cornwall. Music by Jean Schwartz. Art director, Watson Barrett. Staged by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Francis Weldon. Tom Jones conducted. First performance in Boston.

The principal performers were George Rosener, Jack Pearl, Bartlett Simmons, Arthur Hadley, Victor Bozard, Lester Dorr, Harry Kelly, Robert O'Connor, Charles Irwin, John Adair, Marie Pettes, Buddy Doyle, Grace Hamilton, Helen Low, Ben Bard.

The entertainment moved with dispatch. The 24 scenes carried the performance to an unusually late hour. But they were always a pleasure to the eye in their richness, in their daring extravagance. The music is now pleasing to the ear, again pertinent, then barely rising beyond the commonplace, then again fleeting. The dialogue is uproariously funny—and here this descriptive will not be denied. Some of it is direct, noticeably the boasting of the old soldier.

The dancing was good. There were pleasing exhibitions of Russian technique, toe dancing that excited the admiration in the swiftness of pace, in endurance. In the astounding complacency of Veronica in the demands that were made on her.

It is a pleasure to recall a few of the comedy scenes. In "The Critic" we find our old friend of vaudeville, George Rosener, who used to do a "protean" act, and he did it so well and so long that he could no longer deny the call of big burlesque. In this sketch, the critic is lamhasted, throttled, dies and yet will not down. Mr. Rosener held his own with all comers, though his detractors were 10 to 1. A fine diction, a clear enunciation, well poised, he sent his shafts of irony, satire, rebuke with telling effect. The critic still lives despite them all!

Another treat was the burlesque, "If Ford Were President." In this Messrs. Gribble and Atteridge have their fling with William Jennings Bryan, Thomas A. Edison, Ford, father and son. In this piece Bartlett Simmons as secretary of gas did excellent work in conducting the "meeting," a pleasure to recall in his authority, in his facial play, in his "business."

Yet again in the opening scene of act 2, "A Montmartre Cafe," Jack Pearl touched the apex of comedy. His sense of comic values was given full expression. Here the spectator thought not of the actor, but rather of a character one might see in just such a restaurant. His play over the liquor, his sight of the gun and the gun man, the episode of the flowers, and finally his jumping into the role of an apache dancer as the final outlet for his misery, were all evidences of one well schooled in his trade. T. A. R.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—The Boston Stock Company in a revival of "The Old Homestead," by Denman Thompson. Staged by Samuel Godfrey. The cast:

Aunt Matilda Whitcomb... Anna Layne  
Ricky Ann... Olive Blakeney  
Annie Hopkins... Elsie Hitz  
Frank Hopkins... Samuel Godfrey  
Nellie Patterson... Caroline Murphy  
Joshua Whitcomb... Louis Leon Hall  
Cy Prime... Houston Richards  
Ed Ganzy... Bernard Burke  
Happy Jack... Bernard Nadel  
Judge Patterson... Frederick Murray  
Mrs. Henry Hopkins... Roy Elkins  
Henry Hopkins... George Spelvin  
Walter Blake... Ralph Morehouse  
Francis Fogarty... John Collier  
Reuben Whitcomb... Frank Twitchell  
One of the Finest... Ralph M. Remick  
Seth Perkins... Wallace Forden  
U. S. Letter Carrier... Ralph Morehouse  
The Hoboken Terror... Marie Lalloz  
Mrs. Murdock... Marie Lalloz

The Swaney Band  
Len Holbrook... William Short  
Warren Ellis... Elroy Butler  
Dave Willard... George Sand  
"The Old Homestead" came back to Boston last evening, bringing with it a wealth of romantic memories to veteran theatregoers and giving the younger generation an excellent idea of the play with which Denman Thompson brought laughter and sobs a generation ago.

As Mr. Godfrey realized in full the historical significance of the revival, he made every effort to make last night's performance as nearly as possible a replica of the Thompson original. And in this, according to those whose memory ran back that far, he was almost startlingly successful. The scenery was redolent of the Thompson production and even Louis Leon Hall, who played Joshua Whitcomb, Thompson's old part, gave it in the manner hallowed by venerable traditions.

In one sense, the performance last night was the third premier of the play which has been given in Boston. The first was at the Old Howard in 1875 and the second was at the Gaiety in 1886. It is a matter of history that the play broke all records for popularity, running for 1400 consecutive nights, a record which outstrips that of even "Able's Irish Rose."

Ricky Ann, as played by Olive Blakeney yesterday, was welcomed almost as vociferously as the forgotten actress who took the part decades ago. Aunt Matilda, Seth Perkins, the Hoboken Terror, and the inimitable Swaney (N. H.) band also shook off dust of years and seemed almost as much figures of today as the characters in more modern productions.

From the applause during and after the play at the St. James it would seem that if those who revived it desired to keep it on the boards for an indefinite period they would have a fair chance of breaking its old record of longevity.

## KEITH

Music, comedy, drama, all have a place in an exceptionally strong and varied program of vaudeville offered this week at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Any of several acts might be chosen as the headliner, and they shared equally in the generous applause given by the large audiences at the performances yesterday.

Perhaps the greatest favorite was Miss Adele Rowland, in "Story Songs," accompanied by Miss Mildred Brown. Besides her announced program, which included "Niver Agin," "Back Where the Daffodils Grow," "A Lesson with a Fan," "End of the Road" and "Alamy Bound," she was obliged to respond with several encores as a result of persistent applause.

Miss Venita Gould in her impressions of various leading stage celebrities also received an enthusiastic greeting, as did Roger Imhof, Marcelle Correne and A. J. Hicks in their comedy sketch, "The Pest House." Another outstanding feature of the bill was presented by Marcelle and his partner, a trained seal lion, which performed many difficult feats of balancing and juggling with his master.

Izabel Goff and Robble offered an excellent musical program with marimba and cornet, while Ed and Tom Hickey kept the audience in laughter with their humorous repartee and eccentric dancing. The program also included Rolf Holbein, humorous painter; Jim McLaughlin and Blanche Evans in "On a Little Side Street," a skit of song and dance; the Lamys in an acrobatic novelty, and the usual motion picture reels.

## BRAILOWSKY

Alexander Brailowsky, the young pianist of outstanding successes in Europe, recently arrived in this country, gave his first Boston recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. This was his program: "Sonata, B minor, Liszt; Fantasia-Improvisation, Ballad, A flat major; Etude, C sharp minor; Waltz, D flat major; Polonaise, A flat major, Chopin; Papillons, Schumann; "Baba Jaga," Gate of Colossus by Klev, Moussorgsky; Etude, F sharp major, Stravinsky; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, Liszt.

His musical tendencies are so markedly pronounced that people will vary widely in their estimates of Mr. Brailowsky's present abilities. Probably everybody, however, will agree that he, like Mr. Nyiregyhazi and Mr. Nikisch, has in his nature all the making of a virtuoso of the highest rank. He has a boundless technique, fine musical feeling of course, keen intelligence, and beyond any doubt the warmth of temperament and the magnetic personality without which no performer however well endowed otherwise can secure a wide success in concert.

It is clear that Mr. Brailowsky deeply feels the dramatic element in music. With full appreciation of its significance he played the opening page of the Liszt sonata; thrillingly he thundered through its stormy allegro. A rousing melodrama he made, no less, of the Chopin A-flat ballad. He brought to the polonaise a rhythmic swing, a power of strength and emotional force that made it stir as it has not stirred an audience here this many a year.

What more can an attendance, roused to the core by dramatic fervor, ask? Not unreasonably one might wish something more of tenderness, of poetry. For when he was not raging yesterday at white heat or moving at a tearing pace, Mr. Brailowsky seemed not quite happy. In the cantilena of the sonata for instance, he appeared at a loss what to do with it; the slow part of the Chopin improvisation he played less felicitously than the early rippling pages.

One night wish, too, that Mr. Brailowsky would see his way to the finish before he makes a start; he could ad-



...thinks to be violent opening of the sonata's last allegro. Less extravagance in rhythmic variation would be desirable, a less mannered style at times, more repose. But what does it matter? Mr. Braddock's faults are the faults of youth, with youth's exuberance. No doubt he will acquire repose, may it not prove the listlessness that has befallen his elders too often? He will cease to glory too openly in his strength. He will learn musically to persuade as well as to proclaim, already he did so yesterday, here and there in the "Papillons." He will come to appreciate more fully the value of poetry, of simplicity. By his throbbing emotional power, meanwhile, by his highly colored tone, and by the dazzle of his technique he can continue to stir audiences to a wild pitch of enthusiasm, as he did that of yesterday afternoon. For he has vitality, and vitality, after all, is what counts most.

R. R. G.

## CARLOS SEDANO

By PHILIP HALE

Carlos Sedano, a young Spanish violinist, played in Boston for the first time last night in Symphony Hall. Harry Kaufman was the pianist. The program read as follows: Tartini, the Devil's Trill; Lalo, Allegro non troppo, Andante, and Rondo from the "Spanish" Symphony; Tchaikovsky-Auer, Melodie and Valse; Ries, Perpetuum Mobile; Mendelssohn, On Wings of Song; Chamblade-Kreisler, Serenade Espagnole; Bazzini, Rondo des Lutins.

Mr. Sedano, tall and slender, stands well when he plays and makes no physical appeal to the hearer by swaying of the body, tossing of the head, eyes rolled toward the ceiling, as if he were carried away by emotion and his soul were in the seventh heaven. His bearing is that of a self-respecting artist who also respects his audience.

He has many excellent qualities; pure intonation, a well-trained left hand, flexible bowing, a beautiful tone in both piano and forte passages, sure and brilliant mechanism, without tricks to startle, or to incite applause.

As an interpreter of the music Mr. Sedano showed taste, and as the concert progressed, more warmth than when he began. There is more in old Tartini's music than he found, admirably as he played what he did find therein. A certain nobility was lacking in the interpretation; there was a tendency to be romantic, even sentimental, whereas the whole work should be performed in the grand manner. By this we do not mean that the performance should be robust or strenuous throughout. A simple air can be played in the grand manner; and there can be nobility in a suave song.

With Lalo's enchanting music Mr. Sedano was on still better terms. His interpretation was franker, less mannered, and here he thought more for himself, expressed his own emotions. His performance of the Finale was remarkable for its clearness, its rhythmic perfection, its rhetorical and musical phrasing. An excellent performance, worthy of a mature artist of the highest reputation.

This young man will evidently go far. He has indisputable native gifts; his acquirements are already of great value.

The audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Sedano added to the program. Mr. Kaufman played the accompaniments in a musical and supporting manner.

Eleven years ago this month we read of "the king of necktie manufacturers" touring the world, this super-tie merchant "whose taste is regarded by the most exclusive set of male society as the last word in necktie design." Did he visit Boston? His cheapest cravat cost \$10 and he would not accept an offer for fewer than 25 ties. It was said that he was clearing \$100,000 a year.

About the same time we read that if any one had accused Parisian men, of otherwise unblemished character, of buying ready-made cravats, they would have blushed with shame and indignation. It was in 1902 when M. Le Bary appeared in "Le Marquis de Priola" that his cravat became the rage. It was known as the Priola tie, and the arbiters of fashion then declared that a symmetrical tie was vulgar; it was worse, it was bourgeois. For M. Le Bary merely took a piece of muslin of the required shape, and, without looking in the glass, attached it deftly to the base of his collar. The Le Bary tie ties itself.

"There is a picturesque air of confusion about it. It seems to have grown there by accident, without any particular thought. It is 'neglige,' it is almost

nonchalant, it has the smallest strain of impertinence. Such is the Le Bary tie in the full flower of its beauty—a hothouse plant surely, but growing with the wild freedom of the dogrose." And it was said that Le Bary, knowing the responsibilities of his position, pronounced his dictum on the evening tie as the result of mature reflection.

And long before, a fop pictured by John Leech in Punch asked a fellow-fop in a box at the opera how he achieved such a "mivacious" tie. "My dear fellow, I give my whole mind to it."

Did not Beau Brummel say: "A dandy gives care to his tie, but never extreme care"? Yet when his valet bore from the dressing-room a platter of crumpled ties, Brummel remarked to a friend: "Those are our failures."

There is now on our table "Cravatiana," a treatise on cravats, considering their origin, their political, physical and moral influence, their form, color and species. The little book, a translation from the eighth English edition, is dated Paris, 1823. There is a plate illustrating 14 varieties, and the manner of folding the cravat. There are also vignettes. The cravats are entitled the oriental, mathematical, Byronic, Bergami, American, mail coach, throne of love, Irish, horsecollar, hunting, Gordian knot, gastronomic, Mahratta. The cravats are all high:

"With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,

Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!

And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!

Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!"

All high, except the Byronic, Bergami, Mahratta, Gordian knot and the gastronomic.

The colors of the American cravat described in this treatise are ocean green and amaranth. This reminds us of an article by M. Paul-Sentenac that appeared in *Monsieur* and was quoted in a recent number of *Figaro*. The article is entitled, "On the cravat and tint, or the relations of colors." The ingenious author, lamenting the modern costumes of men, coats no longer of royal blue, bright orange red, reddish violet, insists that we should sport colored cravats and even shirts.

"For the cravat one abandons the nuance in the search of color." Audacious stripes are recommended. "Silk foulards are no longer white or gray, or white striped with black; they present the most unexpected, the most diverse mixtures of tones in the disposition of motives. Shirts with stripes and squares, of color are worn daily more and more. Shall we insist that the different parts of the shirt be of the same color? Men of taste do not commit the outrageous fault of erecting a mauve collar on a blue shirt front."

All colors, says the gifted M. Paul-Sentenac, should go with the color of the face as well as the costume. Gentlemen of the 18th century, or the portrait painters, understood these subtleties. "I have seen in a reputable second-hand shop a portrait of one of those 'gros crapeussins,' as the skinny M. de Voltaire called them, clad in a brick red coat to suit the full-blooded face of the sitter. On the other hand a pale, dreamy person with a fine physiognomy, was portrayed in a silver blue coat, in perfect accord with his aristocratic pallor."

And so attention should today be paid the color of the hair. If you are blond and if you have a delicate rosy complexion, or the pallor of distinction, limit your choice in cravats to pure and soft tonalities. Take turquoise or lapis lazuli blue. They will go well with waistcoats of oriental tobacco, undyed wool, sea blue or gray, which you doubtless like. White and black checks are not bad, nor is straight black or white with lilac. Shun too raw colors, fiery reds which will war against your color. Linen with fine stripes or rose checks will not be unbecoming.

But if you are dark, if you have a coppery skin, you can allow yourself flowers of the field, poppy red, corn flower, even bachelors buttons. Red-faced men, those of a high color, would be well inspired if they chose strong, sombre colors, capable of struggling victoriously with the crimson of the face. As for men whose hair is white or gray, prematurely or not, let them adopt clear and corresponding colors.

In a word, let correspondence in harmonies be the motto, friendliness in colors.

We hope that Mr. Herkimer Johnson will read this column, and ponder well the advice given by the Parisian. Mr. Johnson's taste in cravats is shocking. Unmindful of traditions, he delights in flaming red cravats, and when he wishes to appear as the accomplished sociologist of international reputation, he sports a chintz cravat that might have been cut from his Aunt Vashti's bedstead valance.

## GEHRKE

(For As the World Wags)  
Oh, the goals that he kicked and the things that he did—  
The bites of the Bulldog of which he got rid.  
Putting into their plays where he never was bid.  
The charges he made and the yards that he slid.  
With a zip and abandon that couldn't be hid—  
Proclaimed him to all a superlative kid  
With a sure reputation to rival the Cid.  
So here's for a cheer that will blow off the lid  
And our greetings to Gehrke, the King of the Crid.  
Boston. JOCELYN.

As the World Wags:

It has just been discovered that the Egyptians had pocket flasks 4,000 years ago. Now if they had pocket flasks they must have had trouser pockets to put the flasks in, and so they must have worn trousers. It's wonderful how much we can find out about the ancient Egyptians if science only gives us a single clue.  
R. H. L.

## BOOST?

As the World Wags:  
My brother makes cross-word puzzles for me. Do you know a five-letter word meaning a kick-in-the-pants?  
CAROLINE.

## MRS. LITTLEFIELD

JORDAN HALL—Song recital by Laura Littlefield. Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist. The program included songs by Handel, Purcell, Pergolesi, Duparc, Chabrier, Debussy, Grovlez, Mrs. Beach, Arthur Bliss, Bullock, Martin Shaw, Mrs. Lehman and Margaret Starr McLain.

As is her custom, Mrs. Littlefield chose an interesting program and well arranged, although songs of the Germans were conspicuously lacking; and she sang with beautiful precision and clarity of tone and diction; an admirable musician. And it is in those songs that demand, primarily, elegance, a clearness of outline and a formal passion, that she is best; for she has no warmth or polynagany.

There was a rare finish in her singing of Handel's air from his oratorio of "Jephthah"; there was a cool fluidity and melancholy, rather than tragic fire, in her Dido's lament from Purcell's opera, and there was teasing humor in her air from Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona."

In her French group, with the exception of the Elegie of Duparc, which she sang loudly rather than elegiacally, she sang admirably. In Chabrier's amusing music for Rostand's grotesque "Ballade des Gros Dindons" she showed Gallic wit; she was piquant and rhythmic in the Spanish "Guitares and Mandolines" of the French Grovlez; and she sang Debussy's "Il pleure dans mon Coeur" from the verses of Verlaine, appreciatively.

Of her last group, which included songs by Mrs. Beach and Mrs. Lehmann, the most interesting were the two songs of unearthly pallor which Arthur Bliss set to poems of Walter de la Mare—"The Witch Hare" and "The Buckle," and a slim, oriental lyric, "The Song of the Palanquin Bearers," by Martin Shaw, another of the younger English composers. This, Mrs. Littlefield was obliged to repeat. Mrs. Fitts accompanied her intelligently. There were several encores, and a medium-sized audience showed its enthusiasm with spontaneity.  
E. G.

## MUST ALTER SCENES OF "ARTISTS AND MODELS"

The Boston municipal censorship board has notified the management of "Artists and Models," now playing at the Shubert Theatre, that many of the principals and chorus must be more fully clothed henceforth if they wish to continue acting on the local stage. City Censor John M. Casey, secretary of the board, further directed the elimination of the entire burlesque on "Rain," the cutting of several lines in the opening scene, all references to sex relations in the sketch "Memorial Day," and all mention of the manufacture of hooch.

The full censorship board viewed the opening performance. It comprises Mayor Curley, Chief Justice Wilfred Bolster of the municipal court, Police Commissioner Wilson and Censor Casey. The latter went to New York about three weeks ago and made suggestions for purifications which had already been made when the show opened in Boston.

Mr. Newman's Traveltalk in Symphony hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will be about Ceylon and Singapore. It should be of peculiar interest now that the English Conservatives have determined to make Singapore a naval base.

Apropos of the cabled reports about Ethel Leginska exciting enthusiasm by her conducting orchestras, we quote from the London Times of Nov. 6: "The conducting was that of an amateur and we cannot say more than that it was reasonably good at that. Miss Leginska allows her beat to stand still, and the players cannot in consequence prophesy when the next beat will be, and so they have to wait for it unless the motion is fairly fast. . . . Two orchestral pieces by the conductor, said to be after poems of Tagore, were also played. The composer has a good deal to learn before she can attempt such things. On the whole, we did not gather more than we knew before, that she is a good pianist with a sensitive touch and is fond of music."

Lola Maier, pianist, who will play in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon, is the wife of Guy Maier.

Fanny Ward's 50,000-franc diamond pendant, "a costly pin ornament and other gems," have been stolen in Paris. Somebody is always stealing Miss Ward's precious jewels.

## I RECALL

Notes and Lines:

Now that I have passed the Great Divide, and am descending the western slope with the sun in my eyes, my early days at the dear old Boston Museum, in the early '70's; memories of many of my associates there, and for some reason or other, the face and voice of one A. S. H. Murray comes to me from out of the mists. Murray was Scotch and may have been a descendant of Lindley Murray, or some of the Aberdeen or Edinboro Murrays, and Murray had a very gentle way with him, his inheritance from a father who was a "meenister" of a kirk in the land of the heather—and Harry Lauder.

Ash Murray, as we called him, was tall, very unobtrusive and retiring in his manner, soft spoken, and although born in the land of Bobby Burns, had very little of the burr or other characteristic of speech that we associate with his nationality, and yet one who had been familiar with his countrymen would have found little difficulty in locating his land of nativity.

At this same time, during Murray's connection with the Museum's family, there was also, shall I say, one Charley Stevenson, and he was a fresh importation from the Emerald Isle. Handsome as man is seldom made, tall as Murray, but broader, more meat to the square inch, and the possessor of naturally Marcel-waved hair of delicate blonde that would be the envy of the female of the species of the present-day of bobbing.

Stevenson's characteristics were quite different from Murray's, for Charley was assertive, positive and forcible, but a most likable young man. He was everybody's friend, and everybody was his, a royal good fellow, and Charley was my dressing room mate, high up on the Court square side of the old Museum. Charley was argumentative, and being of Celtic ancestry, naturally belligerent, although not quarrelsome.

Smoking was not allowed in the theatre excepting in the dressing rooms, and many of the actors were in the habit of gathering in our room to smoke and argue. One night we were doing an English play and Murray was cast in it, playing the part of an Englishman. An argument was started on the proper costuming of English characters when Stevenson, being known to be comparatively fresh from London, ventured—no, not ventured, Charley never ventured, but plunged boldly in, on what should have been the proper makeup for the character Murray was impersonating, and punctuated his peroration by pointing to the hat Murray was wearing at the moment for his Englishman, asserting that "no Englishman would wear a hat like that," when the modest and timid Murray, in the quietest manner possible, replied, "I bought that hat in London."

Stevenson is still living, but where, oh, where, is Murray?

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Concerts next Sunday: Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Roland Hayes, tenor; St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M., People's symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Fela Rybler, pianist.

The first of the extra concerts by the Boston symphony orchestra will take place in Symphony hall next Monday night. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct and Miss Giamini will sing.



## Notes and Lines:

I see some of the lowbrows have been kicking again about the huxoniness of some of our operative female singers. As an argument that is zero in opportunity—but I remember that the famous Mr. Rianstick of Vienna once said of a certain singer: "She is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! Oh, why can't one see with one's ears, too?"

WALLY FROM PEORIA.

Brahms's E minor symphony. "Sir Henry Wood always seems to take this composer by the sleeve and to ask him with a nudge not to be quite so solemn. Mr. Albert Coates makes him appear to express his sentiments more profusely than is his wont, and one has even known M. Koussevitzky to compel him to dance the zopak."—Manchester Guardian.

Mr. Pierpoint is indebted to his press notices for some glad moments. Thus one compositor informed the world that the singer had given "O Rudder Than the Clergy" with great effect, while on another occasion a reporter announced that "Miss — as Galatea, Mr. — as Acis, and Mr. Bantock as Pierpoint were very effective." On the other hand, the printer must also be held responsible for the interesting report of a concert at which the singer had given "The Redoubt Love Song" and "The Devout Lover." Mr. Pierpoint, said the printer, "was very effective in 'The Bedroom Love Song' and 'The Devout Lover.'"—Daily Chronicle.

Watson Lyle, in his "Pastoral Moods and Impressions," finds nature a careful musician. Thus the weasel should be named Allegro con brio because of his quick, ebullient manner of progression. "Plashing gayly over the pebbles, the tiny brook sings light-heartedly the second Etude of Chopin's Op. 25, and the colors of autumn are ever a prolonged diminuendo from fortissimo to pianissimo, with an occasional flare of crimson and scarlet by way of *forzando*."

## ELENA GERHARDT

Elena Gerhardt, mezzo soprano, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, in which she roused an audience of good size to a warmth of enthusiasm very unusual. Her accompanist, an exceedingly able one, was Betsy Culp. Miss Gerhardt sang six Schubert songs; the second to Suleika, "An die Musik," "Fischerweise," the serenade, "Die Forelle" and "The Erlking." Songs in English followed: "The Sailor's Wife" by Burlingame, Carpenter's "The Lawd is Smilin'," "To an Invalid" by Walter Golde and "Three Little Fairy Songs" and "Music, When Soft Voices Die" by Maurice Besly. To close she sang three songs by Brahms, "O Nachtigall," "Vergleichliches Staendchen" and "Feldensamkeit"; and three by Wolf: "Storchenbotschaft," "Auf dem Gruenen Balkon" and "Der Freund." Of course there were many additional songs and repetitions.

Since the days when she first established her high reputation in Boston, Miss Gerhardt has made great gain in the technical side of her art. Last night she sang with freer, more frequently beautiful tone than used to be the case, with a firmer command of breath, a smoother legato. Her enunciation, in her beautifully pronounced English, as well as in her native tongue, she has brought to a high degree of clarity.

Still, she remains an oddly uneven singer. Glorifying in the best of Schubert and Brahms, with the enterprise to find and the fine taste to like beautiful unfamiliar songs of Schubert and masterpieces all but unknown by Wolf, she made no bones of singing last night as undistinguished a set of songs in English as one often finds on a program. Though she possesses an extraordinarily keen ear for tonal color—the range of tints and shades at her command is amazingly wide—it disturbs her apparently not at all when she emits sounds of most unpleasant harshness.

Rarely last night, if ever, did she sing an entire musical phrase so that it lingers in the memory. But two or three words in sequence she frequently sang with inflections truly delightful. In lyrical vein she is not remarkable, nor in the highly dramatic, where her voice will not stand her in stead.

But let Miss Gerhardt tell a little tale, and who can do it better? The trout, the fisherman, the serenader who went home repulsed—there were two of them, by the way, Brahms's and Wolf's—the fairies of Besly's pretty songs, mighty

adroitly and with vivid power of characterization. Miss Gerhardt set them forth. Her humor, after this keen sense of characterization, remains her strongest asset. With stirring gusto she sang Wolf's extraordinary song of the stories—but the pity of it that the omission of the last stanza spoils the point for many people! On her own ground Miss Gerhardt need fear no rivalry.

R. R. G.

Women are influenced by a different type of heroism, by heroines such as Jane Eyre, Mme. Bovary, and Anna Karenina, to whom we may add Manon Lescaut and Marguerite Gautier. The reason is not delicate, but I will state it: while men are interested in fools, such as Dora Copperfield and her successor, Agnes, in Amella Sedley, another kind of fool; in the unhappy Tess, women are more interested in heroines who lead a life of more or less radiant vice. Tiger skins, orchids in green vases, heroines with green eyes or green hair, in green frocks, have read quite another lesson to many a woman who is sheltered and who wishes that the roof would blow off.

—W. L. GEORGE.

## PREMATURE SENILITY

As the World Wags:

"A church choir," says Mrs. Barnhardt, who is suing Mr. Barnhardt for divorce, "is the most dangerous place in the world for susceptible middle-aged husbands." O Mrs. Barnhardt, hardly any place is what you might call absolutely safe for persons thus described. —JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

Chestnut Hill.

## ORTHORS AN RABBITS

As the World Wags:

The book by ed wiggam, altho uv a romantik nature, laks that seeks apeler be found in ellnor glins latest romance, "tha life an' deth uv tracv the outlaw, with aktual fotografs, taken in tha morg." Profeser harick hoo employs modurnizm as tha bases uv his volyum, is forsed back into obskurty by a resent wurk uv similer karakter frum tha pen uv this promisin' yung fella Rudolph raspe, intitl'd: "tha serprisin' advenchures uv baron numchosen." An' may I not call yer atenshun, mr. bumble, ter a pamflet I am about ter lshue fer tha uplift uv humanilty an' in behalf uv the wild animuls—Tha bases is this, Meny folks have animul pets wich they show the gratest care, but how about tha utthers? Why should tha harmless little wild rabbit have ter ware fur pants in tha hot summer wether? I am about ter start a moovement whereln these poor innercent little childrun uv tha grate outdoors will be give a Evedeady massage in June an' furnished with little pom beech soots durin tha hot spell. Wen they realize it are fer there own kumfert, we will aksept there joyful expreshuns uv gratitudo as ample reward. Aaint it a bootiful thot?

SNOWSHOE AL.

## WE NEVER MET HIM

As the World Wags:

I wonder if you know who was the Mr. Codman who met Sir Walter Scott at dinner with Captain Basil Hall on May 22, 1829. He came from Boston. Sir Walter said he was "Bostonian enough" and Mrs. Codman was "a pleasant and well-mannered woman."

Boston

MONBODDO.

## THEY GET THAT WAY

(Sioux City, Iowa, Journal)

NEUROTIC EXPERT TO ADDRESS KIWANIS CLUB

Dr. Hugh T. Patrick, professor of neurology, Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill., will be the principal speaker at the regular weekly meeting of the Sioux City Kiwanis Club at the Hotel Martin today.

S. O. S.

(Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph)

An eight-pound baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Behnke last Wednesday at their home on South Dunn street road.

Will you do your share? There are eight charitable organizations in the United Welfare Campaign.

## HOW "VICE VERSA"?

(Iowa City, Iowa)

Just to prove that nurses are not wholly anaesthetized by the ether which they breathe, the affiliates and members of the Student Nurses Organization dispersed on Friday.

Chaperons were Dr. and Mrs. Frank R. Peterson. . . Doughnuts and cider were featured internally and vice versa.

## THAT OLD SONG

As the World Wags:

I was greatly interested in the letters about the verses of "Old New England" published in The Herald. In the

summer of 1861 I was present at a centennial celebration in the town of Weathersfield, Vt. The services were held in a typical old-time church, which stood on a lofty hill at the centre of the town, a landmark for miles around.

A pageant depicting the early life of the town was arranged in a beautiful grove near the church. And long tables spread with a bountiful feast for everybody, including not only "like what mother"—but what grandmother and great-grandmother "used to make," with "twist-a-bouts" (old-fashioned doughnuts) at least 10 inches long, and pumpkin pies in like proportion. And Indians roaming about—slyly stealing food.

The verses of "Old New England" were sung in the grove to the music of whispering leaves.

MRS. H. E. CROWTHER.

Brattleboro, Vt.

## As the World Wags:

Candidates for your Hall of Fame call to mind an evening of my school days when I studied with my class mate, St. Elmo Tower Piza. That evening one of the boys who did not have to study so hard as we did went to spend the evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lean—the attraction was their daughter, Henrietta.

C. G. NORTON.

## THE SCHOOLMARM'S SOLOQUY

I teach the trusting little tots  
The things that they should know,  
Painstakingly I shape their thoughts,  
And watch their powers grow.

I guide each adolescent mind

In paths of rectitude,  
I am their Mentor, firm but kind,  
The guardian of my brood.

My mission is a worthy one,

With pride my bosom swells,  
But some day ere my life is done,  
I'll choke the damn dumb-bells.

O'KANOGAN.

## As the World Wags:

"Doc Krohn, the chief alienist for Illinois in the trial of Nathan and Dickie, has gone to Borneo to study the primitive people of the jungle. I wish that some of the defense experts would go to Borneo. Bet they would find that the Wild Man of Borneo used to have a teddy cocoanut and that every night when he went to bed he would say: "Iskie moowo slushkey bow wow guskosh gerlump jitchen glotch," which means, "Now, little teddy cocoanut, go to sleep or I'll soak you in the beezee."

R. H. L.

## THE BOASTER

(A lady has boasted that she cannot boil an egg.)

Her handicap at golf is two,  
At school she was a hockey "blue,"  
At cricket she could hit a six to leg,  
At billiards she is hard to beat,  
Is known for many a diving feat,  
She's never absent from the "meet,"  
But cannot boil an egg.

An authoress is she to boot,  
An artist on the octave flute,  
Has taken her B. A. and B. Sc.,  
Has exorcised a castle ghost,  
But this is still her proudest boast,  
She cannot make a piece of toast,  
And never brewed the tea. A. W.

## TALK ON CEYLON

By PHILIP HALE

Wishing to prepare for Mr. Newman's illustrated Traveltalk, which he gave last night in Symphony hall, we consulted our encyclopaedia, Jeremy Collier's, published in 1701. As Mr. Newman's subject was "Ceylon and Singapore," we naturally turned the leaves of the huge folio till we came to "Ceylan"—for Jeremy spelled the word with an "a." We learned that there were whole woods of oranges and citrons, "and particularly great quantities of Cynamon which smells a great way off at sea." There were precious stones likewise of all sorts except diamonds. The pearls fished were inferior to those of Baharden, but the Ivory was the best in the world.

We also learned that the inhabitants were positive that Adam was created there and is buried there, and they showed traces of his footprints, which were two spans long; they were also sure that Ceylon was the Paradise of Holy Writ; and others were equally positive that the Island was the Ophir of King Solomon.

Alas, Mr. Newman did not show his large and deeply interested audience the footprints of Adam, but he did let us see the temple in which a tooth of Buddha is preserved. He did not mention the fragrant cinnamon, but he spoke of cloves and other spices. As for the precious stones, he warned his hearers not to purchase them at Colombo, unless they were experts.

A beautiful country this Ceylon, and

as the pictures followed in succession we were reminded of De Quincey's characterization: "The Queen Lotus of the Indian Ocean," and his other "bravuras of rhetoric," considering Ceylon, to borrow his own words.

One saw elephants at work and in the bath; sagacious beasts—it is well known that the Hindus, when they were about to write their sacred books, respectfully consulted them. The gorgeous religious processions at Kandy, where once was fierce warfare, botanical gardens, buried cities, rock temples, outrigger boats, the sight of the Singhalese—these consoled us for not seeing Adam's footprints or the mountain that bears his name. Then the hot city of Madras was pictured. And southern India was visited, with its sumptuous but deserted palaces, its marvellous Dravidian temples with bewildering carvings, Srirangam, where the shrines and idols of silver and gold are in striking contrast with the wretched poverty of the fanatical people. In our boyhood we read of the huge Juggernaut car. Last night we saw it and in motion, with the swarms of pilgrims, a sight not soon to be forgotten. There was the hall of a thousand pillars, with other strange and amazing sights.

Singapore, a name which like grace in the hymn, has a pleasing sound, harmonious to the ear. Here Mr. Newman on arrival was requested to report at once at the police station. He soon found out why the request was not impertinent. And it is at Singapore, this "human potpourri" of people of all lands, that the British purpose to spend millions on a naval base.

An intensely interesting and instructive

talk, which will be repeated this afternoon. Next week Slam, also Borneo, where the wild men come from.

Hearing Mr. Newman last night, we came to the conclusion that old Jeremy's encyclopaedia has possibly been superseded by later works.

"Vivas to those who have failed . . . and all overcome heroes, and the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known."

These lines of Walt Whitman's came to our mind—or what we are pleased to call our mind—when we read in the Diary of the First Earl of Egmont: "Mr. Cheney . . . a country squire, who after constancy of drinking four or five bottles a day, now wonders why he was ill."

## THE CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS (1944)

Away back in the summer of 1916 dear children, your decrepit teacher spent two weeks at a southern house party. Here, in addition to sunny days filled with flower gardens, golf and horseback rides along winding Blue Ridge trails; in addition to moonlit nights filled with honeysuckle, soft music and dazzling blondes; in addition there must be no more of this until have finished the matter in hand; which is an—ah—which was an orange blossom.

For more popular during—those two glorious weeks than the traditional mix juleps, champagne, or cognac, was the delectable breath of sweetness, the orange blossom. Into a gleaming silver shaker, with the slow frost creep over it, there was poured ice and powdered sugar, and through this seeped equal portions of golden orange juice and crystalline gin and a dash of lemon. The mixture was shaken—to the tinkling of timbrels—strained and poured into thin glasses. A lone maraschino cherry gleaming ruby through a hazy cloudy amber—this, sweet children, was the orange blossom.

Next week's lecture: The 'Art of Art'.

THE LONG SHOT

## A 16TH CENTURY RECIPE

The parsnip is disdained by some though years ago in England bread made from it, and good Catholics fasted on it, roasted with salted fish in John Evelyn informs us that in the parsnip was thought to be more nourishing than turnips. The parsnip was cultivated extensively on the island of Jersey and Guernsey for its milk cows. The dictionaries were that a kind of beer and wine locally made from it in England.

Now let us introduce Dr. J. Gerarde, surgeon and herbalist, published in the latter half of the 16th century. He had decided on one of many subjects: one was as regards the making of parsnip wine. Firm, straight roots should be taken leafy parts cut away, and the parsnip gently scrubbed in water, but not paring. The roots should then be severed downwards and across in fours and boiled till they are tender. Four pounds to a gallon of water. Strain the liquid into a tub. Take care not to bruise the roots. Put three pounds of sugar to every gallon of water into the kettle with half an ounce of "crude tar" (This is the stuff found adhering to the sides of wine casks and is generally known as argol.) Stir steadily the contents of the tub until they are dissolved.



# MRS. LOIS MAIER

Lola Maier, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. By way of a very unusual program she played an oddly bodied version by Percy Grainger of the famous "London-derry" air, the Brahms B minor capriccio and three Intermezzi, in E flat minor, E flat major and C major; Bach's Italian concerto; "The Pensive Spinner," by Ganz; the Liszt arrangement of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song;" a study by Juon, "Nymphs at the Spring"; five Cuban dances by Cervantes; and the Chopin A flat ballade.

Audiences like little pieces best, so let them have plenty. Thus, very likely, Mrs. Maier reasoned when she laid out her program for yesterday. But she carried a good principle very far. A concert hall, after all, is not a parlor, and a recital in a hall surely demands a program of stouter musical fare than would be acceptable in a private house. The Italian concerto and the Chopin ballad were scarcely weighty enough to balance the rest of Mrs. Maier's program. The Brahms Intermezzi scarcely counted, because even when played in public by a great artist, their intimacy often falls of its effect.

Mrs. Maier seemed most sympathetic yesterday with music light in vein. This she played with fluent technique, a skilful use of the pedals, and finely musical of tone. She has yet to discover all the beauties that lie in the Bach concerto, and though she played the opening pages of the ballad excellently, there came a moment in its course when she appeared to lose its thread. In several pieces she missed her effect by a curious air of indifference close before the end, to the ruin of a climax.

The melody of the Brahms E flat intermezzo—it sounded far more like an Irish folk song than did the Derry air in Mr. Grainger's dressing out—Mrs. Maier played delightfully, with lovely singing tone, phrasing most musical, and rhythm keenly felt. Even in her salon pieces she did nothing so well as this. The audience, of very good size, asked for additional pieces. R. R. G.

A. A. Miner, pastor of School Street Universalist Church.

"Can any reader give the information as to the site of the above-named church? When I came to Boston in 1886, Dr. Miner, as he was called, was a familiar figure on the city streets. Tall, with a full white beard, his was a commanding figure, and one that would be noticed in the crowd. A forceful speaker, with a voice that could be heard in every part of a large hall, firm in his convictions of what he thought was right, and it was a pleasure to listen to him. I remember of hearing him in Faneuil hall in the late 80's speak on the question of removing the Bible from the public schools."—Albion A. Crocker.

The Second Universalist Church was in School street ascending toward Tremont. It stood next west of the French Church site, the little church of the French Huguenots. The Universalist Church was erected in 1817, enlarged in 1837, and entirely remodelled in 1851. It stood, as we are told, near the spot where the Rev. John Murray, the father of American Universalism, had been stoned when he first attempted to preach here. Though the First Universalist Church was at the corner of North Bennet and Hanover streets.

The Rev. Hosea Ballou was the first pastor of the Second Universalist Church. His first colleague was the Rev. E. H. Chapin, who afterward went to New York. The Rev. Alonzo A. Miner was installed as a colleague in 1848, and when Ballou died, in 1852, Dr. Miner became his successor.

His Columbus Avenue Church (corner of Clarendon) was erected in 1872. Dr. Miner was president of Tufts College 1862-1875.

A zealous prohibitionist, he was once the candidate of the Prohibition party for the gubernatorial office. Mr. George F. Babbitt once described him in The Boston Herald as "a good man if he would only let rum alone."

## DEDICATED TO THE LADIES WHO WEAR ARMY PANTS

I sling of the ladies in army pants (And heed not the roughneck who raves and rants). They make the dear things look like elephants.

Skol, ladies, skol! Their coiffure is straight and their noses shine, Their pedals are built like a brigantine, Their form is most human, but not divine;

Skol, ladies, skol! So here's to these maidens on whom you frowned; They may not be fair, but their hearts are sound, Those pants would make Venus look plump and round, Skol, ladies, skol!

FAN, THE FIRST.

After all, censorship has its amenities. High civic officials see "Artists and Models" the first night and, having enjoyed the show, say the next day to the citizens: "Some of the scenes are too rich for your blood. You might not understand some of the lines. As we exercise a parental care over you, we have therefore ordered the management to prune, excise, delete, expurgate, deodorize."

Thus do these naturally good-hearted men advertise the show. We see one of these officials winking knowingly an eye as he says to a friend: "You should have seen the show the first night. Hot stuff. Yum-yum," and his eyes glisten with the recollection.

And so we should like to see the library of the censors of books. Ten to one they do not give their nights to Addison. No doubt they have acquired the knowledge of foreign languages so that they can read Aretin, Casanova, Voltaire's "La Pucelle," Nicolas Choder, the lesser Italian novelists of past centuries, in the original. Latin they have learned again—how soon we forget our Cicero and Virgil—that they may enjoy Hadrian Beverland's "Peccatum Originale" and "de Stolatae Virginitatis." As for Martial, Cleland, Petronius—these censors pick them up while waiting for breakfast. Their reference books are catalogues of shady publishers and Peignot's "Dictionary of Books Condemned to the Fire." They are especially anxious that there should be an edition of the Old Testament prepared for children; but they are even more anxious to seize complete sets of the Restoration dramatists.

Some one should prepare a list of neglected plays and performances in Boston during the last dozen years. There are noteworthy additions to the list this season. "Sun Up" was well worth seeing; so was "Spring Cleaning"—but they starved to death. Mr. Hampden with his admirable portrayal of Cyrano, and his equally admirable production of the play, should have packed the Boston Opera House, large as it is, but the audiences for the most part were small.

Let it be rumored that an announced spectacle is a display of female flesh and the theatre will be sold out a week in advance. In our little village of the sixties the fair ground was thronged at the time of cattle show. Boston is not alone in its taste. New York is permitted to enjoy itself in this respect, but in that city plays of a serious nature and plays that appeal by wit and sparkle also have long runs. Perhaps we experience in Boston a reaction to the former Puritanism that frowned on the theatre and would not countenance performances on Saturday nights.

And the picture galleries, the collections of prints that the censors must have, with gaping, snickering friends for private views! Unfortunately the art critics of leading journals and magazines are not invited, so the general public is ignorant of treasures thus carefully stored.

Suppose that the Russian players had brought "Cyrano de Bergerac" in their repertory to Boston. Would not the theatre have been packed? Would not enthusiasm have hit the roof? "Isn't it wonderful? Vivian, you must see them. It doesn't matter at all whether you understand what they are saying."

This appreciation was published in the Chicago Tribune: "Mary Garden says that we're all going to be surprised when she sings in 'Thais' because now she has a waist like a wasp. And we'll bet some mean old critic will say her voice has got that way, too. But they'll still have to admit that the gal can act."

Little or no attention was paid in American newspapers to the death of Martin Pierre Joseph Marsick, yet he was in his day a renowned fiddler, an excellent musician and a sound teacher. Mr. Thibaud was one of his pupils. We mention him here because he played at a public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Feb. 7, 1896. He was to play at the concert the following night, but a pesky insect bit his hand and thus prevented him. However, Marsick recovered and was able to play at the rehearsal and concert of Feb. 14, 15. He added to his renown by running away from Paris with a married woman who, apparently, was entranced by his technical proficiency, for, as a fiddler, he was distinguished by his fine taste rather than by Vesuvian temperament. They wandered about—they were at Cairo, where he gave concerts; they were in Spain. He finally returned to Paris. What became of her, gossip does not inform us. In the eighties we used to see him in the organ loft of the Trinite, Paris, for he was a warm friend of the organist Guilman. There is an Armand Marsick, born, as Pierre, at Liege; he has composed operas, a violin sonata, etc. The last we heard of him he was teaching composition at the Athens Conservatory.

The story of "Love, the Sorcerer," music by de Falla, which will be played tomorrow night at the first of the extra concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, should please those who have read Anatole France's "Histoire Comique," for in the ballet, as in the novel, the ghost of a former lover appears most unopportunistly when a handsome youth is about to embrace the ghost's sweetheart. Did Gregorio Martinez Sierra derive the idea of his scenario from France's joyously ironical romance of the atirical life?

The Herald some time ago spoke of Donald Thayer, an American baritone, born at Minneapolis, who studied there and in Boston, served in the navy, then pursued his studies in Italy, where he sang with marked success, receiving complimentary notices from leading critics, and pleas-

A pungent odor is wafted through the air while the wine grows cool. At 55 degrees, says Dinah Cracknell—John advises 66 degrees—put in a pound of yeast, spread thick with yeast, and leave the wine for four days where it is warm. The wine may be casked, loosely bunged at first, when fermentation has subsided and all sugar wholly disappeared. "If by the time the liquid is still, wasting has occurred, fill up with some left out for the purpose; then listen tight." After 12 months this wine may be bottled. "It will then be as good as Malmsey to which it is akin." March and October are the months for the making.

The Old Farmers' Almanack of 1830 divided digging of parsnips about the last of November. "Keep them in a cool cellar or outhouse, covered with dry sand or soda."

## CARTWHEELS

As the World Wags: So the silver dollar is coming back. The merry clink of the cartwheel is soon to be heard in the land of Coolidge. This may mean that we who sign the pay roll will be paid off in gold in a fashion quite Californian. What a lovely sound the coins will make every month, a delicate, golden clinkety-clink. One of my acquaintances in the San Francisco earthquake period, in his modest way used to describe his financial condition by saying: "Don't worry about me, Bo. Me'n do little yellow boys friends." As for pennies, your true native son despises them. A nice old lady once offered the conductor of a street car five pennies in payment of her fare. With a gracious air, the man informed her she could ride all right, but pennies were no good on his line, and he threw them out the window.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

## HOW THEY VIEWED IT IN CHICAGO

"Thieves looted Joe Lelter's wine cellar of \$50,000 worth of wine and things, and then went back the next night and took \$10,000 worth more which they had overlooked on their first visit. They will probably return tonight to get the corkscrew. Bobze bandits are so fussy."

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags: I quote headlines in the Quincy Ledger:

TEMPORARILY OUT OF USE SO NEW TRUSSES CAN BE ERECTED TO SAFEN.

Had Woodrow Wilson been as ingenious in the use of English as the Ledger, no doubt he would have made a hit if he had tried to "safen" the world for democracy. LEONIDAS SWETT.

There is an English verb "to safe," but it is obsolete. Elizabethan dramatists, as Marston and Chapman used it. In Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" Mr. Swett will find:

"And that which most with you should safe my going, Is Fulvia's death."

## NEW HAMPSHIRE VOTERS

(From the Newport (N. H.) Argus) Oren Walker got his mule shod last week and drove it to Cornish to vote.

## ELECTED LONG AGO

As the World Wags: If Messrs. Curley-Bertsch, lumber dealers, have any chance escaped election I place them in nomination for the Hall of Fame. M. G. B.

As the World Wags: So Charlie Chaplin has married Lita Grey. Did she say before the ceremony, "I'll be darned if I ever bake a eustard pie for you. I'm taking no chances." MARCELLUS GRAVES.

As the World Wags: "The first form of 'The Old Homestead' playing this week at the St. James was a one-act play 'Uncle Josh' first produced at the Howard Athenaeum in 1875. Enlarged and renamed after 11 years of travel," etc.

In my town this play was billed as "Joshua Whitcomb." Was it ever called "Uncle Josh"? L. R. R.

As the World Wags: I was performing my trapeze act on the strap this morning next to two factory Janes.

"For the love of Mike, Mabel, all the guys grab the seats and hold 'em. What happened to the fellas that use to give us wimmen a seat, huh?"

"Don't you know, Gert? All those guys what was polite got rich and ride in gas buggies now, and these are the goofs, no manners, who won't ever amount to nothin'!"

And Mabel got a seat.

CANADIAN ANNE.

The Herald has received the following letter, which should be published on a Sunday.

"I have the marriage certificate of an aunt, dated Boston, July 27, 1863, signed



ing Miss Garden and Jean de Reszke. He is now in this country. On Nov. 16 and 20 he gave recitals in North Abington, where he first received substantial support through the generosity and foresight of a prominent citizen. Mr. Thayer has now a New York manager.

Pablo Casals, the violoncellist, was married first to Mme. Suggia, also a violoncellist of high rank. (His second wife is Susan Metcalfe, an American singer). Her recent recital in London, where she has been applauded for many seasons—her portrait by Augustus John made a sensation—moved the London Times to say:

"Quite a short sentence summed it all up: 'I didn't know the violoncello could sound like that?' Precisely; it generally doesn't. It may sound rich or voluble or melodious or querulous, it may sound like the wind that bends the saplings, or like a steam-saw, or like cats and thunder, but it seldom sounds 'like that.'"

Hanslick of Vienna once spoke of the violoncellist's hand running up and down the instrument as if he were catching flies. Walt Whitman's characterization is more poetic:

"I hear the violoncello 'tis the young man's heart's complaint." In the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," Whitman wrote: "I hear the violoncello or man's heart's complaint."

Sometimes in a violoncello recital the complaint comes from the audience.

I. B. has written an amusing article about illusion in the theatre, "The Fourth-Wall Game." He admits the existence of butlers. "I have seen one. But I deny their proliferation over the English countryside, and I am quite sure that in real life they never have good parts. The butler I have met did not make a single epigram; he did not moralise profoundly and wittily, nor did he tell me the family history; he did not begin a single sentence with 'The trouble about women, sir, is,' etc. I fancy that he had never been to the theatre. He did not for a moment see that I, as a playgoer, was expecting tremendous things; he did not even look tremendous; he was a mean, skimpy and silent man, whereas I had been learning, ever since I started to lean against pit doors, that butlers are majestic and aphoristic."

King George and his Queen on Nov. 12 spent their first evening in a picture-palace. A historic event! But we are told that for several years the royal family has commanded performances of film plays at Balmoral and elsewhere in private rooms specially fitted up with a small screen, a portable projector and an orchestra composed of a piano and a few strings. When will Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin be presented at court? They certainly are as deserving of the honor as many who have rigged themselves for the solemn occasion.

P. H.

## Wendell, Wagnerian

### "Parsifal" Puzzled Him—What He Thought About "Modern" Music in 1905

Some have wondered why Barrett Wendell in his letters, which have been edited with discrimination, tact and personal affection by Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, had no more to say about books and authors. As an instructor in English and as the writer of several important volumes about literature, it is possible that in his correspondence he preferred to discuss other subjects, yet he could not refrain from expressing his great admiration for Dante. The Divine Comedy he once wrote was the only book that carried him away.

Did he voice his views about the theatre and music? Or was he tone-deaf, or at least indifferent as other celebrated men of letters have been.

He wrote plays for college and private theatricals. His farce "Poison," in which J. T. Wheelwright collaborated, was acted by the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard. Mr. Howe says the farce was booked for a benefit production at the Boston Museum in the spring of 1881, but it was never acted there. Wendell evidently had hopes, for he wrote on April 3 of that year that it would probably appear at the Museum in the course of two or three weeks. He wrote a play about Sir Walter Raleigh which was performed at the Tavern Club. "There it was so far successful that we were invited to reproduce it more publicly." Mr. Howe adds: "Produced under the conditions of the Elizabethan stage, 'Raleigh in Guinea,' in its Harvard performance, made a memorable impression. In refutation of the charge that its author lacked the artistic temperament, it stands beside the dramatic poem 'Rosamond,' now to be found in the same volume with it, and to be read as the piece of writing to which, perhaps more than to any other, Wendell imparted a positive quality of beauty." In this play Wendell himself took part. Then there is his study of Shakespeare, which led Mr. Quiller-Couch to write of him after his death as "my star among Shakespearean scholars"; there is his introduction to an edition of "As You Like It."

When he was in Paris in 1905, lecturing at the Sorbonne, he wrote to Mr. F. J. Stimson: "A most estimable professor, the other night, gravely congratulated me on the fact that America, in spite of every temptation, has not yet produced a drama. 'Le theatre n'existe que dans la decadence.' Here it exists in a new form, oddly like the vagaries which make modern music sound to me like impure noise, the curtain goes up. A lot of people, admirably made up, talk. Nothing happens. The curtain goes down. This is repeated four times. You remark that every part is admirably performed, and that some of the phrases are very happy. Nothing has happened; but then nothing does. 'La vie n'a pas de denouements; pourquoi la scene en aura-t-elle?' Oh, I forget. It is usual in the third act, for all the characters to attain a pitch of emotion which compels them to blow their noses, in various harmonic keys."

In a letter written in 1909 he mentions "Le Roi," sent to him by a friend—"for which amusement no end of thanks." (This delightful com-

edy has been played in Boston, but in a shameless per-version in which the original was "pruned of all its inherent qualities," as a Vermonter spoke of a party platform many years ago.)

We find, however, in these letters no allusions to stage-folk, domestic or foreign, by name, and hardly anything about Wendell as a play-goer.

We have seen that he disliked the "modern" music of 1905. (What would he have said about the "modern" music of 1924?) At Portsmouth in the Jacob Wendell house he performed ballad-tunes on the musical glasses inherited from his Barrett aunts.

In 1888 he wrote that he wished to hear Wagner's operas at Baireuth. "These I have heard only in America, where they have not been particularly well given. But somehow they take hold of me in a way quite unique. I am paradoxical enough to hold that, in spite of his undoubted complexity of method, Wagner's motive and purpose are so fundamentally simple that even a stranger to the technicalities of musical art—like me—can give himself up to the emotional effect of the work with a completeness of enjoyment not to be found in any other modern art."

He went to Baireuth in 1888 and wrote a long letter about "Parsifal" and "The Mastersingers." "Parsifal" puzzled him, he said. "It puts itself in two distinct ways." He phrased one way in French, which, being interpreted, reads: "There's a gentleman who does not wish to amuse himself. There's dancing. The Holy Communion is celebrated. That's all"; and Wendell added: "From one point of view nothing could be more absurd." In comparison with what he was accustomed to think the highest form of art, "Parsifal" demanded sympathy rather than commanded it; and this quality is fatal; yet he thought "Parsifal" a nobler effort than other works of Wagner, though not so perfect in its full effect; it "would prove itself, could one study it at leisure, perhaps the most profoundly interesting of all." Wendell wrote at length about Wagner's probable purpose in "Parsifal," beginning with the sentence: "The great truths of life are so great that most people forget they are more than commonplace."

"Sometimes the evil seems bound to overcome all else; but the men we call greatest speak forth a belief, all the more stirring because, like all beliefs, it cannot prove itself, and demands a loyal sympathy, that what will prevail is the good. That is what Wagner tells us in 'Parsifal.' But he tells it with such a sense of all it means. . . . that he, who with all his perversity and what seems deliberate eccentricity had, I think, more consummate command of expression than any other man of our time, finds himself here almost at a loss."

Wendell was not "puzzled" by "The Mastersingers." He found it from beginning to end, "as finely, definitely articulated as human work can possibly be," though "the libretto is on paper perhaps the heaviest in existence; evidently it is meant to be funny, but how it can actually be so is more than you can see. If the whole thing were not given to absolute perfection, it would be, I conceive, simply intolerable. But it was given to absolute perfection." And Wendell wrote that it was "perhaps the most perfect work of dramatic art he had ever seen."

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Beatrice Martin, soprano. Arne, "By Dimpled Brook," from "Comus," and "Under the Greenwood Tree"; old song, "The Willow Song"; Haydn, "Del Mio Core," from "Orfeo"; Schumann, "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen," intermezzo, "Die Lotusblume"; Brahms, "Botschaft"; Wolf, "Erstes Liebeslied eines Maedchen"; Chadwick, "Sweet Wind That Blows"; MacDowell, "The Sea"; Carpenter, "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes"; Griffes, "In a Myrtle Shade"; Campbell-Tipton, Rhapsodie; Massenet, "Pleurez, Mes Yeux," from "Le Cid"; "Hue, l'Ane Blanc"; Koehlin, "Le Matin"; Plerne, "Le Moulin"; Debussy, "Recueillement"; "Le Printemps." Ralph Angell, accompanist.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Dusolina Gianinni, soprano.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Paul Cherkassy, violinist, of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Kuula, Sonata (first time in America; Kuula, born in Finland in 1885, died by an accident in 1918. He wrote a symphonic poem which was played in Paris in 1922); Corelli-Leonard, "La Folia"; Mozart-Kreisler, rondo; Debussy, "En Bateau"; Sibelius, "Berceuse" and "Danse Caracteristique" (first time in America); Saint-Saens, Rondo Capriccioso. Arthur Fiedler, pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Copley Theatre, 3 P. M., Pierian Sodality of Harvard University. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15, candle light concert of ancient music, Raffaele Martino, conductor; Doris Emerson, soprano; Rodolfo Fornari, baritone. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., Louise Homer, contralto, singing for the benefit of the Farmington Nurse of the Boston Community Health Association. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Winifred Byrd, pianist. Mendelssohn, "Faschingsschwank aus Wien"; Chopin, Andante Spianato; Chopin, Etude op. 25, No. 11; Scriabin, Sonata, F sharp minor, op. 30; Danse Languide op. 51, No. 4; Desir, op. 57; Etude, D sharp minor, op. 8, No. 12; Debussy, "Danse de Puck" and Prelude; Goossens, "March of the Wooden Soldier"; Stravinsky, Berceuse from "The Fire-Bird"; Wagner-Hutcheson, "Ride of the Valkyrie"; Liszt, Sonetto del Petrarca and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M., Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Gitta Gradowa, pianist. Bach, Italian Concerto; Scriabin, Sonata, F sharp minor, No. 4; Prelude, F sharp minor; Danse Languide, op. 51; Vers la Flamme, op. 72; Moussorgsky, Intermezzo and Hopak; Chopin, Etude, C sharp minor and Valse Brillante; Albeniz, Tango and Seguidilla; Medtner, Tragedy Fragment; Liszt, Mephisto Waltz.

Symphony Hall. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

## A CROSS-WORD MANIAC

As the World Wags:

Term of endearment Girl's name.  
Personal pronoun from the verb 'to be'  
adverb adjective denoting state of elation  
conjunction personal pronoun past tense verb of pleasure definite article  
Cambridge institution-New Haven in-

stitution favorite American sport. Personal pronoun form of verb 'to be' indefinite article not good aquatic vertebrate sign of the infinitive to cause to remain personal pronoun preposition definite article concave vessel preposition definite article not mild hot up flood, conjunction of opposition personal pronoun emphatic past tense verb desire











a mind to be inviolated, a young father, and a matter of fact cousin Jane who eventually satisfies herself with Mellsando's despoiled "black and white lover," Bobby Coote.

So, holding herself aloof from discussions of bread sauce and a "nice steady young man," Mellsando discovers her prince in green and gold in the moonlight of the garden on Midsummer Night's Eve—a young man astray from a fancy dress ball who loves her on sight, and with mocking tenderness humors her in her fancies, and on the next day appears to disgust her with his tweeds, his talk of golf and the stock exchange.

And so it has been Milne's thesis to disillusion Mellsando so that eventually she will agree with his roving peddler, Gentleman Susan, that companionship, is really to enjoy eating breakfast together, and that this is in itself, romance. Not always is he as dexterous as he has been in "Mr. Plum" and "The Truth About Blayds"; and at times, particularly in the second act, he runs over the line that separates sentiment from sentimentality; and there is, despite a fertility in line and in the pantomime that closes each of his acts, a tendency to reiterate. Yet it is eager, well bred comedy, and there are touches of Milne's best manner.

The performance by Mr. Clive's company was an excellent one; Mr. Jones was happily mocking in his tilts with the phlegmatic Ern of the reluctant "ad my breakfast," an ardent lover and a diffident member of the stock exchange; and Miss Edliss as Mellsando played with restraint a role that might so easily have seemed ridiculous and exaggerated. Mr. Clive's Gentleman Susan was a blissful vendor of philosophies and shoestrings, and Miss Goad as Ern actually seemed a small boy. The rest of the company were well cast and capable. A large audience applauded. E. G.

## EDDIE LEONARD

Eddie Leonard and his minstrel pup, in "Oh, Didn't It Rain!" featuring Jack Russell, Gus Mulcahy and Charles Oberle, a trio of nimble-footed off-shoe dancers, heads an excellent bill at Keith's this week. The two audiences yesterday recalled Leonard and the dusky-colored banjo players and over again, until the former was forced to respond with the old waltzes, "Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider," "Roly Boly Eyes," "Oh, Anna," and any others. He stopped only from sheer exhaustion.

Sharing honors on the bill are Bert Ehr and Mercedes. The former burlesques in an exceedingly clever manner an effeminate policeman. His rendition of "Peggy O'Neil," was very funny. So was his burlesque on classical dancing.

Billed as "a unique and extraordinary master juggler," Enrico Rastelli lives up to his description. His manipulation of light plates, several huge rubber balls and a number of small wooden clubs seems to defy the laws of gravitation. So expert he is in his work that the feats, no matter how difficult, seem easy. He, too, was given several encores.

Thomas J. Ryan, assisted by Hazel Harrington, in a sketch, "Fond Recollections," turn time backwards. They bring in, during a 15-minute act, vaudeville of 50 and more years ago. Mr. Ryan shows the present theatre-goers the interesting dance steps and comedy of half a century ago. The act was well received.

Miss Patricola, "Scintillating Melodist," appears in a cycle of character songs. She plays several violin selections.

Others on the bill includes Les Piercett's, acrobatic comedians; Jack Hewitt and Fred Hall, "Songland's Favorite Sons," and The Noll Brothers, in a high perch act.

**TREMONT THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Top-Hole," a musical comedy in three acts, with Ernest Glendenning, Clare Stratton and Jim Milburn. Book by Eugene Conrad and George Dill. Revised by Gladys Leger. Music by Jay Gorney and Robert Brahm. Lyrics by Owen Murphy and Eugene Conrad. Hilding Anderson conducted. The cast:

Essy Corcoran.....Nina Peon  
Robert Temple  
Clare Stratton  
John Corcoran.....Leah Winslow  
John Corcoran.....Nelle Graham Dent  
John Corcoran.....Phillips Tead  
John Corcoran.....Walter Walker  
John Corcoran.....Charles Brown  
John Corcoran.....Earl Redding  
John Corcoran.....Ernest Glendenning  
John Corcoran.....John Daly Murphy  
John Corcoran.....Billy Kelly  
John Corcoran.....Ann Milburn  
John Corcoran.....

The first act is musical comedy, the second is musical farce and the last act is a much golf talk.

The dialogue is often funny, at times incisive, as in the conversation between father and son. The music is agreeable, especially as interpreted by this show, under the leadership of Hilding Anderson.

Hilding Anderson

For outstanding feature there is the double sextet of pretty and agile girls—wild women of the dance—no name of lesser or more polite description will suffice.

Bob Corcoran overdraws his bank account, plays golf the clock around. Nothing must be done. His father orders him from home. Still following golf, he makes good through the game. Incidentally he saves the life of the pretty Marcia Willoughby, injured in a train wreck. Thus is spun a pretty love tale. Enters father on the scene, proud of his son for making good, he relents, sanctions the marriage of the pair, and there is the inevitable conclusion.

The performance was made doubly enjoyable by the acting of the company. Ernest Glendenning, who has won his spurs as a light comedian, was seen for the first time, if memory serves, as comedian of musical comedy. He danced nimbly and sang after the fashion of musical comedy comedians.

Miss Stratton, as Marcia, was pretty and girlish, and Ann Milburn, as Maureen, with her dainty bit of brogue, was head and shoulders above her colleagues in song; nor was she less agreeable in her dancing numbers. Much might be said in praise of the entire cast. T. A. R.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"The Gold Diggers," a farcical comedy in three acts, by Avery Hopwood; staged by Samuel Godfrey, with this cast:

Oliver Blakeney.....Oliver Blakeney  
Violet Dayne.....Roberta Lee Clark  
Sadie.....Ruth Wallace  
Trixie Andrews.....Marie LaRoze  
Gypsy Montrose.....Marjorie North  
Dolly Baxter.....Caroline Murphy  
Jerry Lamar.....Elsie Hiltz  
Cissie Gray.....Eleanor Brownell  
Topsy St. John.....Kate Russell  
Eleonor Montgomery.....Katie Smith  
Wally Saunders.....Houston Richards  
James Lee.....Bernard Nedell  
James Blake.....Roy Eklins  
Barney Barnett.....Ralph M. Remley  
Freddie Turner.....John O'Neil  
Marty Woods.....Charles Anderson  
Fenton Jessup.....George Spelvin  
Mrs. Lamar.....Anna Layng

"The Gold Diggers" dug with a vengeance last night when the Boston Stock Company presented their sophisticated comedy of chorus girls and money, first produced by David Belasco in 1919, with Ina Claire in the leading role.

A slender arm emerging from the covers in Miss Jerry Lamar's New York apartment, and a petulant voice, "I don't want to get up—it's only noon," sets the pace for talk of alimony, men with money and men without, and whether or not the poor chorus girl doesn't earn her furs and orchids by dancing all night with tired business men who never get tired. All join except little Violet, appropriately named after the shrinking flower. Instead she bursts into sobs about her Wally, who, it develops, will be disinherited if he marries a chorus girl.

His stern but handsome uncle knows all about chorus girls, and is quite sure that they are on earth for no good purpose, so he comes to Jerry's apartment to rescue him from the clutches of designing women, but hears himself the voice of the siren. Jerry has an idea. She will make "Uncle Steve" think she is the idol of his nephew's heart—and by racy stories and devotion to champagne and cigarettes so shock him that he will easily welcome little Violet as a relative-in-law—she will ensure V's success by the law of reaction.

Poor old Uncle Steve—he becomes more and more convinced that the chorus girl has been maligned, and becomes such an easy prey to the gold-digger that he likes it. And just as he is learning to endure, then pity, then embrace, his lawyer comes to rescue him. He too, knows all about women, and no smile will loosen his purse strings, he boasts, but he has not yet met Mabel, that skilled "painless extractor" of lucre from the pockets of men, who knows she is getting old, and believes in feathering her nest. Both become hopelessly entangled, and the disentanglement achieves the desired purpose of bringing the Romeo and Juliet of the piece happily together. The sham drops from the manners of Jerry and Mabel, thereby transforming their "Johnnies" to devoted fiancés.

There is a great diversity of characters in the ranks of the girls who formulate the brigade of gold-diggers. There is Eleanor and her convertible English accent, which is dropped for a terse expression of unladylike sound when she burns her finger; there is the genuine Topsy, who brings guffaws as she comes in after her first experience on the back of a horse, and Mabel, to whom falls the snappiest and some of the funniest lines, a walking personification of the expression "there's life in the old girl yet."

Miss Roberta Lee Clark, the company's new ingenue, appropriately gushed and simpered through her school girlish part as the shrinking violet, crossing the stage with embarrassed walk and swing of petite shoulders, which scored heavily. Miss Hiltz as Jerry, and Mr. Nedell as Uncle Steve, help to weld together a somewhat loosely directed play by their finished performances. Miss Anna Layng as the mother of Jerry contributed a flawless

bit. Eight extras were used in the performance.

Sticking to the gold-digging theme, the company will stage next week Guy Bolton's "Chicken Feed," subtitled, "Why Women Are Gold Diggers," so more enlightenment is in store on what seems to be an entertaining subject. H. P. M.

## ANNA PAVLOVA IN DON QUIXOTE

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Anna Pavlova, supported by Laurent Novikoff, Alexandro Volinina and Hilda Butsova, a corps de ballet and orchestra, Theodore Stier conductor, began an engagement last night at the Boston Opera House. The program included an overture "Fandango" by Napravnik, a ballet "Don Quixote" in two acts and a prologue, arranged by Mr. Novikoff, with music by Minkous, and seven divertissements; a Mazurka, the Swan, Pierrot, Pastoral, Scene Dansante, Visions and Syrian Dance.

This is not the first time that Don Quixote has figured in the ballet. All sorts of improper liberties have been taken with him by dramatists, operatic composers and writers of scenarios. In the ballet of last night he is first seen at home, reading his books of chivalry, resolving to take the road as a knight errant. He appears in the market place at Barcelona, observes the dancing with grave interest, persuades an innkeeper to allow Kitry Pavlova, his daughter, to wed an impecunious but agile dancer. Sancho is tossed in a blanket and plays blind-man's buff with graceful and desirable young women who on the slightest provocation fall a-dancing. A live horse and a live donkey bring the Don and Sancho on the stage. Knight and squire fall asleep in an enchanted forest, and Don Quixote sees Dulcinea Pavlova in her garden. He fights the knight of the Silver Shield and is worsted but is consoled by Dulcinea.

The stage settings are effective, that of the knight's room especially so, and the latter scenes are skillfully contrived to emphasize the gorgeousness of the costumes. The music is unfortunately most commonplace, without color, without sensuousness, commonplace and cheap, melodically and rhythmically, though no doubt it serves the dancers well enough. The composer Minkous, born about 1840, was first violin in the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, Moscow. He wrote ballet music. His "Flametta" was brought out in 1864. Influential friends procured a production at the Paris Opera in the same year, but the ballet was then known as "Nemea." He collaborated with Delibes in the ballet "La Source" at the Paris Opera, in 1866. It appears that his "Flamma d'Amore" (Trieste, 1868) is another version of his "Flametta." It would be interesting to know whether the music for "Don Quixote" is taken from this thrice worked ballet.

Mme. Pavlova danced last night as one rejoicing in the splendor of her beauty and her art. She danced with the freedom and the gusto that characterized her when she first delighted Boston. It is true that in the divertissements she was seen only in "The Swan" and the final number (according to the program), but in "Don Quixote" she did not save herself and as of old she was incomparable. Other dancers have shown academic training; some without this training have "interpreted" symphonies, music, legends, things animate and inanimate, posturing and cavoring, affecting the philosophic, psychologic, mystic and the exotic. Mme. Pavlova has not only technical skill in the highest degree; she is poetic and entrancing; her personal charm makes an immediate appeal and haunts the memory.

This time she has brought with her accomplished solo dancers and a well-drilled and large corps de ballet grateful to the eye. The costumes in "Don Quixote" were a blaze of splendor. The stage management and the choric evolutions showed care and intelligence. And this time Mr. Stier had an orchestra that did not rasp the nerves and stab the ear, not even in poor Minkous's music where blatant cacophony would have been a relief from the prevailing monotony of the commonplace. An audience of good size was enthusiastic.

Tonight the program will comprise the ballets "Amarilla" and "Autumn Leaves" and seven divertissements including the "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda."

## PAUL CHERKASSKY

**JORDAN HALL**—Concert by Paul Cherkassky, violinist. Arthur Medler, accompanist. The program was as follows: Sonata, Kuula (first time in

America); La Folia, Corelli-Leonard Rondo, Mozart-Kreisler; En Bateau, Debussy; Danse Characteristique and Berceuse, Sibellus (first time in America); Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens.

There is such a barrenness in violin literature, and so often it is the least interesting music that invades the concert halls, that it was a pleasure to hear Mr. Cherkassky's program last evening, and to hear him play. With the possible exception of the Saint-Saens' "Rondo Capriccioso," there was little to suggest the adventurous virtuoso who would overwhelm by the empty glare of his dynamics.

Instead he chose the "La Folia" of Corelli, for which Farnell suggested the themes for Corelli to make variations upon; the Mozart Rondo in Kreisler's arrangement of it; Debussy's "En Bateau," and three new pieces of Finnish origin, two by Sibellus, and the third a sonata of Toivo Kuula, a young composer, who before his untimely death from a bullet in the uprising of 1918, had already written a symphony, a symphonic poem, recently played in Paris, songs, and music for the piano.

Based on folk music, there is the same richness of the thematic material, the harsh melancholy and bleakness in this sonata, that one finds in the music of Sibellus; yet it is not imitation, and there is beauty in the Adagio.

Mr. Cherkassky played with intelligence, an excellent musician, possessed of a good technique, a warm tone, a smoothness in cantilena passages, and imagination. A small audience applauded him enthusiastically.

Mr. Fieldler, pianist, gave valuable assistance. 1/4 1/4 E. G.

## PROVIDE SHOW TO AMUSE DISABLED

### Actors and Actresses Now Playing Here Take Part in Program

Actors and actresses playing in Boston theatres gave generously of their time and talent yesterday afternoon at the fourth annual theatrical benefit at the Tremont Theatre in aid of disabled former service men in hospitals. The affair was given under the auspices of Community Service of Boston, Inc., and the Association of Theatre Managers of Boston.

Particularly pleasing to the large audience was the song and dance act of Miss Claire Stratton and Ernest Glendenning of the "Top Hole" Company, which started its Boston engagement Monday evening at the Tremont, and Fred Stone and Miss Dorothy Stone in the Peter Pan dance from "Stepping Stones."

Miss Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer of "Quarantine" presented a short farce, "The Robbery," and when Charles Irwin of "Artists and Models," who acted as master of ceremonies, announced that Miss Hayes and Mr. Blackmer had been working on the piece only since noon, both were recalled for several encores.

From "The Pottery" Company came Mrs. George A. Hibbard, widow of a former Boston mayor, and Wilbur Cox, each of whom gave recitations. Other acts were contributed by Bard and Pearl of "Artists and Models" and by Burns and Foran.

Shortly before intermission Louis A. Coolidge spoke briefly on the tendency to forget the service of former veterans.

Mrs. R. L. O'Brien heads the hospital committee of Community Service, while Mrs. Fiske Warren was chairman of the theatrical benefit committee.

Paul Whiteman and his merry men will jazz in Symphony hall tonight, and great will be the joy of hundreds, say thousands.

Winifred Byrd, a pianist of whom pleasant things have been said, will play in Jordan hall this afternoon.

Mr. Newman will talk about Borneo and Siam tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon in Symphony hall. Talk and pictures should be extremely interesting.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening are in memory of Gabriel Faure. Mr. Koussevitzky, on account of his illness, has been obliged to change the program, which he had carefully arranged. It is hoped that he will be able to conduct. If he will be unable, Mr. Burgin will be the leader. The program as changed loses unfortunately its peculiar significance, for the "Funeral" symphony of Locatelli and Schiabin's "Divine Poem" have been dropped. The pieces now to be played are the overture to "Penelope" and the Elegy for



violinello and orchestra by Faure; Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso" and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Ravel's brilliant "Alborada," originally a piano piece, was brought out in Boston by Mr. Longy. It was the first performance anywhere, and Mr. Longy conducted it from manuscript.

Mme. Pavlowa with her nymphs and swains will dance at Symphony hall this afternoon and Saturday afternoon; tonight, Friday night and Saturday night.

We have received a mass of circulars about Greta Gradova, a pianist who will play here Saturday afternoon. She was born in Russia, but she studied in Chicago. Her teacher was "a friend and disciple" of Scriabin, and Miss Gradova, addicted to his music, is said to be an authoritative interpreter of it, though her repertoire is a "jocund" one. Miss Henrietta Straus trumpeted her praise in no uncertain manner last February when she wrote: "From the moment she walks out on the platform until she walks back on realizes that here is an artist of perfect poise who knows exactly what she wants to say and how to say it." Miss Gradova's recent recitals in New York went with great favor. The critics were more than friendly.

Mr. Helfetz will fiddle in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon and the People's Symphony orchestra will play at the St. James Theatre.

#### A NOTE OF SADNESS

(Why, asks Clarence Lucas, does the music critic always look so sad?)

As alert as in his stall  
In Cacophony Hall  
The Critic unbendingly sits,  
While the audience nods  
And the orchestra plods,  
He has got to pull something to bits.

O if only the drum  
Would untimely tum-tum,  
Or the glockenspiel glock out of tune,  
Or the heckophone's peck  
Give the saxophone check,  
Or a mouse barricade the bassoon!

Ah, the Critic is bound  
To look wise and profound,  
And to watch for the slightest mistake;  
He may look a bit bored  
But he cannot afford  
A brief nap while his rival's awake.

A. W.

#### I RECALL

Notes and lines:

The 36 round gas globes, that adorned the three stories of the front of the old Boston Museum, of revered memory 12 to each story, and the long flight of steep stairs that must be climbed before reaching the ticket office, and the narrow flight that originally led from just outside the entrance to the stage door, where unless one were initiated into the mysteries, they were barred from further progress, but if given the password, they knew where to place the left foot, upon a metal, pedal-like, release, that was the open sesame of the door, to one of the most famous stages of this glorious country.

My, oh my: The feet of the great that have pressed that pedal: William Warren, the Booths, all of them, John McCullough, Walter Montgomery, Dion Boucicault, Agnes Robertson, Harry Montague, Stuart Robson, L. R. Shevell, Charley Barron, Annie Clarke, Mrs. Vincent, Kate Reynolds, John Raymond, Mary Cary, Louisa Meyers, Adelaide Phillips, John Gilbert, Sadie Martinot and hundreds of others, so many it would take columns to repeat them here. Where is that famous relic now?

Then the green room, almost Y-shaped, with the narrow end at the door, next the prompt entrance, with its long-covered bench on each side, and its full length mirror at the opposite end; and the portraits of the two former managers, E. F. Keach and W. H. Sedley Smith, adorning the walls—the earlier one mentioned, whom I never saw, and the latter recalled vividly as Grandfather Trent with Lotta in "Little Nell and the Marchioness"; in the burlesque of "Cinderella" and as von Puffengruntz in "The Black Crook," all at the old Continental; but the most important feature of all that room contained—for everybody, high or low, young or old, old-timer or newcomer, was an oblong case, about 24 by 16 inches, with a glass front hinged at the top, containing the casts of the coming plays, for that told us of the attainment of our ambition, or of the bitter disappointment of being submerged in minor and inconsequential parts. The eagerness with which everyone scanned the cast case, when a new play was put up, or when the

advent of some star like McCullough was imminent, with six changes a week, and each of them a five-act tragedy, was announced, is still fresh in memory.

Nor do I forget another of the fixtures of that famous green-room, placed on a bracket about head high—the old dictionary, well thumbed and frequently consulted, the chief justice of our supreme court in the settlement of arguments (I wonder what has become of that), also the banjo clock of ancient time, and the arbiter when late at rehearsal. "Ten minutes grace allowed for differences in clocks;" no use to argue further, the old "banjo" settled it, and "Pit," the dear old prompter, the last of his race, was disciplinary, although a good fellow, rest his soul!

It is one of the pleasures of life to recall sitting on that historic long bench, hundreds of times, and in imagination see once more all those great ones of the past enter and take one last look at themselves in that long mirror before making an entrance; to hear Hamlet tell Ophelia a funny story that made the ghost laugh; or see Othello take the index finger of Desdemona to prove to her that the color on his face was "fast," and would not smooch her, and so "prove" it to her; and to

listen again to Stuart Robson's squeaky voice, as he jollied Amy Ames or some one of the "ballet."

All people of the past, but there are many, many, many more.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

#### Notes and Lines:

Perhaps some reader of this column will be able to give information relative to an old woman who a generation or so ago played a squeaky organ on Boston Common. If memory does not fail me, she had a stand near the Park street corner. As I recall, she had a kerchief over her head, her face was deeply wrinkled, in fact she was a very old woman and was said to have had a history. One story had it she was a former opera singer, another that she was a highly connected Italian and that she had a wealthy daughter in New York. Do some of the older readers recall her? Querles about her are prompted by lately seeing a large and very good crayon drawing of her which is in the possession of a Boylston street piano house.

J. H. W.

#### ONLY 85 CENTS

(For Notes and Lines)

I think the show  
Must have been funny.  
I could hear the people laughing  
In the orchestra,  
And what I could see  
Occasionally  
Between the balcony rail  
And the loge rail  
Suggested mirth.  
Especially Britannia  
Chivvied about  
By the chorists.  
Of course I only paid  
Eighty-five cents.  
So I asked somebody  
Who sat in the orchestra  
If the show was as funny  
As it looked.  
He said,  
"What I could hear of it  
Was funny;  
But I couldn't hear  
The most of it."  
So the next time  
I will spend thirty cents  
On Mr. Sennett's zanies  
In the movies  
And laugh  
My fool head off.  
I haven't the time  
To study lip reading  
And enjoy the theatre.

AH CHEE.

Melrose.

## CANDLE-LIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th Century Symphony Orchestra, Raffaele Martino conductor, gave a "Candle-Light" concert in Jordan hall last night. The orchestral pieces were as follows, according to the program: Boccherini, minuet (not the familiar one); G. Gabrieli, canzone; Handel, suite; Neubauer, suite; Corelli, Concerto Grosso No. 2. Mr. Di Lascia and Mr. Frank played in Saggiore's sonata in E the flute solo and harpsichord. In Tartini's pastorale the violin solo was performed by Mr. Niccoli. Doris Emerson sang "Dove Sono" from "Le Nozze de Figaro"; Edward Purcell's "Passing By" and Handel's "Care Selve" from "Atalanta." Mr. Fornari, baritone, sang two airs from Galuppi's opera "Il Filosofo di Campagna."

A word about some of the composers represented. Gabriele, a fine fellow in his day, had a great influence on contemporaries and followers, as will be seen by reading Winterfeld's voluminous study of him. Edward Purcell, a church organist, was the youngest son of the great Henry, who is even in 1924 England's most illustrious composer.

Little is known about Neubauer. He dedicated a suite to the Landgrave William of Hesse in 1649. Galuppi is known by name to all lovers of Robert Browning, but there are clavier pieces by him that are worth hearing. He wrote at least 50 operas, mostly of a light nature, corresponding to musical comedies. Goldoni furnished the book for "Il Filosofo di Campagna," which was produced at Milan in 1750. Goldoni himself said of many comedies by him that they were "merry plays for music." Composers down to Wolf-Ferrari have made use of them.

Some years ago Mr. Sam Franko gave in New York a series of concerts of ancient music for several seasons, and they attracted attention. (He also gave a series in Berlin.) He did not find it necessary, however, to array his players in powdered wigs and the costumes of the 18th century, nor did they play by candle light. The public for concerts of this nature in Boston must be somewhat limited, and even for those most musically inclined a whole evening of the old music is likely to prove monotonous, no matter how excellent the performance. This is especially apt to happen when the music is older than the 18th century, written in a manner that is strange to modern ears accustomed to our relations of keys and even the whole tone scale. And so last night the minuet of Boccherini, even with its apparently interminable repetitions, was much more grateful to the ear than the Canzone of Gabrieli. Quick movements by the old masters, even by Bach, when played one after the other, soon begin to sound alike, and one thinks that they might stop or go on indefinitely without serious damage to their contents.

Mr. Martino and his men are giving concerts that no one else in the city would have the courage and the patience to give. They afford students and insatiable lovers of music an opportunity of hearing music that otherwise would be known to them only by books and by the sight of the scores. The audience last night was evidently interested and the conductor, his men, and the soloists, were loudly applauded.

## PIERIAN SODALITY

The Pierian Sodality of Harvard University, George Brown '25, conductor, gave a concert at the Copley Theatre yesterday afternoon. The orchestral program was as follows: Gluck, Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Schubert, Second movement of the "Unfinished Symphony"; Humperdinck, Song of the Sandman and Prayer from "Haensel und Gretel"; Juernfelt, Berceuse; Thompson, two Sentimental Tangos (for dancing); Charpentier, Prelude to second act of "Louise"; Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Morris L. Brown of '25 sang with orchestra "Eri Tu" from "Ballo in Maschera" and a group of three songs by Purcell, Brahms and Gartner, to a piano accompaniment by Clair T. Leonard '23. There was a very friendly audience of good size.

The program was rather an ambitious one. The music by Schubert and Humperdinck taxed oboe and clarinet; Charpentier's music is hardly within the grasp of an amateur orchestra, and a poetic interpretation of the first section of the "Oberon" overture calls for fine playing. Mr. Brown's choice of Verdi's great dramatic and emotional aria was also ambitious. He sang it manfully, unmindful of slips and strange sounds in the accompaniment, but it would have been wiser for him if he had taken a simple song and put his trust in a pianoforte.

The conductor showed musical intelligence. Especially noteworthy was his reading of Gluck's noble overture, and here the orchestra played with the most confidence and with the best results. It is easy to see the difficulties presented; the necessity of snatching time for rehearsal from other duties; the inevitable changes in personnel; the search after players of wood-wind instruments who at least will make agreeable sounds. The wonder is that the concerts of the Pierian Sodality are as interesting as they are. It is a good thing for the players to gain in this manner a practical acquaintance with musical literature and a knowledge of the instruments. This concert was the present conductor's first. From a single concert one might fairly say that he has the necessary equipment for his task, and he, with the players, will probably not be unwilling to learn and progress.

P. H.

## CERCLE FRANCAIS

FINE ARTS THEATRE—Le Cercle Francais of Harvard presented "Le Monde Ou l'On s'Ennuie," a comedy in three acts by Edward Pailleron. The cast:

Bellac.....Philippe Hottinguer  
Roger de Ceran.....Emile P. Etting  
Paul Raymond.....R. D. Merlan

Le General.....Roger S. Coolidge  
Viscount de Galac.....C. M. S. Grayson  
De Saint Reault.....Yves H. Buhler  
Duchesse de Reville.....Ethel Thayer  
Jeanne Raymond.....Helen Grew  
Lucy Watson.....Mary Otis  
Suzanne de Villiers.....Janet Sabine  
Comtesse de Ceran.....Emily Sears

Pailleron was something of an Oscar

Wilde in his virulent scoffing at the artifices of a decadent society where the merest lecture became the god of women's idolatry, and offices of political and academic importance were so easily bartered in the salon. Yet his epigrams are never insistent, nor is his irony too scorching; his is well bred comedy, mocking the dilettante and sycophant lightly, and the plot and pattern are old inheritances of the French stage.

Since its first performance, in 1881, at the Comedie Francaise, where the identification of the persons of the play with people of importance in academic and social circles caused excitement, "Le Monde Ou l'On s'Ennuie," has been played in French, in German, and in English; it is still in the repertoire of the Comedie Francaise.

Got, the first of the fatuous Bellacs, pursued by relentless women eager to hear of platonic love, thought his role "execrable"; he wrote in his journal that, after the 15th performance, "that was only a too friendly concession," he would refuse to play the role again; that every member of the company had previously refused it.

Yet Bellac does not seem so intolerable a part today, and it is in the poise of Pailleron's characterizations, and the readiness of his comment, that his piece lives. In the source of the plot the unsigned and unaddressed letter read by the wrong person and the conversations of the conservatory, there is little originality.

The Cercle Francais gave an amusing, and well coached performance of it yesterday; there was sureness and humour in Miss Thayer's playing of the cynical and clear eyed Duchesse de Reville; Mr. Hottinguer played Bellac with appropriate suavity and ardour; Miss Sabine was an eager and impetuous Suzanne,

amusing in her tilts with that young pedant, Roger de Ceran, played by Mr. Etting; and the delightful Paul and Jeanne Raymond, trying to conceal their newness in marriage and to impress this fluttering with their sophistication and their learning, were briskly played by Miss Grew and Mr. Merlan.

Perhaps it is the difficulty of the small stage at the Fine Arts Theatre, but in the second act the stage seemed extraordinarily crowded, and the groupings were not so well arranged. This, however, is remediable. There was a large and friendly audience. The performance will be repeated this evening.

E. G.

## LOUISE HOMER

Louise Homer, contralto, gave a recital last night in Symphony hall for the benefit of the Farmington nursery of the Community Health Association of Boston. She sang two Handel airs, "Come and Trip It" and "Omnia mea sunt tibi"; Schubert's Serenade; "Maedchen sind wie der Wind," by Loewe; Dvorak's "Darf des Falken Schwingen"; an aria from Massenet's "Werther" and one from "Paul et Virginie," by Masse; Respighi's "Nebbia"; a Scotch song arranged by Fraser; Mendelssohn's "Wings of Song"; and songs by Sidney Homer, Carpenter, Krull and Watts.

Mme. Homer did some extremely fine singing and she found some unfamiliar music interesting to hear. It was good to hear, if only for once, Massenet's air sung, as it was intended, by a deep voice; it suited Mme. Homer's admirably. The song about the tiger, brilliantly sung, was a pleasure to listen to though it did rouse a lively curiosity as to what the creature did. And it was nice of Mme. Homer to remind the

world that Loewe has written a song or two well worth the hearing.

With sensitive feeling for Handel's line and also with beauty of tone she sang Handel's song of the shade tree. The Respighi song she made unusually intense and moving, and in "How's My Boy" she attained her customary dramatic effect.

Mme. Homer had the help of a highly skilful accompanist, Ruth Emerson. Of course the audience wanted many additional songs. There were many people present.

R. R. G.

Mr. Louis Weltzenkorn tells this story in the N. Y. World, showing that even in London a reporter's life is not always a happy one. This reporter had an inordinate sense of his own importance that communicated itself to his chief. It was at the time the Empress Eugenie took refuge in England. The chief thought it necessary for him to



"Interview her. He took the young man with him. After an imperial ceremony the two stood before Eugene. "Eugene looked at me," my friend said when he related the story, "and I felt that my time in the world had come. Then she called a servant and shouted: 'Take this young man down to the kitchen and feed him.'"

#### HIS RESIGNATION VOLUNTARY

As the World Wags:  
"One feature of that story was that Dr. Grant had not resigned last June, as was announced then, but had been forced out by the vestrymen. This story was flatly denied last night by every one of the seventeen vestrymen and a Ber-k woaow wifagth wotfgw wa who could be reached. All who commented said that Dr. Grant had resigned voluntarily."

The N. Y. Times of Nov. 24 carried this information regarding the strange personnel of Dr. Grant's New York church. We don't have them in Boston, these "Ber-k woaow wifagth wotfgw wa," but I should imagine they would be very useful to newspaper reporters who desire inside information up to date, regarding any "peppy" news the church might have. A. V. P.

Newspaper men are not the only ones that seek "inside information." There are the physicians and surgeons, for instance.

#### ETIOLOGY OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS

(Letter received by a health officer in Maine)

Dear Sirs: A. T. Jones and family are quarantined having a case of infantile paralysis. As soon as the quarantine is off, you are requested to visit the farm in which he is living. Examine grave where he buried a horse a month or two ago. Also lino fences. I know for a fact he throws his dead hens along the fences; never burles them. One was allowed on hen pen roof until skeleton was all that was left. Not so sure but you'll find that there today. Health comes first and there is no need of anyone being so slack.

#### TRILLIA

As the World Wags:

As the result of his searching of his soul a poet of today, though hardly of tomorrow or the day after, made recent catalogue in three stanzas of three groups of outer forces, three outer to the group, to which each of his three deepest emotions reacted with highest voltage. Trillia, one might call this novel form in which psychology and mathematics are so subtly blended.

Whatever the reason for so doing may have been, the poet omitted to disclose the effect upon him of the master motive fear, that maketh the flesh to tremble in the common man. Perhaps it was because the poet is a wholly fearless person, as so many of our poets are, without distinction of sex. Indeed, in no other of the arts, not even in the modern drama, do we find weak, defenseless women so out-braving hirsute males in boldness of assertion and intimacy of personal revelation.

Though feeling deprived of perfect understanding of the psyches of the poet by this omission, it served to rouse a greater interest in my own as to the subject of it, and as I remembered certain episodes on a recent visit to your city, I came to the following conclusion:

There are three things I greatly fear:  
The trodden toe in aisle not clear;  
The burning of a tender tongue;  
The subway turnstiles backward flung.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

#### AURORA

(For As the World Wags)

Coming!  
Out of the dark,  
Bulging out of the soft night,  
A thundering horror,  
Coming!  
Coming upon us,  
Creeping,  
Creeping from its lair.  
Hush! the roaring ceases.  
It has caught some victim.  
Sleep.

Hark! muttering,  
A horrible crescendo,  
A thousand voices around the curve.  
It leaps the high spots,  
Crash! it falls.  
Glass, glass,  
Scarlet clashes  
Upon the howling indigo of sound.

Nearer,  
Loud, louder than the possibility of noise,  
And then 10 times as loud.  
The room is rocking,  
The foundations leap,  
The house flaps and jiggles in it.  
Where to hide?  
It comes from everywhere,  
The room hurls to it.  
Inside my skull!  
It buzzes in my spine.

Louder!  
Crash!  
It stops—  
The world at pause.  
Is this the Judgment?  
Am I dead?  
No luck,  
It is the milk.

—JOSELYN.

#### "LIKE" FOR "AS" OR "LIKE AS"

As the World Wags:

In The Herald you include Shakespeare as one of several Englishmen who you say "misused" "like" for "as" or "like as." There are two instances of such a use of "like" in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," a drama which is usually included in Shakespeare's published works, but that drama includes considerable matter which it is generally agreed was not written by Shakespeare, and those two instances of the use of "like" for "as" or "like as" are in that non-Shakespearean matter. Is there any instance of that use of "like" in the genuine writing of Shakespeare?

In one of Brander Matthews' books, he includes Shakespeare as one of several distinguished writers whom he enumerated as having used the split infinitive. Is there really any instance of Shakespeare's use of that infinitive? Brookline. INQUIRER.

This is our busy day, and we have not the time to consult a Shakespeare concordance; but we think you will find examples of "like" for "as." Is there not an example in "Two Gentlemen of Verona?"

Mr. Christopher Morley visited Manchester, England, and according to the Manchester Guardian he was delighted by these things: (1) a beautiful green locomotive with a rose and thistle and dragon's wing painted on it—a fairy locomotive enlarged, he thought; (2) a girl in Market street with silk stockings and cloes; (3) a man working at a tailor's window with a black moustache waxed at the ends to spikes so long that a bird could have perched on each of them; (4) a hotel with one bathroom for two floors; (5) a bookshop in many cellars in a district smelling of cheese; (6) the writing on the letter at the lady's hand in Mr. Francis Dodd's beautiful picture "Signora Lotto" in the City Art Gallery

## WINIFRED BYRD

BY PHILIP HALE

Winifred Byrd, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon. The program read: Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Schumann, Intermezzo; Chopin, Andante Splanato and Etude op. 25, No. 11; Scriabin, Sonata, F sharp minor, op. 30, Danse languide, op. 51, No. 4, Desir op. 57, Etude, D sharp minor, op. 8, No. 12; Debussy, Danse de Puck, Prelude; Goossens, March of the Wooden Soldier; Wagner-Hutcheson, Ride of the Valkyries; Liszt, Sonetto del Petrarca, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10.

Miss Byrd was 15 minutes late. Punctuality is the sole of recitals as well as dinner.

She finally began by playing Mendelssohn's once familiar Rondo and ran the opening section. This piece is suavely elegant, not at all emotional, salon-music of the better class. Miss Byrd tried to give it epic proportions in what some call "the greater Chopin" manner. She took liberties with the melodic flow and gave the music an importance which it does not have. The main movement was played fleetly and prettily.

Chopin's Andante was performed with more discretion. Miss Byrd's touch was euphonious; there was little or no exaggeration in rhythmic liberties, no affectation in the interpretation. But what possessed this young woman to play Chopin's Etude as she did? Her performance was muddy, unduly noisy, a helter-skelter performance suggestive of an athletic girl, "fond of music," one "just doting on Chopin," seeing what she could make of the Etude for the first time.

Then came a row of Scriabin's compositions. We are well dosed with Scriabin this week. Mr. Koressevitzy's sickness prevented the performance of Scriabin's "Divine Poem" at the Symphony concerts, but there were the piano pieces yesterday and there will be more at a recital next Saturday afternoon. Scriabin's idiom is still foreign to us, whether it is revealed in orchestral or piano music. When it is least aggressive it has been derived from Chopin with here and there a sprinkling of Liszt in his less inspired moments. When Scriabin is himself, that is to say the idol before whom some bow down, he is a fearsome person, one to be avoided by lovers of the beautiful and the noble, especially when in his orchestral pieces he cannot help remembering Wagner. In the sonata played yesterday he began in Chopin-

esque manner, but when he rose up to assert himself the sonata was nothing more than

"a tale, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

## WHITEMAN

People crowded Symphony hall to the doors last night in their thirst to hear Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Every man and woman in the throng must have been content, for there was something to please all tastes. For those who fancy comedy Ross Gorman gave a clever imitation of a prima donna performing the "Carnival of Venice" with variations, very droll, indeed; with amazing skill a fiddler played "Pop Goes the Weasel" in the manner of a fiddler at a country dance 75 years ago. To please people with sentiment in their hearts Morton Downey sang a "ballad" or two in an astonishingly high tenor voice.

Best of all there was dance music, of a rhythm so lively it could lend life to the heels of a man cast in bronze. The first piece played—it had no name—the pretty Spanish piece by Isham Jones, "By the Waters of Minnetonka"; Vincent Rose's "Linger a While," with some extraordinary banjo playing by Michael Pignitore—who could ask more engaging music of the kind?

More brilliant playing will surely not be heard in a hurry, playing stirringly rhythmic and well-sounding.

Then Mr. Whiteman played music, for the delectation of the more seriously disposed, to demonstrate his theory that "jazz"—according to the program he does not care for the term—need not be limited to dance music and comedy. Very likely he is right. But before he can prove his point to the satisfaction of everybody he will have to scour the country for composers of a finer ability than any who have come this way yet. For certain rhythms and certain orchestral timbres are so closely united in the minds of men that to disassociate them will prove the task of a genius—or else a matter in which time must take its course.

Even the waltzes last night lacked charm, let alone distinction. Mr. Eastwood Lane made little impression with his three "American Musical Pieces," and the four serenades by the late Victor Herbert, while pretty enough and with some nice color in the Chinese movement, seemed not to amount to much.

Even George Gershwin's famous

"Rhapsody in Blue" for piano and orchestra—the "modern American orchestra," the program states—suggests conscious effort rather than spontaneous expression. After an opening flourish of almost burlesque bravura, for some minutes nothing happens. Then a rhythm comes that has life, and presently a piano solo with character to it, character that soon gets lost, and there is a close of the pounding, thundering order now very much in vogue; this close Mr. Gershwin has managed quite as successfully as anybody else.

The audience liked the rhapsody enormously. Mr. Gershwin receiving very long and loud applause. The whole concert was heartily applauded. It would be an odd person, indeed, who did not enjoy much of the music, of whatever sort appealed to his taste, and the playing was all remarkable. R. R. G.

## ANNA PAVLOWA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mme. Anna Pavlova, supported by Laurent Novikoff, Alexandre Volinine, Hilda Butsova and her corps de ballet. Orchestra conducted by Theodore Sler. The program included the ballets, "Magic Flute" and "Snowflakes"; the divertissements were a Liszt rhapsody, Coquette de Colombine (with Mme. Pavlova, Novikoff and Volinine), Idyll, Spanish Dance, Holland Dance, En Sourdine and a Russian dance.

Only in its possession of the magic flute is this ballet of "Magic Flute," to music of Drigo's, akin to Mozart; yet it is amusing at the outset with its grotesque, skipping footman, its stiff old marquis whipped into mincing dance by the tune of the fairy flute, its rubicund gourmand, the village clerk, and its caricatured judge. But, for the rest, even the blithe spirits of the dancing villagers, and the wiles of Miss Butsova, did not make it seem less rapid, and endlessly repetitious; there are the same steps, the same nuances, monotonously reiterated. Why could this not be abbreviated, for it would make a delightful short ballet?

"Snowflakes" is the essence of the ballet, fantastic, unreal, its detached whiteness intensified by the setting of Joseph Urban and the slight glitter as the dancers whirl about in the blue light, strangely one in their evolutions. A magical ballet, set to Tschaiowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," and in the choreography there is fantasy, and imagination.

There were only a few moments of Pavlova here, and for the rest of the evening she danced in only two divertissements, the "Coquette de Colombine" and the Russian dance, more lovely and eager in her abandon than she has been for many years. She was ably supported by M. Volinine, M. Novikoff and Miss Butsova, as well as the entire corps de ballet. There was a large audience that applauded her well. This evening she will present the Chopiniana and her Oriental Impressions, as well as various divertissements. E. G.

## Koussevitzky Gives Program in Memory of

Gabriel Faure  
By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky had arranged the following program in memory of Gabriel Faure, who died at Passy on Nov. 4: Locatelli's Funeral Symphony, Faure's overture to "Penelope and Elegy for violoncello and orchestra, Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso" and Scriabin's "Divine Poem," but Mr. Koussevitzky's sickness and the consequent lack of rehearsal necessitated a change.

The program finally arranged and followed yesterday comprised these compositions: Faure, Overture to "Penelope" and "Elegy"; Ravel, Orchestral Fragments (first series) from "Daphnis and Chloe"; Beethoven, "Eroica" Symphony. That accomplished artist, Mr. Bedetti, played the violoncello solo in the "Elegy."

There was good reason for paying this tribute to Gabriel Faure, although he was not conspicuous as a writer of symphonic music for orchestra. He wrote a symphony but it was not published, though it was performed at a Cologne concert at Paris in 1885. A critic then wrote that "two of the three movements pleased, but the finale was composed, without any precise musical idea, even the instrumentation lacked color." He added, "We advise the young composer to revise the whole of this movement before presenting the symphony again to the public." "Young Composer." Faure was then 40 years old, a mere child if Bernard Shaw's Sallie Hovey's extension of the age allotted to man by Moses in the Psalm attributed to him is, to be considered seriously and accepted by those who would not dread being Struldbrugs, the unhappy immortals seen by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver in the Kingdom of Luggnagg.

Faure has been represented at the Symphony concerts by his exquisite music for "Pelleas and Melisande," incidental music to "Shylock," a French version of "The Merchant of Venice" and the overture to "Penelope"—all music for the stage. His Ballade for piano and orchestra, his Allegro Symphonique; the Pavane and "La Sicilienne" have been ignored, perhaps with good reason, for they are not numbered among his important works even by the warmest admirers in his own country.

The true talent, one might say genius, of Faure is clearly revealed in his songs and chamber music. They are the work of a singularly sensitive composer, who, with Verlaine, valued the nuance more than the color. He is not a man for the crowd; he demands sensitive, poetic hearers, though his works have the clarity that is the glory of the best French literature and music. Though in a way a dreamer, his technique was not vague, not experimental. An admirer of Saint-Saens and his close friend, unlike him he was generously disposed toward the men of the younger school. He taught them, he encouraged them, though he probably smiled at the vagaries of those who put their trust in polytonality and wrote for the sake of making the bourgeois sit up. As a teacher he exerted a deep and beneficent influence not only for his own country, but for the whole musical world. His name will live long as the composer of some of the most beautiful songs in musical literature, of chamber music of a fine distinction, and as the teacher of musicians, who without aping his style—and Faure of all men possessed style—are true to his high standard, his poetic idealism, his purity of taste.

It was natural, then, that Ravel's name should be on this memorial program, for Ravel was a favorite pupil of Faure, and when he was debarred from competing for the grand prix de Rome by ultra-conservatives, though his talent had already been officially



recognized, the exclusion vexed musical Paris and led to the appointment of Faure to the directorship of the Conservatory.

Apart from sentimental reasons, the concert was an interesting one. While the overture to "Penelope" is not a commanding work, the performance glorified it. Mr. Bedetti played the Elogio as it should be played, not as a virtuoso piece, which would have been absurd, and in what one might call the truly Faurean manner. Ravel's music for a ballet was in keeping; especially the first two movements, and the brilliance of the third, the War Dance, gave the necessary contrast to what had gone before.

Some perhaps wondered, or expected, or hoped that Mr. Koussevitzky would take all sorts of improper liberties with Beethoven. If they wished for a sensational performance, that they might have hysterical in praise or blame, they were disappointed. The interpretation was first of all musical in its emotional quality; it was characterized by impressive nobility, that did not preclude tenderness; it was dramatic, when intensity was demanded, but it was not theatrical; there was dignity without metronomic pedantry; and the Variations in the Finale were truly varied, running the gamut of expression. Nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Koussevitzky has a remarkable orchestra on which he can play at will and interpret music as it appeals to him.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will probably be as follows: Respighi, Four Old Dances and Airs for the Lute (freely arranged); Schumann, Symphony No. 4, D minor; Prokofiev, Piano Concerto No. 3 (first time in Boston); Alexander Borovskiy, pianist; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

## SIAM AND BORNEO

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's travel-talk last night in Symphony hall was "Siam and Borneo." The talk proved to be of absorbing interest and was greatly enjoyed by a large audience. An Italian traveler who visited Borneo in 1503—the English translator of the 16th century spelled the name of the island "Bornei"—described the inhabitants as having "sharp wit and manner of living not greatly to be discommended." They observe justice and good order." Not a word about the wild men. Our old friend Jeremy Collier in 1701 spoke of the camphor, gold and "bezoar, which is a stone formed in the stomach of a sheep or he goat, about a bit of straw which stayeth in the stomach and is often found in the stone." He said nothing about the wild men.

Mr. Newman did not quote from these descriptions, but he defended valiantly the character of the Dyaks, the head hunters, who are devoted to their children, never strike a woman or abuse animals, nor are they murderers by nature. The passion for heads arises from tribal feuds. A young woman, courted, tells her lover: "First, go get me the head of one of my tribe's enemies." Having shown the port of Bandjermasin, the waterways and the native shops, Mr. Newman took his audience into the jungle, with views on the Rarito river swarming with crocodiles, with scenes in monkeyland, strange birds and insects and the orangutan, until there was a close acquaintance with the Dyaks. Their homes, customs, a wedding ceremony were shown. Penang was visited; the port of the Malay straits, with its beautiful estates owned by wealthy Chinese merchants, its fine roads. There were revelations of the luxury of these merchants in contrast with Malay life. The wonder is that Mr. Newman had the courage, the patience and the physical endurance to take the pictures of Borneo jungles and the river that were shown for the first time by any giver of travel talks.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is a wonderful city. The Siamese remind one of Homer's adjective characterizing the people whom Zeus visited on his days off duty—the blameless Ethiopians. The present King, who as a prince once visited Boston, fired with desire to introduce western ideas, has made the city itself attractive and comfortable for foreign visitors. There are still the marvels of Siamese architecture, the Wat Pole and all the golden palaces, pagodas, temples, shrines. In strong contrast is the state building designed by an Italian, which Mr. Newman deplores as being out of keeping with Siamese surroundings. It is said that this King is gradually turning back to oriental life and opinions, yet he was shown at Hua Hin dedicating a golf course. There were many fascinating views of the waterways at Bangkok, the royal dancers and the trained elephants for military service.

The traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week the last of the series, "Java and Sumatra." There will be an extra illustrated travel talk "Around the World" on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. Dec. 19 and 20.

Mr. John L. Balderston cabled to the New York World an interesting article about the security of the Indian's frontier being involved in the blackmalling of Hurri Singh, but he made a singular error when he spoke of Hurri Singh losing caste. The Maharajah, Hurri Singh, and their subjects are not Brahmins; there is no law of caste in Kashmir. The Maharajah, by the way, and Hurri Singh were shown here by Mr. Newman in an entertaining Travel-talk a few weeks ago. It will be remembered that Mr. Newman was the guest of the Maharajah and Hurri Singh put his houseboat at Mr. Newman's disposal. Hurri Singh might easily be taken for a white man tanned a little by the sun. He is handsome, a romantic looking and engaging person, well educated, an accomplished linguist.

### CAPT. NEWTON IN BOSTON

As the World Wags:

As I read of the blackmalling case that was tried in England a few days ago and came upon reference to Capt. Newton, I wondered if by chance it could be the same good looking, debonaire officer of British yeomanry who visited Boston shortly after the close of the Boer war, for his recent manifestations in the accumulation of easy money suggested that it might be.

Sure enough it was, Capt. Montague Noel Newton, to whom quoted reference is made in *The Herald* as "the greatest scoundrel unhung." He had not arrived at this later distinction then, nor were his financial transactions in such goodly sums as his later connection with Indian potentates and their amours made possible, but he did very well while he lasted.

At the time of his visit the game of Ping-Pong was as prevalent as Mah-Jong is now. "Monte" was a professor at it, and by backing himself against the members of the club where he was put up who thought they were good at it, he was assured of a steady and unprecious income. But it was at poker rather than at Ping-Pong that he got in his real work. After he had been about the club long enough to have made acquaintance, he asked one of the members to give a guest card to another Englishman who had turned up at the Hotel Bellevue where Monte was living, quite a stranger to Monte of course, but a fine chap, looking for horses, don't you know, blood thicker than water, and all that sort of thing. The member did it. Then the two got busy, raising the modest standard of the then current gaming to dizzying heights, playing both ends against the middle and dividing up the spoil on their return to their hostelry. Finally, on a dark and stormy night and well toward the end of it, they made a final clean-up to which all those present generously contributed. That club saw them no more—though Monte hung around another well-known social institution in the town of Brookline for some time longer.

It all came about through the interest a charming and accomplished young Boston woman had taken in the gallant yeoman on the steamer which had brought him to this land of opportunity. She had requested a card for him of a friend of hers who was a member of the fated club, and so were the links of the chain welded.

He was a most attractive person, and I well remember his story of a night ride alone across the veldt with a lion off to starboard as his convoy. He was most convincing about it, and I believe it even to this day.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

### SINS OF THE FATHERS

("The Intelligence of children is directly proportional to the incomes of their fathers, according to Dr. Andrew H. MacPhail, who has just made a survey of 3333 pupils—1262 boys and 2071 girls—seniors in Massachusetts high schools.")—A news paragraph.)

Dear Sir,

I now enclose John Henry's last report; He is not, as it shows, Among the brighter sort. In fact, I should prefer To state the truth at once— To put it bluntly, sir, The boy's a perfect dunce.

But do not blame the lad; Reproach instead yourself— His dullness, I must add, Reflects your lack of pelf. More money, sir, acquire, For here's the golden rule— Without a wealthy sire No child can shine at school.

I give you one more chance Your mettle to display— Grow rich, sir, and advance, Or take your boy away. Let riches be your aim Or he must go, I'm sure— I will not shield from shame The undeserving poor.

LUCIO.

### ADD "PINOCLE"

As the World Wags: Your bit about pinocle and its origin

reminds me of a story that is told by a Jew on South street:

An old Jew was traveling on a train in the Southwest. The country was full of klan talk and the old fellow was scared. As the train pulled away from its first stop the conductor, a big, burly fellow, shouted, "Is there a Jew in this car?" The old man trembled and ducked behind his newspaper. This happened several times and the Jew was nearly sick with fear. At last he decided to have it over with, regardless of consequences, and upon the question being bellowed the last time, he stood up and answered in a trembling voice, "Yes, sir, here." "Then go up front to the smoker. You're wanted for pinocle."

JOSEPH JAMES.

### WHEN IS A BOOK NOT A BOOK

As the World Wags:

"I remember an editor who once asked a number of writers to review their own books over their own names. I was one of the writers, and the book was, unfortunately, a play, and therefore even more amateurish than if it had been a book."—G. K. Chesterton in the Illustrated London News

W. W. C.

### POP CORN

As the World Wags:

Mr. Whiting published in *The Herald* of Nov. 28 an extensive monologue on pop corn and the amount of moisture in it.

Pop corn in order to pop white and even must respond to a quick coal fire (preferably over the kitchen, or inside the sitting room range) and be absolutely free from moisture—inside the kernel. It is advisable, however, to take a little moisture before eating the popped corn, preferably cider. All corn—for popping purposes—must be dried on the cob at least one year. All good cider requires aging; all good whiskey and wine also require it; why not pop corn?

A. F. O'DWYER.

Lowell.

Does any one remember the pop corn man who used to sell his bags and shake his salt on the trains between Boston and Springfield in the sixties? We also saw him and ate his corn on the Connecticut river trains. He was a pleasant, courteous chap, humpbacked. It was said at the time that he had "amassed a fortune."—Ed.

HA! HA!

As the World Wags:

Our classical geography is growing dim. What part of Rome is Vincola? Or perhaps you didn't see *The Herald's* report of what Lorado Taft said about horns on Michelangelo's "Moses": "The statue is now in the Church of San Pietro, in Vincola, Rome."

E. P. G.

## MME. PAVLOVA

Mme. Pavlova drew a large audience to the Opera House last night. Though she herself danced little and her most distinguished associates not much more, there was still good entertainment in plenty, for Mme. Pavlova, who showed a cautious reserve in the pallid "Chopiniana," danced in the third part of the "Oriental Impressions" with all her old-time vigor as well as with the grace and charm which have never deserted her. In this picture Mr. Algeranoff dancing with her showed skill and imagination.

This year Mme. Pavlova has accomplished dancers about her. A young woman appearing early in the "Chopiniana" has already developed a sensitiveness to the beauty of line and also has acquired the muscular control that enables her to do it justice. The two young women who, with two gracefully agile young men, presently danced to a waltz rejoice in an airy disregard of weight which suggests intelligent study of one of Mme. Pavlova's most notable qualities. One of these ladies has attained as well the power of tassing off certain difficult technical feats with a good deal of brilliancy. In this ballet Mr. Volinine proved himself once more a virtuoso.

In the second Japanese picture four young women danced with much grace, one in particular—she wore a blue robe with pink about her neck—showing especial spirit. A young man followed them, with the skill to dance as rigidly as one might expect of a graven image; no slight feat.

There were half a dozen or so "divertissements," but they came very late in the evening. It would have been a pleasure to see the men dance the Gopak. Miss Pavlova and Mr. Novikoff were to do a Serenade and a Bachanale, Miss Stuart and Mr. Vagninski a Gardas, Miss Butsova and Mr. Oliveroff a ribbon dance, Mr. Volinine a dance of Pierrot, and the ballerine were to dance the Blue Danube.

R. R. G.

the audience, fair in size and fine in quality: Italian concerto. Bach; dance languide, prelude in F sharp minor. Scriabin; intermezzo, hobak. Mousorgsky; etude, C sharp minor, valse. A flat major, op/ 24, Chopin; Scudilla. Tango, Albeniz; Mephisto waltz, Liszt.

Miss Gradova is a singularly fortunate young woman. Blessed with an enthusiasm for the music of Scriabin, she has been endowed with the ability and the energy to make herself an interpreter of this odd music of recognized authority. To continue the list of her blessings, she is possessed of the kind of personality that makes people go gladly to hear her play, and, furthermore, she has to her credit the sound sense, not common to propagandists, to play them programs on the whole agreeable to hear.

Thus splendidly equipped, Miss Gradova travels the country over letting the world hear what Scriabin's music is like. What greater satisfaction can come to an artist than to play to fine audiences music, not generally admired or understood, by a composer close to one's own heart?

Miss Gradova made the languid dance less static than some players have recently contrived, the sonata more reasonable—she lent it even a touch of poetry—and the early study, if not of consequence, at least engaging. It is a pity she determined not to play "Vers la Flamme," music in Scriabin's more pronounced vein, since she, if anybody can manage it, is the one to prove its reason for being.

With Chopin Miss Gradova has a way of her own, an absorbingly interesting way if not absolutely convincing. To the study she brought a robust vigor rather surprising, but not necessarily out of place. She played the waltz with many variations of rhythm, with no attempt at brilliancy, but rather in the vein of an improvisation. One little episode following delightfully on the heels of another. Her way may not have been right, but it was attractive.

The Spanish pieces she also played enchantingly, though again with unusual rhythmic effects. In the middle section of the Liszt waltz she showed her powers of dealing skilfully with sustained song.

Miss Gradova has her limitations. With Bach, especially when he moves quickly, she seems not to be in sympathy. Her tone, in her thirst for strength, sometimes she makes hard. But she remains a musician of strong individuality, a pianist of unusual powers, one of the most genuinely interesting players to appear here in many a day.

R. R. G.

### ANNA PAVLOVA

Mme. Pavlova and her company ended their engagement at the Boston Opera House last night with a repetition of the brilliant ballet "Don Quixote," followed by divertissements. The program of the afternoon performance included "The Sleeping Beauty" with Tchaikovsky's music (Mmes. Butsova and Lake, and M. Oliveroff); "The Fairy Doll," with music by Bayer and other composers (Mme. Pavlova taking the part of the doll) and several divertissements.

Mme. Pavlova brought with her this time a large and excellent company in addition to her excellent solo dancers, and an orchestra that was of better quality than in the last preceding visits. The scenery and the stage management were more than adequate. Mme. Pavlova herself has never danced here with greater spontaneity, abandon, grace and daring. She has said that this is her last visit. Let it be earnestly hoped that, following the illustrious example of Adelina Patti, she will continue to say "Farewell."

### CONCERT NOTES

Dec. 16, Tuesday, Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., the Roman Choir.

Dec. 16, Tuesday, Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., W. K. Rennie, pianist.

Dec. 20, Saturday, Jordan hall, Constance McGilchrist, pianist. Music by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Paderewski, Debussy, Dvorsky and Florent Schmitt.

Jan. 2, Friday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., William H. Richardson, baritone.

Jan. 3, Saturday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Richard Crooks, tenor.

Jan. 8, Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Suzanne Dabney, soprano.

Jan. 13, Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Cyrus Ullian, pianist.

Jan. 14, Wednesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Fox-Burgin-Badetti trio. Trios by Ravel and Brahms.

Jan. 22, Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Harold Morris, pianist. Music by Beethoven, Brahms, Rameau-Godowsky, Beethoven-Rubenstein, Schumann, Debussy, Guion, Chopin, Chopin Liszt.

The annual appearance of Mr. Werrenrath, baritone, in the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony hall, will take place on Jan. 4.

The postponed recital of Feodor Chalopin will take place in Symphony hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 13.

## GITLA GRADOVA

Gitla Gradova, the Russian pianist, played this program in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon, before an enthusiastic



the New York World, making tribute editorially to Giacomo Puccini. One or two surprising statements.

Puccini came on the Italian scene when the tradition was low. Even Verdi seemed oblivious to the appalling melodrama of the average libretto. But how about the libretto of "Othello"; the libretto of "Falstaff"? Is "Bohème" more appalling melodrama than "Tosca," which even Italians attacked, the learned and acute critic Luigi Torchi of Bologna among them? When Sardou's play was brought out in Paris Jules Lemaitre, crying out against physical cruelty being made the motive to excite interest, dubbed Sardou the Caligula of the drama.

Leoncavallo and Mascagni, both talented, shared the prevalent cheapness of taste—"Pagliacci," "Zaza" and "Cavalleria" perpetuate shoddy stories. We'll not enter into a dispute over "Zaza," but the libretto of "Pagliacci" can hardly be called "shoddy." The story is an old one. Camille Mendes had used it for an extraordinary "tragi-parade," "La Fête de Tabarin," a bitterly ironical piece for which Chabrier wrote the music, though no one of his biographers mentions the fact, nor does he in his "Recollections of the Théâtre-Libre," although he wrote on Nov. 12, 1887, about the success of the play. "This evening after 'La Fête de Tabarin' we supped at Lavenue's. A joyous evening. . . . The most fascinating of comrades, was brilliant and made us go to such an extent that nearly everybody was drunk, even Rosny. The fixed idea was to measure the skulls of all the guests so that he could classify them anthropologically."

One reason of the immediate popularity of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is its long life on the stage is the libretto itself, concise, direct, emotional, tragic. This libretto is fresher today than the music, though it was Mascagni himself to bring out the full significance of his score, as was shown when he conducted it during his unhappy and unfortunate career in this country.

According to the World's editorial, Puccini "sought to record not the actuality of the stories he chose, but the lyric distillate of them; not the drama but the poetry. Thus he got rid of the absurd baggage of the operatic school; the explanatory recitative, the redundant aria, the tedious soliloquy. His operas became more than mere vehicles for bel canto singing. They were intellectually respectable."

This statement also admits of academic discussion. Great singers of the bel canto school have made the "old fashioned" arias dramatic, without neglecting vocal art. As for recitatives, the effect depends on the diction, the rhetorical emphasis. Are there no soliloquies, no arias merely for the gallery, in Puccini's operas?

How about the philosopher Colline in "La Bohème" refusing to bring Mimi to the dying Mimi until he has delivered a touching farewell to his crushed overcoat? Puccini was far from being a revolutionary. How about Johnson singing his aria in the hope of applause as he is about to hang up in the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West"? There is also Tosca stopping the action of the play to sing about art with a large A, while Scarpia, panting, heated in the chase, goes to the window and snops his fevered brow. It matters not whether Floria sings the aria seated on the sofa, standing, or lying on the floor after the manner of Mrs. Jeritza, the aria halts the action and is wholly extraneous, not to say impertinent, if drama alone be considered.

"Tosca" wavers between melodrama and poetry, but in the main the poetry has the best of it."

How? Where? When is the audience most excited? During the torture scene which the orchestra endeavors to portray. How eagerly is the appearance of the tenor from the horrid chamber anticipated! How disappointed the spectators would be if he did not bear the marks of his agony on his forehead!

The writer of the World's editorial concludes by asking whether Puccini wrote "great music"? He prudently answers: "That remains to be seen." We recall a classmate at Yale who was asked the origin of something or other by an inexorable teacher. "That, sir," said the brilliant youth, "that, sir, is lost in the mists of antiquity."

The World admits that some of Puccini's music already sounds their "utterly" despite the poetic approach—yet in a preceding paragraph the writer describes the first part of this opera as "offensively literal"—"grows tedious." (Not when in these sad days the audience looks at B. F. Linkerton and the American consul drinking whiskey and soda to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner.") "Tosca" is a bit stale, "The Girl of the Golden West" almost forgotten. (And deservedly. It was written for American consumption.) "But 'Manon Lescaut' still holds up, and 'Bohème' seems almost as fresh as when we first heard it. Whether he will prove another immortal, like Wagner, Mozart or Rimsky-Korsakoff, no time can tell." But why lug in the Russian and omit Verdi?

Had Puccini shot his bolt? "La Rondine" (1919) is unknown to us, but there was comparatively little of purely operatic or musical interest in "Il Tabarro" and "Suor Angelica," though in "Gianni Schicchi" he showed genuine skill in operatic comedy. Indeed, some have maintained that Puccini's real talent lay in this direction; that while "La Bohème" is his most popular opera, the finest and most artistic is "Gianni Schicchi."

We remember well the first performance of "La Bohème" in Boston with Mme. Melba as Mimi. Mr. Charles A. Ellis was the producer. It was at the Boston Theatre early in 1899. Old operagoers were disturbed, perplexed. They mourned the absence of tunes, incredible as this now seems. The pedants were shocked by the empty fifths at the beginning of the third act, and by "cacophony" in the second. The world, like the sun of the Rev. Mr. Jasper, "do move." Some now pooh-pooh "La Bohème" because it is too melodious. Puccini's harmonic schemes, then novel, are no commonplaces. To us "La Bohème" is Puccini's most genuine and spontaneous work. It has been said that there is an absence of true comic wit in the scene before the Café Momus; that the music is too dra-

matic; that there should be a lighter touch. Others deplore the fact that Mimi is the heroine, while Murger's heroine is Musette; they also think the opera is episodic, and say that Leoncavallo's "Bohème" is nearer to Murger's book; but when we go to the opera house we are interested in Puccini rather than Murger, who by the way, called his romance "Scenes in the life of Bohemia." One might as well complain that Verdi began his "Othello" with the storm scene and did not represent the Moor explaining Desdemona's love.

There are absurdities in Puccini's operas, absurdities of convention. Opera itself is an absurdity, a mongrel art. Wagner's music dramas abound in absurdities; so do the operas of Verdi, Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Gounod, Massenet. Yet the very absurdities can be delightful, emotional, tragic through the power and spell of music.

Literary men of Paris were angered because they were slighted at the funeral of Anatole France. The Parisian newspapers published their indignant letters. In like manner co-mates and pupils of Gabriel Faure complain of the manner in which they were treated at the funeral service held at the Madeleine. "The Faureans, lost in the crowd, saw themselves displaced by snobs. The loved disciples of the master were refused access to the nave while the official procession made there its solemn and grotesque entrance. The pupils of Faure—those at least who had not been forgotten and were invited—were grouped in the choir. One of them, I am ashamed to name him, but he is a grand prix de Rome, said in a loud voice that it would have been well to separate the wheat from the chaff and define more exactly the qualification of a Faure pupil. The definition, sir, would not have been impossible if you had remained at home. . . . The frightful snobbery of the van-guard was astonished perhaps to see young French musicians broken-hearted before a catastrophe on which the academicians poured crocodile tears. This snobbery could not understand how Faure's death deprived our school of its best supporter and that it is natural that we should mourn more sincerely, if not less eloquently, the composer of 'L'Horizon Chimérique' than do Messrs. Rabaud and Vidal." This outburst was published in Figaro of Nov. 14. We have quoted only in part.

Mikhail Mordkin, who is now in New York, wants "a ballet that will achieve the emotional effect of an animal's cry, a primitive wail, a woman's scream, a ballet that can be interpreted by animal movements, epitomizing perfection of litheness and graceful bodily action in faultless rhythm." And that is all he wants at present; but how can twinkling feet and legs, even though they are as beautiful as Mme. Pavlova's, express a woman's scream?

P. H.

## The Russian Theatre

### Mr. Wiener Dispels Pleasing Legends About Stanislavski and Chekhov

Prof. Leo Wiener of Harvard University is the author of "The Contemporary Drama of Russia," a valuable addition to The Contemporary Drama Series published by Little, Brown & Company. The book should be a revelation to those who know the Russian Theatre only by the appearance in this country of the Moscow players led by Mr. Stanislavski and from the reports of sympathizers with the Soviet government, who would have us believe that the arts and literature are now intelligently and enthusiastically fostered by those in power.

Mr. Wiener says that there is no history by the contemporary Russian drama in existence, not even in Russia. He refers in his short preface to "the loose philosophical disquisitions which in Russian literature pass for dramatic criticisms and the looser ecstatic utterances in America which are poor substitutes for facts and a knowledge of Russian." But Mr. Wiener begins at the beginning, gives the origins from the time that the Muscovite princes prohibited theatrical performances as savoring of paganism, and Gregory, a pastor of the German colony of Moscow, was ordered by the Tsar Alexis in 1672 to produce his own "Comedy About Esther." By the beginning of the 19th century the theatre was well established in Russia. Public taste was hampered by the censorship and the interference of the court; for example, in 1800 the people of Gatchina were forbidden to applaud or express disapproval until some intimation had been given from the imperial box.

The earlier chapters of Mr. Wiener, which involved laborious research, concealed from the readers by the ease of the narration, tell of the leading dramatists, as Gogol, Ostrovski; also the managers, as Korsh, and their influence on the theatre. There follows an account of Bodenshtedt and how his sojourn in Russia affected the famous Meiningen Players, for Bodenshtedt was stage director of the Duke's theatre. The current impression is that the influence of the Duke's players shaped in large measure the policy of the Moscow Art Theatre, but, according to Mr. Wiener, Bodenshtedt carried out in Germany what he had learned in Russia. It seems ironical that the Meiningen players, "who through Bodenshtedt hark back to the Russian Slavophiles, were wrecked in Russia in 1890 and disbanded in Odessa. The weak solution of Slavophilism in Moscow, as it prevailed there in the 80's and 90's, proved an excellent medium in which to revive the experiment on a quasi-native basis."

While Mr. Wiener's book contains a mass of information that is now accessible to the student of the drama and should benefit those interested in Russian literature, the chapters on Chekhov before the Art Theatre, the doings of Stanislavski, and his association with Chekhov and Gorki, should be especially important, for the Moscow players have attracted wide attention. Mr. Wiener's statements will surprise many, as they run counter to the general opinion; for there are those who believe, and often say with hysterical emphasis, that the crowning glory of Russian theatrical art was the establishment of the Moscow Art Theatre.



As a matter of fact, Chekhov's "Ivanov," "Sea Gull" and "Uncle Vanya" had been produced with "enormous successes" before the Art Theatre had been founded.

To quote Mr. Wiener: "The Moscow Art Theatre has been disunited from the past by interested stage managers and ecstatic spectators, like a totally new phenomenon in the horizon of the Russian drama, whereas the mere chronological account of the development of the stage from the Meiningen players to Nemirovich-Danchenko shows that the Art Theatre is the culmination, the incarnation of ideals foreseen, preached and insisted upon by Yurev and Veselovski from 1890 to 1894, and that all that was necessary for it was the embodiment in tangible form of Veselovski's conception of a stage director." The reason that Nemirovich sought sought out Aleksyev, known by his pseudonym of Stanislavski, actor and amateur stage manager, lay in a suggestion made to him that one of the amateur stages would some day be "the enthusiastic executor" of a Free Theatre, "hence Nemirovich felt that he must ally himself with unformed, pliable talent rather than with definitely shaped actors—talent that would submit to the autocratic demands of the stage director."

It is suggested in this book that Stanislavski's ability lay in the staging of plays as regards their external effects.

Documentary evidence, Mr. Wiener says, disposes of the claim that Chekhov and the Art Theatre were inseparably connected; that he was sought out and developed by this theatre; that the future of the Russian drama depends on this correlation. Chekhov had had 10 years of dramatic experience and reputation when this theatre was opened.

Another legend is the one that tells how the Art Theatre made a special journey to the Crimea with all its decorations, in order to get inspiration from Chekhov and to encourage him in writing plays specifically for this stage. As for Gorki, his connection with this theatre was wholly due to Chekhov's initiative. Published letters of Chekhov's relating to a breach between him, Nemirovich and Stanislavski have been censored.

Critics were not always lost in wonder, love and praise. In Berlin they found that the German production of "The Lower Depths" was on the higher plane; that "the artistic gain did not keep equal step with the financial." Tradition was not preserved when Gogol's "Revizor" was represented as a historical rather than a satirical drama.

Mr. Wiener maintains that the curse of the Art Theatre is its "vice of excessive virtue, its literalism. Chekhov was maddened by too literal interpretation of his "Cherry Orchard" at rehearsal, and it was he that saved his play for the Art Theatre, not vice versa.

A chapter is devoted to Gorki, no one of whose 14 plays comes up to his "Lower Depths." The chapter that follows treats of Meyerhold and the Theatre of Moods and Symbols, with the disastrous effects that both ultra-realism and symbolism in the theatre have had upon the drama. Other chapters are entitled "The Kommissarzhevskaya Theatre," "The Stylized Theatre," "Evreinov," "Moscow Art Theatre After Chekhov," "The Peasant Theatre," and, last of all, "The Theatre Under the Bolsheviks."

Foreigners, who know no Russian, "have allowed their skulls to be trepanned by the Bolshevik distributors of panem et circenses" and have been pumped full of information of business importance for foreign impresarios have indulged in "ecstatic utterances" on the Russian theatre of today. Mr. Wiener quotes members of the Bolshevik government commenting on the disastrous failure of their art ventures. The chapter ends with the report published in a dramatic paper that the government would soon stop support of the theatres. The plays produced have been bitterly condemned by Russian critics; some of the plays as "an apotheosis of meanness and stupidity."

This book, valuable, indispensable, is provided with a bibliographical appendix—authors and plays, with dates of first performance and first publication; also, with a full index.

Mr. Stanislavski hinted at the end of his engrossing autobiography that another volume might appear. Perhaps he will take the trouble to reply to Mr. Wiener's statements and endeavor to explain away the documentary proofs that dispel the pleasing legends.

Dr. Moffatt is by no means the first to translate the Old or New Testament into "modern English." Dr. Moffatt turns the good old "ark" into "barge," as if Cleopatra were concerned instead of Noah; and to this genteel translator the Garden of Eden is a "park," lacking only a jazz band and a merry-go-round.

There was Dr. Edward Harcourt who plumed himself on an "elegant" translation. To him "damsels" were "young ladies"; death was "paying the common debt of nature." How do you think he began the story of the Prodigal son?

"A gentleman of splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons." The Observer of London, commenting on Dr. Moffatt's version, quotes a Chicago translator who improved upon Christ's remark to Pilate: "Sayest thou this of thyself, or old others tell it thee concerning me?" This became: "Did you think of this yourself, or did some one put you up to it?" The Observer adds: "It would be difficult to find any form of words which more exactly expresses the sense, while more acutely jarring the nerves."

#### FOR MAUD, JENNIE AND GWENDOLEN

As the World Wags:  
Here are a few alibis for my intelligent young and pleasing stenographer or clerk to try on her boss. I'm the best little alibi there is. They usually begin, "Just as I was leaving the

se"—  
The ice man came and I had to let him in.  
The phone box collector came and I had to wait till he got the nickels out of the telephone box.

The laundry man arrived and I found I had forgotten to fix the laundry for him to carry away.

The milkman didn't come and I had to go to the store for cream for the coffee.

Stayed at my girl chum's house last night and missed the early train down.

The button fell off my one strap pump and I had to go back and change my slippers.

Forgot my pocketbook and had to return home to get it.

O, and I got a whole lot more, too.

BLACK EYES.

#### A GEOLYRIC

(On reading that the Keweenaw quartz diabase near Killarney is metamorphosed into amphibolites.)

By Killarney's lakes and rills,  
Mountain glens and winding ways,  
Peeps from old Huronian hills  
Metamorphosed diabase:

Where the daring foot of man  
Clambers up those emerald heights,  
Slumbers quartz (Keweenaw)  
Changed into amphibolites.

Wonderworld Killarney,  
Granite schist Killarney!

Where the white, arbutus blows,  
On the isles of dark Loch Leane.

Temiskaming series rose,  
The white, arbutus blows.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Jascha Heifetz, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Grace Leslie, contralto. Old songs: "Now the Spring is Come," "Sweet Lilies of the Valley" (Hook), "There Were Three Ravens," "Come Lassies and Lads"; Mozart, "Das Veilchen"; Helmund, "Maedchen Lied"; Schubert, "Der Leiermann"; Franz, "Im Herbst"; Ravel, "La Flute Enchantee" (flute obligato by Verne Powell); Bruneau, "La Pavane"; Fauré, "Souffrance"; Debussy, "Trois Fillettes de Cadix"; Housman, "Song of the Old Mother"; Chadwick, "O Love and Joy"; Titcomb, "The Changeling" and "Absence"; Foote, "O Swallow, Swallow Flying South." Everett Titcomb, accompanist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Denoe Leedy, pianist. Schumann, Phantasie; Milhaud, Corcovado, Sumare, Paineras, and Larenjeiras from "Saudades do Brazil"; Ravel, "Ondine"; Bartok, "Bear Dance"; Albeniz, "Cordoba"; Chopin, Ballade, F minor.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fela Rybler, pianist. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata op. 10 No. 3; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; Chopin, Nocturne op. 9 No. 3 and Ballade, op. 47; Scriabin, 10 Preludes, op. 11 and 15; Paderewski, Theme, Variations and Fugue, A minor.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor, and Mr. Gabrieliwitsch, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Catherine Carver, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata op. 10, No. 1; Schumann, Novellette op. 21, No. 2; Couperin, "The Knitters"; Chopin, Preludes, B flat major and G minor; Etude op. 10, No. 2, and op. 10, No. 2 (transcribed by Godowsky), Ballade in G minor; Ebel, "Pierrot's Fox Trot" (MSS); MacDowell, "March Wind"; Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, "Liebesleid"; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody in F sharp minor; Faure, Improvisation in F minor; Paganini-Liszt, "La Campanella."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Leff Poulshnoff, pianist. Glinka-Belakirev, "The Lark"; Glazounov, Sonata op. 74; Arensky, Romance, A flat; Moussorgsky, "Hopak"; Poulshnoff, "Quand il Pleut," Prelude in G, Petite Valse; Rachmaninoff, "Polichinelle," "Elegie," Preludes, E flat and B flat; Scriabin, "Desir," "Caresse Dansee," "Poeme Tragique," "Enlgame," op. 57; Barcarolle, "Liadov"; Islamey, "Belakirev."

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Edith Thompson, pianist. Mozart, Fantasia and Sonata in G minor; MacDowell, Sonata Eroica; Chopin, Nocturne op. 63, No. 1. Valse op. 64, No. 3, Barcarolle; Moussorgsky, Intermezzo; Steinert, Danse Exotique; Amani, Orientale; Debussy, "Danse de Puck"; De Falla, "Danse Rituelle du Feu."

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert; Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Mesozoics supervene;  
Tame are all your charms today  
When I learn the age of ice  
Wore your Grenville rocks away.  
Leaving you your granite gneiss.  
Beautiful Killarney!  
Stratified Killarney!

—A. W.

#### MANSARD ROOFS

As the World Wags:  
"It (the Boston fire) was a terrible fire, but, considering the fact that it gave the death blow to the most deplorable type of architecture that ever inflicted this world—the mansard roof—it clearly proved the truth of that old saying, 'It's an ill-wind that blows no man good.'"

Isn't Paris full of mansard roofs? I haven't been there since 1901, but I thought it, in my simple way, a beautiful city. What's particularly wrong about such roofs on building shaped to harmonize?

L. R. R.

This form of roof, mansard (or curb), was named after Francois Mansard (1598-1666), the inventor. The word was apparently first used in an English book in 1734 ("Builder's Dictionary"). Among the quotations in the Oxford Dictionary is one from Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad": "Foreign youth go to the university to put a mansard roof on their whole general education." We are not an architect nor the son of an architect, but we have read that Mansard took the idea of his roof from a frame composed by Segallo and Michael Angelo, employed it in the construction of the dome of St. Peter's. Houses in Lower Brittany were seen with these roofs at an early date. In New England in the 60's the mansard roof was often put on squat buildings, public, or private, and made a grotesque appearance. Persons who had made a fortune in the civil war built dwelling houses, hideous in all respects, and pointed with pride to a mansard roof and iron dogs and deer on the lawn. The yard was usually enclosed by an ornate iron fence.—Ed.

The tragedian, Max, who died recently, paid no attention to warning friends and physicians, who saw him take tonics and stimulants during a performance. He would say: "I wish to die on the stage."

Max was once in America. He impressed us as a violent, at times stentorian tragedian.

The last time we saw Clara Morris on the stage there was a table on which were bottles of medicine. During the performance she would take drops or draughts from them, yet no one laughed, so powerful was her acting.

Mr. Frederick Harker wrote last month a readable article, "Elections in Drama." He began with Samuel Foote's "The Nabob" (1772), in which there is a scene where the Christian Club figures. It was so called because they had all things in common and therefore shared equally the bribes. In Joanna Bailie's "The Election," which was never played, but was turned into an opera with music by C. E. Horn—he once lived in Boston—and performed in London in 1817 were these lines by S. J.

Arnold:  
Zooks, I care not who's elected,  
Not for all their preaching tricks  
All are honest till detected.  
I know nought of politics.

Either side will promise fairly  
When they're out and would get in;  
But when in they very rarely  
For their promise care a pin.

#### "The Trouble Is"

(From "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall")

The trouble is that the party's been chasin' after theories and stayin' up nights readin' books instead of studyin' human nature. You can't get people excited about the Philippines. They've got too much at home to interest them; they're too busy makin' a livin' to bother about the niggers in the Pacific. There's just one issue that would set this country on fire. The Democratic party should say in the first plank of its platform: "We hereby declare, in national convention assembled, that the paramount issue now, always, and forever is the abolition of the iniquitous and villainous civil service laws which are destroyin' all patriotism, ruinin' the country, and takin' away good jobs from them that earn them. We pledge ourselves, if our ticket is elected, to repeal those laws at once and put every civil service reformer in jail."

I see a vision. I see the civil service monster lyin' flat on the ground. I see the Democratic party standin' over it with foot on its neck and wearin' the crown of victory. I see Thomas Jefferson lookin' out from a cloud and sayin': "Give him another sockdolager; finish him." And I see millions of men wavin' their hats and singin' "Glory Hallelujah."

Many children and many parents read with pleasure Mr. Burgess's "Bedtime Stories" which are published in The Herald. Reddy Fox is as well known to them, probably better by the children, than our old friends B'r'er Fox and B'r'er Rabbit. Would not the children—and their parents—find pleasure also in that epic of the beast, "Reynard the Fox" which is now published in attractive form by E. P. Dutton & Co. as a volume of their interesting and valuable series of Broadway Translations?

There were certain illustrated books that fascinated us in our boyhood. There was an old Bible with strange pictures. They were rather rudely done, but there was a picture of Solomon's Temple as minute in detail of the inner arrangement as if the illustrator had had the architect's plans before him. There was "Women of the Bible," with "steel plate engravings," full page. We did not dare to look at the Witch of Endor after dark, or if we did, we hurried up the stairs at bedtime, fearing some spectral hand would clutch us. And there was "Reynard the Fox," a sumptuous volume with Kaulbach's illustrations, which in a reduced form are



the present volume of the Broadway Editions.

Children need not be told that "Reynard the Fox" is a satire. They read, they used to read, for children were not so sophisticated as they are now. Gulliver's Travels, as they read it, story of adventure, "Jack the Giant Killer," "Puss in Boots" or an expurgated copy of the Arabian Nights. Little did they realize that Dean Swift was venting his spleen, railing against mankind. And we, in our innocence, read "Reynard the Fox" careless of its purpose, as we read Aesop's Fables, indifferent to the moral to be drawn from one of them. What did we care whether or not there was a Beast Epic in the French language in the first half of the 12th century; whether it developed out of popular tradition or was originally the work of monastic poets? We laughed when Reynard outwitted his enemies, were not concerned with lying and general knavery, nor were we greatly shocked by his murderous disposition. We accepted him as we accepted giants whose favorite food was little boys; beautiful but wicked when who threw water into the face of a prince and ordered him to take the shape of an ape.

Dr. William Rose has written a learned introduction to the old story. He discusses the theories concerning the origin of the animal tales. Aesop, the northern legends, the East Indian fables; while the various versions of Reynard's adventures are considered at length. He does not mention, however, the stories about beasts and birds in the Thousand Nights and a Night, thealogues or fables, which Sir Richard Burton maintained formed the oldest subject matter in the Nights. In one of these stories the wolf is cruel and oppressive to the fox, who begs him to leave off his evil deeds, saying: "If thou persist in thine arrogance, belike Allah will give the son of Adam power over thee, for he is past master in guile and a wile." And in the end the wicked wolf was slain by vintagers, while the good fox "abode alone in the vineyard to the hour of his death secure and feeling no hurt." Reynard the Fox in the present story, after all his contemptible or atrocious deeds, was in the end in high favor with King Lion and passed his last days with Dame Ermelyn his wife, and his children in great joy and gladness. For as the narrator says: "Though they have no red beards, there are found more foxes now than ever before. The righteous people all lost. . . . There is nothing beyond me known in the Court nowadays. Money. Money is better beloved in God. For men do much more prefer for whosoever bringeth Money will be well received, and shall have his desire, is it of Lords or of Ladies or any other." At the end of his introduction Dr. Rose says that "the latest, and not the least striking example of the eternally human appeal of the Beast Tales, is to be found in the American series of Uncle Remus."

The translation is the one made by Cotton in 1481, modernized by William San Stallybrass. The modernization consists in modern spelling, where the old spellings have modern forms without change of meanings; obsolete words have been replaced by their modern equivalents; syntactical alterations have not been made. And so this translation differs from the rhymed version of Naylor, who took care, he said, "that the most modest word offend the ear"; different from Holloway's, for he altered or qualified the sense of passages which "literally translated, would have been offensive to the taste of his readers, and must necessarily have had the effect of excluding the work from the family circle." They were not so squeamish in Cotton's day. He translated from the English. Mr. Stallybrass takes occasion to say that Caxton's text as edited and partly modernized by Henry Morley is "quite untrustworthy." Kaulbach's pictures, as is well known, first appeared in the 1846 edition of Goethe's "Reineke Fuchs," based on the Low German text first published in 1794. Mr. Stallybrass has contributed an exhaustive glossarial index with notes for this edition of Caxton's text.

This volume also contains a singular work, "Physiologus," translated with an introduction by James Carroll. The sermons of Physiologus which he spoke concerning the animal world formed a great part of the literary of Christian Europe for nearly a thousand years. . . . They are divine emblems in which the supposed traits and peculiarities of animals are exhibited as the types of Christian virtues." The book is to be regarded as part of Alexandrian apologetics. The only Greek MS. now extant is a retranslation. From the Greek the sermons were translated into Latin, Old High German, Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Provençal and Old French.

The description of animals' habits is so entertaining. The book might be titled "Unnatural History." One is

not obliged to read the sermon preached from a text, "The Ape," "The Lapwing," "The Frog" and so through the animal kingdom. Not long ago we quoted the remarkable lesson to be drawn from due consideration of the whole. Note this description of the peacock.

"The Peacock is the most gaily colored of all birds. He is beautiful of color and lordly in plumage. When he passes by, he looks at himself and rejoices much over himself. He shakes himself, turns a somersault, and looks proudly around. But, when he glances at his feet, he screams wildly, for his feet are not suitable to his beautiful appearance."

And here is the moral to be drawn: "And thou, too, wise man, when thou regardest thy pomp and thy possessions, dost delight thyself and rejoice and feel proud, but when thou lookest at thy feet, that is thy sins, then cry aloud and lament to God, and despise thy sins as the peacock his feet, so that thou mayest appear right in the presence of thy bridegroom. Well spake Physiologus concerning the peacock."

We have never seen a peacock turn a somersault, nor are we wholly persuaded with Physiologus that the hyena is now a male and now a female, or that men learn from the wild ass that day and night are equal, "for when the wild ass has brayed 12 times in succession then the King and Court know that day and night have become equal. And also when the monkey turns round seven times in the day, then is it known that day and night are equal." But we are willing to be convinced.

### Edna W. Furber, Contralto, Is the Soloist

ST. JAMES THEATRE—People's Symphony orchestra; conductor, Emil Mollenhauer, in sixth concert. Edna Wahle Furber, contralto, soloist. The program included: Overture, "La part du Diable" (Auber); Berceuse and Persuasion (Clayton-Johns), for string orchestra; songs from "Carmen" (Bizet); Suite No. 3, Op. 55 (Tschalkowsky).

Barring the suite of Tschalkowsky, which the orchestra played con amore, and Auber's overture to his almost forgotten opera of "La Part du Diable," one of the many written in conjunction with Scribe, the program held little of interest. The two pieces of Clayton-Johns, the "Berceuse," written originally for violin and piano, and "Persuasion," a piano solo, until scored, this summer, for a string orchestra are thinly sentimental, lacking in harmonic invention and in originality. The two excerpts from "Carmen," the card and gypsy songs, as well as the Habanera by way of an encore, Miss Furber sang thickly, careless of her diction and of the quality of her tones.

Auber's overture is, neither in form nor essence, a continuous whole; yet with its constantly changing themes and tempos, it is gay and full of bravura, and the orchestra played it with a precision that was lacking at times during the latter half of the program.

In the Tschalkowsky suite, with its daring finale of a theme with variations, there was eloquence, and sensitivity to the rich thematic content, not only of the finale, but also of the "valse melancholique," with its querulous close; the scherzo of diabolic laughter and military flourish, and the tragic elegie that Tschalkowsky chose for the first movement.

Next week Stuart Mason will be the conductor, Walter H. Kidder, baritone, the soloist, and the program will include:

Curry, "Blomldon," concert overture; Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 4 in A Major (Italian); Mozart, Serenata Notturna (for two small orchestras); Massenet, aria, Violon Fugitive from "Herodiade"; Moussorgsky, Prelude to the Opera "Khovantchina"; Berlioz, Overture "Carnaval Romain." E. G.

## HEIFETZ PLAYS

At the regular Sunday afternoon concert at Symphony hall yesterday, Jascha Heifetz gave a violin recital. The program was as follows:

Sonata No. 1, Saint-Saens; concerto, Glazounoff; nocturne in E minor, Chopin-Auer; etude No. 6, Dont-Achron; La Romanesca (16th century), Joseph Achron; caprice No. 20, Paganini; "The Gentle Maiden," Cyril Scott; Introduction and Tarantelle, Sarasate.

Mr. Heifetz has established his reputation as an artist; therefore, when every seat and all available space for standing is occupied at a concert by him, as was the case yesterday, there is no longer the element of curiosity in such an attendance; rather it is unalloyed tribute to him as musician and

master of the violin. Critical remarks on such an occasion hardly have a place.

Let it be reported, then, for the benefit of those who were unable to hear, that Mr. Heifetz, with an impersonal and characteristic dignity, caused his violin to express with equal degree of beauty the crisp Gallic measures of the Saint-Saens sonata, the soulful song and simple gaiety of the Glazounoff concerto, the richness of the Chopin-Auer nocturne, the flashing phrases of the Paganini caprice, the gentility of Cyril Scott's piece, and the genial mirth of the Sarasate introduction and Tarantelle. And beyond that there was a generous number of encore pieces for those who wished to hear yet more and to study more closely the flexibility of the artist's left hand and the graceful bowing of his right.

Isidor Achron, at the piano, was a sympathetic accompanist. H. L.

Reading the florid advertisement of Selfridge & Co., Ltd., regarding improvements in their building "eight more magnificent columns added to London's finest facade" we are reminded of Mr. Slinkers, the editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty, published at Baldwinville. Mr. Slinkers, "a polished, skarcastic writer," showed Artemus Ward an article he had written about the newspaper on the other side of the street:

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of the Advertiser say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain Editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

### WHY CRIME IS INCREASING

(From The Boston Herald.)

All aliens are expected to be able to answer truthfully in the affirmative the question: "Have you ever committed a crime involving moral turpitude?" in order to gain admission at the border.

### ANTHROPOLOGIC JARGON

(According to a recent pronouncement, in scientific language, it is not man but the ape which has departed most from the primitive type of skull.)

That low-browed parent of us all, Whom science dubs Neanderthal, Possessed, it seems, the cranial shape Which marks the undeveloped ape. Neander's Oriental pals, The Eastern dolichocephals Were more ulotrichous, a term Appropriate to the Xanthoderm. From which as every schoolboy knows The brachycephal cranium grows. A well-developed chimpanzee Is rather less like you and me Than were the prehistoric apes, Undifferentiated shapes. It follows, what has altered more Than monkeys, me, or aught before, Vexlet the Scientific Term. A. W.

### GRAVE'S ELEGY

Jazzing Up the Rail Crossing Signs or the Lovely Lyrics of the Coroner

Claiming that motorists are becoming contemptuous of the standardized "Stop, Look and Listen" signs at rail crossings, a correspondent to the Michigan Public Utility Information Bureau suggests that crossing warnings be "jazzed up" a bit to attract better attention. Here is what he suggests:

"Come ahead. You're unimportant." "Try our engines. They satisfy." "Don't stop. Nobody will miss you." "Take a chance. A train can bit you only once."

"Thousands get by safely. You should worry."

"It's all right. There's a doct around the corner."

If that doesn't interest 'em, maybe this will—this little poem of the silent tomb:

Here lies the remains of Percival Sapp. He drove his car with a girl in his lap. Lies slumbering here, one William Blake. He heard the bell but had no brake. Beneath this stone lies William Raines. Ice on the hill, he had no chains. Here lies the body of William Jay. He died maintaining his right of way. John Smith lies here without his shoes. He drove his car while filled with booze. Here's Mary Jane—but not alive— She made her Ford do thirty-five.

—Lyrics of the Coroner.

Compare with this J. C. Squires' "If Gray Had Written His Elegy in the Spoon River Cemetery." We quote four

of the verses:

"Here where the suffering and maddened swarm  
Of living epitaphs their secrets keep,  
At last incapable of further harm  
The low forefathers of the village  
Sleep."

There are two hundred only, yet of these  
Some thirty died of drowning in the river,  
Seven went mad, ten others had  
D. T.'s  
And twenty-eight cirrhosis of the liver

Several by absent-minded friends were  
Shot,  
Still more blew out their own exhausted brains,  
One died of a mysterious inward rot,  
Three fell off roofs and five were hit  
By trains.

"One was harpooned, one gored by a  
bull moose,  
Four on the Fourth fell victims to  
lockjaw,  
Ten in electric chair or hempen noose—  
Suffered the last exaction of the law."

### DIVINE AVERAGE

First Tourist (joyfully)—The German government now allows any amount of alcohol in beer.

Second Tourist (gloomily)—Yes; but I read that Limburger cheese is now weaker.

### TAMPION

A. P. V. wrote (Dec. 1) apropos of cross-word puzzles, that her maniacal husband got out of bed at midnight to call up the head of a printing company to find out what "an inking pad of lithographic printer in seven letters" could be and finally evolved from other words "the atrocious word 'tampion.'"

Mr. Charles A. Rice of Melrose Heights now writes:

"'Tampion,' as we used the word in the civil war, was a wooden plug to stop up the end of our rifle guns, keeping out moisture, etc., when the gun was not in use. As I remember mine, it was of hard wood with a cross section slit to allow it to be pressed hard into the muzzle of the gun."

"Tampion" is the more approved spelling of the word, which first meant any plug for stopping an aperture. In farriery it came to mean a set on, a tent. With these meanings the word is obsolete. Then (1481) it came to mean a dish-shaped or cylindrical piece of wood made to fit the bore of a muzzle loading gun, and rammed home between the charge and the missile, to act as a ward. In this sense the word is obsolete. It now means a block of wood fitting into the muzzle of a gun and serving to exclude rain, sea water, etc.; to stop the upper end of an organ pipe.

Tampion, or tampion, or tampion is the dabber or inking ball used in lithography and copper plate printing. The word with this meaning came into use in the Seventies of the last century. The word is of French origin, "tampion," a nasalized variant of "tapon," a piece of cloth to stop a hole.

### ADD "COOLIDGEIANA"

As the World Wags:

Because he is generally regarded as a man seriously inclined, President Coolidge is not given the credit for the quiet sense of humor which he undoubtedly possesses. Several years ago, when he was practising law in Northampton, he used to dine at Dick Raha's hostelry. One day on presenting his check he placed a gold piece beside his charge. "Ah," exclaimed the genial host, "my wife will be glad to get that. I always give all the gold I receive to her." After that when his midday meal was finished Lawyer Coolidge, then not dreaming of the presidency, always had a piece of the yellow metal ready to settle his bill. Winchester. BAIZE.

## "PEDRO THE KING"

BRATTLE HALL, Cambridge—Harvard Dramatic Club in "Pedro the King." A play in four acts and seven scenes by A. Anthony Wyse. First performance. The cast:

Robo-Jayne	.....G. S. Curtis
Queen Maria	.....Doris Halman
Pedro	.....Eduardo Sanchez
Anselmo	.....D. W. Keres
Albuquerque	.....W. R. Dunne
Enrique	.....H. S. Smith
Fernand de Castro	.....D. F. Robinson
Avila	.....T. C. Howe
Maria	.....Rita Nolan
Margarita	.....Helen G. Gaskill
Juana	.....Louise Gibbs
Henestrosa	.....W. B. Wilson
Diego	.....Bernard Barton
Garcia Diaz	.....P. R. Hepburn

Departing from their almost invariable custom of previous years, the Dramatic Club has this season returned to present a play by an unknown American, one that comes to us without advance trumpetings, although it is said that "Pedro the King" has on various occasions been thought of favorably by



one of the deans of Broadway, whose courage failed them at its staging.

In "Pedro the King" Miss Wyse has written a virile play, a historical play that is never pedantic, or dull, and is rich in the spirit of the Spain of the middle ages. Her Pedro is the same who has been variously dubbed "the just," "the cruel" and "the worthy king." He has been subject for longer panegyrics and tirades; he has been glorified in ballad; a king of a Maehiae-vellian order, whose life yet was glamorous.

There is no bandying of names, no empty shouting of titles, although, with the exception of Pedro, Maria, the queen mother, and Bobo-Jayne, the dwarf of dreams and revolutionary fancies, this large procession occasionally lacks vitality, differentiation. Episodic in form, there is yet dramatic continuity in this narrative that carries Pedro from his boyhood in the fortress in Seville to the tragic end of his kingship, in the tent of his half brother—a torn and weary man of 33, whose reign had begun so hopefully at the age of 16.

And in the play he lives: he is a man of great desires, of warm friendships until his trust is shaken; a child of the middle ages, relentless, cruel and superstitious; in his early reign, just, adored by his people. Yet Miss Wyse has somehow not made this justice plausible, unless it were a whim.

A difficult play to present; its scenes are many and its cast is large. The Dramatic Club has done excellently with settings and costumes, although with the exception of Mr. Sanchez and Miss Halman the players were not so satisfactory as they have been in previous years. To Pedro Mr. Sanchez gave all the warmth and fury of the Spaniard; his Pedro had poise and a harsh cynicism. Miss Halman as the displaced Queen played with assurance and appropriate bitterness. Miss Nolan's Maria, whose love was the one stabilizing influence in Pedro's life, was pretty, full-blooded, although she lacked the dignity that was Maria's. Was not Bobo-Jayne supposed to have been a dwarf, resembling that of Velasquez's portrait? Yet Mr. Curtis suggested neither, although his playing was quick and in the mood of the play.

The performance will be repeated again tonight at Brattle hall, and on Friday afternoon at the Fine Arts Theatre.

## "MY BOY FRIEND"

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "My Boy Friend," a musical comedy in two acts and 14 scenes, founded on Jack Lait's character cartoon, "Gus, the Bus." Book by Jack Lait. Music by Con Conrad. Lyrics by Harold Christy and Jack Lait. Staged by Frank Smithson. Dances and ensembles by Max Scheck. Featuring El Brendel and Flo Bert.

Much of the dialogue is funny, and funnier still it is by reason of Mr. Brendel. The music often puts one in an expectant mood, more often it lacks in fulfillment. "Evelyn," the motivating number, prettily sung by Flo Bert, has body, captivating hits of orchestration, and inviting rhythm, and yet there is not gainsaying it is obviously Cohan-esque with a resounding smack.

Of girls, there are a plenty, agile, eager, setting a smart pace, ever changing costumes, now exaggerated, now nice, girls for the most part comfortably dressed.

Of the scenes, two were pictorially significant, as the exterior of the restaurant, in its blue color scheme, trellised roses on expansive terrace, while beyond, the island and its squatting bungalows in engaging perspective. Again the roof garden, in canary yellow, and canopied tops, shimmering chandelier, dimmed in the same yellow.

And so this same entertainment makes its special appeal through the chief performers, appearing in this, now in that sketch. Mr. Brendel was an uproarious Gus. As the Swedish boob, he might have been the immigrant thrust on the stage to make his own way. His wooden countenance, his ridiculous dress—witness his golf knickers patterned after the manner of the word puzzle—his dissembling evening dress, his manipulation of the huge cake of ice, his spontaneous bungling, but best of all his remarkable eccentric dancing.

Flo Bert, his partner of the "two-a-day," has much to show her sisters of big burlesque in the matter of clarity of enunciation, in excellence of diction, of how to sing a song prettily and not attempt to go beyond the limitations of her voice. And it would be good advice to follow should she enlarge her sphere of mimicry, which is so full of promise.

We were glad to welcome Lizzie B. Raymond, as the voluble landlady, who in the days when the Rogers Brothers

had their vogue, gave another generation much pleasure. Will Philbrick, too, one of the first comedians of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," strutted about as was his way in the old days.

Of the others there is much to say in praise. Let's not forget Mary Anne and her song. At times a slapstick performance, if you will, but none the less an evening's good entertainment.

T. A. R.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE GIVES 'ARCADIAN'

Success crowned the efforts of the Junior League of Boston in its presentation last night at the Copley Theatre of the three-act play, "The Arcadians," which will run for three nights and a matinee this afternoon. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Community Health Association.

The book is by Mark Ambler and A. M. Thompson; lyrics by Arthur Wimperis and music by Lionel Moncton and Howard Talbot, produced by special arrangement with Charles Frohman. Arcadian singers and dancers and Belgravian singers and dancers gave the choruses, the costumes and dance numbers being a revelation in terpsichorean art.

The role of James Withers, a jockey, was well filled by James Seymour and T. Edson Jewell excellently represented Time. Astrophel and Strephon, two Arcadians, were represented by Charles D. Whidden and Douglas A. McKinnon. Among the musical numbers were the song and chorus, "I Quite Forgot Arcadia," by T. Edson Jewell; the quartet, "The Joy of Life," by Mrs. Brandt, Grace Sargent, Charles D. Whidden and Douglas McKinnon; song and chorus, "Sweet Simplicitas," by Joseph A. Seabury; song, "Back Your Fancy," by Joseph Sargent, Jr., and the song, "Somewhere," by Simplicitas.

The scenic effects were excellent, and a full house welcomed the offering.

Mrs. Charles G. Loring was chairman of the executive committee, assisted by Mrs. Charles W. Cheney, treasurer; Mrs. Eben Draper, Mrs. L. Cushing Goodhue, Mrs. Robert Herrick, Jr., Mrs. Maurice Osborne, Mrs. Mortimer A. Seabury and Mrs. Sarah Winslow.

## SOPHIE TUCKER

Boston yesterday accorded a rousing welcome to Sophie Tucker, famed queen of syncopation, whose interpretation of jazz songs has made her a headliner on all the big-time circuits.

That she is the headliner at Keith's this week was proved beyond a peradventure yesterday at both performances, and, even after several encores and a curtain speech, the audiences were loth to have her leave the stage. With her accompanists, Ted Shapiro and Jack Carroll, she presented a breezy program, which included a number of new hits that went big.

James Watts, famous as a travesty dancer and well known in musical comedy, has a burlesque dancing act that is one of the funniest things seen on the local boards this season, and, with his partner entertain most happily.

It was something of an experiment in testing public opinion in placing Jimmy Lucas, the well known humorist and song writer, on the same program with Sophie Tucker, but Jimmy stood the test well and, in his review of some of his songs, proved that he could carry his audience along with him in excellent style.

Cervo and Moro, in "Notes and Things," also added to the musical numbers on the program by presenting a most entertaining sketch that called for more than usual skill in rendition.

The opening number, The Weymans, Belgian gymnasts, is an act of unusual excellence, calling for a high degree of skill and acrobatic agility, and the closing act, Coleman's cats and dogs, makes a fitting end to a high class entertainment. It is one of the best acts of its kind yet seen here.

Another musical number, given by Clark Morrell, billed as "vaudeville's young musical find," was excellent, and the sketch, "Thank You, Doctor," in which Chester Clute and Eleanor Hicks are featured, afforded much amusement. It has to do with incidents in the office of an alienist and has some surprising moments and a crashing climax that give it an unusual appeal.

The customary orchestral numbers and motion pictures open and close the bill.

**JAMES THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Chicken Feed," a comedy in four acts by Guy Bolton;

staged by Ralph Morehouse, with the following cast:

Una Bailey	.....	Louis Long Hall
Luella Logan	.....	Oliver Blakeney
Nell Bailey	.....	Elsie Hiltz
Hughie Logan	.....	Houston Richards
Annie Bailey	.....	Anna Layne
Danny Chester	.....	Bernard Nedell
Chester Logan	.....	John Collier
Mr. Teris	.....	Ralph M. Kenley
Judge McLean	.....	Roy Eklins
Oscar	.....	Joseph Lee
Miss Johnson	.....	Roberta Lee Clark

"Chicken Feed" was one of the best plays of 1923, in the list by a prominent New York dramatic critic. The play deals with American family life, emphasizing the pocketbook phase. It has for its moral the point that "50-50" should be the slogan in sharing finances in the home between the husband and wife.

The women in the play, led by young Nell Bailey, join in a protest against their close-fisted husbands, who are so parsimonious that there is a dispute even when carfare is mentioned. The women want to be financially independent, so they go into business, while the men take to "light housekeeping." The latter scheme comes a cropper with a formal dinner.

The women's business deals become snarled when a contract is found to have been wrongly drawn and signed. By mutual consent the men, saddened but wiser, return to their business duties, while the women take up their household work, with the financial problem at home solved to the satisfaction of all.

The play is written with the light, human Bolton touch. Its humor was well received by last night's audience.

Miss Hiltz gave a fresh and natural interpretation of Nell Bailey, the women's champion. Her pathetically romantic fiancé was played by Mr. Nedell with youthfulness well assumed. Louis Long Hall and Houston Richards played native roles with humor and understanding. Oliver Blakeney and Anna Layne were excellent American wives. A very happy play, and American to the core.

## MAC MILLAN GIVES LECTURES ON TRIP

Donald B. MacMillan lectured twice yesterday at Symphony hall about his winter in north Greenland. For above an hour and a half he unfolded, by way of motion pictures, the progress of the Bowdoin from Wiscasset, Me., by way of Labrador to north Greenland and back again.

He showed many pictures of absorbing interest. There was the vessel jamming its way through ice floes. The Eskimos, that curious folk, were to be seen going about their odd pursuits, including some amazing exhibitions of skill at managing their fragile boats. Eskimo dogs delighted everybody. There were seals to be seen, both dead and alive, whales, walruscs, moose, oxen, foxes, gulls.

No less interesting were the pictures showing the ship's company's ways of making themselves tolerably comfortable. And some of the photographs, those of icebergs, glaciers and wide desolate stretches of snow and rock, were very beautiful.

Mr. MacMillan explained the pictures illuminatingly in an attractive style, with never a needless word. The evening audience, of excellent size, followed him with eager attention.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**NEW PARK**—"Carnival," Molnar's new play with Elsie Ferguson in the leading role. Last week.

**COLONIAL**—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza, featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter Dorothy. Ninth week.

**HOLLIS**—"The Nervous Wreck," Otto Kruger in Owen Davis's uproariously funny farce. Sixth and last week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"The Potters," comedy, by J. P. McAvoy, homely and amusing scenes of American everyday family life in 12 scenes. Sixth week.

**WILBUR**—"Moonlight," musical comedy with Julia Sanderson. Last week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Janice Meredith," Marion Davies stars in film version of Paul Leicester Ford's novel of revolutionary days. Third week.

**TREMONT**—"Top Hole," musical comedy with Ernest Glendinning, Ann Milburn and Clare Stratton. Second week.

**SELWYN**—"Quarantine," Helen Hayes and Sydney Blackmer in new comedy by Miss F. Jesse Tennyson. Last week.

## GRACE LESLIE

By PHILIP HALE

Grace Leslie, contralto, accompanied by Everett Titcomb, pianist, and Verne Powell, flute player, gave a recital in Jordan hall last night. The program read as follows: Old songs in English, 16th century; Now the Spring Is Come (arr. by Titcomb); Hook, Sweet Lilies of the Valley; 16th century, There Were Three Ravens; 17th century, "Come Lassies and Lads," Songs in German; Mozart, Das Veilchen; Helmund, Maedchenlied; Schubert, Der Leiermann; Franz, Im Herbst. Songs in French: Ravel, The Enchanted Flute (with flute obligato); Bruneau, The Pavane; Fontenailles, Suffering; Delibes, Three Girls of Cadiz. Modern songs in English: Housman, Song of the Old Mother; Chadwick, O Love and Joy; Titcomb, The Changeling and Absence; Foote, O Swallow, Swallow Flying South.

The program was an agreeable departure from the belief of many contraltos and sopranos that they must begin a recital by singing, with at least a semblance of understanding, a group of old and modern Italian arias and songs. Mrs. Leslie went back a few centuries, but to England, not Italy; songs of an anonymous nature, except the one by Hook, organist and composer for Marylebone Gardens and Vauxhall, an amazingly prolific man. And how fresh, charming and thoroughly English these old tunes are.

Especially worthy of notice was "Now the Spring Is Come" arranged by Mr. Titcomb without inartistic sophistication. The German songs were well contrasted. Mozart's "Veilchen" is a little cantata in itself. Meyer-Helmund's song took one back to the time when his name was on the programs of nearly all concert singers. Schubert's sombre song is not hackneyed, and it was a pleasure to hear "Im Herbst" by the strangely neglected Robert Franz. Bruneau's "Pavane" is only one of several "Dance Songs" that are worth while; Delibes was in strong contrast by his saucy ditty to the dreamily rhapsodic Ravel. And at the end was the customary homage paid American composers.

Mrs. Leslie is an interesting singer. Her voice has fine quality, rich in lower tones, not cavernous as is the case with many contraltos; a voice of generous compass with upper tones for the most part skillfully controlled; indeed, there were phrases in the upper register that were a joy if only for their sheer beauty of sound. Occasionally one suspected that she was not wholly "in voice," but these occasions were few, and chiefly noticeable early in the evening.

She sang with marked intelligence, voicing not only the composer's phrases but the spirit of the text, and this without affectation, without churned-up emotion, without the feigned lightness in the more lively measures, the lightness that does not deceive. And when the song demanded simplicity, the interpretation was appropriately and artistically simple. By her singing of "The Three Ravens" she showed emotional depth; and in "Im Herbst" she sounded the note of passion.

An audience of good size was fully appreciative.

Mr. William Preble Jones calls our attention to the following paragraph in the Boston Globe of Nov. 26:

"Huge drays, groaning under mountains of crated celery, barrels and boxes of apples, bulging crates of oranges, stout-legged turkeys and chickens jammed the whole district as the bushmen hopped around unloading the things," etc.

Mr. Jones writes:

"As if they were handling bushel boxes, etc. I know that bushelers, or bushmen, repair clothing. Is there a new use of the word? Some of my relatives work in the market district and they never heard of the word."

We read in Variety that this show "premiers," and that show "premiered." There is a verb "to premier," meaning to play the premier, or to govern as prime minister. Robert Burns used it in his address to Beelzebub, but we do not believe the word is in good repute.



G. B. I. protests against the use of "ilk" in a dispatch from Washington: "Senators of the Borah, Wadsworth, Heflin, Robinson ilk."

"And about the same time I noticed this in an editorial: 'In the time of Senator W. P. Frye and others of like ilk.' To me the too-frequent use of the word as synonymous with 'kind' or 'sort' is abhorrent, but these two instances seem to me contra bonos mores et contra leges."

Mr. Jones quoting from the Boston Post: "I remember the same piece of apparatus becoming mired in the identical sand hole 12 years ago," asks: "Can a man get 'mired' in a sand hole?" Mire is commonly supposed to refer to swampy ground, mud. But suppose the sand had become muddy in this hole?

To go back to "ilk." "Of that ilk" means of the same place, territorial designation, or name; "Chiefly in names of landed families as Guthrie of that ilk." I. e. Guthrie of Guthrie. "That ilk" meaning that family, class, set, or lot is erroneous.

#### FROM A FUNDAMENTALIST

As the World Wags:

King Solomon was a Scotchman. Although he was not actually born in Scotland, the greater part of his life was spent in that country, his descendants now predominate there, and his name is more often used than any other Scotch family name. That this is not common knowledge is probably accounted for by the peculiar Highland custom of using the last part of a name for familiar greeting. Instead of the first: thus their Archibald is always "Baldy" or "Bald," and their Solomon is always "Mon." A few hours spent in any Scotch gathering will convince one that more Scotchmen bear the name Solomon, or "Mon" as they call it, than all the other Scottish names combined. He was without a doubt the author of "A Mon's a Mon for a' that." CASTLEBLAYNEY.

#### DREAM OF THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

"A soldier frequently uses violent language which is a mere outburst of momentary irritation or excitement, without at all intending to be insubordinate. Allowance must be made for coarse expressions which a man of inferior education will use as mere expletives."—British Manual of Military Law.

"How could you use such language!" moaned the sergeant of the guard, "Oh, don't you know a gentleman would never cuss so hard—"

Don't you know the perfect model of a modern British soldier?

Wouldn't you use such vile expressions on a sergeant or a pard?"

"Oh, sergeant, quit yer talkin' like a bloomin' raw recruit."

With Tommy this, and Tommy that, an' Tommy, black me boot.

I was quite within me province when I said: "Shut up, ole deah!"

And to emphasize me meaning you're a pickled-faced galoot!"

"Ah!" sobbed the stricken sergeant, "they hanged men like Deever Dan."

And leave you in the army to contaminate your clan.

Now you go and face the corner and you stand there fifteen minutes—

How can you use such language and remain an Englishman?"

"Quite so, sir, orders—ye forbid me for to talk."

But I'll draw yer bloody picture with a bloomin' piece of chalk—

And you cock-eyed, knock-kneed, lantern-jawed and shiny-pated blighter,

Of all the King's defenders you will be the laughin' stock!

You're a piece of punk Limburger, you're as weak as ration tea,

You're the grouchiest awfshul in the Hengilsh Infantry

Do not grovel there before me—get up off your bloomin' prayer-bones—"

"Rise and shine, ye damn recruit, can't ye hear the reveille?"

Boston. H. F. M.

As the World Wags:

For years I have been singing that noble hymn entitled: "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea," but my friends have always expressed their incredulity in more or less emphatic language. Now that Capt. T. J. J. See, government astronomer at Mare Island, Cal., says that leaks in the bottom of the ocean are the prime cause of earthquakes and volcanoes, I have a scientist on my side. From a fellow seeker after the truth.

L. P. CARR.

Andover, N. H.

As the World Wags:

Great satisfaction is abroad because The Herald has succumbed to the cross word craze. The sea as well as the earth wags with it. Perhaps this is what Mars has been at all these years, and we did not understand. Here is a word from an ocean liner in mid-Atlantic.

"Cross word puzzles are all the rage on this ship. Itaving shrugged the shoulders of derision at such gear I am now a tardy but complete devotee, and may be seen wandering about the garden lounge looking for the dictionary, which the company will have to replace shortly, the wear and tear have been so terrific." M. K.

Up to the present time Mr. Koussevitzky with the invaluable aid of the orchestra bequeathed to him has been the soloist at the Symphony concerts. This week a pianist will play, one Alexander Borovsky, who was born at Libau in 1889. He was taught at first by his mother, a pupil of Safonov, once the conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York, and in Leningrad by Annette Essipov, the beautiful woman who delighted Americans by her playing, and also Leschetitzky, for she was one of his wives, the second in order—there were four in turn, and the fourth, a pianist, is now in this country. Mr. Borovsky was awarded the gold medal and the Rubinstein prize. In 1915 he taught at the Moscow Conservatory. He has played in European cities, going to Paris by way of Constantinople in 1920. In Paris he gave concerts with a violinist and played at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts in 1921. He has visited South America, and last season he made his first appearance in New York. Our memory is hazy with respect to pianists of formidable names; they come, they go, or they do not come; we have a vague remembrance of Mr. Borovsky being announced as coming last season and then a cancellation.

On Friday afternoon and Saturday evening Mr. Borovsky will play Tchaikovsky's concerto in B flat minor. He is addicted to the music of the wild-eyed Prokofiev, and when he gave his first recital in New York pieces by Prokofiev were on the program. It was hoped that he would play Prokofiev's Concerto No. 3.

The orchestral pieces at these Symphony concerts will be as follows: Respighi's Four Old Dances and Airs for the lute (freely arranged)—the first, a Ballet, will be played by the Symphony orchestra for the first time, though all four have been played by the N. E. Conservatory orchestra; Wagner, Siegfried Idyl; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Mr. Koussevitzky's programs should be thus announced: "Subject to change." Schumann's Fourth Symphony was originally included for this week. Then there was talk of Liszt's Eight Russian Popular Melodies. Finally Wagner's Idyl was put on.

Another Russian pianist will play here tomorrow night—Leif Poulshnov, who made his first appearance in New York last November. He will play here music by Russians, including three of his own compositions.

The Harvard Glee Club, assisted by Mr. Gabriellowsky, who will play pieces by Handel, P. E. Bach, J. S. Bach and Beethoven, will sing in Symphony hall tonight. Its program is an interesting one.

Catherine Carver, a young pianist, will play in Jordan hall tonight.

Helen Newnam, soprano; Miriam Bernson, contralto; Roland Tapley, violinist, and Marion Parker, accompanist, will give a concert in Steinert hall tonight.

Edith Thompson, pianist, will play in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct music by Tchaikovsky alone at the pension fund concert next Sunday afternoon and Stuart Mason will conduct the People's Symphony orchestra at the St. James Theatre. In the evening the first of the B. A. A. concerts this season will take place.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra will "jazz" in Symphony hall next Sunday night.

The recital given recently by Roland Hayes in New York netted, above expenses, \$5000 for Fisk University where he had studied. He purposes to give a concert every year for some such cause. This he believes to be his duty. The \$5000 will be used at Fisk University in the musical department to give others an opportunity of development in the musical art.

#### MY FAVORITE THEME

(Following a symposium on the 10 greatest pieces of music.)

When my cousin, aunts and nieces Exercise athletic arms  
On the famous classic pieces  
Out of Schubert, Bach or Brahms,  
Wagner, Bizet, Franck, or Gounod,  
Chopin, Mendelssohn, Mozart,  
Things I don't and things I do know—  
Judgment leaves me at the start.

Symphonies and oratorios  
Fugues, concertos, masses, songs,  
Each to genius ripe some glory owes,  
As to each some grace belongs.  
Wagner, Handel (though he cribbed)  
Shine, but O, I love the best  
Old time songs (Anon or I bid)  
Or a fox-trot by "Request."

A. W.

The ultra-conservatives, who protest against ultra-modern orchestral music and piano pieces, should form a chorus to sing Gilbert's lines

"Art stopped short  
At the cultivated court  
Of the Empress Josephine."

E. M. R. wishes Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith, who wrote entertainingly in this column about old days at the Boston Museum, to know that A. S. H. Murray died two years ago at the age of 73.

Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler writes that he knew "Ash" Murray well. "I worked with his brother for many years, and 'Ash' visited him frequently. . . . The last time I met 'Ash' was at Charles Barron's funeral. We were chatting together when E. N. Catlin came up. Murray spoke to Mr. Catlin, asking him if he remembered him. Mr. Catlin looked at him a moment and said, 'Oh, yes, I tried hard to teach you a song once, but with no success.' Murray evidently was no singer."

According to W. D. Q. at the first performance of the Boston Symphony orchestra of Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" on a Friday afternoon early in Nikisch's reign, after the dwarfs had chased Peer in the hall, the audience kept up such a din that the movement was repeated. "I was present on that more or less important occasion, so speak by the book."

This performance was on Jan. 24, 1890. The suite had been played for the first time in Boston the summer before at a "Pop" concert in Music hall.

T. C. asks if one of our readers can give the verses of a song "somewhat in vogue" 60 years ago. The chorus was as follows:

"The farmer, the farmer forever,  
Three cheers for the plow, spade and hoe."

The song was sung to the tune "The Red, White and Blue."

#### Notes and Lines:

While reluctant to class myself among "the older readers" of The Herald ("I'm old enough to walk alone, but not so very old") I do recall the old woman who played the "squeaky organ" concerning whom J. H. W. inquires. Concerning her reputed wealth and history I know nothing. My acquaintance with her was literally only a passing affair, but it may interest J. H. W. to recall the lines of Holmes in "The Planet"—Boston Common, Dec. 6, 1882.

"My car a pleasing torture finds  
In tones the withered sibyl grinds  
The dame sans merci's broken strain  
Whom I erewhile perchance have known  
When Orleans filled the Bourbon throne  
A siren singing by the Seine—"

J. W. M.

#### MISS RYBIER

Fela Rybier, pianist, gave a recital last night in Steinert hall. Her program comprised: Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata op. 10, No. 3; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; Chopin, Nocturne op. 9, No. 3, and Ballade op. 47; Scriabin, Ten Preludes op. 11 and 15; Paderewski, Theme, Variations and Fugue, A minor.

Miss Rybier chose no moderns for her concert, with the exception of the 10 short preludes of Scriabin, which she played without interruption; and these were early pieces, some of them suggestive of Chopin, and some in the manner of Mussorgsky, sombre, Russian. And despite her fatal facility with Bach, Beethoven and Paderewski, it was in these that she showed most imagination and fullness of tone.

For the Bach Fantasy, she lacked the clearness and sharpness of execution that it demands; with the Beethoven Sonata, she was happiest in the largo and the lovely minuet—for a few moments she had gentleness and a certain grace, and she forgot to strike out wildly, insensitively pounding, and blurring phrases with her incautious pedaling.

And so she proceeded with the Brahms Rhapsody, playing with ill contained fire and ease of execution; there were moments of beauty in her playing

of the Chopin Nocturne, but never the fragile elegance and exquisite nuance, nor did she make a marked distinction between the dramatic Intermezzo and the rest. With the Ballade, she played in the same vein. In the theme variations and fugue of Paderewski, she made effective show of her technique; a technique that is not too careful, and she has a tendency to end phrases, even pieces, in a graceless, haphazard way. Miss Rybier has vigor, and she has already learned much of technique; at times she plays with a nice legato, but again she sacrifices for sheer display, good form and beauty of tone. There was a medium sized audience that applauded her, and made itself annoying by intermittent rustlings, late comers and coughers.—E. G.

#### DENOE LEEDY HEARD

Denoe Leedy, pianist, played last night in Jordan hall. In many respects he planned an admirable program. The one great work he played, the Schumann fantasy, is now seldom heard, and he showed the good judgment to let it lead the way. With equal wisdom he marshaled next, early in the program, his modern pieces, four "Saudades," by Milhaud, "Corvocado," "Sumare," "Palneras" and "Larengelas"; Ravel's "Ondine" and a "Bear Dance," by the Hungarian, Bartok. He ended the program with Albeniz's "Cordoba" and the Chopin F minor ballade. Rarely does a pianist make so neat a scheme.

Not everybody, of course, liked all the music. Bartok's "Bear Dance" seemed of no greater musical importance than a piece, widely played 10 years ago by theatre orchestras, called "The Teddy Bears' Picnic"; surely it is not so closely observed.

And those languorous dances Milhaud brought back from Brazil, the themes or the suggestion of them, at least—their composer showed his sagacity when he set two or three tunes running together to make one dance, for by themselves they appear but feeble stuff. A year or two ago Milhaud played some of the Saudades in Boston. Miss Ethel Hutchinson recently played two, Miss Carol Robinson played one or two a year ago. And in Paris Lole Fuller, no less, danced to them, Massine made a ballet out of them, which has been danced in London. Four of the dances, arranged for orchestra, have been performed in Paris. Some people must like this music much.

Probably Mr. Leedy does. At all events he played it as though he does, with nice rhythm, and with so delicate a touch that he made it sound, if not at all worth while, at least far less disagreeable than one would have believed possible. Some people indeed, much to their astonishment and a little to their disapproval, found themselves mildly relishing the "Sumare" and the "Corvocado"—just as they might like to hear Moszkowski's "Spanish Dances," say. The credit is all Mr. Leedy's.

The waters of Undine Mr. Leedy made flow evenly, clearly, and coolly. Less happily he dealt with Schumann's fantasy, most of which he had no air of liking or understanding. Oddly enough, however, in the course of the first movement Mr. Leedy had moments when he played delightfully, lyrical moments usually, and this movement he ended exquisitely. The closing pages of the third movement he also played with such fine taste that one might venture the guess he chose to learn the fantasy for the sake of those few pages.

R. R. G.

Mr. James Agate says in his volume of essays, "White Horse and Red Lion," that the "Pocket Newgate Calendar" is the best of books for reading in bed; he finds the "sovereign lullaby" in a sentence like this:

"He went very decent to the gallows, with a clean napkin, and an orange in his hand."

Mr. Charles Whibley wrote in a high sustained vein of irony his "Book of Scoundrels"—as for his manner of describing the rogues, did he not have Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" in mind? Mr. Whibley is a master of the purple phrase, but how the color fades when placed by the side of this sentence from the "Newgate Calendar." Would that we had a set of the original books before they were tinkered, softened, for genteel readers, even by a man like George Borrow.

#### THE CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS (1944)

Where shall we look for grandfather tonight, dear children—that is, if tonight were 40 years ago? Where the lights are brightest—where chorus girls



heavy thighs step lightly behind "Yankee Doodle Doo" as he struts his stuff? No, we shall find him tonight in some saloon—sublimely happy as his beaming nose weaves back and forth just above the foam atop the bar, one of his hands sunk into a bowl of soft shell crabs, the other gripping the bright mahogany rail to keep it plunging away from him. Overhead, a gas jet dances its double flame dimly.

And what is that which has brought such an ecstatic expression on the old man's face? "Arf and Arf," sweet children; an English name that denotes a dark brown mixture in the ratio of two to one, or even fifty-fifty—half-beer and half-ale. Beer, in case you have never heard the strange word before, dear boys and girls, was that which kept the German army in the great war for four years instead of two. And ale was beer with a vengeance!

Next week's lecture: The Sherry Flip.  
THE LONG SHOT.

#### IN-LAWS

(For As the World Wags.)

I pretended  
To be of their world  
A little while.  
They liked me then  
"A nice and simple girl,"  
They said

Contentedly.

And then  
A thought flashed out,  
A thought that strove  
And looked afar.  
They liked me less.  
"Too independent,"  
They began to nod  
And look askance.  
I hid myself again  
And tried to be  
A native

In a foreign land.  
But more of me  
Would out

Unwittingly.

"She is not one of us."  
They said,  
"We did mistake."  
And so I leave them  
In their rocking-chairs  
To knit

And wag their heads.  
MARGARET LLOYD.

#### THAT ORGAN GRINDER

As the World Wags:

A correspondent recently asked if any one of your readers recalled the old Italian woman with her little, squeaky organ that was for many years one of the features of Boston Common.

I remember her very well, and the speculation that arose from time to time concerning her. I think she made her appearance in the very early seventies, and held the fort for at least a dozen years or more. Her station was about opposite Park Street Church. I never heard that she belonged to a family of distinction, but Italian friends of mine said she was a rather ignorant peasant woman, adding that she was from some district the dialect of which was difficult for most Boston Italians. When quite young she had married a veteran of Napoleon's grand army many years her senior. It was her husband's honorable discharge from the French army that she so proudly displayed on the little organ, framed and covered with glass. She had come to America with some relatives, apparently outlived them, and was stranded, with the result that she took up her peculiar method of making a living.

Some Italian societies interested themselves in her, desiring to put her in a home, but she would have none of it. Later some Americans made a similar effort, but with no better success. Day after day, rain or shine, she was ever to be found at her adopted station, only the most severe weather keeping her away. She was extremely taciturn, apparently not caring for conversation even with compatriots. She didn't regard what she did as begging, and evidently had implicit faith in the efficacy of her treasured relics in raking in the pennies. It was said some time before she disappeared that she had reached her 90th year. Her face was like mahogany, and looked as tough as leather. I never heard what became of her.  
B. B. E.

#### ELIMINATION OF WASTE

(For As the World Wags)

"I would never waste my time on crossword puzzles,"  
Said the fashionable lady with a sneer.  
"All those far-fetched definitions in their up-and-down positions  
Bring insanity uncomfortably near."  
She was playing auction bridge with other ladies,  
All convinced that solving puzzles was a crime,  
And continued to the end—lost her temper—lost a friend,  
And was glad she hadn't wasted any time.

"I would never waste my time on crossword puzzles,"  
Said the salesman with a self-sufficient smile.

"As for making people natty, turning every brain to putty,  
They've got hyperdermic needles skun a mile.

It is things like those that generate Chautauquas,  
Not a highbrow thing on earth is worth a dime."

Then he loafed upon a stool, watching two men playing pool,  
Greatly pleased he hadn't wasted any time.

"I would never waste my time on crossword puzzles,"  
Said the gentleman of leisure with a frown.

"No one ever would suppose idiotic things like those  
So completely could have hypnotized the town.

All those criss-cross combinations with their endless complications  
Would unbalance many better men than I'm."

So he settled in his chair, playing endless solitaire,  
Quite resolved he'd never waste his precious time.

QUINCY KILBY.

#### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

(From Kablegram)

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl, as she sat on a broken bottle.

## CATHERINE CARVER

Catherine Carver, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall last evening. Her program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, op. 10, No. 1; Schumann, Novellette, op. 21, No. 2; Couperin, Les Trioleuses; Chopin, Preludes in B-flat major and G minor, Etudes op. 10, No. 2, with Godowsky transcription, and Ballade in G minor; Ebels, Fox trot (Mss.); MacDowell, March Wind; Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebesleid; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody in F minor; Faure, Impromptu in F minor; Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

The program says Miss Carver is 16 years old, and one may believe it, for she played last evening with the sentiment of a young girl, meticulously avoiding excesses, fearful of her own interpretations, so that her playing lacked strength and color. Yet she has a graceful manner, a suppleness of arm and of wrist, a sensitive touch; and her technique is amazingly accurate for so young a person. Yet, too often, she was metronomic in her pre-

cision; and it was only in isolated phrases of the Dohnanyi rhapsody, and in Couperin's "Knitters" that she showed ardor and imagination.

Why are so many young people hurled into the concert halls to perform merely because they have acquired a precocious technique, before they have learned to think for themselves, and to interpret the music that they play?

The program was difficult, beginning with the early sonata of Beethoven, which she played, omitting one movement, and including the Chopin etude, both with and without the Godowsky transcription that changed it to a left-hand study, the ballade in G minor, which Huneker once called "Chopin's Odyssey," the Dohnanyi rhapsody, a Chopin-like impromptu of Faure, and the Paganini-Liszt, "La Campanella."

Yet Miss Carver played them all, easily, note sound; perhaps it is more fortunate to be over sensitive at the outset than to be loose in abandon and harsh in tone. A small audience showed appreciation.  
E. G.

## HARVARD GLEE CLUB

At the first Harvard Glee Club concert of the season, in Symphony hall, last night, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, the conductor, began the program with a pleasant part song, "Jerusalem," by Sir Hubert Parry; "Justorum Anlmæ," by Byrd, beautiful music of its period; a setting of the "De Profundis," by Florent Schmitt, sonorous and melodious, but, to judge from last night's performance, oddly wanting in characterization; and "O Fili et Filiae" by Leisring, an uncelebrated composer of the early 17th century.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch lent variety by playing Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," a "Rondo Espressivo" by Philip Emanuel Bach, and Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue."

Dr. Davison next led "The Gypsy," by Zolotareff, a Russian; a charming, exceedingly well written song, "Lady of the Lagoon," by Granville Bantock; one of Orlando di Lasso's French "chansons" to words by Ronsard, which perhaps led the illustrious poet to write of

him thus admiringly: "The more than divine Orlando, who seems almost to have robbed the heavens of their harmony, to rejoice us with it on earth." Dr. Davison ended the group with the March of the Peers, from "Tolanthe."

After Mr. Gabrilowitsch had played the "Moonlight" sonata the Glee Club sang a lively old English folk song, "Sir Eglamore"; a nocturne by Cue; and the familiar Netherlands "Prayer of Thanksgiving." The highly efficient accompanists were F. H. Ramseyer and L. P. Beverage, pianists, and C. T. Leonard, organist. The audience showed warm enthusiasm for both the Glee Club and Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

The concert was one calculated to give great pleasure to people who like above all else music of very olden times and who share Dr. Davison's views as to what constitutes merit in choral singing. Last night he outdid himself in producing from his singers the quality of tone he seems to like best, shading of a surpassing nicety, phrasing truly elegant. If he attained these fine virtues at the cost of warmth of expression, freshness of tone, vitality, Dr. Davison finds many good judges who believe the price none too high. Other people, perhaps less competent to judge, would willingly sacrifice a wilderness of finely turned phrases and carefully graded nuances for, say, the grandiloquent magnificence which gives Sullivan's march its point. It's all a question of values.

Best of all, last night the glee club sang, or at least most simply, the Parry song, the delightful Lady of the Lagoon, and the sprightly measures of

"Sir Eglamore." The nocturne and the prayer came too late for everybody to hear. Mr. Gabrilowitsch pitched his

pipe very low, rising to the occasion only in the latter part of the fugue.  
R. R. A.

## Alexander Borovsky Solo Pianist—Koussevitzky Conducts

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Alexander Borovsky was the solo pianist. The program was as follows: Old dances and airs for the lute freely arranged for orchestra by Respighi; Tchaikovsky, piano concerto, B flat minor; Corelli, Concerto Grosso, C minor, for strings and piano, Op. 6, No. 3; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

This program was changed at least three times before final arrangement. The orchestral parts of Prokofiev's Piano Concerto did not arrive, so Tchaikovsky's was substituted. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," which had been announced, was thrown overboard; Corelli's Concerto took its place. These changes were made after the program book was ready for the press. As a result, the book contained much about the "Idyl" and nothing about Arcangelo Corelli, not even the date and birthplace of this Italian composer of the 17th century who died at Rome in 1713. Schumann's Symphony in D minor had also been announced, but it dropped out.

After this, announcements in the Program Book of forthcoming concerts should be headed: "Subject to change." Changes, not absolutely necessary, should be discouraged, if only for the sake of the learned lecturers on Monday afternoon at the Public Library, who prepare the audiences for enjoyment and profit at the concerts of the week, so that the hearers may then dilate with the proper emotion and talk with some show of intelligence to their less fortunate neighbors.

The first of the movements in Respighi's Suite was performed yesterday at a Symphony concert for the first time. Even Mr. Toscanini omitted it when he led a performance. The New England Conservatory orchestra played the whole Suite in 1922. Why Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Montoux ignored this movement is not easy to see; the music is charming in itself, and the Suite in its complete form is not too long. The performance yesterday was delightful. The beautiful oboe solo was played in a masterly manner by Mr. Longy, and the accompaniment to it will long be remembered. The middle section of the Gagliarda also made a profound impression. It would be interesting to know how much of this Suite is by Respighi; how much by the old Italian masters, named and unknown.

There was an old Grecian gentleman who apologized for the sumptuous funeral provided for his little child. There are men who have built a lordly portico for a dwelling place, and then for some reason or other, lack of funds

or through caprice, contented themselves with a tasteless, shabbily furnished mansion. The opening section of Tchaikovsky's piano concerto has a compelling melodic sentence, treated gorgeously and with magnificent breadth and sweep. What follows is a curious mixture of engrossing measures and wild vulgarity. In the Name of the Prophet—figs! What is good in the work was brought out in full strength by pianist and orchestra; what is cheap and trivial for the moment held the attention. Perhaps Nicholas Rubinstein was right, after all, in his bitter, almost venomous, tirade when Tchaikovsky played it to him in private. When the concerto was brought out in Boston by Buelow, in October, 1875—it was the very first performance—a critic of this city shrewdly discovered that the first movement was not in "the classical concerto spirit." Tchaikovsky himself was amused by American reviews sent to him by Buelow. Peter wrote: "The Americans think that the first movement of my concerto 'suffers in consequence of the absence of a central idea' and in the Finale this reviewer has found 'syncopation in trills, spasmodic pauses in the theme, and disturbing octave passages.' Think what healthy appetites these Americans must have; each time Buelow was obliged to repeat the whole Finale of my concerto! Nothing like this happens in our country!"

So wrote a reviewer nearly 50 years ago. What will be said in 1974 of reviews written here and in New York today? Brethren, let us not take ourselves too seriously; let us pray that no young lion of the press in 1974 will exhumate reviews published in 1924 about the contemporaneous compositions and roar in savage glee.

Yet, at the risk of future ridicule, we will frankly say that to us Corelli's concerto was tiresome.

The remarkable performance of Strauss's rondo consoled us. Some may think it was a too personal matter with Mr. Koussevitzky, but we like and admire him most when he breaks from tradition and lets his imagination revel fantastically. Some may take exception to certain tempi; but was not his choice of pace effective, as praiseworthy as Till's exploits? How dramatically the scene of trial and condemnation was put before the audience. We still hear Till's squeak as he danced on air, after the thunderous verdict. Perhaps there are those who would prefer a "chaste and strictly musical" interpretation, but yesterday Till was on the stage, we saw his knavish tricks, we exulted in his coarseness, and at the end we stood looking at him as his legs twitched and dangled.

The concert will be repeated tonight. It is said that the program next week will comprise Haydn's Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13), and Ravel's "La Valse." It is also said that Messrs. Maier and Pattison will play C. P. E. Bach's Concerto, E flat major, for two pianos; Bilss's Concerto for two pianos and Hill's Scherzo for two pianos.

## JAVA AND SUMATRA

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's Travel-talk last night, the last of the subscription series, was "Java and Sumatra." Over 400 years ago our old friend Lewis Vertonannus, the Roman, visited these islands and gave a long description of them. He saw the women of Sumatra, women of whitish color with large foreheads, round eyes of "brassy" color, wearing their hair long, having broad and flat noses and of despicable stature. The gold coins had the head of a devil on one side, and on the other a wagon drawn by elephants. The people were very friendly. He spoke of pepper, aloes, laserpitium gum and he saw a "hugious" hide of a fish called tartaraca, weighing 103 pounds. In Java he found some that worshipped a devil. He tells of bows and poisoned arrows; how when parents were feeble or youngsters hopelessly sick they were sold to the anthropophagi. He soon wearied of the inhabitants and the coldness of the country at that time of year, so left the island.

Now many things have happened on these islands since the Roman traveler visited them, and Mr. Newman was more interested in the changes, the commercial habits, tobacco—we, from personal experience, do not recommend the Dutch tobacco of the East Indies for pipes—the barbaric jewelry, than in extensive anthropological researches, though he, with pictures, described the customs of Bataks in their villages. In Java there are the famous Botanical Gardens; there is the tea-growing in the Highlands, the cinchona forests supplying the world with quinine for the shivers and the shakes; the Batik cloth; the rubber industry. At Djokja he was the guest of the Sultan and witnessed the Sarimpi dance. The Sultan of Solo was also most hospitable. (The native music of Java has excited the admiration of musicians from Debussy to Henry Elchheim.) Liquid



ber, sportive monkeys, a smoking and Wonderful Islands, Java and Australia. The talk was full of information, interesting and agreeable, the pictures were more than supplementary to the text; they were extremely interesting themselves, and some of them, as views from the volcano in action, were remarkable as triumphs of photography.

It is with regret that the large audience said good-by to Mr. Newman. His next season will be warmly welcomed. Not without reason does he press his hearers, "My friends," for he has established personal friendship with his informing talks, the modest manner in which he describes his own adventures, the wealth of pictorial as well as verbal illustrations, by his directness and his honesty.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. An extra Traveltalk, "Around the World," with a host of pictures, will be given in Symphony hall Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week.

## EFF POUSHNOFF

Eff Pouishnoff, the Russian pianist, appeared last night in Jordan hall, and holds with the principle of "either, or," for some weeks ago he appeared in New York a program conservative enough to satisfy a Leipzig conservatory professor in the 80s, whereas this is what he set forth last night:

The Lark, Glinka-Balakireff; Sonata B flat, Glazounoff; Romance in A, Arensky; Hopak, Moussorgsky; Prelude in G, Petite Valse, "Quand il pleut," Pouishnoff; Polichinelle, Elegie, E flat and B flat, Rachmaninoff; Desir, Caresse danse, op. 52, Paganini; Enigme, op. 57, Scriabin; Barcarolle, Lladoff; Islamey, Balakireff.

Hardened old concert-goers feel the atmosphere depressingly heavy when a program threatens them with too much of the way of Beethoven sonatas, Chopin scherzos, Brahms variations and the like. But it is a question yet to be answered whether a whole program of classical froth makes a pleasanter entertainment. In the course of an entire evening it would seem judicious in a concert-giver really to rouse his audience, if his art will reach so far, by at least one great performance of one of the great masters. In contrast with the lighter music to follow would be all the keener pleasure.

Of course Mr. Pouishnoff did play a sonata, but not one of high value, delectable grace and the finale's lovely rhythm. The four Rachmaninoff pieces have their charm; surely they are among the composer's best. Mr. Pouishnoff's own pieces rejoice in grace. Arensky is always pleasant to hear, and so is the Glinka "Lark." But all these pieces in a row—a fugue would have been a relief.

Mr. Pouishnoff, anybody would be safe in going ball, could play a fugue, the Beethoven opus 111 or anything heavy he might fancy, and play it just as ought to be played. He has command of a highly individual tone, for the most part singularly cool and crisp, but capable of a wide variety, very strong without a trace of hardness, and a singing passages very sweet. His rhythm is delightful. He plays if every note has for him its meaning, consequently he is never dull. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Pouishnoff will see his way soon to a second Boston concert—with a program more wisely planned.

R. R. G.

"When I was living in Albany," said Mr. Herkimer Johnson in reminiscent mood as he sat in his accustomed seat at the Porphyry, "I suffered from pneumonia. My convalescence was slow. The physician then recommended me to drink three milk punches daily. Fortunately there was a drunkery near my lodging house, and thrice a day did good Mr. Capren or the excellent Billy Pike mix me a milk punch with old Medford rum that was fit for the immortal gods. On high Olympus, O learned, sympathetic doctor! O beneficent prescription! O days that are no more!"

Mr. Johnson's voice broke, and he was soon lost in thought. In the room "There was silence deep as death; and the boldest held his breath for a time."

Mr. Johnson raised his head, looked about him, and lo, there were tears in Eugene Golightly's eyes.

### "AVIATION"

An article published recently in The Herald—not in this column—about the derivation of "aviation," "aviator" has excited discussion. We now print letters which have been received:

As the World Wags:

In the Mall Bag of the 3d of December the derivation of "aviation" is so far from the truth as to call for a word of protest. In the Latin word *avius*, from which the editor seems to derive the word, *av-* is not a prefix denoting "not" (like Greek *a-*, as in *a-theist*; the Latin prefix being *in-*, as in *in-nocuous*, *in-secure*), but *av-*, meaning "away from"; so that *avius* means "out of the way, remote." The Latin word *avis*, translated "bird," means etymologically "creature of the air," that is, "flyer." The stem of this word (*avi-*) plus *-ate*, *-ator*, and *-ation* gives us *avi-ate*, *avi-ator*, *avi-ation*, all of which are normal and correct.

See "Constructive English" Par. 407 (p. 191, *avi*). FRANCIS K. BALL.

As the World Wags:

Does our esteemed editor err, or is he slyly laughing at us when he reaffirms his whimsical derivation of the word *aviation*—a derivation via alpha privative?

If he is correct, then an *aviary*, derived from the same root, is doubtless so called because of the absence of paths and not from the presence of birds to be found there.

Perhaps an *apriary*, in like manner neglectful of the busy bees, denotes to the purist a place such as The Herald's own composing room, where, of course, no *pl* is ever found.

I am, sir, faithfully yours, AN AVIATOR, who prefers the silly title of "Bird Man" to the more absurd title of "unpathed man." G. S. C.

As the World Wags:

The stem of "*avis*" is not "*avi*"; it is "*av*."

If *aviate* or *av-ate*, why not *anguate*, *serpente*, *pisicate*, *fulate*, *canate*, *lupate*, *ursate*, etc.? The Herald did not say that *aviator* was derived from "*avia*." The Herald did say that the word "*avia*" in "*aviation*" once meant pathless, and this is true. J. H.

*Aviate*, *aviation* and *aviator* are words undoubtedly derived from "*avis*," a bird. The Concise Oxford Dictionary gives this derivation, "As for the use of '*ate*,' see the same dictionary '*ate* 3.'"

Is the stem of "*avis*" "*av*" and not "*avi*"? We have the Latin word "*avipes*," meaning bird-footed, swift. It is true that this word does not belong to classical prose.

"*Avis*" is akin to the Sanscrit "*vi*," meaning a bird, from the root "*vay*," to go, and the "*a*" is probably a prefix.

There is a Latin word "*avla*," meaning "grandmother"; also "an old prejudice" as one derived from a grandmother; see the fifth satire of Persius: "Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello," which Thomas Sheridan translated: "Till such time as I remove the prejudices, which you have received from the chat of old women"; or to quote William Gifford's translation.

"And root those old wives fables from your heart." "*Avia*" also is the name of a plant mentioned by Columella.

As for "*avi*" being the stem of "*avis*," see the Great Oxford Dictionary: "*Avian*, from Latin *avis* bird plus *an*. Of or pertaining to birds." Published in 1888 the volume A-B of this dictionary does not contain *aviator*, *aviate* or *aviation*.

Were these words derived from "*avis*" first used by the French or the English and Americans? The words "*aviation*" and "*avion*" are in Larousse's "Dictionary of Military Terms and Poilu Slang." "*Aviation*," the flight of birds; aerial navigation. *Aviation* means especially the aerial locomotion made by the aid of a vehicle heavier than air. "*Avion*—a general expression for an aeroplane." In the French military vocabulary there is "*l'aviation de Partillerie*," "*l'aviation de reconnaissance*," "*l'aviation de chasse*" and "*l'aviation de bombardement*."

In French military slang an "*aviateur*" is a man not all scrupulous; one that steals.

### THAT POPCORN MAN

As the World Wags:

The pleasant, courteous, hump-backed man who sold popcorn on the Connecticut river trains in the sixties must have been Edward D. Murphy of Bellows Falls, Vt. He had been made a hump-back in his boyhood by a kick from another boy, and as a boy and young man he sold popcorn on the trains down river from Bellows Falls. I used to see him frequently, and his mother, Mrs. Hubbard, who lived on "The Patch" beside the Rutland railroad track above the dam. He was much respected and did amass some little property with his popcorn. He afterward was in the amusement business. He died comparatively young. FRED L. OAKS, Framingham.

### WHAT, ONLY ONE COLLEGE?

As the World Wags:

I know a college that for \$6,000,000 would change its name to Duke's Mixture. Will you forward the name, or

Was Joseph Conrad interested in music or the drama? Two of his plays, "Laughing Anne" and "One Day More," were published recently in London. They are made out of short stories. "The Secret Agent," which met with little success when it was produced, was a dramatization of his novel. Basil Macdonald Hastings, who turned "Victory" into a play, has said that Conrad was very proud of the little one-act "One Day More," and Mr. Hastings also said that it has no stagecraft; that Conrad's mental attitude, "prompted by his temperament, did not allow him to appreciate what is theatrically significant." On the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy in his preface to the short plays just published says it is idle to speculate whether Conrad could have been a great dramatist, but he also says: "If, through unhappy accident, he had begun by writing for the stage, without having first experienced the wider freedom and tasted the more exquisite savor of the novel, he would no doubt have become one of the greatest dramatists of our time."

"Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance," by Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer), published by Little, Brown & Co., is an unusual, fascinating essay in biography. Let no one expect to find in it an orderly, leisurely account of Conrad's life, beginning "Joseph Conrad was born" and ending with a description of the funeral. The book is a helter-skelter triumph; it might be called eminently successful verbal stippling, rather than impressionism. One learns to know Conrad intimately, surprises him off his guard, unbuttoned. We are told something about his favorite books; how he enjoyed Flaubert and Maupassant; Turgenev "the greatest of all poets"; his "Byelshin Prairie," the "greatest of all pieces of writing"; every imaginable and unimaginable volume of politician's memoirs; Capt. Marryat, who Conrad said had profoundly interested him; "after Shakespeare, the greatest novelist as delineator of character that England has produced," for he observed English character "with exactitude and rendered it without exaggeration, all other English novelists getting their effects by more or less of caricature." Mr. Ford believes that Marryat's influence on the character and psychology of Conrad was "profound and lifelong." He read Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, "above all Miss Braddon! . . . She wrote very good, very sound English; machined her plots inoffensively and well; was absolutely woman-like, her best novels being the later and less-known ones."

One learns that the diet of the English pension at Bruges—thin slices of cold mutton, potatoes boiled in water, greens boiled in water, which remained with the greens, seriously impaired poor Mr. Ford's digestion—"The taste of the greens was never out of the mouth." One learns a great deal about Conrad's way of writing—also much about Mr. Ford—but what about music and the theatre?

Mr. Ford says that all English novelists were obsessed by the idea "that if they could only get a play produced, fame, fortune and eternal tranquility, beyond the range of all temporal griefs, would be forever theirs. . . . There was a glamour of its own attaching to the play. There was something sacred about it." This malady "poisoned the whole of Henry James's after life; even Conrad was not immune." And when a play dramatized from one of his novels failed, he winced and looked sick.

There is Mr. Ford's reference to "the sentimentality of a pre-Raphaelite actor in love scenes—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson dyspeptically playing Romeo to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet."

Conrad and Ford went to the Empire and sat in the front row. "Conrad was never tired of wondering at the changes that had come over places of musical entertainment since his time, when they had lodged in cellars, with sanded floors, pots of beer and chairmen. . . . During applause by the audience of some too middle-class joke, one of us leaned over towards the other and said: 'Doesn't one feel lonely in this beastly country?'"

This is all that we have been able to find in the book about Conrad and the theatre, but we learn that Conrad scolded so severely an "enormous, fat, six-feet-two lousy greyish scoundrel of a stableman" who had been stealing a mare's oats, that his face was the color of billsticker's paste, and he panted: "I've heard tell of the British lion, but protect me from the Rooshian bear." We are also told that in 10,000 conversations Conrad and Mr. Ford quarrelled only over the taste of saffron, and as to whether one sheep is distinguishable from another; also that Conrad played dominoes "with passion and the skill of a master."

There is little about music. A contralto from Bayreuth, practising in the basement of a windy hotel on the Belgian coast, disturbed the two, "Her voice literally shook the flimsy house. Whilst we wrote or groaned on the fourth floor the glasses on a tray jarred together in sympathy with the contralto passages of 'Die Goetterdaemmerung.'" Yet Conrad had looked forward to this sojourn at Knocke, for he spoke of a director of a Brussels orchestra, and a Wagnerian cantatrice, being among the guests: "A little music with the chasse cafe, mon vieux. We will finish 'Romance' in a week."

"Even Miss Benny van der Meer de Walcheren was charming when, at meals, her voice was not shaking the glasses on the trays in the sixth



floor back-bedroom where we tried to collaborate." Autumn came. "The voice of Miss Benny competed with great gales off the leaden North Sea."

And that is all there is about Conrad and music, but Mr. Ford speaks of a novel that was to be a political work, allegorically backing Mr. Balfour, with Joseph Chamberlain, the villain who made the Boer war, while the sub-villain was to be Leopold II, King of the Belgians, "the foul, and incidentally lecherous, beast who had created the Congo Free State in order to grease the wheels of his harem with the blood of murdered negroes and to decorate them with fretted ivory cut from stolen tusks in the deep forests." Decorate the negroes, or the wheels, Mr. Ford?

Mr. G. Jean-Aubry in his article, "Conrad and Music," published in the *Chesterian* of November, finds very few allusions to music, and very few characters in Conrad's novels that are either musicians or show in any way an interest in music. There is Lena in "Victory"; there is enigmatic Freya in "Freya of the Seven Isles." Her piano and the music she plays "impart a most peculiar tone to that vivid and gloomy story." Mr. Jean-Aubry recalls Conrad telling him the delight he found at the Marseilles Opera about 1875; hearing operas by Meyerbeer, Verdi, Offenbach. He discoursed on the spirit of Chopin's music; he enjoyed certain modern French songs. Ravel had played for him, and his compositions interested Conrad keenly. A visit from Szymanowski pleased him. Paderevski and Conrad had talked chiefly about Polish politics. The latter wished that one of his novels should be turned into a lyrical drama, and he thought "Nostromo" the most suitable one.

Mr. Galsworthy remembers Conrad seeing "Carmen" for the 14th time. "The blare of Wagner left him as cold as it leaves me, but he had a curious fancy for Meyerbeer. In June, 1910, he wrote: 'I suppose I am the only human being in these islands who thinks Meyerbeer a great composer.'"

Let it be remembered that Conrad in his preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus" spoke of the "magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts."

If there is little about Conrad and the theatre in Mr. Ford's "portrait, not a narration"—the hook is, indeed, a vivid, striking portrait in stipple—one sees the man; one hears him talk; one becomes acquainted with his tastes, his whims, his likes and dislikes; his search after the word, the phrase that will express the particular idea and not another. In spite of his success he once said to his collaborator: "You will never find during your whole life a single soul to tell you at the end whether you are the greatest genius in the world; no, nor whether you are the last, the most stinking descendant of—Ponson du Terrail." P. H.

## The Great Betrayal

### Recent Plays with Judas Iscariot as Hero—Strange Legends About the Traitor.

Within a short time several plays with Judas Iscariot as the hero have been published and one at least has been produced, "Judas Iscariot," by E. Temple Thurston (London, last month). Mr. Thurston is known in Boston as a dramatist by his "Wandering Jew."

There is "Judas," a tragedy in three acts, by Claude Houghton, published by the Four Seas Company of this city; there is "The Dark Hours: Five Scenes from a History," by Don Marquis, published by Doubleday, Page Co., Garden City. We might add that "Judas," an epic poem by T. Sturge Moore, has been recently published.

Putting Judas on the stage is by no means a new idea. It is not necessary to go back to the old church plays and mysteries. Achille Richard's "Judas" in four acts was produced at the Theatre Antoine on April 13, 1911. As in the more recent plays, he does not betray the Saviour for money; he is a Jew, the other apostles are of Galilee. He has dreamed of Israel's redemption; its freedom from the Roman yoke, and he suspects that this is not the Saviour's purpose. The acts are entitled "Doubt," "Pride," "The Power of Darkness," "The Damnation." Camille Gorde took the part of Judas. A contemporary critic wrote that the part of the Saviour, who "expressed himself only in the words of the Evangelists," was perfectly played by Leon Segond. There were only two performances.

Massenet's "Marie Magdeleine," known at first as an oratorio, or sacred cantata, and so performed in Boston, was 13 years after its production at the Odeon, Paris, brought out on April 13, 1906, as a musical drama with scenery and costumes at the Opera-Comique, where Dufranne was a "crafty and terrible" Judas. Judas was also figured in one or more German plays.

There are strange and fantastical legends about Judas. One is told at length in that singular book by Thomas Heywood, "The General History of Women," published in 1657. The story had already been told in shorter form in "The Golden Legend." It was known to Ranzluphus, a monk of Chester, St. Jerome, Matthew of Westminster, and others.

A man named Reuben in Jerusalem had a wife, Cyborea. She dreamed that she would have a son who would betray the Prince of his own people. So they put the child in a small boat, which was driven upon an island called Iscariot (some say Scarioth). The then childless Queen of the island adopted him and named him Judas Iscariot. A son was born to her. Judas, fearing he would lose his inheritance, when the two had grown to man's estate, slew him and fled to Jerusalem, where he entered the service of Pontius Pilate. Judas grew in favor. The palace of Pilate overlooked Reuben's orchard, and Pilate longed for the apples that he saw. Judas, climbing the wall, was met by his father, who protested against the intrusion, whereupon Judas beat out his father's brains with a stone. Cyborea was a rich widow. Pilate arranged

that Judas should marry her. After the marriage Judas asked his mother-wife why she was so sad. She told him of her dream, how her baby was put in the boat; then her husband was slain and the murderer escaped, and she was compelled to marry against her will. Then Judas knew the truth. Cyborea persuaded him to repent, and become a disciple of Jesus.

On the stage Judas has at times been represented as in love with Mary Magdalene, and jealousy has been assigned, with greed of money, as a cause of the betrayal. In Mr. Houghton's play Judas is in love with a woman named Ruth who passionately loves him. After the treacherous act Judas is in agony of remorse. "No heart can hold my hell." Ruth throws her arms about him; ehers him. "What is his death to us? Come, life; come, love! . . . There is no heaven but here. No world but this, no God but death, no hope Beyond the day's desire. . . . How we will drown memory in dalliance. And fill caressing night with laughter low and murmured song!"

Judas spurns her. "O, that my heart Ere held so slight a thing as thou beloved! Nay, thou art very woman—in thy soul No heights, and in thy heart no depths. Begone!" But Ruth is faithful till the end. The play closes with her bitter words: "Judas hath hanged himself, O dead, dead, dead! The Nazarene hath cried with a great voice. 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' And all the world is dark, dark, dark!"

Mr. Houghton represents Judas as a doubter at the beginning, for a time believing in the Saviour, ecstatic in his belief, then again suspicious, at last raging against the Saviour, because the world is no better for his appearance.

In Mr. Thurston's drama, as in Mr. Houghton's, the Saviour is not brought on the stage. Mr. Thurston's Judas is determined to serve in the earthly kingdom which the Saviour will establish. Finding no Messiah, he turns to Huldah, a Canaanite, but when he sees the widow's son of Nain raised from the dead, he forsakes Huldah until towards the end of the play she is taken to him as he is dying. He has attempted to cure her by a miracle. Failing, he resolves on the betrayal, thinking that he can thus force the Messiah to declare and assert himself.

Richard Henry Horn in his "Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play"—and he has not been alone—founded his drama on the hypothesis that Judas in his desire to see the Saviour establish an earthly kingdom thought to bring a beneficent result by betraying him; an "untenable" hypothesis, said a solemn reviewer, "because one directly opposed to scripture." Was not Story, the sculptor, one of the many that accounted for the betrayal on this ground?

Did Judas hang himself? Sir Thomas Browne considered the question, and did not agree with learned ancients who said he died under a cart-wheel. Sir Thomas believed he died from "suspension or pendulous illa-quation." It was once believed that on certain times of the year Judas was released from hell and allowed to sit on a great rock in the sea. There St. Brandon saw him, "in full great misery and pain for the waves of the sea had so beaten his body that all the flesh was gone off, and nothing left but sinews and bare bones. And when the waves were gone, there was a canvas that hung over his head which beat his body full sore with the blowing of the wind." This story, related in "The Golden Legend" nearly 700 years ago, probably moved Robert Buchanan to write his "Ballad of Judas Iscariot."

But concerning the story of Judas as murderer and unwittingly incestuous; why he betrayed and how he met his death, let us quote Sir Thomas Browne again: "Many more there are of indifferent truths, whose dubious expositions worthy divines and preachers do often draw into wholesome and sober uses, whereof we shall not speak. With industry we decline such paradoxes, and peaceably submit unto their received acceptations."

Mr. Marquis has written a note to his play in which he says he has not attempted any original interpretation of the story, nor of the hero's personality. "I have been careful to adhere to the orthodox version accepted by the Christian Church from its infancy. This is not merely because I wish to avoid offending the sensibilities of Christian people, but also because I think it right dramatically." Even if he believed the story to be a myth, legends became fixed in a certain form; "a violation of the form is almost certain to be at the expense of some vital significance which they hold for the multitude." So his purpose is to show on the stage a part of the story of Jesus as is set down in the four Gospels. He has not departed by as much as one syllable from utterances reported in one version or another of the Gospels.

There has long been in English-speaking countries a sentiment against the appearance of Jesus on the stage. As Mr. Marquis justly says, Divinity cannot thus be shown; no actor can impersonate Divinity. Mr. Marquis does not believe that when Jesus spoke of his Father he meant that God is the Father of all of us. He is confident that Jesus was as explicit as possible in his claim. For this he was condemned and suffered.

Does Mr. Marquis hope that his play will be produced? He has supplied scene plats and stage directions. His Judas is at first rather helpless; then emotional and passionate. "He alternates between this helplessness in the hands of fate, for which he holds Jesus responsible, and sudden fierce fits of rebellion against it and hatred of Jesus, the cause of it. He feels himself literally 'possessed.'"

There are strongly dramatic scenes: as the examination before the Sanhedrin; the scene in Pilate's palace. In the examination, witnesses say their say in turn, while others provide a running comment. In the palace Procla, the wife of Pilate, warns him against handing over the Saviour to the priests and the mob. The whole scene is admirably contrived for dramatic effect, and this is only one of many. In the last scene, "Golgotha," the effect is that "We are at the edge of the hill at Calvary, and that Jesus is hanging on the Cross just off stage, and that all are looking at him there."

Mr. Marquis dedicates the play: "To the memory of my late wife, Reina Melcher Marquis." P. H.

shall I roll my own? THE TINKER.

As the World Wags:  
Every time I meet a friend nowadays  
—well, somehow—I just can't help it—  
but the thought pops into my mind—

"wonder if this bird is going to give me a Christmas present?" R. H. L.

#### POLARITY

(On reverse sides of the same gramophone record are preserved the voices of Peary and Shackleton.)

This now on record that the earth is flat.



as the glossy crown of my silk hat.  
In its centre you may see the hole  
through which protrudes the end of  
either Pole.  
Mark, each time I draw the record  
forth,  
the self-same Pole is either South or  
North.  
According as the slide earth rests upon  
this Peary's voice or that of Shackleton.  
Ask me how I counteract the risk  
of starting out and falling off the disc,  
the gravity that keeps me in control,  
or as the "needle" moves toward the  
Pole.  
A. W.

## WITH THOMPSON

With Thompson, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan before a friendly audience of good taste.  
This was her program: fantasia sonata, C minor, Mozart; Sonata in A, MacDowell; Nocturne, op. 62, Chopin; Valse, op. 64, No. 3, MacDowell; Intermezzo, Moussorgsky; Danse Exotique, Alexander Steinert; Danse, Amant; Danse de Puck, Debussy; Danse Bluetelle du Feu, De Falla. Miss Thompson did some admirable playing yesterday. By her delivery of opening theme of the Mozart sonata she showed her appreciation of too often forgotten fact that Mozart was a man who dealt with things greatly; he did not merely dally with the pretty. Nobly presented the splendor of MacDowell's opening page, vividly those passages that hint at jousts and jneys. If Miss Thompson does not know just how MacDowell's music ought to be played, who does? Nevertheless it seems possible that she could make the sonata more effectively play if she played it less episodically, without disturbing pauses between the movements; less like a succession of little scenes, more like a big dramatic poem.  
To the Chopin nocturne Miss Thompson brought fine singing tone and beautifully graded runs, a wide variety of pedal effects to the pretty pieces. Amant and Alexander Steinert, only felt rhythm to the de Falla dance of the Intermezzo by Moussorgsky. Mozart, MacDowell, Russians, moderns—Miss Thompson does not let the inventions bother her. Would she venture, on another occasion, to go no further back than Rubinstein and play some of his barcarolles? Who knows but that an audience would like it as well as Chopin's?  
R. R. G.

## CHAIKOVSKY MUSIC FOR PENSION FUND

The "Francesca da Rimini" fantasy, the elegy and the waltz from the serenade for strings, the E minor symphony, No. 5—this was the program Mr. Koussevitzky chose for the first Pension Fund Concert of the season, an "all Tchaikovsky program." If anyone felt disposed to ask why he did it, in Boston in 1924, a glance at the audience packing Symphony Hall to the doors would have answered the question. A finer program, nevertheless, would probably have served as well; surely Mr. Koussevitzky's fame is sufficiently great to fill the hall.  
Granting the worthy determination to make sure of an overflowing audience, how could Mr. Koussevitzky bring himself to help lessen the diminishing fame of his great compatriot by performing his "Francesca"? In its day it made a stir by its frenzied representation of Dante's hell. But what goes so quickly in music as frenzy? The noise, at all events, is left. An uproar to equal parts of "Francesca," Stravinsky's "Spring" being not forgotten, has surely not been heard in Symphony Hall for many a day.  
The audience, of a mind with the cook in Hardy's novel who would not heed Ethelberta's advice to wear less flamboyant bonnets "because she did like a good flare-up about her face of a Sunday afternoon," liked the fantasy very much. To judge by the applause, they liked the two movements from the Serenade far less. Empty music if it has enough flourish to it, evidently pleases better than honest, trivial music that is quiet.  
It was good to hear, though late in the day, the symphony, Tchaikovsky perhaps at his best. Nothing he ever wrote sounds better, and even his most virulent detractors must admit that when pure sound is the matter in question Tchaikovsky, in his later years, knew what he was about. Its melody escapes the commonness that sometimes does Tchaikovsky's music damage. Its

emotion is intense, but it does not fall into hysteria. If conductors jealous of Tchaikovsky's repulse would content themselves with playing such music of his as is great of its kind, like the symphony in E minor, his memory would stay green the longer.  
Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the symphony with studied care, without undue stress of its emotional force, yet effectively, at times thrillingly. The audience listened with an absorption very marked. The applause at the end was overwhelming.  
R. R. G.

## WHITEMAN AGAIN

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra gave last night a second concert in Symphony hall. Again he called it "An Entertainment in American Music," again he had Mr. George Gershwin to play the solo part in his own "Rhapsody in Blue," and again the vast audience was moved to rapturous applause.  
No wonder. The orchestra's playing seemed even more remarkable, on a second hearing, than it did a week ago, remarkable for mellowness of sound, when that high quality was called for, notable always for rhythm.  
The program varied little from that of last week, not at all in Mr. Whiteman's experiments in higher things in jazz, not very much in music of the more popular kind, the most striking additions being MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hymn to the Sun," both keyed up to a skittish rhythm which did them no harm, although it might distress people who hold those pieces dear.  
The evening could not fail to delight persons who rejoice in sharp rhythm—even if it stays pretty much the same—graceful melody, bolsterous comedy funny in its way, and playing perfect of its kind.  
Since Mr. Whiteman invites composers of quality to write music for his orchestra, very likely he will soon be able to produce better music than he can find at present. But up to the moment he has had no luck, for the moment his pieces become pretentious away goes the charm, strong of its kind, in which his popular music abounds.  
R. R. G.

## PEOPLE'S PLAYS SEVENTH CONCERT

At the St. James theatre, yesterday afternoon, the People's Symphony orchestra, with Stuart Mason as conductor, and Walter H. Kidder, baritone, as assisting artist, gave the following program, for their seventh concert:  
Curry, "Blomidon," concert overture; Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 4 in A major (Italian); Mozart, Serenata notturna (for two small orchestras); Verdi, aria "Eri Tu" from "Un Mallo in Maschera"; Moussorgsky, prelude to the opera "Khovantchina"; Berlioz, overture "Carnaval Romain."  
The concert yesterday afternoon was one of the best that this orchestra has given, both in content and in performance. There was no dull padding with antiquated pieces of slight interest; there were no empty "ear ticklings" and orchestral blares to delight the naive.  
Both the prelude to Moussorgsky's opera of "Khovantchina" and the "Carnaval Romain" overture from Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" have already been played here this season, so they need no further comment. The "Blomidon" overture, suggested by the ways of this bluff off the Cape Breton coast, is pleasantly descriptive music, not strikingly original, and in its latter half, Wagnerian in mood and in orchestration. Mr. Curry, who was present, acknowledged the applause.  
It was a pleasure to hear again Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony; it is so warm in its melody, so spontaneous, and played so seldom now. Yet some have objected to the leaping Saltarello as a last movement; they think it too light hearted, too haphazard for a conclusive finale—undignified.  
The Mozart Serenata for two small orchestras, the second echoing the first, marking its accents, its themes, and extenuating them, is an ingenious trifle, a salon piece, one of the many divertimenti of his Salzburg period; a piece not too well known, and well worth the playing.  
Instead of the aria from Massenet's "Herodias," as announced, Mr. Kidder sang Rheinhardt's "Eri Tu" from the third act of "The Masked Ball"; he sang dramatically, markedly; he has not a large voice, but he did not try to force it, and bellow for the galleries. Yet he was loudly applauded, and sang an encore in popular vein.  
Next week there will be no concert, and the week following, Beatrice Griffin

violinist, will be the soloist. The program will include Mendelssohn overture to Racine's "Athalie" op. 74; Saint Saens, concerto for violin No. 3 in B minor, op. 61; Godard, scenes poetiques; Wagner, "Eine Faust" overture.  
E. G.

"No one has called so far but one old lady to look at a house. I directed her to the cemetery to spare expense of moving."—Emily Dickinson.

## "WHAT'S THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT?"

As the World Wags:  
Comical Will Rogers says that in sinking the battleship Washington, our best bet on the high seas, we also ruined the next best ship in the target practice. He overlooks the fact that we have demonstrated to the world that we are not only willing to sacrifice our own big ship, but are also able to shoot down the same sort of a battler for any other nation.  
We might have blown it up from the inside, which would not mean anything, as one is seldom permitted to sink enemy ships from the interior. We just dropped it by expert outside work, which proves to any one that from the same shooting distance we could shoot down an enemy battleship, particularly if that enemy refused to return the fire. (As a naval demonstration it was a fine exhibition of sparring before a mirror.)  
Mr. Rogers also makes fun of the fact that England agreed that we might thus sink the Washington, using her as a target. Yet it must be remembered that England did not insist that we sink the officers and crew with the ship. That certainly was a diplomatic victory for Mr. Hughes.  
H. A. H.  
Boston.

## A BALLADE OF GREEK HEROES

(For As the World Wags)  
Wing-footed to the Gorgon's lair  
Prince Perseus runs along the skies,  
Medusa of the serpent hair  
The dreadful quest of his emprise;  
And lo! he wins, as homo he flies  
Athena's gift, a peerless gage:  
Andromeda, with April eyes—  
Theirs was the olden, golden age.

When Jason fell in Pelias' snare,  
Old Cheiron's crew, sublime allies,  
To Colchis in the Argo fare  
To die with him or seize the prize;  
And while with brazen bulls he vies,  
While vainly dragon-warriors rage,  
Medeia all her magic piles—  
Theirs was the olden, golden age.

With nobly youths would Theseus share  
The victory, or sacrifice—  
The cold blue lips of death would dare  
To kill the Thing in evil guise;  
Sweet Ariadne him espies,  
And guides, and goes with him a stage;  
At Naxos parting, not unwise—  
Theirs was the olden, golden age.

Heroes, your spell all time defies;  
Your loves and labors, page on page  
Sing a fine strain that never dies—  
Yours was the olden, golden age.  
Concord, N. H. E. F. KEENE.

## ON THE CAPE

As the World Wags:  
It is one regret of my life that I never visited Clamport, the summer home of the sociological sage, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, but I made one trip down on the Cape which I well remember. It was in June, 1896. I was travelling for a Boston house. Monday morning I went direct to Provincetown by train. The next morning by train to Orleans. Two of us got a covered carryall, for it was raining hard, and rode all day. I don't remember now how many South, West and East Denises we made, but that night we put up at North Harwich. It wasn't really a hotel, nor yet a boarding house, where we stopped, but a little of each. The next morning I was first in the dining room. I heard a female voice saying: "Will you have your potato boiled or fried?" On looking up, I saw the landlady standing at the dining room door with a boiled, potato poised upon a fork. "Boiled, if you please," I replied. I received my Solarsum tuberosum hot from the fork that morning.  
ALBION B. CROCKER.

## SOMERVILLE.

## OUR YOUNG GIRLS

As the World Wags:  
I want to put forward the name of Mr. Nightingale, who lives in Cambridge and teaches music, as a strong candidate for the department of music in the Hall of Fame. Perhaps he should be allowed two-fold distinction and permitted to adorn the ornithological realm also.  
Being a "gabby" myself, I appreciated Mr. Herkimer Johnson's remarks

on the dearth of conversational opportunity in polite society. In addition to cards, mah jong, the victrola, we now have the radio to progress still further our unruly member. Youth dominates the social life of this country. I saw a "peppy" jeune fille avec droites janyes being plotted about the Widener Library after a recent football game. The first intimation I had of her presence was a raucous "Yah!" when her escort—strange to say, a rather attractive lad—called her attention to some detail. Repeated "Yahs" were all she offered in lingual appreciation. She was not chary of rouge nor of leg display, and so was as easily seen as heard. I was struck by the utter lack of expression in the face of this girl, who was typical of many. That charming mobility which is the prerogative of youth was entirely lacking. A dull mask replaced it. Was it due to gazing on film actresses whose attempts at expression are grimaces?  
PATIENCE PEACOCK.

## CAMBRIDGE.

## IN "SKARKASTIC" VEIN

As the World Wags:  
Now that a bonus of \$10,000 and promotion have been proposed for the world fliers, I presume that we may expect gallons of ink to be spread and numerous cases of high blood pressure result from the written and verbal comments of self-elected guardians of the national treasury and those who see in this a further glorification of Mars in lauding members of that organization of arch-enemies of peace—the army.  
T. F.

## A LIMERICK CLUB

As the World Wags:  
There was in, I think, 1876, an organized Limerick Club in Boston. The regular dinner was on New Year's night at the Old Elm on Tremont street, near West street. The club was started by Nat Childs of the Tremont Theatre, Charlie Hoyt and Sam Stearns. There were about 25 members, Cheever Goodwin, Nat Goodwin, Robert Barnet, Curtis Guild, Jr., among them. We had honorary members, "Bob" Burdette of the Burlington Hawkeye and "Bun" Hawthorne, the wit of Bowdoin College. Many of our limericks were published; hundreds of them were not, and never will be, especially not in church magazines, but there were some good ones. I was vice-president and one year won the prize, a box of cigars. My limerick was about a young lady of Niger who would ride astride her pet tiger. She went out one day and we were sorry to say when she returned she was inside, not astride the tiger. As Frank Stockton's "Lady and the Tiger" was then a sensational story, this limerick was often quoted. When Charlie Hoyt and Sam Stearns left the Boston Post, to which they had contributed the "All Sorts" column, the club ceased to exist as an organization. I think that "Bob" Barnet and I are the only ones of the club now living.  
FRANK A. STODOL

## ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock company in "The Conspiracy," a melodrama in three acts, by Samuel Baker and John Emerson. Staged by Samuel Godfrey. The cast:

- |                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Rose Towne.....         | Roberta Lee Clark |
| Samuel Shipman.....     | Houston Richards  |
| Prof. Kaufman.....      | Frederick Murray  |
| Col. Shultz.....        | Hal Stack         |
| Margaret Holt.....      | Elsie Hiltz       |
| Newsboy.....            | George Spelvin    |
| John Howell.....        | Bernard Nedell    |
| Mr. Christopher.....    | Win Hiet          |
| Winthrop Clavering..... | Ralph Remley      |
| Captain Ryan.....       | Ralph Morehouse   |
| John Holt.....          | Louis Leon Hall   |
| Martha.....             | Anna Lang         |
| Juanita Perez.....      | Olive Blakeney    |
| Emilio Savelli.....     | Roy Atkins        |
| Adolph Weinberg.....    | Samuel Godfrey    |
| John Flynn.....         | Frank Twichell    |
| Victor Holt.....        | John Collier      |

In the first scene the pitch of the company was in too low a key. To be sure, the office of a settlement house would suggest conversation of the tip-toe variety, but not at the expense of the exposition, for the first 10 minutes were entirely lost and one felt for those in the rear of the house.

Clavering, the writer of detective stories, and the chief, as well as pivotal character, was often made a comic character, not by the excellent Mr. Remley himself, but rather by an audience in the mood of half-trigger laughter, who mistook his testy and temperamental ways for the manners of a comedian.

It is not explained by Messrs. Baker and Emerson how Clavering stumbled inadvertently over the visualization of Margaret's part in the murder of Morton, while Margaret was taking dictation of his story. To be sure the writing of detective stories was his trade, but there were no incidents previous to this point in the development of the play that would give Clavering the slightest clue.



Margaret has been seduced by a gang of white slavers, and is kept in duress three weeks. A fire gives her the opportunity to escape, and the welcome sign of the settlement house on the East Side bids her a haven. Here has come John Howell, a reporter, in his usual rounds for the news, with a lacerated wrist, the result of an encounter with the white slavers on the night of the murder. Questioning Margaret, he succeeds in trapping her into a confession, but becomes her champion, for he has already waxed poetic over her eyes.

Something must be done to shield Margaret, to get her out of the way, for the gang is on her trail, and the police are meddling. Clavering comes to the mission in search of a stenographer. Howell speaks for Margaret and she is hired. Clavering commences his story, and Margaret sits close with the pad. The climax has already been referred to above. Yet Clavering listens to the girl and is moved. With the aid of Howell he lures the white slavers to his study. He also times the arrival of the police. How the gang is corralled would be unfair to divulge for the pleasure of future audiences.

Mr. Remley was an unusually well prepared Clavering for one involved in the arduous details of stock. A part calling for much detail, he succeeded in depicting a convincing characterization. Miss Hiltz, as Margaret, pictured the heavy hearted girl, without being tempted to overexaggeration. Mr. Hedell was rather the actor than the reporter. For the remainder of the cast there is much to say in the way of commendation.—T. A. R.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—"Three Live Ghosts," farcical comedy in three acts by Frederick S. Isham. The Boston Repertory Company, E. E. Clive, manager. The cast:

Mrs. Gubbins.....May Ediss  
Miss Woofers.....Katherine Standing  
Bolton.....Francis Compton  
Jimmy Gubbins.....E. E. Clive  
William Foster.....Philip Tonge  
Spooly.....Alan Mowbray  
Rose Gordon.....Marianne Dodge  
Briggs.....C. Wordley Hulse  
Benson.....Franklyn Francis  
Lady Leicester.....Elsbeth Dudgeon

Since this play has been performed in Boston before, at the Plymouth Theatre, a matter of three years ago, its plot need not be rehearsed. Its theme is enough to tell. Three soldiers in the English army, reported dead, appear in London. One is a Cockney, dyed in the wool, another an American who enlisted for reasons of his own under a false name, the third is a young Englishman of obviously good breeding in whom shell-shock has induced a taste for thievery. Escaped from a German prison, this odd trio land unexpectedly at the lodgings of one Mrs. Gubbins, the Cockney's step-mother.

Strange things happen—Detectives turn up in search of the American. The man of breeding steals jewels from the gentry, not to forget a baby. Courteously he presents his booty to his hostess the Widow Gubbins. Of course in no time a man arrives from Scotland Yard. The duel of wits between him and Mrs. Gubbins! When has a funnier scene been seen?

But the whole play is funny. Not only had the dramatist the right idea of a farce—to develop an impossible situation as logically as though he were dealing with Mrs. Tanqueray herself—but he had the skill to carry out his plan exceedingly well. He made his people move about with ease, he wasted no words in unfolding his lively tale, he did not overlook, even in a farce, the value of suspense.

A good farce needs good acting. The performance last night was as good as the play, which is saying much. The rapid pace brightened places which might in heavier hands have struck a false note. Everybody on the stage bore himself with the gravity that makes a farce the funniest. The sentiment, very prettily expressed in the case of the three soldiers' friendship, was not unduly stressed.

Miss Ediss played the outrageous old harriard without a touch of exaggeration, but with so lifelike a portraiture that, if the case were not impossible, one could give the names of her models, one for her looks, another for her manner—both New Englanders—yet Miss Ediss was London to the backbone. Surely she has done nothing heretofore either so funny or so true.

With equal truth, spirit and drollery Mr. Clive played her son, the kindly creature of appalling speech; one more excellent characterization to his credit. Mr. Mowbray coped successfully with the playwright's risky experiment of making a man who has lost his wits subject for mirth. Mr. Compton and Mr. Hulse gave character to their smaller roles. To judge by the laughter of the audience last night Mr. Clive has put his hand on a farce which will

be useful for many a revival to come—If only all his people can resist the temptation to exaggerate. Last night they did so nobly.  
R. R. G.

## MRS. LESLIE CARTER STARS AT KEITH'S

Again Mrs. Leslie Carter has deserted the stage, temporarily, and for her present venture in vaudeville, at Keith's this week, she has chosen a new and glowing one-act melodrama of the Russian revolution, written by John Colton, who helped in the dramatization of "Rain," and entitled "Alexe of Tartary."

A piece admirably suited to the repertoire of the Parisian Grand Guignol, and one to delight Mrs. Carter, with its opportunities for horrific effect and chilling emotions. A garish and effective play, with its persons an ingenious and amiable grand duchess, "daughter of a prince of Tartary and a chieftain's daughter of the race of Kubla Khan," a voracious erstwhile butcher of Siberia, now red dictator of Petrograd, and the ballet dancer, mistress of the grand duke, whom the duchess protects from the avenging wrath of the above-mentioned dictator. An excellent burlesque, if played with a little exaggeration.

For the rest of the program, as is not often the case, there is little padding. There is Kitty Doner, who was here a year ago in one of the revues, a pert and amusing impersonator of men, who dances, sings and in the manner of Beatrice Lillie, mimes "Tillie from Tenth Avenue, now in the Folies Bergere"; Lydia Barry, an old visitant, sharp in her imitations of women, still alert and dancing ridiculously; Rose Doner and "Johnnie Berkes," vaudevilleans of lightness and grace, the girl a pretty dancer, the man an unlaughing comedian of the order of the music halls both in costume and manner; and Julius Tannen, a monologist, whose comments always seem spontaneous, and whose briskness and ingenuity in disconnected chatter have made him one of the most amusing in vaudeville.  
E. G.

## HARVARD GLEE CLUB SINGS FOR CHILDREN

### Gives Afternoon Concert for Young People in Symphony Hall

The Harvard Glee Club, led by Dr. Davidson, gave a concert for young people in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program included choral songs by Parry, Byrd, Lelsring, Orlando Lasso, Morley, the March of the Peers from "Iolanthe," Granville Bantock's "Lady of the Lagoon," Zolotaroff's "The Gypsy," Cesar Cui's "Nocturne," as well as folk songs of English and Flemish origin.

Again, only this time it was for an audience of children and their escorts, Dr. Davidson and the Glee Club searched their extensive repertoire for music of the 16th century contrapuntalists—di Lasso, Byrd, the little known German Volkmar Lelsring and Thomas Morley. Besides these they chose Parry's "Jerusalem," from the text of William Blake; songs of the Russians, Zolotaroff—a favored pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff—and Cesar Cui; a wistful piece after a Chinese theme, "Lady of the Lagoon" of Granville Bantock; and, most welcomed by the children, the March of the Peers from "Iolanthe." A pity that there were not more of the Gilbert and Sullivan choruses; in these the Glee Club is most joyful.

And, as is their custom, the Glee Club sang with beautiful precision, chiselling coldly, stressing the phrase, the melodic line, the vocal nuance—in the barbaric glitter of Zolotaroff's "Gypsy" as well as in the music of the 16th century. Why is it their tendency to make ingenuity of shading so often take the place of a freer warmth, a youthful exuberance and a richness of tone? Both the chorus of "Iolanthe" and Morley's gay little madrigal of "Now is the Month of Maying" were loudly demanded again.

## MAY YOHE PLAYING AT BOWDOIN SQUARE

May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope) has decided to come back to the stage and this week is heading the bill at the Bowdoin Square Theatre in a new act entitled "The Old and the New." Her gowns and songs are features of this offering. There will be other interesting vaudeville specialties and photoplays to complete the program.

## CONTINUING

**COLONIAL**—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter Dorothy.

Tenth week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Janice Meredith" (film), film version of Paul Leicester Ford's story of revolutionary days. Last week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"The Potters," comedy by J. P. McEvoy in 12 scenes dealing with the incidents in the everyday family life of middle class America. Last week.

**SHUBERT**—"Gus the Bus" (My Boy Friend), vaudeville flavored musical comedy by Jack Lait, featuring El Brendel and Flo Bert. Last week.

**TREMONT**—"Top Hole," musical comedy with Ernest Glendinning, Ann Milburn and Clare Stratton. Last week.

## B. A. A. CONCERT

The concert tonight in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association will be given by the Vannini Symphony Ensemble and Phradle Wells, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to "Euryanthe," Londonderry Air and Shepherd's Hey, arranged by Grainger; a Suite by Coleridge-Taylor, and Albeniz's Spanish Rhapsody.

Miss Wells, who was born at Kirksville, Mo., will sing "Voi le Sapete," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pleurez, mes yeux" from Massenet's "Cid" and songs by Delibes, Terry and Clarke.

## RENNIE IN RECITAL

Last evening William K. Rennie, pianist, gave a recital in Sternert hall. His program was as follows: Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven; Fantaisie, Op. 49, Chopin; Lovo Dream, No. 3, Liszt; The Music Box, Liadow; The Magic Belle, Op. 59, Harbier; Berceuse, Op. 57, Chopin; Etude, Op. 25, No. 6, Chopin; Concert Arabesques on Theme of "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Schulz-Eyler; Etude en Forme de Valse, Op. 52, No. 6, C. Saint-Saens; La Campanella, Liszt; and Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12, Liszt.

Apparently Mr. Rennie is a pianist of good intentions, and it has been said of him that he has labored long and rigorously to acquire a beautiful tone

and rhythmic fluency. And he is reputed to be something of a Freudian as well; for his contention is that the subconscious self is dictator to the musician. Perhaps if his conscious self had not been so completely submerged last evening, there would have been less of the automaton in his playing.

Occasionally he gave to an isolated phrase, to a group of chords, and a melodic line, a pleasing tone; but for the rest, his playing was disjointed, lacking in imagination and intelligence. With him Chopin's beautiful Fantaisie became almost unrecognizable; it might have been any dull exercise for finger and arm; the Berceuse and Etude of disturbing thirds he played in like vein. He was happier with the thoughtless evolutions of Liadow's "Music Box," but for him it never pattered on gayly as it has with Balley and his Chauve Souris.

Perhaps if Mr. Rennie were to be less lethargic in his playing, there would be more meaning to his theories of "impulse in music"; a theory, so old and indisputable, that one wonders why he has stressed it. There was a small audience last evening.  
E. G.

## ROMAN CHOIR IN UNUSUAL CONCERT

### Delights Audience with Impressive Program in Symphony Hall

A remarkably fine and impressive concert was given in Symphony hall last night by the Roman choir, that noted organization of singers from the patriarchal Roman basilicas and the Vatican. It was directed by Cavaliere Angelo Negri, organist and composer. The program was as follows:

Part 1—Gloria (Missa Pontificale), Perosi, choir of three parts; O Quantus Luctus, Palestrina, choir of four parts; Il Ritorno Del Gregge, Muller, choir of four parts; Ave Maria, Vittoria, choir of four parts; Super Flumina, Palestrina, choir of four parts; Exultate Justi, Viadana.

Part 2—"Com'è Gentil" (Don Pas-

quale), Donizetti, S. Augello, "Lamento Di Federico" (Arliesiana), Cilea, L. Pagliarini; "Suore Che Riposano" (Robert le Diabol), Meyerbeer, G. Guld; "Il Lucevan Le Stelle" (Posca), Puccini, G. Giorgi; "I Boemi Erranti," Schumann, choir; "Carzone Napolitana" (Neapolitan song), Scandello, choir; "Torna a Surriento" (Neapolitan song), De Curtis, Baroli and choir; "Va Pensiero" (Nabucco), Verdi, choir.

The first part of the program, devoted to classical sacred music, was all choral, the singers wearing their robes. The work of the choir was distinguished by perfect balance and accord and by the remarkable purity and sweetness of tone achieved by the performers. A group of six boys, taking the soprano parts, was particularly notable.

Part two was made up of secular numbers and included operatic selections and folk songs, the singers appearing in the usual evening dress. Where all are on such an even level of excellence it is difficult to select any

one for special mention, but the solos by Sigs. Augello and Pagliarini call for high praise. They were enthusiastically encored. The Neapolitan songs, too, were exquisitely rendered, and "Va Pensiero," by Verdi, formed a fitting and majestic ending. A fair sized audience attended.

## MISS BAILLARGEON IN VOCAL CONCERT

### Soprano, with Mr. Dahlquist, Baritone, Wins Applause in Jordan Hall

Laurilla Baillargeon, soprano, and H. Pembroke Dahlquist, baritone, gave a concert in Jordan Hall last night, assisted by Margaret Kent Hubbard, pianist. The duets were: Mozart's "La ci darem La mano" and Verdi's "Dite alla giovine" from "La Traviata." Miss Baillargeon's selections were as follows: Hageman, Christ went up into the Hills; Old Melody, When Love is Kind;

Griffes, The Dreamy Lake; Watts, The Little Shepherd's Song; Verdi, L'insana parola ("Aida"); Lippacher, L'Heure du Dieu; Lernormand, Berceuse; Fourdrain, Ma Maison; Lagougue, Chanson de Barbarine. Mr. Dahlquist sang Benvenuto Cellini's aria from Diaz's opera and these songs: Schubert, Du bist die Ruh; Grieg, Ein Traum; Brahms, Waldesheimelkeit; Schindler, Apparizione; MacDowell, The Sea; Manzuca, Nichavo; old English, Ah! Willow; I. A. Loud, The Airman's Creed.

The young singers have given recitals here before, showing natural aptitude and diligent study. Their concert last evening was well attended, and their efforts appreciatively applauded.

Blessed Christmas-tide brings a lull in the storm of recitals. Constance McGlinchey, pianist, who will play in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon, will be alone in her glory for some time. Her chosen composers this week are Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Florent Schmitt, Dvorsky (who is supposed to be Josef Hofmann), Paderewski, Debussy, Liszt.

The Handel and Haydn Society will perform Handel's "Messiah" in Symphony hall Sunday afternoon and Monday evening. There will be no concert by the People's symphony orchestra next Sunday afternoon.

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is an unusual one. The purely orchestral pieces will be a symphony that Haydn wrote in Paris and Ravel's "The Waltz." Messrs. Maier and Pattison will play a concerto by Emanuel Bach composed originally for piano, harpsichord and orchestra. Arthur Bliss, London born, but of an American father, has written a concerto for these pianists, which will be performed for the first time. Mr. Bliss, who has been living for some time in California, writes that he has discarded string instruments in this work. He did this from the "rooted conviction" that strings and piano are unpleasant to the ear. "I have never liked violin or cello sonatas, or piano trios, from the point of view of a listener, however beautiful the material written for those instruments, so I determined to concentrate on a pianistic combination that was blended with wood-wind, brass and percussion. . . . The pianos are not used as in the classical concert, where they fill the role of star performer to a background part of chorus, but are of an equal integral part of the whole composition and can be regarded as two great arabesque-making machines. Both piano designs are conceived for virtuosi pianists or pianola players." Mr. Bliss's "Color" symphony



performed here by the Symphony orchestra a year ago this month. It called lively discussion, although no reputations came to blows in the corridors of Symphony hall and no duels were fought on Boston Common.

Mr. Hill's "Scherzo" for two pianos and orchestra will also be played for the first time. It was written originally for one piano and orchestra. Mr. Maier suggested that it should be remodelled for him and Mr. Pattison. This was done last summer. Mr. Hill writes: "While I am not of those ardent enthusiasts who affirm that the future of American music lies in a wholesale assimilation of the 'jazz' style, I nevertheless sincerely admire its best traits. It furthermore seems a fitting, if somewhat limited, field of experiment for the American composer of serious aims. This problem has already tempted Messrs. Cowell, Carpenter and Gershwin."

Mr. Newman will take his audiences tomorrow evening and Saturday afternoon around the world, from New York to Japan and back by way of the Canadian Rockies. There will be a wealth of motion and still pictures.

Hercules Pascal, a Greek bass, will give a recital in Jordan hall next Sunday afternoon. A sketch of his life and adventures will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

The Triangle Club of Princeton University will perform "The Scarlet Coat," a musical drama, by Julian Street, Jr., and Day Edgar, in Jordan hall, next Saturday evening. We are told that the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is completely sold out for the performance there on Dec. 23, and several thousand dollars have been refunded to applicants.

### FARRAR'S NEW "CARMEN"

We are indebted to A. E. D. for a copy of the Cincinnati Post in which Geraldine Farrar's "new" "Carmen" was reviewed. We read that when Carmen and Mercedes had a fight they leaped at each other "like two overfed chickens. Zuniga had to drag Carmen off Mercedes when both rolled to the floor. Prosper Merimee did not write about that, nor indeed at all about Mercedes figuring in act first. Nor is it so in the book of the opera. But the germ of an idea, that explains. Every one sang some one else's music except Don Jose. When it came to Miss Farrar she sang music of some other than Bizet's invention. The Spanish soldiers had green uniforms embroidered in purple. Micaela had a superior or silk frock with a handsome white lace veil. One recalls the crocheted edge on Gadsby's apron with certain reservations working both ways. The germinating idea seemed to be to have "Carmen" some way that it is not. Miss Farrar lived up to this advancing growth. In the second act she wore a long-flounced Tosca-like garment and a gold-top hat encircled by a braid of brilliants. When, enthusiastically, she slung this top hat into the wings, the excitement of the audience rose to fever heat. Miss Farrar also introduced astounding gymnastics into the operatic fantasy. She sat on one of the two benches which furnished the only props of the opera, exactly on the middle of her spine. How she managed every one asked. But that attitude faded in significance before the finale of act second. "Carmen," in a moment of passionate emotion, fell into the arms of Escamillo, the while standing on one foot, with the other foot poised at an angle of 45 degrees due south.

"During the intermission after this act, Mr. Francoise Vathe, peacefully smoking in the corridor, was besieged by ladies desiring to know if instruction toward the reproduction of this supreme gesture could be conveyed. Mr. Vathe thought it might be done. Many ladies made with him an early morning appointment. Musically it

was a cross-word puzzle. One felt that having, so to speak, secured hippopotamus, vertical, it was but just to secure Ichthyosaurus horizontal. But when Bla came out, it seemed unfair."

Some of our readers must remember Rose Hersee, an excellent singer, pleasing to the eye. She died at Wimbledon Park, Eng., on Nov. 26, aged 79. She made her debut in England as Amina in "La Sonnambula" in 1867. Parepa-Rosa brought her to the United States in 1869 and she made her first appearance in New York on Sept. 13 of that year as Amina. When Augustin Daly brought out Offenbach's "King Carrot" at the Grand Opera House in New York on Aug. 26, 1872, she took the part of Rose du Soir and was associated with Mrs. John Wood, Emma Howson, John Brougham, Stuart Robson, the Majltons and the Lauris. It was a gorgeous and costly show. Some of the minor characters, however, were so poorly represented that Brougham said the leaders were supported by "vegetable supes," but he paid this tribute to Miss Hersee.

"Hersee! see her and you will guess. Of all the senses seeing is the best; Hersee! hear her, and you'll confess The sense of hearing is worth all the rest."

She left the stage some 15 or 20 years ago and taught singing and elocution. Her husband, Arthur Howell, a double bass player, also a singer, died in 1885.

W. A. writes: "Can you make some reference to the millinery that is not removed throughout concerts in Symphony hall? While it is true that some of the offending 'creations' are minute, others are not and the germs seem to be spreading slowly but surely."

You should call the attention of an offender. There is a regulation of the city of Boston forbidding any obstruction in the nature of a covering to the view in places of amusements. This regulation is printed on the titicpage of the Symphony program books.

The London Times said of Gall-Curci's extra concert: "She has unquestionably 'made good' with the British public, possessing, as she does, a full measure of the necessary requirements—temperament, a voice of beautiful quality and the utmost assurance of delivery. Moreover, she does not come forward as a specialist in any particular type of music, so that her net of vocal allurements can be flung far and wide. We came away on Saturday feeling that we had not heard very much real music, but everything had been extremely well done—so well in its individual and compelling way, for after all personality is a powerful factor in her interpretation—that it is idle to dwell on details of the program or say more than that there were occasionally slips in intonation and phrasing. Two things, however, stand out, the peculiar warmth of Mme. Gall-Curci's tones, even when singing in alt, and a rather delightful rhythmic aptitude."

## HARVARD PLAYERS DO MIRACLE PLAY

Last evening, for the second time, the Harvard Dramatic Club presented "The Nativity," a miracle play from Manuscript 617 of Chantilly, at the Germanic Museum in Cambridge. The translation from the old French was made by Eduardo Sanchez, president of the club. The piece was produced under the direction of Lendon Snedeker. The cast included:

Announcer, Lendon Snedeker; Joseph G. H. Humphreys; Mary, Dorothy Leadbetter; first angel, Ruth Johnston; second angel, Constance Templeton; first shepherd, Whitney Cromwell; second shepherd, W. S. Wilson; third shepherd, O. L. Loring; Mary, Mary Leonard; Mahal, Frances Chase; Joseph, H. S. Smith; Melchior, Murray Pease; Balthazar, D. W. Keyes; Herod, D. L. Dickson.

It was three years ago that the Dramatic Club first presented a miracle play in the Germanic Museum, where the stone porch of the cathedral with its gothic sculptures, and the deep reaches of the museum, suggesting the cathedral nave, create for them the spirit of the middle ages as no stage setting, even that of Rheinhardt's "Miracle," could.

Other years the miracles have been from the English cycles, but "The Nativity" this year is one of the five from the Chantilly manuscript, of which Mr. Sanchez has made a clear and rhythmic translation from the old French. And in the French miracle play there is a greater refinement and religious warmth than in the English, which so soon deserted the church, and on travelling platforms developed into the romantic comedy of the 16th century.

A short miracle, the Dramatic Club gave it with an admirable simplicity and restraint; the players lost none of the biblical vigor and flow of the narrative in the playing. There was richness and beauty in the pageantry, in the groupings, in particular that of Mary and Joseph, and effective play of light on the stone sculptures. Miss Leadbetter was a chaste and lovely Mary, suggesting the Madonnas of the Venetian school; Mr. Humphreys a stalwart Joseph and Mr. Keyes a Balthazar conspicuous for the deep tones of his voice. To Mr. Snedeker great credit is due for his skill in direction. One hopes that this custom of presenting miracle plays at the museum will not be discontinued. E. G.

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"In general cases when the brains are out the man will die; but it is a well-known fact in journalistic, that a man may not only live, but support wife and children by his labors in this line, years after the brain—if there ever was any—has been completely abstracted, or reduced by time and hard usage into a state of dry powder."—Thomas Carlyle.

### "COLUMN" POETS

Charles Reade, a glory of the much abused Victorian Age, wrote in his plea

for ambidexterity, "The Coming Man."

"There are men about town so overflowing with mental power that the Weeklies have had to set up a want-pipe for their intellects; it is called 'Acrostic.' If he were writing today, he would substitute for Acrostic, 'Cross-word Puzzle,' or he might have in mind the verses contributed to daily newspapers and to the Weeklies."

No one should under-rate the value of poems. The authors may not be "Boss Poets," but they are not like the young "Idyll" who wrote verses to Artemus Ward's daughter, "about the roses as growes, and the Breezes as blowes."

Not long ago Mr. Christopher Morley edited a volume of poems that had been contributed to "The Bowling Green" when that column was a delightful feature of the New York Evening Post. Now we have received "So Much Velvet" by Franklin P. Adams, whose versions of Latin poets and original verses have given him an enviable reputation. The book is published by Doubleday, Page and Company of New York. We have also received "Column Poets" edited with an introduction by Keith Preston, a collection "representative of Chicago column poetry," published by Pascal Coviel of that city.

There were "columns" before Bert Taylor, "F. P. A." Don Marquis and others gladdened the hearts of newspaper readers; Eugene Field, Charley Hoyt, George F. Babbitt and others. Field, like Mr. Silas Wegg, would drop into poetry. We are unable to say whether daily humorists as the Detroit Free Press man, the Danbury News man, the Burlington Hawkeye man, were often taken this way; and we do not remember whether "Max Adeler" of Philadelphia conducted a column or wrote his amusing articles at greater and less formal length. The Burlington Hawkeye man courted the Muse and imitated neatly the Swinburne of the "Poems and Ballads." One of the Iowan's non-Swinburnian poems sticks in the memory.

### IN THE CIRCUS

"Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,"

The brave young man that rode the brindle mule.

He learned when meek Asinus burst the girth,

Too late, the lesson of life's harshest school.

Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of brain,

Thought that has drank at the Pierian spring;

Grand depth and height of culture he must gain,

Who safely rides the trick mule round the ring."

"F. P. A." and some others would out against the false use of "Asinus" as regards the metre, for the accent should be on the first syllable.

For "F. P. A." enjoyed "the advantages of a classical education." This education did not make him a verbal prig; witness his translation of Horace and Propertius, preserving the essence of the original and giving the lines a modern, often jocose, twist. In the present volume Mr. Adams pays attention to Swinburne and Housman in "If They Had Written It."

### SWINBURNE

"O dearth that is dead as desire!

O famine more frantic than pain!

O love that is frigid as fire!

And hate that is pleasant as pain!

Let the Swiss and the Serb and the Slav know,

To the Celt and the Cossack convey

The fatuous fact that we have no Bananas today."

### A. E. HOUSMAN

"The cherry trees are laden

With berries ruby red,

And many a rose-lipped maiden

Lies in a lonely bed.

"Of peaches there be plenty

And apples acid-sweet,

And many a lad of twenty

Struggles a starless street.

"The grapes are big and bursting,

But plantains fair and gay,

For which the world is thirsting,

Are not for us today."

Then there is Mr. Adams's: "Mr. Irving Berlin rewrites 'Paradise Lost.'"

Here and there in the book is a page of prose.

"If the Copy Reader Had His Way.

"LUCY"

LAKE BARD'S PAL, INCOG, ENDS ALL.

Young Woman, Friend of Famed Poet, Takes Own Life.

"Grassmere, June 4. Mystery surrounds the demise here today of a beautiful young woman, alleged to be a close friend of William K. Wordsworth, a poet of No. 2113 West Commercial street.

"She was a Dove Springs girl," said Wordsworth this morning in a state-

ment given out at his lake villa, Ramp Kumfort. "She was not well known and gained scant praise during her life. As far as is known she had few lovers."

"He added that her interment made a difference to him."

There are also charmingly spontaneous verses in the Praed Lockyer-Lampson, Caverley manner, but not slavishly imitative, for Mr. Adams has nimble wit, fancy, and metric grace.

The Herald has from time to time quoted verses from the newspapers of Chicago, verses by "The King of the Black Isles," Olive Douglas, Melisande, Preston, Riq, Iris, Gordon Seagrove. As Mr. Preston says, poems come in hundreds to the conductor of a daily column, "good and bad," but there is no such thing as indifference to poetry in the column public. A cynic might suggest that verse is more written than read in the column, but this is not the experience of column editors. Mr. Preston does not exaggerate when he says that the tradition of Ifforae, Dobson, Caverley and Locker-Lampson "lives in this country mostly among column poets."

Here is Mr. Preston's "Movie Man's Credo."

"What if your part in life seems queer

And short on motivation?

The Great Director has us here

Upon location.

"So do your bit, though it seem rot:

Soon, from a heavenly seat,

You'll see your place in His Great Plot

All captioned and complete.

We wish we had room for his "Warm Babies"

"Shadrack, Meshach, Abednego.

Walked in the furnace to an fro.

Hay foot, straw foot, fro an' to,

An' the flame an' the smoke flared

up the fluo."

There must be room for Vode's

APPEARANCES

"He had a wide, intellectual forehead,

A well shaped chin,

Kindly, honest eyes;

His was the manner and carriage of

A gentleman.

I watched him as he deftly buried

his olives

In his mashed potatoes

To fool the Cafeteria checker."

Mr. Preston's anthology and Vincent Starrett's "Flame and Dust," to which we shall refer later, are published in most attractive form, as are all the books coming from Mr. Coviel.

What pleasanter gifts for Christmas than the verses of Mr. Adams and Chicago's poets, even if your friend

"already has a book?"

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## TWO 2-PIANO PIECES

### PLAYED FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major B. & H. No. 13; C. P. E. Bach, Concerto, E flat major, for two pianos (first time in Boston); Bliss, Concerto for two pianos (first performance); Hill, Scherzo for two pianos (first performance); Ravel, The Waltz. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison were the pianists.

Haydn's symphony is one of a set written for the "Concert de la Loge Olympique" in Paris. The orchestration of this society was famous for its precision of attack. Haydn wrote, no doubt, with a view to French taste, having in mind grace, suavity, and liveliness. The performance yesterday was a constant pleasure to the ear. The composer's gaiety was not merely careless rollicking. There were subtle and effective nuances in the interpretation of the opening quick movement and the Finale. The second movement was taken at so deliberate a pace that one feared at first consequent tedium, but the richly sonorous song was made vital; there was sustained interest, and the tempo chosen gave the needed contrast to the preceding and following movements. The trio in the minuet was charming in itself and delightfully played, reminding one of musettes so dear to the French composers in the 18th century.

Emanuel Bach was a fine fellow in his day, but more interesting music by him than the concerto, written originally for piano, harpsichord and a small orchestra, has been heard at these concerts; witness the orchestral concerto brought out here by Mr. Koussevitzky last October. It was not the fault of those admirable pianists, Messrs. Maier and Pattison, nor was it due to the conductor and his men, that the music itself seemed formulated without relieving strength or beauty, no better



than a mass of music composed by men of Emanuel Bach's period whose names even are now forgotten except by indefatigable biographers.

The music by Messrs. Bliss and Hill was composed expressly for the two pianists. One of the pieces would have been enough, especially as they were followed by Ravel's rhapsodic treatment of a waltz in the Viennese manner. Mr. Bliss was fortunate in coming first on the program, for after the performance, the element of surprise was lacking. Mr. Hill was fortunate in coming second, for his more normal pages—they would be considered more normal by many—came after Mr. Bliss's wild measures to which, however, the hearers responded nobly as shock absorbers. It appears from Mr. Bliss's own statement that the combination of string instruments and piano is repugnant to his sense of hearing; therefore, in this concerto he eschewed all strings and wrote for two pianos, wood-wind, brass and percussion instruments. We take it for granted that the sounds thus produced yesterday would be harmonious to his ear. The pianos he regards as two "great arabesque-making machines." Did he smile ironically when he wrote that the designs for these machines were "conceived for virtuosi pianists or pianola players."

Mr. Hill's piece is light and agreeable music, a little spun out, considering the ideas contained therein. If one asks whether it suited the supposed dignity of a Symphony concert, the answer would be that the applause incited by this Scherzo and Mr. Bliss's extraordinary Concerto was more enthusiastic than any that has followed a superb performance of a masterpiece for many months.

And let us not take music too seriously, especially in the holiday season. Jazz is now in high favor. Composers are tempted to experiment in this field. Mr. Hill's Scherzo is a product of the field. Mr. Bliss's Concerto is not easily classified. He says it is to be regarded as "sound, and nothing else." If it is often "sound and fury, signifying nothing," there are pages—perhaps one should say moments—of genuine and individual beauty. Mr. Bliss is not a man to be flippantly dismissed as a poseur, a freak. He has been consistent in the carrying out of his musical convictions. He has ideas; he has unusual ways of expressing them. Whether Stravinsky has influenced him is not to the point. There are few of the greatest composers who have not been influenced by predecessors or contemporaries.

These new pieces demanded a virtuoso performance on the part of all concerned and the demand was fully met.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a dazzling reading of Ravel's "Waltz." By reason of the brilliant instrumentation, the diabolical cleverness, the infinite gradations of color and dynamics, one easily forgets the comparative insignificance of the strictly musical ideas.

An unusual concert, one that excited an audience that filled the hall completely, a concert from which we took away a grateful recollection of Haydn's Symphony and Ravel's "Waltz" as interpreted by Mr. Koussevitzky and performed by the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows. Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite from the opera "Christmas Eve" (first time in Boston); Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Rigel, Symphony, D major (first time in America); Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Printemps."

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

When I come to a neighborhood which I do not know very well I want to go to every front door and ring the bell and ask: "What, sir, or madam, has been the most remarkable occurrence of your life?"—Mr. Pett Ridge.

Let me dle to sweet music—J. W. Schuckers.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want the Union to be Reserved.—N. T. Nash.

Having dressed myself I went to the coffee room and sat down to breakfast. What a breakfast! Pot of hare; ditto of trout; pot of prepared shrimps; dish of plain shrimps; tin of sardines; beautiful beefsteak; eggs, muffin; large loaf and butter, not forgetting capital tea. There's a breakfast for you!—George Borrow.

#### CHRISTMAS CALORIES

(A Journal discusses the calorific value of Christmas pudding.)

Dolly shelled the albumen,

Katie chopped the fats.

I worked in the protein,

Chanting rubalvats,

Next the carbo-hydrates

We'd to scrape and clean.

Strip the skins from vitamins

And strain the gelatine.

Then the anti-toxins,  
Beaten to a froth,  
Keep the therm from sticking firm  
To the pudding cloth.  
Ere we plunge our calories  
In the boiling pot,  
Tommy comes to stone the ohms  
And mince the kilowatt. A. W.

#### "2ND FLOOR UP. DON'T RING THE BELL"

(From the Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Me.)  
CLAIRVOYANT  
WANTS WORK  
22 Bay View Square

As the World Wags:

I saw this sign:

CARISSIMI

Ladies' Tailor

Is my recollection of Latin sufficiently exact to make me think that this advertisement is a case of inspiration? Doesn't "Carissimi" mean "most dear—most expensive"?

WESTWOOD JONES.

#### WITH APOLOGIES TO A DISTINGUISHED ROMAN

As the World Wags:

Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Sees no new-fangled cross-word puzzle done.  
Springfield, Vt.

#### SPEAKING OF ALIBIS

As the World Wags:

Our stenographer was late and she said: "You see, my rubber corset had a puncture and I had to go to six different garages before I could get any one to vulcanize it."

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

#### HA! HA! LIKEWISE HO! HO!

As the World Wags:

"TRAFFIC TOWER TRIAL SUCCESS"

Why didn't the "head" writer say "Signal Success"?

A. J. READER.

#### CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS (1944) THE SHERRY FLIP

As your distinguished forbear, dear children, slid slowly under the table, there rose from the goblet before him, as though it were Aladdin's lamp, a series of beautiful scenes. One of a white chicken crowing as the early morning sun rose over the red buildings of the barnyard. One of a beautiful auburn-haired girl gazing thoughtfully upon a group of darkies who sang as their glistening ebony bodies moved lazily among the tall stalks of sugar cane. And one of a vineyard with sloe-eyed maidens flashing dazzling smiles through bunches of purple grapes, the roses in their cheeks glowing through the dusk.

For in the magic potion before him were all of these. Into a mixing glass the yolk of an egg fell like a golden ball, and over this there settled a heavy blanket of powdered sugar. Then, through a shower of ice descended a generous glassful of sherry. The whole thing was shaken and poured into that long, thin goblet from which rose before the filmy-eyed drinker the dream pictures of The Sherry Flip.

Next week's lecture: The Sazerac Cocktail—or why they ran fast trains to New Orleans.

#### THE LONG SHOT.

##### WAS KING SOLOMON IRISH?

As the World Wags:

"Castleblaney" says that King Solomon was a Scotchman. I have always understood that he was an Irishman. What is Solomon but a corruption of Sullivan? In Gaelic the word "sul" signifies the sun, and secondly, the light of the eye. The O'Sullivans are the people of the eyes—and the eyes have it, in this case. For certainly Solomon had "an eye in his head," as we used to say in Ireland, or he would not have collected such a number of beautiful wives. And who but an Irishman would have been so gallant to the Queen of Sheba? The Bible says that she came to try him with hard questions, but that his wit and wisdom were a match for her. "And Solomon explained to her all that she proposed; and there was not anything that he did not make clear unto her."

In other words, Solomon had "a way with him." And this seems to be an Irish trait.

Then again, we read that the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon (or Sullivan) many gifts—"a hundred and twenty talents of gold and spices in great abundance, and most precious stones; there were no such spices as those which the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon."

Well now, what did Solomon do in

Thomas Hardy's own dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," made, by request, some 30 years ago, was acted for the first time at the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, on Nov. 26. There have been two or three versions in English and one Italian. The story has been turned into an Italian opera, with music by the Baron d'Erlanger (Naples, 1906).

Mrs. Gertrude Bugler took the part of Tess at Dorchester. A reporter of the London Daily Chronicle talked with her a few days before the performance. She is the daughter of a confectioner in that town. She was married three years ago, is now 26 years old and the mother of a little girl. The reporter described her as "having a wistful beauty, shining eyes that I imagine could be very tragic, and cheeks, apple-red, such as one knows Tess must have had before she knew sorrow. She has dignity and simplicity, and a soft voice."

The reporter asked her if she were glad at being asked to play the part.

"Well, it's rather a bother coming up here. It is a difficult part, it is emotion all the time. I am afraid it is too big for me. . . . Years ago it was suggested that some day I might play Tess. A friend of my father was shocked. He came to see my father, and said that he hoped I should not be allowed to take the part. Even today there are people who think I am not quite nice enough to appear in 'Tess.'"

One of the Hardy players sighed when he told the reporter that they didn't like the Press. "We are very innocent people. Dramatic critics come from London and frighten us. We are only amateurs. We are all busy people with work to do."

The reviewer for the London Times saw the performance and found Mrs. Bugler's portrayal "full of the right sort of simplicity and breadth, and of a most moving sincerity and beauty—more beauty, one imagines than could have been achieved by one or two of the many eminent professional actresses who have longed to play the part." The reviewer thinks Mrs. Bugler was born to play Tess, she is so like the woman in the book, in appearance, even to the trick of the smile. Her voice is sweet and appealing. Another good point is "her undoubted possession of some of that mysterious actor-quality which compels one to be interested in, affected by, every look and movement and word, and by every stillness also, of the player who has it. . . . You would say that she felt the part very deeply; and in expressing it she never attempts too much. What she does she does definitely, and she wisely leaves it at that."

The Times says that Hardy, the dramatist, has told in this exacting form with remarkable completeness and effect, "the tragic tale of a beautiful soul in a beautiful body, of a woman who loved and suffered." The final scene is Stonehenge. Angel sees the men coming for Tess.

"Tess (standing up.) It is as it should be. I am almost glad—yes, glad! this happiness with you would not have lasted. It was too much! I have had enough, and now I shall not live for you to despise me. (She arranges her dress, they kiss each other and await capture, looking off stage.) Don't resist them, my dear husband! I am ready. (Curtain.)"

When "Tess" was shown as a film play in London, there was loud and bitter protest against the Paris gowns, taxis, night clubs. One letter ended by the writer expressing his deep regret that "Tess" was subjected to "ruthless and unforgivable treatment at the hands of a philistine producer. Every Hardy lover will hope that in future Mr. Hardy's works may be preserved from the merciless onslaughts of the screen-producing vandals."

Was this desecration worse than that which befell Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," seen in Boston? The villain of Hugo's story, Archdeacon Claude Frolois, was turned into a "saintly puppet" while Jehan was made a monster of iniquity; the worthless Capt. Phoebus was glorified; Clopin Trouillefou was endowed with pathetic virtues; Esmerelda, the gypsy girl, was a candidate for a nunnery. There were grossly improbable scenes introduced, as Clopin's mob of ragamuffins encountering Phoebus's party at a ball.

And what is to be said about the screen version of Conrad's "Victory" with a happy ending!

We read not long ago in a London newspaper: "A famous novelist once told me that he was invited by a film manager or producer to go to see the first screen production of one of his novels. While it was being shown he was asked what he thought of it. He replied that he failed to recognize the story as being that of his creation. The film representative did not care whether the story resembled the original or not; in his opinion the film was a good one, and got its 'effects.'"

Mr. Deems Taylor, the accomplished music critic of the New York World, received the following letter, which he printed with the heading: "Metropolitan Patron Sends Mash Note."

"DEAR MR. TAYLOR Every Sunday you Words and Music is the poor argument I have seen in any news paper, as show you very stupid critic. You last Sunday World I reading carefully the answer to Mr. Nadler regards of watt you call claqueur in the Metropolitan, and you make some comparison of Artist which I call nonsense. You wants compare Mr. Martinelli in Aida—with—Mr. Withehill in Parsifal? I. . . . . imbecill. . . . . you critic of the World? Stupid silent is better off you know much about Music as myself, and I don't blame you but the newspaper that allowed you to write for.

World reader of 15 years.

Q. Salfir.

The Herald has received this letter:

"During the last six weeks I have attended three matinees and one performance in three of our leading theatres. The plays were popular and well done, but in each case the theatre was only half-filled: no seats taken beyond K. Does this show that we have too many theatres, or are prices exorbitantly high?

"I should think actors would prefer to play to a full house with lower prices. It costs no more to heat and light the auditorium, full or empty. Which theatre will start the lowered price?"



There is a breathlessness about American comedy that is apt to raise opes in an English audience. One sits pulpitiating through such a "The Show Off," keyed up for a catastrophe that never happens. Beginning to end the piece is played with a slick speed that takes out of emotional values. . . . It would be an advantage if American cast would remember that they are using an idiom strange to don ears and speak a little more lowly."—The Observer.

When Artemus Ward lectured in London—"Artemus Ward Among the Citizens"—the program bore this note: "Mr. Artemus Ward will be the citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes or narrative which they may not understand."

"The Story of Hamlet and Horatio," published recently, has over 700 pages which contain probably at least 250,000 words. There are many editions, and the price of the book is 24 shillings. "The author attempts to prove that all the principal characters in the play can be identified with well-known persons or personages; that the author is sole author—of the plays must have been Francis Bacon; that he is himself as Hamlet; and that Shakespeare, the producer of the play is represented by Horatio, Hamlet's faithful friend. . . . The Queen is other than Queen Elizabeth, the murdered King—the elder Hamlet—favorite the Earl of Essex, executed for high treason in 1601; Claudius, the poisoner king—the special object of Hamlet's hatred—revenge—Sir Walter Raleigh; Polonius, Lord Burghley; Ophelia, his daughter, the Countess of Oxford; Laertes, his son, Sir Robert Cecil; the King of Norway, King James I; his parent whom the elder Hamlet slays. Mary Queen of Scots."

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern represent the famous Dr. Dee and his al gazer, Edward Kelly. Of course "Hamlet" abounds, the author says, "more than any other Shakespeare's plays in cryptic writing." This is to be read by separating off an initial letter; sometimes giving it the value of a word and using a new word out of the rest. When Polonius is called a "calf," we read it as "c'alf," or "see half." There is the line "the sledged folk on the ice." The author of this amazing book says:

"Those who understand the secret meaning of the letters 'sl' in the word, 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' can easily surmise the significance of 'smote the sledged Polack.' And what is to be understood in this connection? Ah, I see—'E' 'ic-E'—evidently a hiccupping reference to Elizabeth and to her relations with another 'E'—Essex." Is there no room for these wild-eyed Baconians in well appointed insane asylums?"

P. H.

## Children's Concerts

### Notes on Mr. Schelling's Proposed Series, with Various Side Remarks

Ernest Schelling, pianist and composer, purposes to give subscription concerts for children on Saturday mornings, Jan. 10, 17, Feb. 4, 28, March 5, in Jordan hall. As he has done in New York, he will talk, use screen lectures. Instruments will be played singly and in combination.

Little Arabella will thus be enabled to tell the difference between a piccolo and a bass tuba when she sees them, and to know their use in the orchestra. While Mr. Schelling is talking, pictures on the screen will serve as illustration, commentary. The young Augustus will learn to know the peculiar tone of oboe, clarinet, bassoon, etc., so that he will smile derisively if he reads in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" that the bassoon is "loud." Programs may be filed in specially bound notebooks that will be given away, and a series of questions relating to music may be answered: "What are the five instruments that compose the string family of an orchestra?" "What is a Suite?" "How many strings has the violoncello and how is it played?" "Define pizzicato."

A committee has been formed to give this series of concerts impressive sanction. If the series is successful, it is planned to give a similar one, "practically free, for public school children next year." No adult will be admitted to the forthcoming series unless accompanied by a child. "And a little child shall lead them."

The purpose is certainly laudable. It is to be hoped that children will attend these concerts and be receptive and interested. The Boston Symphony orchestra gives concerts each season for school children. Similar concerts are given in other cities. We believe that Mr. Walter Damrosch, conducting entertainments of this nature, also talks in an informal manner.

Concerts for children are given in England. Not long ago in London over 2000 attended one. This time the program comprised music for strings only: Two movements from one of Haydn's quartets; Prelude and Fugue by Bach ("Well Tempered Clavichord") arranged for strings by Julius Harrison; movements from Parry's "English" Suite; the "Pizzicato" from Delibes's "Sylvia"; Percy Grainger's "Mock Morris."

The Times said that Malcolm Sargent "not only spurred his players on to give the most vividly exciting playing of all these things, but through all the interesting things he had to explain he kept the atmosphere light, not by any affectation or 'funny-man' tricks, but because it is quite natural to him to be one with such an audience. Indeed one began to wonder about the age at which universities allow candidates to graduate doctor of music. Is it 12 or 13? Some of Dr. Sargent's audience may want to know about this after all the instruction he has given them in canon and fugue. At any rate, they know, what not all doctors of music know, that canons and fugues can be very lively music."

We are glad that Dr. Sargent kept the "atmosphere light." We are all inclined to take music too seriously. Let us hope that Mr. Schelling will occasionally crack a joke and not talk as if he were a professor at a university.

One object of these concerts will be to develop a love of music in the children so that in course of time they will become staunch supporters of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At present the personal magnetism of Mr. Koussevitzky fills Symphony hall; but there should be generous sup-

port of the orchestra without regard to the conductor. It is taken for granted that as long as the orchestra exists, there will be a conductor of indisputable ability.

On the other hand recitals by artists of high reputation in Europe visiting this city are shabbily neglected, even by the adults who are anxious about the musical growth of the children. Perhaps the children are already far advanced in likes and dislikes. If Mr. Schelling ventures to talk about Haydn and early symphonies, Mary Jane may pipe up: "O that's old hat. Tell us something about Stravinsky." Children today are a sophisticated lot. In a grocery a few days ago we heard a little girl say to the clerk: "I don't want a Christmas tree. There ain't no Santa Claus. That's played out." And this winter a nice young girl said to us in a stern tone that "Alice in Wonderland" was a "silly, stupid" book. She didn't see how any one could read it. This pained and shocked us, for we still believe in fairies, and read "The Thousand Nights and a Night"; not merely for Capt. Burton's ingenious anthropological notes.

Children must insist that their mothers and aunts go with them to Mr. Schelling's concerts, for the older ones are often as greatly in need of instruction concerning musical instruments, technical terms, the musical terminology as are the youngsters, even though the subscribers to the Symphony concerts are faithful in attendance and by no means languid in applause.

What happy evenings could be spent by the steam radiators after these concert! Mothers and children could ask and answer questions as a substitute for cross-word puzzles. "Ma, when was Schoenberg born?" And mother by a confession of ignorance would put little Jenny in good humor for the night. Even father, listening, might be interested and secretly read a musical dictionary, so that he would not seem to his spouse and offspring an utter Philistine.

Mr. Schelling might devote a few minutes to rules for behavior at concerts; but this subject was treated in an admirable manner by Mr. Roy R. Gardner in The Herald of last Sunday. His article, however, being written for the older persons who attend concerts, words to the young, falling from Mr. Schelling's lips, might be heeded by the children in after years.

We were pained last week by the Morning Telegraph's characterization of "Sweet Adeline" as "America's greatest bath tub and second-drink song."

Some one asked recently: "What has become of Maria Gay and Zenatello the tenor?" They sang in opera at Berlin not long ago. What a useful, versatile tenor Mr. Zenatello was! Excellent in many roles. Some of us remember Mr. Urtus, another tenor at the Boston Opera House. The 30th anniversary of his debut was celebrated recently at Amsterdam. He was bald-headed when he was here.

How the young lions of the Parisian musical world roar against the composers of bygone days! We read yesterday an article about "Giselle," a ballet with a Heine-Gautier scenario and music by Adolphe Adam. This ballet was performed in Boston years ago and it was revived at the Boston Opera House by Mme. Pavlova, if we are not mistaken. The music of "Giselle," we admit, is not only old fashioned as ballet music, but it is dull. Listen to this opinion of a respectable Parisian when "Giselle" was revived at the Paris Opera last month: "It is one of the poorest works of a mediocre musician, who, a pale reflection of Auber (who himself imitated Boillieu in a stupid manner) represented successfully one of the successive incarnations of the bourgeois spirit, knew all the official consecrations, and was called to enlighten our governmental musical instruction."

This strikes the unprejudiced as an uncalled-for attack on Auber, uncalled for and ill-founded. Auber wrote some sparkling operas distinguished by grace and elegance. We would gladly hear "Crown Diamonds," "The Black Domino" and "Fra Diavolo" performed as they were in the days when he reigned at the Opera Comique. But revivals in the United States today by American singers would only confirm the opinion of this Parisian. Edmond Clement knew the traditions when he took the part of Fra Diavolo in New York. Once, at Dresden, we saw Gudehus, the Wagnerian tenor, as the gallant bandit. He was surprisingly good, forgetting Siegfried and Tristan, and singing lightly and gaily.

P. H.

return? Faith, we have the answer plainly set down: "And King Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba all that she desired and that she asked, and many more things than she brought to him." And what I am asking is: Does this sort of generosity suggest a Scotch or an Irish tradition?

No, no, "Castleblaney," you can't make us believe that, although he was the wisest man in the world, Solomon was Scotch. The evidence is all the other way.

Besides, there are good people in England who believe they have sufficient proof to indicate that the Irish are the Lost Tribes of Israel—and perhaps this is the reason why the K. K. K. lumps the Jews and the Irish together in their hymn of hate. If this identification is correct, of course it only adds more to the weight of the testimony in favor of Solomon's being a Sullivan.

There is at any rate a very interesting likeness between certain Irish and Hebrew names. For instance, there are Irish as well as Jewish Cohens, and names like Linsky, Whorisky and Cumiskey, very common in Ireland, would suggest (superficially at least) a Jewish origin.

I will admit that the Scotch people have certain characteristics which are commonly supposed to be Jewish. But as to Solomon himself, there is no doubt whatever of his being a Sullivan.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

and fugue in A minor, Bach, following it with a Scaratti minuet and a "Tempo di Ballo," before Beethoven's sonata, op. 81. Presently she played a Chopin nocturne, two studies and a scherzo. To close she presented an unfamiliar piece by Florent Schmitt, "Glas"; Debussy's "Colines d'Anacapri"; by Godowsky "Alt Wien"; "Le Sanctuaire" by "Dvorsky" and Paderewski's "Dans le Desert."

It is natural that Miss McGlinchey should wish at her second recital to venture a program more ambitious than her first. In it she showed herself again a good musician possessed of an ample technique. But, to state the matter roundly, she has developed a tendency or two to curing which she must give care if she wants to make the most of her fine talent.

She must bear in mind that she is not doing rightly by any piece of music when she plays its opening page admirably, only to fall into indifference both musical and technical till she reaches a second episode that seems to her important, and so on to a brilliant close; so she treated the Chopin scherzo and the music by Bach.

Also she must learn that she wastes her time playing a Beethoven sonata unless she can feel that every bar of it has its high musical worth and that much of it has compelling emotional force. Though many bars of Beethoven, true enough, lack both, a player who feels the lack in this sonata or that is injudicious in electing to play it in public. Miss McGlinchey gave no impression yesterday of appreciating either the deep feeling or the supreme beauty of Beethoven's op. 81.

## MISS M'GLINCHEE

Constance McGlinchey, pianist, who played yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, began her program with a prelude



Strong conviction of her music's significance seems to be what she at present lacks. Rhythm is meant to be felt, Miss McGlinchey should remember, a song was written to suggest something, a death knell must be solemn, with a hint of bells that really toll.

If Miss McGlinchey had it not in her power to do finer things than she did yesterday, it might answer better merely to compliment her on her pretty playing of the Scarlatti pieces and her lovely tone in the Chopin A-flat study. Most of the nocturne, though, she played so poetically, so warmly the beginning of the scherzo, so dramatically the opening of the scherzo, that it is clear she can accomplish much the day she comes to recognize the value of design and the need of making every passage vital.

R. R. G.

We have read for a second time Algernon Blackwood's "Episodes Before Thirty," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, a book that will bear reading many times. For frankness and interest it should stand on the shelf with the old and famous autobiographies. Stand on a shelf? No, it should be on a table within easy reach.

Mr. Blackwood makes a statement that is hard to understand.

"I have written some twenty books, but the cash received for these, though it has paid for rent, for food, for clothing, separately, has never been enough to pay for all three together, even on the most modest scale of living, and my returns, both from America and England remain still microscopic."

This seems incredible, for his novels have been classed at times as "best sellers." Perhaps his definition of "most modest" would bear analysis.

As a reporter for the Evening Sun, New York, he began work at \$15 a week, and he says his salary was not raised. Yet he knew French and German and could write shorthand. Was the Evening Sun so poor?

In 1876 we contributed some articles, not ordered, to the New York World. The World was not large-sized in those days, yet "space" was paid for at the rate of \$9 a column. Mr. Blackwood was working in New York about the time of the Lexow investigation. As a reporter for the New York Times he received \$35 a week. He thinks he was not an alert gatherer of news, and tells instances of lamentable failure.

What a life he has led! Coming from a rigidly pious home in England, disappointed in dairy farming in Canada, losing his money by investment in a Toronto hotel with two bars—when his father heard of it he exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "He is lost; his soul is lost. Algie has gone to hell." Then "he" life in New York, after a sojourn in "the woods."

How vividly Mrs. Bernstein's boarding house on the East side is depicted! Strange were his friends, or companions: Boyde, the unspeakable, scoundrel, swindler, like Becky Sharp magnificent at lies; Kay, always hopeful of theatrical engagements; the German doctor, the philosopher, friend of humanity, whose chest was covered with hundreds of small red sores from the morphine needle. The visits to the pawnshop. The squalor of it all. When Mr. Blackwood left England for Canada he took with him a small capital, a fiddle, the "Bhagavad Gita," Shelley's poems, "Sartor Resartus," Berkeley's "Dialogues," Patanjali's "Yoga Aphorisms," De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and "a unique ignorance of life." Did the books console him in his trials and tribulations?

We remember a boarding house in Fourteenth street, near the North river, nearly 50 years ago. On a table in the hall were nuts and raisins, so that the boarders coming home at night for dinner would munch and blunt their appetite. One of the boarders was a printer in the World's composing room. He kept a couple of canaries. A blond man with a mutton-tallow voice, was a professional singer at religious meetings. At table he would comb his mustache with a fork. There was a jovial fellow who went out for a pitcher of beer. As he poured into a glass he would sing, "There were three crows." Yet he knew downcast hours, for he was strongly convinced that his holiness the Pope would come to America and establish a political as well as a spiritual kingdom. We tried to heat our room by a stinking oil stove. The only lighting at night was from a fish-tail gas jet. Our room-mate, who had friends "in

society," used to trim his curls with a pair of scissors to present a decent appearance. Yet we were contented, yes happy.

Mr. Blackwood was undoubtedly cheered and consoled by his reading the sacred books of the Hindus. He is still strong for the "sub-conscious" as an influence and director.

"Many a literary man, whose inspiration depends upon the stirrings of this mysterious subconscious region, knows that to read a dull book, or talk to a dull person, engages just enough of his surface consciousness to set the other portion true. Reading verse—though not poetry, of course—has the effect, for some, of a cinema performance, with the soothing dimness, the music, the ever-shifting yet not too arresting pictures, works the magic; for others, light music; for others, again, looking out of a train window. There are as many ways as individuals. To listen to Mrs. de Montmorency Smith telling her tedious dream, while you hear just enough to comment intelligently upon her endless details, even using some of these details to feed your own more valuable dream, is an admirable method—I am told."

How Blackwood loves Nature. He is on intimate terms with her. In her he was never disappointed when he fled to her to escape from care and vexation in the city, or to go in a wild search for gold. His descriptions of forest scenes and life are as graphic and as intimate as those of his adventures in Toronto and New York. Gallup, the tricky guide, and Morris, the redoubtable "cutthroat," who was in reality tender-hearted, are known as if they lived in the block with us. Then there is the extraordinary Alfred H. Louis, philosopher, poet, an old man of visions, with a streak of insanity. He knew everything and he hated Gladstone. He would go into the office of the editor of Harper's Magazine "like an emperor," said Mr. Alden, and offer a poem "as though he hardly dared let out of his keeping, and certainly does not wish to sell for cash." A mysterious man of fine sayings. "No man worth his spiritual salt is ever entangled in locality."

We remember a handsome Australian who taught at Yale. Visiting Boston, he said to Paul Bartlett's father that he would be happy if he could live in Boston. "Yes," answered Bartlett, "Boston is a good place if one can escape its influences."

And at last Mr. Blackwood became James Speyer's private secretary and friend. He received a salary of \$2000 a year for a job lasting from 8 till 2 o'clock daily with a general supervision during the day of his town and country houses, horses, servants, charities and other interests. Just before Mr. Speyer was married he took out his cufflinks and handed them to Blackwood.

But the fever of restlessness possessed Blackwood. He detested New York, its glittering smartness, "the great ideal was to be sharper, smarter than your neighbor, above all things sharp and smart and furiously rapid, above all things—win the game. To be in a furious rush was to be intelligent, to do things slowly was to be derided." So he left for England with his savings in his pockets.

"Never have I known from that time to this what it means to be comfortably off, free from financial anxiety for more than a month or two ahead, yet each time an extra bit of money comes in, I am aware of the instinct to be extremely, unnecessarily careful of each penny. The less I have the more reckless I feel about spending it, and vice versa."

## HANDEL AND HAYDN

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, sang "The Messiah" yesterday afternoon, before an audience that packed Symphony hall. The soloists were Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Allen McQuhae, tenor; Frederick Miller, bass. The Boston Festival orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal, played. The trumpeter was Walter Smith, Frank H. Luker the organist.

The program, commenting on Mr. Mollenhauer's 25 years' leadership of the Handel and Haydn Society, makes this statement: "Whatever excellence the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society may display today is due to the untiring and painstaking work of Mr. Mollenhauer."

Truer words were never written. Mr. Mollenhauer is a chorus master of marked skill. He knows the meaning whereby he can show a body of singers just how to master what he wants them to do, and he has the force of personality to see that they do it as

he thinks fit. His fingers he will have sing in time and tune, with both releases and attacks precise, coloratura passages very clear, with a sonorous tone that sometimes attains a massive splendor. It is fair to assume that the Handel and Haydn Society perform the "Messiah" just as Mr. Mollenhauer would have it performed, for, if he wished it anywise different, he could have it so. As Mr. Mollenhauer conceives the "Messiah," he gave an excellent performance yesterday.

Mme. Hudson-Alexander lent valuable aid, for she enunciated her words clearly, she pronounced them according to good usage, and she sang them as though they meant much to her.

The recitatives she proclaimed impressively, yet with a refreshing simplicity, and to "Come Unto Him" she brought a moving fervor. Mme. Hudson-Alexander showed herself indeed an oratorio singer of fine ability.

Mme. Van Der Veer sang with beautiful tone and a smooth legato. Mr. Miller lent the aid of an excellent, well-trained voice and sufficient technical skill to cope successfully with "Why Do the Nations?" In the tragedy of "Behold and See" Mr. McQuhae proved more impressive than in "Every Valley"; the end of the air he sang especially well.

R. R. G.

## HERCULES PASCAL

At Jordan hall yesterday afternoon Hercules Pascal, Greek bass, gave a recital, assisted by Hazel Clark, violinist, and Harry Whittemore, pianist. Mr. Pascal sang an aria from Verdi's "Ernani," an excerpt from Carrer's "Marcos Botaris," and one from Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," the Volga boatmen song; Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea," Samara's "Confession," and "The Old Shepherd" of Lambelet; Miss Clark played music by Heurberger-Kreisler, Zazyol, Granados and Nachez; Mr. Whittemore played music by Ravel and Chopin. For encores Mr. Pascal sang songs of Schubert and Schumann.

Although he has been known and favored in middle Europe and in Russia, both as an opera singer, and since 1913 as the instigator of the Greek opera at Athens, Mr. Pascal's abilities were still foreign to us until his recent concert in New York. And like his legendary namesake, he is a towering and mighty man; his voice is large and full toned, the voice of an opera singer whose instinct is for the stage rather than the cold intimacy of the concert hall. His repertoire consisted chiefly of operatic excerpts; Don Ruy Gomez's tragic "Infelice, e tu Credevi" from "Ernani"; luscious aria from "The Fair Maid of Perth"; arias from the opera of "Marcos Botaris" of Carrer; the "Confession" of Samara, a Greek composer of operas, songs, and a suite for the pianoforte, who died several years ago, and whose most successful opera has been his first, "Flora Mirabilis." Then, like Chailapin, Mr. Pascal contented himself with Mussorgsky's parable of the flea, and the song of Volga Boatmen, and shared his program with lesser musicians.

For encores he sang songs of Schubert and Schumann, and although his tones were beautiful, their lyric quality

escaped him; his forte is obviously opera, rather than the subtler shadings and the poignancy of these songs.

An unnamed accompanist played with feeling and diffidence. Both Miss Clark's violin solos and Mr. Whittemore's playing of Ravel and Chopin were much applauded. Mr. Pascal deserved a larger audience.

E. G.

Jordan hall 3 P. M. Hercules Pascal, bass; Hazel Clark, violinist; Harry Whittemore, pianist. Arias and songs: Verdi, Cavatina from "Ernani"; Carrer, Prayer, Marcos Botaris; Bizet, Air from "La Jolie Fille de Perth"; Koenemann, Song of the Volga Bargemen; Samara, Confession; Lambelet, The Old Shepherd; Moussorgsky, The Flea. Violin pieces: Heurberger-Kreisler, Midnight Bells; Zazyol, Mazurka; Granados, Spanish Dance; Nachez, Hungarian Dance. Piano, Ravel, Jeux d'Eaux; Chopin, Etude, op. 10, No. 5.

## ton of "The Best People" Is Interesting

By PHILIP HALE

NEW PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Best People," a comedy in three acts and five scenes by David Gray and Avery Hopwood, with use of David Gray's story, "The Self-Determination of the Lenoxes," published in the Saturday Evening Post. Played in Pittsburgh and Cleveland in the spring of 1923. In Chicago, November, 1923; New York,

August, 1924. Presented by Charles Frohman.

Mrs. Bronson Lenox, Margaret Dale Bronson Lenox, Charles Richmond Lenox, Frances Howard Lenox, Charles Adams Butler, William Valentine Lord Rockwell, James Rennie Henry, Sue Van Duzen, George Grafton, George Graham Bertie Lenox, Joseph Burton Miller, Florence Johns, Hope Drown, Alice O'Neill.

A serious person from Mars, if he had been at the New Park Theatre last night, would have come to the conclusion that the only way to save the children of our best people, the rich, the respectable poker-backs, is to marry the daughters to chauffeurs who are looking forward to farm-life in a little western town, and to insist on the sons wedding chorus girls who have been brought up by strictly virtuous maiden aunts. Perhaps this was Mr. Gray's original and praiseworthy idea. Although "The Saturday Evening Post" is our weekly delight as a guide, philosopher and dictator in all sociological matters, we must have overlooked Mr. Gray's serial story on which he based his play.

He has said that in the original form a third act was lacking; that is, there was no satisfactory solution of the problem. Then the ingenious Mr. Hopwood was called in. Hence many amusing lines and the farcical scenes, although the piece has been called "a polite comedy."

There is no doubt about the motive of the play: a headstrong, flirtatious, impudent young girl, irreverent, disrespectful to her parents, flippant, bored by the sapheads to whom she is periodically betrothed, seeing through the shallowness of her neurotic, silly, snobbish mother and her intolerable ass of an uncle, needs a strong man, an animal-tamer to develop what good there is in her. This being so, Henry, the chauffeur, the son of a blacksmith, sane, ambitious, was just the man for Marion. And although Alice's aunt thought poorly of young Lenox, a dissipated loafer, and said her niece was not in the Salvation Army business, Alice felt it her duty to rescue him, aunt or no aunt.

It's an amusing play, a mixture of comedy, farce and vaudeville. Uncle George—how different from Rollo's Uncle George!—is a purely farcical character: so is the hysterical, whining, linnet-headed Mrs. Lenox. Millie, all steel springs and ginger pop, with her slang and her effrontery, comes from vaudeville via farce-comedy into this "polite" and sociological comedy. The second act with its scenes in the restaurant is more or less in deodorized Palais Royal manner. How Millie does carry on with Uncle George! Even Mr. Lenox, the prosperous and eminent lawyer, is obliged to laugh at her sallies of gutter wit at Uncle George's expense and at her surprisingly reckless behavior, although his mind is wrung with anguish when he learns that his daughter and the chauffeur are in the restaurant and are to be married that night.

Yes, it is all amusing, even when it is most preposterous. Parents should see the play, for then they will learn how to dispose satisfactorily of their children when they arrive at the marriageable age. Young persons will be shown how much impudence their parents can endure. The maidens the next day may look more favorably on their chauffeurs; the young men will be encouraged in the honorable pursuit of chorus girls, with or without respectable aunts. Students of the English language will find their vocabulary enriched, and, if they are foreigners will wonder at the wealth and significance of American colloquisms and slang.

The play was capably acted by all in the company; Mr. Richman, as the tolerant father, who finally saw a great light and came to the conclusion that "the best people" are not always really the best; Miss Dales as the foolish mother. But why name all in the cast? They were all excellent. Miss Johns had the fattest part. She played it with amazing zip and zest; not too broadly, a rollicking creature without illusions; but it should be remembered that in the play she did not live with a bona fide aunt. Miss Howard was not unlike emancipated girls in our high society, reckless, fresh, but lovable. Alice in the play is merely an amiable, gospel-eyed maiden. Then there is Mr. Graham as Uncle George! There is Mr. Rennie as the hard-headed, sturdy, frank chauffeur named Henry.

Our readers, gentle and rough and betwixt and between, know that in several cities editors of "columns" are under obligations to contributors who woo the Muse. We quoted a few days ago verses published in newspapers of Chicago, verses amusing and serious. In the past we have quoted from witty "Lucio" of the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian and the Indefatigable, and alas, at times punning "A. W." of the Daily Chronicle, London.



Today we let loose on surprisingly joyous community poets that have favored The Herald with rhymes in and out of season. As this is the week of particular peace and good will toward men the Christmas poets have the precedence.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Christmas is coming, that glad, happy season  
When greetings go 'round and when purses go flat.  
To call it a nuisance would be rabid treason,  
For isn't it sacred, or something like that?

Christmas is coming, with gay preparation  
Every heart is filled full, every subway and store—  
Playing ham in a sandwich just thrills with elation,  
For Christmas is coming, I said twice before

Christmas is coming, so cease your re-  
lating,  
Though handkerchiefs swamp you from relatives old,  
Yet every damn cloud has a silver-plate lining—  
They'll come just in time for your first winter cold! H. F. M.  
Boston.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN, TO DATE

There once was a speedy motorist  
Who tore along the road  
Till he met a small, old-fashioned sleigh  
With a large, top-heavy load.

He noticed that the tiny steeds  
Began to jump and eplurge  
And he longed to rush right past, on high,  
For such is the motor urge.

But he had a soul—he really had—  
Such as sometimes drivers own,  
And he stopped his car and climbed right out,  
And said in a kindly tone:

"Just let me lead your team along."  
Then he noticed something queer—  
You've guessed it, haven't you, right away?  
The team was six reindeer.

he driver was Santa Claus, of course,  
And the motorist's reward—  
Why, his stocking neld on Christmas morn  
A brand-new, shining Ford.  
Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

And as this is the Christmas season  
he following verses are singularly appropriate:

ON THE ROAD TO GLOUCESTER BAY

(With apologies to Kipling)  
Where the dead fish leave an odor,  
looking eastward to the sea,  
There's an old rum-hound a-setting,  
and I know he thinks of me;  
or the wind is in the pine trees, and  
the clinking bottles say:  
"Come you back, you thirsty scowlaw;  
come you back to Gloucester Bay!"

On the road to Gloucester Bay,  
Where the Rum Flotilla lay;  
You can hear their paddles chumking  
every night 'til break of day.  
On the Road to Gloucester Bay,  
Where the files and fishes play,  
And the booze rolls in like thunder from  
the ships 'cross the Bay.

Ship me somewhere north of Sa'em  
where the best is like the worst,  
Where there is no prohibition, and a  
man can raise a thirst;  
For the rum-hounds are a-calling, and  
it's there that I would be—  
Where the dead fish leave an odor, look-  
ing anxiously to sea.

RUDYARD VOLSTEAD.  
Boston.

The weather may be stormy on the  
Feast Day of the Nativity, but the  
favorite in-door sport may be played un-  
der the Christmas tree.

IN THREE LETTERS

("Washington, D. C., Dec. 11 The  
odyssey of agriculture is "Ops." The  
Department of agriculture made this  
announcement to the country today for  
the benefit of cross-word puzzlers):  
In the earlier days of the cross-word  
It made us exceedingly wroth  
To discover that two-lettered "Al"  
Was the name of the three-toed sloth.

And then came "Ire" and "Ego"  
And chemical symbols and "Lea";  
Names of states ad infinitum,  
Such as L.A., M.O. and M.E.

Since then we have "error" and "era"  
And "Ira" and "Emma" and such,  
Till we gaze away, like the "Typist,"  
And solve them, almost, by touch.

But now the fans get a new one  
From the Washington Bureau of Crops  
Which states that a certain old goddess  
Rejoiced in the name of "Ops."

I'll wager that, tomorrow morning,  
'Mongst biblical heroes and wops,  
Will appear this old hiddy boccie  
Agricultural goddess named "Ops."  
Boston. EUGENE COWLES.

This Ops was a good deal of a woman,  
for she was sister and wife to Saturn.  
Her abode was in the earth, and those  
who invoked her used to touch the  
ground. Ovid represented the unhappy  
maiden flybills envying the gods who  
took their sisters as wives: "Saturn  
gave his hand to Ops, who was united  
to him by blood; Oceanus Thetis for his  
spouse and the Olympian King took  
Juno."

As the World Wags:

To enable your readers to make up a  
cross-word puzzle I herewith enclose a  
few characteristic definitions made up  
in accordance with the rules deduced  
from the puzzles I have examined:

PERPENDICULAR

- 1 Once upon a time, obs.—Yesterday
- 2 Baseball game, abbr.—Bbg
- 3 Goddess of Love, Latin pl.—Venuses
- 4 Stock brokers' food.—Shorts
- 5 Triangles used at Poles for measurement.—lecometro
- 6 Famous Latin forger.—Vulcan
- 7 Species of fly.—Foul
- 8 Sensitized paper.—Stocks
- 9 Very ancient Egyptian for auto, long U.—Tuttt, otherwise Tootoot
- 10 Dog Island of the South Seas.—Yap
- 11 South Sea Island trousers, also used in Japan.—Gstring
- 12 South American cans.—Toucans
- 13 Modesty forbids my sending the whole puzzle I have made.

LYNDE SULLIVAN.

Durham, N. H.

And now to go back to Mother Nature  
and her daughter, Flora:

NARCISSI

Graceful stalklets in a bowl  
Reaching up to take sun's toll:  
Clusters of green; and flow'rets white,  
Starlike; shedding fragrance and delight.

What more simple things than these—  
Sheathed buds, and slender leaves?  
Yet the pleasure that they give  
Helps one with greater joy to live.

JANEE KNOTT.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Cobra," a  
play in four acts by Martin Brown. Pro-  
duced by L. Lawrence Weber. First  
performance in New York, at the Hud-  
son Theatre on April 22, 1924. The cast  
is as follows:

Sophie Binner.....Jeane De Me  
Jack Race.....Waiter Gilbert  
Tony Dornring.....Ralph Morgan  
Elsie Van Zile.....Judith Anderson  
Judith Drake.....Clara Moores  
Rosenberg.....Walter Horton

"Cobra" is a strange conglomeration  
of adroit writing for the theatre, of  
sheer melodramatic bubbling, and of  
real characterization. Either Mr.  
Brown's courage failed him at the end  
of the second act, or he discovered that  
the situation had run away with him,  
and so decided to revert to the ancient  
and honorable ways of the platitudinous.

For two acts, despite the "type" char-  
acterizations of the two men, the one  
an incredible idealist, avoiding women,  
sensitive to beauty, and the other the  
undergraduate hero of boat races, and  
a voluptuary with women, he has  
written surely, and honestly. He has  
drawn the woman Elsie, a bold and in-  
genious sensualist, with neither morals  
nor scruples, a woman of infinite nuance,  
deftly. And the piece has life and zest  
from her first swift entrance, un-  
chaperoned, into the dormitory, her  
skilled playing with Race, her sharp  
change to the demure with the coming  
of Dornring, whose father she has just  
discovered lives in "the marble man-  
sion," her marriage with Dornring, to  
her last lingering exit, as she leads  
Race from the office.

During the four years between the  
first and second act, Race, now partner  
to Dornring, has apparently decided to  
avoid the "cobra," and to forget women;  
an impossibility suggests Elsie. He has  
even presented his stenographer with a  
first edition of someone's unpublished  
sonnets, which she refuses, because she  
has already been warned by Elsie, who  
still pursues Race, although Dornring  
neither knows of it, nor would he be-  
lieve it.

And at the end of the second act Race  
at last, succumbs; he has been re-  
pulsed by the stenographer, whom he  
would marry, and so he does not resist  
Elsie. And then, Mr. Brown has added  
not one more, but two acts, in which he  
notes that Elsie has died in a hotel  
fire, after Race, still thinking of the  
stenographer, Judith Drake, has desert-  
ed her; that Dornring must be dis-  
illusioned about his wife, although he  
never discovers that Race has been in  
any way implicated; and Judith, nobly,  
offers to marry Race.

There is much that is tawdry here,  
and much that is obviously pointed at  
achieving "box-office" success, yet in  
the first half of the piece, there is no  
exaggeration, and Mr. Brown has faced  
the situation squarely. But when it  
came to the interplay of the two friends,  
and the growing influence of Elsie, he  
avoided the issue, and like many other

men before him, tossed her into  
the fire to save his play.

The piece is well cast, and Miss An-  
derson plays the subtly pounding Elsie  
with rare finesse; there is insinuation  
and passion in every glance, each ges-  
ture, and intonation, yet not once does  
she overplay, and make her the vampire  
of fiction. Mr. Morgan does the unac-  
counted Dornring with a charm that prevents  
him from seeming the puppet that he  
might have been. Mr. Gilbert, returned  
for the first time since his days with  
the Boston stock company, showed  
marked improvement in his playing of  
Race. He did not strut as he once was  
accustomed to, and not once did he  
come out of the picture. In lesser  
roles, Miss Moores, as the stenogra-  
pher, and Miss De Me, as a "person of  
no importance," gave good account of  
themselves. The audience was large,  
and interested. E. G.

SELWYN THEATRE—"In the Next  
Room," mystery play in three acts  
by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford,  
presented by Winthrop Ames and  
Guthrie McClintock, with the following  
cast:

Philip Vantine.....H. Langdon Bruse  
Lorna Webster, his niece.....Betty Linley  
James Godfrey.....Arthur Albertson  
Rogers.....Morris W. Ankrum  
Parks.....George Riddell  
Felix Armand.....D. D. Freling  
Inspector Grady.....John M. Kline  
Simmonds.....William J. Kline  
Tim Morel.....Frances Goodrich  
Madame L. Harriette.....Virginia Gregory  
Julia, her maid.....Fred L. Tilden  
Col. Pigot.....

Those who like to feel the chill of  
terror as the diabolical eye of a shadowy  
unknown peers through the shutters at  
an unsuspecting girl, and men pop  
dead from mysterious poison while  
strange veiled women glide silently into  
the darkness, were satisfied in measure  
full and running over last night as  
the novel mystery play previously ap-  
plauded by Manhattan made its ghost-  
like bow to the Boston public.

"In the Next Room" follows in gen-  
eral the baffling trend of ups and downs  
which one expects to find in such a play,  
but never is the search for the clue  
of the one big mystery halted for lesser  
by-play, or even for love. The lovers  
are happily united a few minutes after  
the curtain rises, allowing a zestful  
audience to rack their brains exclu-  
sively with the major theme, for which  
the fashioners of the piece are to be  
complimented.

The striking novelty of the play is the  
villain. Quiet, efficient and emotionless,  
this villain strikes down the victims one  
by one, so well concealing his (or her)  
identity that not even an astute first  
night crowd detected the real slayer,  
except those who were unfortunate  
enough to know the plot from Burton  
Stevenson's gruesome story. Such had  
the good taste to refrain from comment.

There is a rich uncle who collects  
curios from the ends of the earth for  
his Washington square home, where the  
action takes place. There is his charm-  
ing niece; there is the young reporter  
who loves her, and a rotund English  
butler who gets nervous and evokes  
laughs, and tells how he always had an  
eye for tracing down crimes, even when  
a boy. Add to these the usual clumsy  
police inspector of detective tales, a  
group of assistants, a dark and beauti-  
ful French lady, her maid with a past  
and a questionable detective; in short,  
the usual mystery play cast, and wonder  
on wonders, you get an unusual result.

The play was paced and the parts  
acted with the mechanical smoothness  
called for, and if Messrs. Albertson and  
Sheridan over-emphasized line and  
gesture at the start, all fell into proper  
place as the thrill of the unknown  
terror reached out its clammy tentacles  
and gripped the onlookers. Fred L.  
Tilden, memorable with Otis Skinner in  
"Sancho Panza," headed the cast with  
inscrutability and assurance. Mr.  
Albertson and Miss Linley do good  
work as the lovers who at length find a  
way to the solution. Messrs. Bruse,  
Freling and Riddell are admirable.

This is the first venture of Eleanor  
Robson (Mrs. August Belmont of New  
York) into the field of play-writing.

H. F. M.

TREMONT THEATRE—First per-  
formance in Boston of "Be Yourself,"  
a musical comedy, in two acts; fea-  
turing Jack Donahue, Queenie Smith and  
Georgia Caine. Book by George S.  
Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Music by  
Lewis Gensler and Milton Schwarzwald.  
Staged by William Collier. The cast:

Marjorie Brennan.....Norma Terris  
Grandma Brennan.....Georgia Caine  
Joseph Fabbady Prescott, Percy Baverstock  
David Robinson.....John Price Jones  
Matt McLean.....Jack Donahue  
Tony Robinson.....Queenie Smith  
Eustace Brennan.....Jack Kearney  
Mordecai Brennan.....Jay Wilson  
Cyrus Brennan.....Ted Waller  
Hemp McLean.....James Houston  
Bettie.....Teddy Hudson  
Adam McLean.....James R. McCann

The play starts with a bang, keeps  
the pace, and the interest is sustained  
until the final curtain, though this  
same finale is the weak spot in an  
otherwise good play. And this came  
start, a bit rugged and wild in dancing  
ardor, was far from the conventional

of our workaday musical comedy, as  
the stars nobly entered the Brennan  
cottage. To be sure last night we  
were in the Tennessee mountains, and  
yet there was the suspicion that we  
were but a stone's throw from Boyl-  
ston street, so modestly dressed were  
these same girls of the chorus, with  
such seemingly endless and inex-  
haustible wardrobe.

The book is well put and to the point,  
beyond the average of its kind, and the  
suspicion will not down that Mr. Donahue  
had something to say in its prepa-  
ration. Thus it is funnier still by  
reason of the chief comedian—and let  
us banish the thought of another in the  
principal role.

Of the music, "My Road," the mo-  
tivating number, has rhythmic charm,  
an irresistible swing. Of the remainder,  
here and there is a piece made agree-  
able by tricks of orchestration rather  
than rising to musical significance. For  
the outstanding feature the piece ex-  
cels in the dancing solos of Mr. Donahue,  
Queenie Smith and Jack Kearney.

A long standing feud between the  
McLeans and the Brennans reaches its  
culmination with the disappearance of  
the boy, Eustace Brennan. It is in this  
breach that Matt McLean, as played by  
Mr. Donahue; Tony, as interpreted by  
Queenie Smith, and the David Robbin-  
son of John Price Jones obtrude them-  
selves. Matt is the single McLean,  
consequently the butt of the Brennans.  
So he insists on the rest of his col-  
leagues becoming McLeans, which roles  
they assume till the return of Eustace  
and the climax of the feud.

Mr. Donahue danced his solos with  
his accustomed skill, his eccentricities  
taking their height in his burlesque of  
the interpretative style. Comedian and  
pantomimist as well, his single short-  
comings were in his songs.

Queenie Smith, his irresistible foil,  
gave a long program of prouetting that  
at one time threatened to stop the show;  
as well she played the part of Tony with  
a fine sense of comic values.

It was a night of great, sheltering  
whiskers, buckshot, deadlines and a riot  
of dancing in the Tennessee mountains  
at the Tremont—unusual play in un-  
usual surroundings, with undeniable  
appeal to the theatregoer. T. A. R.

CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Stepping Stones,"  
a musical extravaganza featuring  
the Stone family, father, moth-  
er and daughter, Dorothy.  
Eleventh week.

MAJESTIC—"Gus the Bus" (My  
Boy Friend), vaudeville fla-  
vored musical comedy by Jack  
Lait, featuring Flo Burt and  
El Brendel. Third week.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The  
Potters," reopening Christmas  
night after a seven weeks' en-  
gagement at the Plymouth.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Make Be-  
lieve," a Christmas time comedy in  
a prologue and four acts, by A. A.  
Milne. Mr. Clive's company.

It was in 1913 that Mr. Milne brough  
out his Christmas play. This is it  
scheme: A little girl by the name o  
Rosemary sets out to write her auto  
biography. Not knowing just th  
meaning of the word, she changes her  
mind to a play which she calls "Make  
Believe." Her difficulties are not over-  
come, because writing is not her forte.  
So, with the help of four children by  
the name of Hubbard, instead of writ-  
ing her play she decides to act it first.

The first act tells in burlesque man-  
ner the tale of wood cutter and a princess;  
a king and queen both take a hand, and  
sultors three for the princess. The first  
scene of the second act sets forth a  
school room, with a boy and girl at  
their lessons, with a comic stage gover-  
ness and a curate to make the audience  
merry and the children sad. In the sec-  
ond scene the tables are turned, for on  
the desert island of the children's  
dreams, amid cannibals, pirates and  
tropical beasts, the curate, the precep-  
tress and Aunt Jane cut might sorry fig-  
ures.

In the third act Mr. Milne brings in  
the needful contrast of a touch of  
pathos. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, who  
have no children, but in their longing  
for them like to imagine they have the  
four who appeared in the prologue, find  
themselves so poor they cannot attend  
Santa Claus's reception on Christmas.  
By a curious chance they fall into the  
possession of the diamond necklace and  
the gold watch and chain without which  
gentlefolk cannot appear suitably at  
court, so off they go to the holiday  
rout, which fills the last act.

So Mr. Milne outlined his Christmas  
play. Of a worldly turn of mind, to  
judge from his best-known comedies,  
he is not the dramatist of all England  
one would hit on as most likely to write  
charmingly and sympathetically for  
children. Whether or not he did may  
best be left to children to determine.  
The large audience in attendance last  
night certainly seemed well entertained.

The performance was full of spirit.  
A men's quartet sang Christmas carols  
pleasantly. The scenery, simple but



suggestive, was skilfully contrived to move smoothly and quickly.

R. R. G.

**JAMES THEATRE**—The Boston Stock Company in "Oh Boy." Book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and F. G. Wodehouse. Music by Jerome Kern. The cast:

Jane Packard.....Marie Lallou  
Polly Andrus.....Roberta Lee Clark  
Jim Marvin.....Houston Richards  
George Budd.....Bernard Nedell  
Lou Ellen Carter.....Elsie Hitz  
Jackie Sampson.....Olive Blakeney  
Constance Sims.....Ralph M. Remley  
Judge Daniel Carter.....Louis Leon Hall  
Mrs. Carter.....Violet Mahar  
Miss Penelope Budd.....Anna Layng  
Briggs.....Roy Elkins  
A Club Waiter.....John Collier

The St. James Theatre players are more accustomed to "straight" drama than they are to musical comedy and their appearance in "Oh Boy," was, in consequence, very much of a novelty. They were equal to the occasion, however, and their performance did not suffer by comparison through the presentation of the piece by another organization at another time in Boston. An audience which taxed the seating capacity of the theatre evidently thought so, too, for it laughed at the amiable nonsense and applauded the catchy tunes with enthusiasm.

The comedy is broad farce, with all the familiar situations, mixups and misidentifications, accidental and intentional, of sweethearts, wives and maiden aunts supply all needful material.

Miss Blakeney, as the dashing lady around whom all the mystification centres, put spirit into her work and dressed it to the limit. Mr. Nedell as the worried bridegroom and Mr. Richards as the gay young man-about-town made a finely contrasting pair. Miss Hitz, in the character of the bride, was captivating and Miss Layng, more than made up for her belated appearance on the stage by her realistic appearance as a demure Quaker lady overcome by too many cocktails.

Mr. Remley starred as a country constable and Mr. Hall as a dignified judge trying to live down a lively "night before."

The songs? Plenty of them. All whistleable. There isn't time to cite the lot, but "An Old Fashioned Wife," by Miss Hitz and girls (there were a dozen personable ladies in the chorus); "Nesting Time—In Flatbush," by Miss Blakeney and Mr. Richards, and Mr. Hall's "specialty" number took the biggest "hands."

J. F. P.

**WILBUR**—"Sally, Irene and Mary," musical comedy starring Eddie Dowling. Return engagement.

Eddie Dowling and his "Sally, Irene and Mary" company were given a hearty welcome at the Wilbur Theatre last evening when they opened there for their return engagement. Sally, Irene and Mary are three little East side girls who are given a chance on the girls who make a success. Eddie Dowling plays Jimmy Dugan, leader of his gang on Avenue A, who loves one of the trio, Mary. When Mary rises in the world and becomes a musical comedy star on Broadway, poor Jimmy thinks that "the likes of her is not for the likes of him." But all musical comedies must have a happy ending and this one is no exception for the curtain falls on a happy and festive bridal party.

Dowling is as amusing as ever in the Jimmy Dugan role which suits his style to perfection. His quiet "wise cracking" manner of comedy never fails to amuse his audience. Louise Brown, the attractive Sally, is back once more and attracts as charmingly as ever. Kathleen Mulqueen plays Irene in this comely pany and Edna Morn, Mary, Jimmy's sweetheart. They both do very well.

The whole production is well staged and the audience last night was enthusiastic in its welcome to a favorite comedy.

A. F.

## KEITH'S PRESENTS

A Christmas bill made up of stellar acts that should delight the heart of every fastidious lover of vaudeville is the offering at Keith's theatre this week. From the diminutive star, Lillian Fitzgerald, featured as "the individual comedienne," to the annual Christmas pantomime, every act is one that not only pleases, but entertains as well.

The vaudeville opens with Rose, Ellis and Rose, billed as "The Jumping Jacks." The three are master barrel manipulators and jumpers.

They are followed by Paul Kirkland in "The High Steppers." This is a novelty balancing act atop a tall ladder. A comely young lady assists in the act. Rosemary and Marjory in "Heart Songs" are next on the bill. They have melodies of old intermingled with some of the more modern. This act is unusually well staged.

Oscar Lorraine, billed as "The Violin Nuttist," is a treat. Clever as violinist, as well as a monologist. Goes over big. William Morris and family in "All the Horrors of Home," a miniature comedy drama in a 15-minute act, is the next offering. The lines and humor are subtle. It would spoil the plot to tell of it to those who have not seen the act. Then comes Lillian Fitzgerald of musical comedy fame. Petite, good looking and clever, she had to respond to many encores. She sings well, gives excellent limitations, rendering a selection or two in French.

B. C. Hillam and company in "Dears and Ideas," offer a novel act. The dears are attractive, as they consist of a number of unusually good-looking chorus girls, who not only can sing, but dance well.

Like a breath from the open country are Frank Davis and Adele Darnell, "The Birdseed Couple," appearing in "Caterpillars." The scene is in Bellville, N. J., the action a fine burlesque on the youthful romance and success of the country bumpkin, who goes to the big city to make his mark in life and in the business world.

La Varre Bros. and Miss Pingree in a "Patch Vaudeville Quilt," and the Kelth Santa Claus and the annual Christmas pantomime bring the bill to a close. Santa Claus, by the way, gives a Christmas gift to every youngster attending matinee performances this week.

On the table are three books published by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York: Bandello's "Tragic Tales" (a volume of the Broadway Translations); "Count Lucano, or the 50 Pleasant Tales by Patronio" (another volume of these translations) and Pitirim Sorokin's "Leaves from a Russian Diary." Prof. Sorokin's calm statements of fact are more romantic, more thrilling than the inventions of the Italian and the Spaniard.

Bandello was only one of many old Italian novelists. Van Bever and Eansot-Orland translated into French, the erotic tales of some of those early writers who outdid Boccaccio in attacks on monks, were more flagrantly licentious, were often coarse. Bandello's "Tragic Tales" were translated by Geoffrey Fenton in 1567 from the French of Belleforest. Beyle tells us that the latter, working on one of the tales, was suddenly seized with remorse so that he resolved to abandon the task. Beyle quotes Belleforest's apology and his defense of what he had already done, and adds this agreeable comment: "Here is a French layman who hesitates about translating what an Italian bishop had written about love; but his scruples did not last long, for Belleforest completed the translation and even added supplements."

Fenton's translation had been reprinted in the Tudor series. The original was then faithfully followed. Robert Langton Douglas's excellent preface to the Tudor edition appears in the Broadway, but the Broadway translation is modernized and edited with a glossary by Hugh Harris. Some may think that the narration suffers in piquancy and force by this modernization. To us a "dogge" is a more ferocious animal than a "dog." When we read "dogge" we see his teeth, hear him growl, and almost feel his bite.

The modernization will no doubt benefit those who like easy reading and would be inclined to skip Fenton's interpolations of a moralizing order. Some of his additions are by the way of gorgeous embroidery. His vocabulary was large and he picked up words from many sources. Mr. Douglas gives a list of words that at last came into common use: "Catarrh," "symptom," "catologue," "anatomy," "calibre." Bandello's style is often mannered; he was a euphuist before Euphuus; but he could be effectively simple and eloquent, as in his description of death: "And as soon as we have taken possession of the house of rest, he shutteth the gates of all annoy against us, feeding us, as it were, with a sweet slumber or pleasant sleep, until the last summons of general resurrection."

It was Bandello's purpose to write stories about events that had actually occurred, many of them in his own time. If some of the tales seem too free for the present age, yet this is the free of D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, and others more or less obsessed by sex—the life of the Milanese was luxurious and licentious. By the side of many novels of today, attempting to portray the relations of men and women in England and this country, Bandello's "Tragic Tales" seem discreet, reticent. His influence was great, even outside his own country. In England especially he was known, and among the stories that were most popular were the histories of Romeo and Julietta and the Duchess of Malfi. He should interest readers today. He was a joyous soul, fond of food and wine. Noble dames gladly

heard him telling his stories. His last words for the public were: "Live merry" and he was buried, this writer for his own and a remarkable generation, at the foot of the high altar in a church at Agen. It has been said "that if an author is extremely popular in his own age he will not be particularly interesting in times to come." To some Bandello will seem slow and verbose. Others will find pleasure in the picture of the times, and even in Fenton's interpolated dogmatizings. The volume is surely a valuable addition to the Broadway series.

Don Juan Manuel's "Count Lucanor" was first printed in 1575, though the author died two centuries before, leaving his manuscript in the care of Dominican monks. The plot of many of these stories and the plan of narration were taken over from the Arabic. The wise counsellor Patronio tells each tale to his master, Count Lucanor, by the way of advice. Thus when the count says that a man told him something giving him to understand that it would benefit him if he followed the suggestion, but no one should be informed of the secret, otherwise the count's property and life would be in danger, Patronio tells him the story of the king and the three cloth-weavers who swore that they could furnish him cloth of such a nature that a legitimate son of his father could see it; but the illegitimate could not. And so the king at last thinking he had a fine suit of clothes, rode naked in the streets, while the people, fearing they would be considered illegitimate, pretended he was gorgeously clad, until a negro said to him: "Sire, to me it matters not whose son I am, therefore I tell you that you are riding without any clothes." This is the story told long afterwards as "The Emperor's Clothes" by Hans Christian Andersen. The reader will also find more than hints at "The Taming of the Shrew" in these tales, especially in "Of that which happened to the Emperor Frederick and Don Alvar Fanez with their wives," which ends with an epigrammatical couplet:

A man at his marriage should teach his wife  
How he intends her to pass her life.

The tales are of all sorts, illustrative of phases of Spanish character, its pride, its sobriety, its intense devotion to honor. In these stories the beau ideal of chivalry is Saladin. If Bandello succeeded in giving to his stories the air of complete truthfulness, this Spanish writer had a greater sense of verbal values; he was concise, dramatic, one of the real inventors of the "craft of fiction." The book is a reprint of Dr. James York's version. J. B. Trenc has written an interesting introduction and added to Dr. York's notes. There are nearly thirty illustrations.

These two books are pleasant reading. Professor Sorokin's "Leaves from a Russian Diary" is a pitiless exposure of the abominable rule of the bolshevik government following the revolution, which was begun by hungry women and children demanding bread and herrings. The professor, an intellectual of European reputation, now Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, relates scenes in which he figured, his prison life, his wanderings in forests eluding his pursuers, in a thrilling manner. The more thrilling by reason of the horror and the terror of the facts narrated. There are thumbnail sketches of leaders. Lenin's face "reminds me of those of congenial criminals in the albums of Lombroso, and at the same time it has something, in it which recalls religious fanatics of the Starover (old or orthodox church)."

"What a disgusting creature this Zinovieff! In his high womanish voice, his face, his fat figure, there is something hideous and obscene, an extraordinary moral and mental degenerate."

The terrible chapters "Red Mass" and "Momento Mori" are not the only ones that hold the attention, force conviction and make one wonder that any sane person could hold a brief for those monsters in power. The most atrocious deeds committed in the French revolution were as nothing in comparison with the murderous outrages and acts of sadistic cruelty perpetrated by the Bolsheviks in power. And the martyrs, among the learned and the true patriots! We know of no more engrossing book published in recent years, no book that excites in similar degree amazement, horror and pity.

Mr. Koussevitzky will bring out at the Symphony concerts tomorrow and Saturday evening a little symphony by Henri Joseph Rigel, a German composer, who taught at Mannheim and Stuttgart, went to Paris when he was 27 years old and lived there until he died in 1799. There he was famous as a player of the clavichord; he was a popular teacher; his symphonies were composed and performed; he wrote much chamber music and about a dozen little operas. The performance by the symphony, which is more in the nature of a suite, will be the first in this country. Mr. Koussevitzky con-

ducted it at his concert in Paris on May 3, 1923.

He will also bring out a Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Christmas Eve." The subject of the opera is the same as that of Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio d'Oxane," which as "Christmas Eve" was performed at the Boston Opera House by a Russian Opera Company. The Polonaise from this Suite was played at a pop concert last season.

The program will also include Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps."

## I RECALL

Notes and Lines:

A man of distinctive individuality, a human dynamo, a man of initiative, but with no use for referendum,—he chose to start things, but he disliked to submit them to the opinion of others,—he knew what he wanted, and went after it, in short the kind of man that Jonathan in the play of Hatcher Hughes called graphically, "a go-getter."

That man was Nate Salisbury, at the period of the fall of 1871 before the Boston Museum began to give performances Saturday evenings. Yes, there was such a time, and it continued up to as late a date as that. "Elise" was the production that broke that ancient custom, and after the season began in August, it had been a habit of Salisbury to let off his surplus steam on these off nights in the near-by small cities, such as Milford, South Weymouth or Canton, by means of an "all star aggregation" I think he called it, of which he was the central luminary.

Around "LeRoy Montague," as he billed himself, he clustered such other brilliants as Jim Burrows as "Sterling Coyne," and Barney Nolan,—who later became the husband of Kate Ryan,—"Chuck" Atkinson, a former minstrel, and a master of the banjo and bones; and myself, then an unknown quantity, without an alias, and proceeding under my own steam.

Salisbury was the head and front of the whole offending, and I speak advisedly,—where he sat was the head of the table, in short he was the captain, and the whole crew, the boatswain bold and the mate of the "Nancy Brig," if that is correct,—I am quoting from memory, seldom reliable; and Salisbury gave recitations, from Shakespeare, yes he did, he dared anything, and he recited doggerel with just the same assurance.

Salisbury even thought he could sing, and actually did burst forth into, "Oh, dearest May, you're lovely as the day, your eyes so bright, they shine at night, when the moon am gone away," with banjo accompaniment.

Carlos tried to follow in his wake, on a diminutive parlor organ. The particular occasion I recall was at South Weymouth, where the vestry of the church was utilized as a stage. What I did not know about a parlor organ, or any other kind of organ, would fill a book, and it would to this day, but Nate knew that I was more or less, especially less, proficient on the piano, and so was drafted to double on the organ.

At some kind of a little hotel, or boarding house—memory fails me as to that—we found "guest" accommodations very cramped, and cramped is the word, hence the bright particular star of the evening and I, the un-aliased actor-organist, were assigned to the same room and the same bell as room-mates.

Some time in the night—I do not know just when, but I was there—I was awakened by talking. Returning to consciousness, I found that the words came from my side. It was the prophetic Salisbury who was then proving to the world that the sub-conscious whatever is farseeing, not to say psychic. We did not know psychic then, it had not been exploited. Salisbury was saying: "Barnum, who's Barnum? Three tent-poles—I'll have six."

Not so very long ago, it may be remembered, that Nate Salisbury was an owner the general manager of the famous Buffalo Bill Show, a very large show, taking up very much more ground than Barnum ever did.

Salisbury had landed, and he could well afford to inquire who Barnum was.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

## GOODWIN, SINGER

Notes and Lines:

Nat Goodwin was an artist. Where have we his equal now? And how did he acquire that indescribable drollery, and ability to imitate the English, for instance, when he was but a youngster and hadn't traveled any farther from Boston than to his preparatory school somewhere in Maine, and his knowledge of the world and its people must have been absorbed in his mother's boarding house and in the theatre.

We have no such delightfully absurd monologues today as Nat gave in his imitations. His English characters didn't merely drop their H's in the manner of some local barroom dialect story teller; they were English. Years afterward Nat lived in England, but when he returned and told stories they weren't a bit more true to life than



boyhood efforts. Nat had a wonderful ear for catching the delicate shade of dialect. Do you recall his funny imitation of a typical London comic singer? He would stroll back and forth stroking imaginary guardman's mustache and sing: "I get ten thousand a yeah, tiddy-fol-lol, Mustaches down to heah, tiddy, fol-lol, At a picnic, fete or hall With the ladies great or small I am the pet of all, tiddy-fol-lol." He was ludicrous in his artistic mimicry. And then he would turn himself into a coster and sing: "It's h'all right w'en you knows 'im, But 'e's nawsty w'en 'e's waxed, 'E'd black your h'eye one moment And 'e'd stand a glawss the next, 'E wouldn't 'urt a baby, 'E's a fella you can trust, For 'e's h'all right w'en you knows 'im, But you've got to know 'im fust." Then Nat might switch off and talk about some city clerk taking his girl to ball: They met at a fawncy ball, The gentleman's name was Arthuh, 'er lady was fair and tall, 'er Christian name was Martha, 'ey danced all night 'till broad daylight, 'hat a charming girl, thought Arthuh, and the dancers near could plainly hear 'hat Arthuh said to Martha. Chorus (Waltz) Then 'Arthuh,' whispered Martha, 'How I love to dance with you,' And Arthuh said to Martha, 'Tell me, darling, is that true?' Then Arthuh placed his arm around his Martha's waist so slim, 'I love you,' said Arthuh, 'ditto' said Martha, Arthuh kissed Martha and Martha squeezed him." These songs do not sound much, do they? But Nat Goodwin sang them and we shall never see his like again in this generation.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

# 'CHINA ROSE'

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—John Cort presents "China Rose," an oriental operetta in two acts. Libretto by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard. Musical score by A. Baldwin Sloane. Staged by R. H. Burnside. First performance. The cast: Bang Bang, The Soldier... Mr. Alfred Kappeler O. M. The Governor... Miss Viola Giffetta Fli Wun, The Flapper... Miss Miti Manley Pa Pa Wu, The Ruler... Mr. Robinson Newbold Sing Sing, The Bandit's Aide... Mr. Maurice Holland Cha Ming, The Bandit... Mr. J. Harold Murray Ro See, The China Rose... Miss Fern Rogers III, The Envoy... Mr. Chas. DeHaven III, The Other... Mr. Chas. DeHaven III, The Dowager... Miss Lillian Lee The heyday of the Viennese operetta is over, and in the midst of the sharp syncope and sophistication of musical pieces today, it is only the operetta of surpassing loveliness, of bizarre and exotic settings, or to keen satire and ending zest, of a musical score that is continuous and expressive of changing moods, that can catch the attention of an audience, and hold it easily. But "China Rose" has ignored all modernism and in its sentiment and its blandishments, its brigand troupe singing of home, the comic retainers Hi and Low, the stamping and flourish of soldiers, it harks back to the days of Franz Lehár, of "Robin Hood," and in the writing of Pa-Pa-Wu the ruler who reigns, with a loud tee hee and a dim haw haw, there are bold reminders of Gilbert and Sullivan. Yet it marks the spontaneity of these earlier pieces. The producers have lost many opportunities as yet; in comedy, and setting; but the piece is in its first stages still, and there may be remodeling. "China Rose" tells of an unloved princess, Ro See, the Ruler's daughter, who, abetted by her friend Fli Wun, the flapper, agrees to go to Manchuria to marry the Emperor, and in the "slim bamboo forest" they are waylaid by the bandit chief and his aide; and Ro See becomes kissed and refused to marry the Emperor on arrival. But of course he is the bandit, no longer in disguise, and so affairs are quickly straightened out. There was opportunity here for striking settings, yet only in the scene of the bamboo forest, with great eyed bogie man clumping in and out, and the fearsome travelers, in sextet, sing "China Bogie Man." Is there suggestion of real orientalism. The rest was conventionally Chinese, and for some reason Fli Wun, an amusing and appealing flapper, is allowed to insert 's into every other word, although no one else does. There is an overture of flourish: "China Rose" has catchiness; the "Chinese Potentate," sung by Pa Pa

Wu, is amusing. Fli Wun, and "China Bogie Man" has atmosphere. Mr. Murray, as the bandit hero, has few songs, but he sings them well. He is one of the best of light opera singers today. Miss Manley, as the pert and loquacious Fli Wun, the only flapper, romps with gaiety, an appealing and zealous actress. Miss Rogers has a pleasant voice and an attractive manner as Ro See. Mr. Newbold did excellently with Pa Pa Wu, and made the most of his lines. Nice and De Haven, burlesque comedians, were amusing when they tried least. The dances in the second act by the Princess Mikelandz, Joseph Daniels and Margaret Daley were pleasant intervals; a pit that there was not more of the princess, for she is beautiful and a graceful dancer. The chorus was attractively costumed and enthusiastic. There was a large audience. E. G.

# "RITZ REVUE"

By PHILIP HALE

Shubert Theatre: First performance of Hassard Shorla "Ritz Revue," dances arranged by Seymour Felix; settings designed by Charles Robinson; ballets arranged by Chester Hale; sketches conceived by Clyde North; entire revue conceived and staged by Mr. Shorla. Music by Messrs. Webb, Torma, Hubbell, Janssen, Harding, Tennent, Brookes, Gorney, Burke. Orchestra conducted by Augustus Barratt. This revue is conspicuous for the exquisite taste shown in the schemes of color, stage settings and costumes; for its youthful, pretty and graceful girls, who danced and sang as if they really enjoyed it all; for chorus men who wore their costumes as if they were used to them and in good looks seemed as if they might be younger sons of English lords imported for the occasion; and for the rollicking good nature and peckless humor of Miss Charlotte Greenwood. The list of principals and those assisting them is a long one, nor is it necessary to give each one special attention however deserving they all may be. Let us name some of the more striking features, though it may here be said that Madeleine Fairbanks and William Ladd, who had much to do in an introductory and accessory manner, contributed largely to the pleasure afforded by the entertainment. There was, in pleasing dancing in "Springtime," in which Miss Vitak as leading dancer shone by reason of the proficiency of her technique, her ease, her lightness and her elegance. Miss Greenwood's song "I want to belong" had a peculiar significance, for she was married only a few days ago. The words and tune are of little importance, but her manner of singing won the expected applause. Nor were her songs "A Perfect Day" and "Too Tall" much in themselves. On the other hand "Scandal and a Cup of Tea," with chorus, was amusing by reason of its topical allusions and it has a tripping, haunting melody, which made it stand out from the other musical contributions. And the slyness with which Miss Greenwood delivered the lines was more effective than her aggressive frankness and open confession in the other songs named. Very funny was the sketch in which Miss Greenwood tried to take a bath. There was infinite detail; many were the preventing obstacles, but her annoyance was expressed so naturally, so inevitably, that there was no thought or suggestion of the work that must have preceded the apparent spontaneity. Gorgeous, indeed, was "The Sun-Girl," as a spectacle, gorgeous, but not gaudy. And here, as later, Mr. Tom Burke sang effectively, more so by the use of his natural and virile voice, well schooled, than when he lapsed into the sentimentalism dear to lesser gifted and beeping tenors. The male comedians are not the strongest feature of the show. Mr. Savo was amusing in whatever he did. Mr. Conrad excited laughter, but his methods were less original and smacked more of the vaudeville sidewalk brand. Stanley Rogers as a telephone girl and in "Two for the Ritz" was voluble, often funny, with a tendency to be Rabelaisian. Among the more elaborate scenes besides "The Sun-Girl," were the settings of "Springtime," the "Crystal Wedding Day," in which Dorothy Brown and Floyd Jones sang the silhouette dancing in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Red Ladies," with the introduction of Camille, Lady Macbeth, Zaza, Carmen, Tosca, Salome, Cleopatra and Du Barry, all noble dames, while Mr. Burke kindly identified them in song. But so one might in fact go through the program and speak of this and that as a feast to the eye, with the dancers whose costumes always had a favoring, entrancing background. Truly a sumptuous production, worth seeing

if only as a production. But there Miss Greenwood and we see her now kept by telephone, messenger boy, beam and burglar from her morning bath. The large audience gave many hearty manifestations of honest enjoyment. Variety, as Dr. Johnson in his bow-wow manner said of something, "is carrying on the system of life." "I think the women might make the same claim for their love of change. They are natural Hegellians. They recognize instinctively that the vital principle is not a state of being, but of becoming, and signify the same in the usual way by choosing a new hat once a week. Just think what the world would be like if women were not various and mutable! If she wore her old hats, like a man! ('What do you do with your old hats, sir,' asked the beggar of M. Bergerat. 'I wear them, my good fellow,' was the reply.) If she were repainted and redecorated only once in seven years like a leasehold flat! If her skirts remained through the ages of one and the same length! We should lose all motive for leaning out of window and have no future to look forward to. Human life would be petrified, and curiosity extinct. Women's love of change is our salvation. It costs money, yet must always be cheap at the price. The wise will regard it as an insurance against universal boredom, and carefully pay up the premiums which fall due every other moment."—A. B. Walkley. FROM A RECENT PROGRAM No. 2 Waltz, "Je T'Aime" (I Love Three) Emile Waldteufel SOUNDING CLOTHS? (From the State, Columbia, S. C.) Bedsprings which have grown shabby may give long and valuable service as sounding cloths for the dining table. THAT WITHERED SIBYL As the World Wags: "The Withered Sibyl with the hand-organ on the Common of Dr. Holmes's verses was one of the objects of interest in Boston in the seventies and eighties of the last century. All sorts of romances were told about her; that she was very rich; that she was a French countess in reduced circumstances; which, I think, was the favorite story. In point of fact, she was a very ignorant peasant from a village near Dieppe, in Normandy. She could neither speak nor understand English. Her French was the old French of an unlettered peasant, in which "out" is pronounced "Wa-a"; "rue" and "rol" are alike "ray." She lived on North Bennet street with her daughter and son-in-law, who was an Italian organ-grinder. The only subject on which she talked with interest was her son-in-law's monkey, who sat at meals with the family, and had, she told me, the table manners of a Christian. Her late husband, who must have been much older than she, had been a soldier of Napoleon. Fastened to the top of the organ, in a frame, and under glass, was a cross of the Legion of Honor, with the official notice that had come with it. She said it had been given to her husband, and a small, hand-colored print of Napoleon with the infant King of Rome. For what service the cross had been awarded to her husband she did not know. She was too unintelligent to have asked, and as she said, it was all so long ago what did it matter? I learned what little there was to know about her while she posed for me for the head of a peasant grandmother in a picture which I had brought home from France unwashed. Andover. H. WINTHROP PEIRCE. ADD "BREAKFASTS" Charles Dickens wrote to his wife: "We had for breakfast toast, cakes, a Yorkshire ple, a piece of beef about the size and much the shape of my portmanteau, tea, coffee, ham, eggs." T. P. O'CONNOR AT THE SAVAGE CLUB "We have no trade union to speak of in journalism. We cannot pursue black-legs, we cannot keep out unfair competition from other professions. When I offer my article it appears side by side with that of, perhaps, an ex-lord chancellor or an ex-cabinet minister, paid for, probably at a higher figure than mine, though, it may be, the style is less ornate. These articles appear cheek-by-jowl with those of some lady who has been prominent in a great divorce case. I only congratulate myself on one thing: that 'Mr. A.' did not know the possibilities of journalism, for I am sure if he had he could have got from one of the Sunday papers alone remuneration sufficient to cover not only the first cheque, but the second one as well. But he is a sportsman, and would not spoil trade. "Critics of the Savage Club had dwelt upon the ultra-Bohemian side a

little too much. The era was passing when in order to be a true artist or true journalist they must neglect washing their hands, must wear shabby clothes, and must drink too much. The idea that a journalist must be standing at bars up to 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning in order that he could show his unrecognized genius was passing away, and, he hoped, would never return."

# FILIA ET PEDES

(For As the World Wags.) The biting lift of her little left foot. The flitting fall of her right. Leave me entranced of eyes and ears, Captured of hearing and sight. Little gray sandals for every day. Pumps if they dance at night. Elk-hide oxfords for hours of play. Soft stepping slippers of white. Ever they dance as they go and come. My heart must add a beat To keep the time of their skipping steps Rhythm of metrical feet! In coin of love they have cost me dear As they pranced on sand or sod, And the terrible bills I have paid this year To keep them properly shod! CLARISSA BROOKS. Wordster

# SUAVITER IN MODO

As the World Wags: Here's one I heard the other day: Finkelstein was a good customer of Abe and Mawruss, manufacturers of ladies' dresses. He was, however, getting lax about his payment of invoices, and Abe suggested that Mawruss write him a strong but diplomatic letter calling his attention to this laxity. Mawruss worked for several hours over the letter, then showed it to Abe for his approval. After reading it over carefully, Abe said: "By golly, dot's a wonderful letter. Strong and to der point, aber not personal or insulting. But you got a couple of mistakes in it, Mawruss. 'Dirty' you should spell mit only vun 'r' und 'cockroach' begins mit a 'c.'"

# CHEESE IT!

Albany, N. Y., Press, Philadelphia Ledger, etc. In the pancreatic gland this scientist found tiny floating spots of a chemical compound which had been named by an earlier scientific generation "Islands of Leidekrantz."

# FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF

In "Further Memories of Irish Life," by the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry A. Robinson, there are some good stories. A car driver described a scent much in evidence in the soft goods and hardware departments of public houses in the West: "The girls do be puttin' it on their handkerchers if they're walking out with the police—it takes the smell of the turf out of their hair and clothes and gives them a great charmin'." and he added: "Sure it's only nonsense them kinds of scent, but I'll tell you now, your honor, a little drop of rum on the handkerchief is a very nice thing if you are goin' courtin'."

# "THE POTTERS" AT THE OPERA HOUSE

"The Potters," Pa. Ma. Bill and Mamie, have moved from the Plymouth Theatre to the Boston Opera House, where they reopened last evening for a limited engagement. J. P. McEvoy wrote this comedy, which is made up of 12 scenes, each depicting homely, everyday episodes in the life of an average American family. Some of the amusing scenes are: The Potter family at breakfast, a meal at which all are extremely grouchy, continually harping on inconsequential things; the street car scene, where Pa Potter meets a neighbor and talks over national questions, successfully settling in their minds affairs of state; the episode at the medium's, where Mamie goes to learn whether or not her "beau" is true to her; and so on through the remaining nine scenes, all of them containing interesting, laughable dialogue. The piece is capably acted by Walter Perkins as Pa, Mrs. George A. Hibbard as Ma, Gay Pendleton as Bill, and Viola Frayne as Mamie. There is a large supporting company that contributes to the general success of the play. The N. Y. World published on Christmas verses pertaining to the day; published them on the editorial page. We missed to our keen regret those classic lines of an unknown poet:



pple brandy cinnamon beer  
Christmas comes but once a year."  
We say "unknown." Perhaps one of  
our readers can name the bard.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson regrets the  
change in Christmas cards. "In former  
years," he said to us, "one could send  
out at the next Christmas the cards he  
had received the year before. Now the  
sender's name is on the card and fur-  
ther use is impossible. This precaution  
is not at all in the Christmas spirit, and  
it prevents what would otherwise be  
thoughtful remembrance in the blessed  
season." A thrifty soul is Mr. Johnson.

#### MONA LISA

In that pleasing play, "In the Next  
Room"—one of the most ingenious of  
its kind—the accomplished crook is rep-  
resented as saying that he was the man  
who stole the Mona Lisa from the  
Louvre, and it is intimated that the  
picture was not recovered; that the one  
now hanging there is only an excellent  
copy. Sir William Orpen in his "Stories  
of Old Ireland and Myself" evidently  
does not share Walter Pater's enthusi-  
asm. He pronounces the following ver-  
dict:

"The slimy paint like that of the  
Middle school of the present day. I  
attended to what people were saying,  
Leonardo da Vinci here has expressed  
womanhood in all her moods." "The  
harm!" "The mystery!" "The eternal  
trile!" And there was I unable to see  
anything except a bloated woman with  
a slightly dirty-looking face and a rather  
nasty sensual expression. Yes, there  
was something wrong with me. . . .  
These days, when I have to pass her in  
the long gallery where she now hangs,  
I close my eyes."

But he does not spare himself.  
"Hello, Francis!" said I. "Hello,  
Billy!" said he. "Come and have a  
drink," said I. "That will suit me," said  
he. So we went into a pub. After we  
drank a bit, said Francis, "Billy, they  
told me you had been spilt in London,  
but you're not." "I'm glad of that, any-  
way," said I. "Oh, you're not," said  
Francis, "sure you're just the same  
bloody little fool you always were!"

#### SKOAL AND SKINKER

As the World Wags:

In my old ten-volume Century Dic-  
tionary the ancient toasts, "Waes hael!  
Trink hael!" are not to be found, and  
in my F. & W. Desk Standard the fine  
word "Skool!" is missing. This is hard-  
ly scholastic. The omissions cannot be  
paid to prohibition, which is a weed  
and no century plant. I see nothing for  
it but an amendment to follow the child  
labor amendment. When father and  
mother are at work, the young persons  
under 18 amusing themselves with Bal-  
timore cider and other iniquities, and  
the few surviving toasts worn thread-  
bare—how refreshing to look in one's  
government-printed dictionary and find  
those grand old toasts, with a quotation  
from The Boston Herald in definition:

"Waes hael! Trink hael! and three times  
Skool!"

With brimming glass or flowing bowl!"  
And "Skinker." What a word it was,  
and is! Yet who uses it now outside the  
few who read Payne's Hafiz and Bur-  
ton's translations from the Arabic?  
Again, let The Herald take its niche in  
the government dictionary:

"Where is the man with the Christmas  
spirit—

The bottled sunlight that cheers the  
heart?

Has he come to town—is he anywhere  
near it—

With his holiday joy that comes by 'he  
quart?

"Then it's cheer, lads, cheer! for the  
mellow liquor;

Skool, lads, Skool! when the skinker  
draws;

While eyes beam bright and hearts beat  
quicker

To a rouse for our bootlegging Santa  
Claus!"

We are somewhat shriveled from  
those gay times when any visitor to  
Cambridge knew the day of the week  
to be a Saturday if dormitory windows  
were festooned with watchers:

"'Twas the night before Sabbath, and  
all the old guard

Watched Pierce's big horses drive into  
the Yard."

Concord, N. H. BARDOLPH.

Skool. The unfailing friend, the great  
Oxford dictionary, tells us that as far  
as English employment of the word is  
concerned, the word was in early use  
only in Scotland—about 1600—and it  
was perhaps introduced through the  
visit of James VI to Denmark in 1589.  
"In recent use the Norwegian and Dan-  
ish spelling 'skaal' is sometimes re-  
tained." The verb "to skool" is ob-

solete. In a Scottish act in the time of  
Charles II we find "Heathening and scoal-  
ing is the occasion of much drunken-  
ness."

Skinker, one who draws, pours out, or  
serves liquor; a tapster. Samuel Parker  
translating Cicero has it: "My skinker  
perceives himself agreeably affected in  
filling me out a glass when he has no  
inclination to drink. Charles Lamb called  
Vulcan, "the two-handed skinker." The  
constellation Aquarius was known as  
the Skinker in the 16th century. A jug  
or similar vessel was also called the  
skinker. In Scotland the participial ad-  
jective "skinking" means thin, watery,  
as in Stevenson's "St. Ives"; "a pint  
of skinking claret." Burns used the word  
in his address "To a Haggis." Capt.  
Grose gives another meaning to the  
word "skink": "To skink, is to wait on  
the company, ring the bell, stir the fire,  
and snuff the candles; the duty of the  
youngest officer in a military mess;  
and in Scotland the word once meant,  
to make a present of, to make over to  
another.

Then there is printers' slang in Eng-  
land: "Skinks, an old term applied to  
drink, or drinking around the imposing  
stone in order to celebrate some aus-  
picious occasion."

The dialect dictionaries are full of  
queer meanings.

#### A COMMON BLUNDER

Mr. Wadsworth in the United States  
Senate rose up and said: "I am op-  
posed to that—to build up here a  
Frankenstein which can extend its arms  
across these states and do anything  
it wants just because it is the govern-  
ment, or represents the government in  
corporate form.

To which Mr. Walsh of Montana re-  
plied: "The Frankenstein metaphor is  
an interesting one. I understood that  
the peculiar characteristic of the real  
Frankenstein was that the creator was  
unable to destroy it." (We are obliged  
to G. B. I. for calling our attention to  
the report of U. S. Senate proceedings—  
with literary excursions—in the Con-  
gressional Record of Dec. 16.) Is it pos-  
sible that neither Mr. Wadsworth nor  
Mr. Walsh has not read Mary Woll-  
stonecraft Shelly's romance of which  
Frankenstein, who made the monster,  
is the hero? The book was once famous.  
Sir Walter Scott, whose taste and judg-  
ment revolted "at this kind of writing,"  
admitted that there were passages which  
"appal the mind and make the flesh  
creep."

## KOUSSEVITZKY HAS CONTRAST PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The 40th concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, con-  
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon  
in Symphony hall. The program was as  
follows:

Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite from the  
opera "Christmas Eve"; Schubert, Un-  
finished Symphony; Rigel, Symphony, D  
major; Stravinsky, "Le Sacre du Prin-  
temps."

The Polonaise from Rimsky-Korsakov's  
Suite was played in Boston at a "Pop"  
concert last May. The other move-  
ments were heard here yesterday for  
the first time. The subject of the  
opera, based by the composer on Gogol's  
story, is the same as that of Tchaik-  
ovsky's "Les Caprices d' Oxane," per-  
formed here by a Russian Opera Com-  
pany in 1922, but Rimsky added to the  
story much that was fantastical. The  
music heard yesterday was not of a  
fantastic nature. The Prelude (Christ-  
mas Eve) has two themes, the first,  
beautiful in its purity and serenity. (The  
opera begins with a scene on a moonlit  
night.) The orchestration is charming.  
In the following movement a rapid flute  
solo was played brilliantly by Mr. Lau-  
rent. The Polonaise, with its suave  
middle section, might have been written  
by a less gifted composer. Tchaik-  
ovsky's Polonaise in a Suite has greater  
pomp and swing. Years ago Theodore  
Thomas used to put Meyerbeer's Torch-  
light Dances on his programs. These  
pieces, composed originally for brass in-  
struments and for the wedding festivi-  
ties of Princesses of Prussia, more or  
less in the nature of a polonaise, seemed  
in the Seventies as played by Thomas's  
man to be the last word in splendor of  
stateliness. Then there is Liszt's first  
polonaise for piano, orchestrated by  
Mueller-Berghaus, once a favorite piece  
which even Mr. Gericke, fastidious in  
taste, conducted at a Symphony concert  
in 1887.

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony has  
been regarded by many conductors as  
a purely lyrical work, and they have  
avoided dramatic contrasts, and pas-  
sionate outbursts. As a result, the  
performances have often been senti-  
mental, sugary, and—monotonous in  
spite of the inherent melodic beauty.  
The music, however, admits of a  
dramatic reading, and the lyric meas-  
ures gain thereby. Mr. Koussevitzky  
began as if the opening for basses had  
been marked "misterioso"; as if there  
was even sinister foreboding, as in the

first measures for double basses  
that announce in Verdi's opera the  
coming of Othello with murder in his  
soul into the bed chamber of Desde-  
mona. There were certain liberties  
taken by Mr. Koussevitzky in tempo,  
chiefly in measures preparatory to the  
announcement of a new musical idea,  
measures of modulation. There was no  
slackening of pace in the song first  
sung by the violoncellos, a liberty  
taken by conductors who wish it to be  
read "with great expression." The  
simplicity of the reading yesterday  
made the song the more beautiful. The  
famous outburst after the first section  
of the first movement was intensely  
dramatic, and here the imagination of  
the conductor was as illuminating as  
the poetic spirit in which the lyric  
pages were conceived. If here and  
there in the second movement there  
were stretches that seemed tame—we  
do not refer to the exquisite pages for  
oboe and clarinet solos—the fault was  
in the music itself, for this Andante  
falls below the opening Allegro. No  
doubt it is fortunate for Schubert's fame  
that he did not complete the symphony.  
He could hardly have hoped to write  
a Scherzo and Finale worthy of the  
first movement.

This little symphony—really a suite—  
by Henri Joseph Rigel of the 18th cen-  
tury was probably performed for the  
first time in this country. We say prob-  
ably, for much French music was played  
in the United States in the 18th and  
early in the 19th century. The sym-  
phony is simple, easy going music, with-  
out any marked distinction, yet it dif-  
fers somewhat in character from the  
Italian and German orchestral music  
that was contemporaneous and of an  
earlier date. Mr. Koussevitzky re-  
vised this symphony at his concert in Paris  
on May 3, 1923, in Paris where this  
music was first heard. Not all of the  
old orchestral pieces bear revival. There  
is a song, "All Coons Look Alike to  
Me." Too many allegros of ancient days  
sound alike; Bach's are no exceptions.  
Only the giant Handel is still imposing.

Whatever may be said of honest  
Rigel's music it served as a contrast—  
and Mr. Koussevitzky revels in con-  
trasts—to Stravinsky's extraordinary  
composition. It still appears after sev-  
eral hearings, to be chiefly remarkable  
for its rhythmic ingenuity and rhyth-  
mic fury. No one in these days should  
object to the wild dissonances. When  
the ballet is on the stage, the occa-  
sional cacophony, as some would have  
it, may assume significance. As music,  
not pure and simple, but impure and  
complex, without the scenes and the  
dancing on the stage, it has one griev-  
ous fault: it is not interesting, especi-  
ally after the surprise of the first hear-  
ing cannot be renewed. Surprise may  
be the chief element of wit; it is not the  
chief element of music. As concert  
music, "The Procession of the Wise  
Men" is perhaps the most impressive;  
the work still excites curiosity. It has  
been rumored through the city that the  
composition is sensational, and as many  
crave excitement and find rasping of  
the nerves pleasurable to the soul, many  
were yesterday turned away.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The orchestra will be away next week.  
The program for Jan. 9, 10 will differ  
from that announced in the program  
book. Bach's concerto has been dropped  
for the time being. Elgar's orchestra-  
tion of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue  
(C minor) will be heard here for the  
first time. Respighi's Concerto Grego-  
riano for violin will be played by Mr.  
Spalding, but not "not for the first  
time in America." The program will  
also comprise "The Ride of the Valky-  
ries," excerpts from the third act of  
"The Mastersingers" and the overture  
to "Rienzi." This is the latest an-  
nouncement concerning the next pro-  
gram.

## "He Who Gets Slapped" Taken from Andreyev's Play

TREMONT TEMPLE—"He Who Gets  
Slapped," film adapted from the play  
of Andreyev. Directed by Victor Sea-  
strom. The cast includes Lon Chaney,  
Tully Marshall, John Gilbert, Norma  
Shearer, Marc McDermott, and others.

It was in the white heat of the despair  
of the young revolutionists of Russia  
in 1905 that Andreyev wrote "He Who  
Gets Slapped." It is his most intense  
and bitter document and he is the soul  
of his philosophy, an abject pessimism,  
that sees everything young and lovely  
become tarnished by life, and man, in-  
stead of conquering through his in-  
tellect, beaten, derided, frustrated by  
the unthinking. His irony is penetra-  
ting, and symbolic, for he was a mystic,  
and his flashes of idealism in the writ-  
ing of the young Consuelo and Bezano,  
are beautiful.

For the film version Victor Seastrom  
has changed the text somewhat, al-  
though he has lost none of the stark-  
ness and tragedy of He, and in his  
manipulation of his mobs, his large  
and small groupings, he has created  
a curious ebb and flow, especially in  
the assembly of scientists, that intensi-

fies the mood of the piece. The film  
harks back to the untold life of He,  
to the days when he was a scientist,  
whose discoveries were stolen by his  
wife and his benefactor, who is made  
the same Baron Regnard, who later  
desires Consuelo. Zinida has been com-  
pleted omitted. For the rest, there is  
no meddling with the text of Andreyev  
until the end, when He, instead of  
giving Consuelo the poison, looses a  
lion to devour both the objectionable  
baron and her rapacious father, the  
Count Mancini. So Bezano and Consuelo  
are not sacrificed as Andreyev would  
have them.

But considered as it stands as a film,  
this "He Who Gets Slapped" is an ex-  
traordinarily real and intelligent piece  
of work; there is beauty and effective-  
ness in the photography; it is well  
acted; and Mr. Seastrom has done per-  
haps his best directing in his American  
films. There is a starkness in his  
glimpses of the Parisian circus and  
humor in his genre scenes, in the  
leader of the band, and the guffawing  
audiences. And there is always re-  
straint. In a season so barren of good  
films, this is most welcome.

Lon Chaney gives a remarkable por-  
trayal of He, both as the scientist ridic-  
uled by the academy, and later as the  
clown who gathers slaps to amuse his  
audiences. He is a past master of  
pantomime, of tortured expression, and  
his He is a poignant piece of acting.

Tully Marshall, as the fallen Count  
Mancini, bargaining his daughter off to  
the baron, gives an excellent character-  
ization in a role that is foreign to him.  
Norma Shearer, as Consuelo, plays with  
charm and ingenuousness, and John  
Gilbert, as Bezano, is adequate. Marc  
McDermott, as the wily Baron Regnard,  
played with admirable restraint. E. G.

## ELVIRA LEVERONI, BOSTON SINGER, DIES

The funeral of Miss Elvira Leve-  
roni, early in life known as "the lit-  
tle songbird of the North end," and  
who later attained fame as an opera  
singer, will be held Monday morning  
at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. A.  
Badaracco, 1874 Beacon street. Re-  
quiem mass will be celebrated at  
Sacred Heart Church, North square,  
at 10 o'clock.

She died yesterday morning at her  
sister's home, following an illness of  
two months, part of which time she  
was a patient in a hospital. Miss Leve-  
roni was particularly well known as  
mezzo-soprano of the former Boston  
Opera Company, and no many occasions  
had attracted favorable comment as a  
singer of high rank.

She was born in the North end of  
Boston and showed a musical talent  
when she was very young. During a  
celebration at the Hancock school her  
remarkable voice attracted attention,  
and her singing of "Way Down Upon  
the Swanee River" brought tears to the  
eyes of both teachers and pupils. Her  
talent was quickly recognized and influ-  
ential friends were the means of giving  
her a good musical education. She was  
sent abroad and for several years stud-  
ied in northern and southern Italy, prin-  
cipally in Milan and Naples, at the last-  
named place being a pupil of Prof.  
Carlos Sebastiani. It was in Naples that  
she made her debut before the King of  
Italy.

Miss Leveroni's first Boston appear-  
ance was with the former Boston Opera  
Company, then under the management  
of Henry Russell, and she remained with  
that organization as long as it contin-  
ued. She had been a member of the  
Metropolitan Opera Company. She had  
also sung at Covent Garden, London,  
and her last professional engagement  
was with the San Carlo Opera Company  
a year ago, although at that time she  
did not sing when it was at the opera  
house, but had appeared with another  
contingent of that organization outside  
of Boston.

It was at a benefit concert on Oct. 8  
at Bedford Springs, N. Y., that Miss  
Leveroni last sang, on which occasion  
she, with others, gave an act from  
"Madame Butterfly."

Miss Leveroni is survived by two sis-  
ters, Mrs. Badaracco, at whose home  
she died; Mrs. Susan de Masellis of  
Lynnfield Centre, and three brothers,  
Andrew Leveroni of Arlington Heights,  
Joseph Leveroni of Somerville and  
Stephen Leveroni of Lynnfield Centre.  
Miss Leveroni several years ago married  
Dr. Leon Astelle Storz, a Worcester  
dentist, but a divorce followed.



Xaver Scharwenka died at Berlin on Dec. 7 following an operation to appendicitis. He was in his 75th year.

The news of his death excited little or no comment in American newspapers except in those devoted to music. His name is hardly known to the younger generation of pianists, yet there was a time when everybody was pounding his "Polish Dance." It brought him no money in this country, we read, for by some mistake it was not copyrighted.

Forgotten, or hazily remembered! Yet Scharwenka played twice in Boston with the Symphony orchestra; he gave recitals here; he played at a neisel quartet concert. He lived and taught in New York for six or seven years. His opera, "Mataswintha," was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

We first knew Scharwenka in Berlin; it was in the winter of 1883. I was then a singularly handsome man of gallant bearing, giving one the impression that he should conduct his lessons in full and gorgeous form. When he came out on the concert platform, one thought of him in military and spurred boots and a jangling sword. Always courteous to his pupils, this Pole was worshipped by the young women. His only rival in this respect among the Berlin teachers of the piano was Moritz Czokowski, a Pole of a more poetic type, whose delicate health added to his physical and mental attractiveness. But Scharwenka sported a brilliant diamond on one of his lily-white hands.

There were other piano teachers of repute then in Berlin. Franz Kullak, an excellent teacher; Barth, a solemn, dull person, matter-of-fact, wished his pupils to be like him; Klindworth, overrated; Oskar Raif, a remarkable teacher of technic. No one of them excited so great sentimental interest.

Berlin was then a Mecca for young Americans. Perhaps Amy Fay's book incited them to cross the Atlantic. They really believed that musical salvation was to be found only in that city on the Spree. Kiel, Bargiel and Urban were giving lessons in composition. Paderewski was studying with Urban; Clayton Johns was with Kiel, a fine example of the old-fashioned German gentleman. Bargiel was inexorably strict in his harmony and counterpoint lessons. We remember how shocked he was by the consecutive fifths for horns in Delibes's "Sylvia." Joachim was teaching the fiddle, leading his Quartet, and occasionally conducting an orchestra. His Quartet, famous as it was at that time, was not to be compared with the Pionzaley Quartet of the present day. As an orchestral conductor, he was a lamentable failure. When he was about to direct Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, he went up and down the pit asking his colleagues about the proper pace for the second theme in the first movement. He brought out Bizet's Suite "L'Arlesienne" for the first time in Berlin. At the first rehearsal he said to the players: "This piece has a good reputation. I confess I do not see why, but I suppose we ought to perform it." Bilse, facing his audiences, was conducting his orchestra "of prominent artists" with Charles Mole, who afterwards came to Boston, as first flute; an orchestra of most capable players. Franz Wuellner was conducting the Philharmonic. Neither he nor Bilse was afraid of modern works. August Haupt, with a huge ring on his first finger, his snuff box, his recollections of Goethe's Bettina, was giving organ lessons. The Royal Opera was poor. When "Aida" was given, Niemann would omit "Celeste Aida" because he could not sing the part. The greater number of the singers were often false to the pitch; the conductors were perfunctory and half-asleep. D'Albert was making his first appearances as a pianist. Sarasate came to ravish the ear. Johns played the piano—all thumbs—and conducted to the great joy of the faithful. Sophie Menter thundered on the keyboard. Rubinstein played alternately like a god and a duffer. Clara Schumann gave unimpaired concerts with Joachim and by herself. There were recitals of all sorts and concerts of chamber music galore. And Xaver Scharwenka was one of the bright and shining lights.

We next saw him in Boston in 1891. He then played his own Concerto No. 1 at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. His performance was still brilliant, gallant, military; but alas the fleeting years! "Quantum mutatus ab illo." His face was heavier; he looked as if he were nearing the apathy of middle age—he had passed his 40th year—and he had a paunch. One day he went into a piano shop on Tremont street. On a wall was a portrait of him in his younger, dazzling years. He looked at it for a few minutes and then made it a profound bow. He was still courteous, amiable, companionable man of the eighties.

He was here again early in 1911, when he played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra his Concerto No. 4. (He had given recitals here in 1897 when Charles Gregorowitsch and he played in Steinert hall his violin sonata, and again in 1898, when he gave a recital in Association hall.)

We have mentioned his opera. It was first performed at Weimar on Oct. 4, 1896. The libretto was based on Felix Dahn's "Ein Kampf um Rom." Scharwenka in 1897 was living with his brother Philipp, the composer, in New York. He borrowed the opera company that Walter Damrosch was then conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House, and on April 1 of that year gave a performance of his opera on his own responsibility. Portions of the work had been performed at a concert when he wished to

introduce himself to the New York public. The production was attended with difficulties. The singers had to learn the parts; stage settings and accessories had to be supplied from the stock furniture of the local stage. The tenor was Ernst Kraus, a beer-barrel of a man, who took Wagnerian roles in Boston. He fell sick. A postponement was necessary, and when the performance took place, Stehmann, a baritone, was obliged to replace Kraus, the tenor, and learn the music in two days. This is Krehbiel's story, who wrote at the time: "Under the circumstances it may be the course of wisdom to avoid an estimation of the opera's merits and defects and to record merely that it proved to be an extremely interesting work and well worth the trouble spent upon its production. Under different circumstances it might have lived the allotted time upon the stage, which, as the knowing know, is a very brief one in the majority of cases."

Walter Damrosch in "My Musical Life" says that he was asked by William Steinway and others to let Scharwenka have the company so that he could conduct his opera at an extra concert. "The tenor part was to have been sung by Ernst Kraus, a rather conceited, heroic tenor who, not finding the part to his liking, pleaded hoarseness only the day before the performance. . . . To my astonishment Stehmann appeared and said very simply 'Give me the part and I will learn it for tomorrow night.' When I interposed, 'But this is a tenor part and you are a bass baritone,' he answered: 'Give it to me. I think I can transpose a few of the high notes and can, at least, save the performance.' Scharwenka, overjoyed, gave him the part and he sang and acted it the following evening without a mistake—a truly remarkable feat."

Even in 1911 the old order was changing. Scharwenka was then of the old school. At the next Symphony concert to the one in which he played, Strauss's "Don Quixote" was performed. In the week following Scharwenka's concerto, the Hoffmann Quartet played with Mr. Fox. Cesar Franck's piano quintet, and George Copeland introduced music by Turina and Debussy for the piano.

Philipp Scharwenka died in 1917. Kraus, who was a brewer before he took to singing, was living two years ago. Moszkowski is living in Paris, 70 years old. Kullak, Raif, Bargiel, Klindworth, Kiel, Haupt, Joachim, Urban—all dead.

And now Xaver Scharwenka has joined the great majority. The bulk of his compositions died before him. His name seldom appears on a concert program. Is his once famous "Polish" dance, one of many, played even by amateurs? If any one of his compositions will survive him for a time, it will be his first piano concerto, but we doubt if any one will play it with the peculiar elegance and brilliance shown by him in his younger days.

## Buying Theatre Tickets

### What Rights Have Purchasers? What Are the Rights of Managers?

Does buying a theatre ticket give one the right to admission? The formal ceremony of paying for one is supposed to constitute a binding contract between management and purchaser, but a manager is under no "universal obligation" to enter into this contract.

Mr. G. Tracy Watts, discussing this question in the Daily Telegraph of London, gives some curious instances in which aggrieved purchasers went to the English courts.

A few years ago a plaintiff who had formerly had differences of opinion with the management of a London theatre subsequently applied in his own name for a ticket for a first-night performance. His request was refused. A friend applied and was successful. On the night of the performance the plaintiff passed the entrance door, but the manager seeing him in the vestibule, gave orders that he should not be admitted and his money should be returned. The orders were carried out, but the plaintiff refused the money. He brought an action for breach of contract, and was thrown out of court. Justice McCardie gave this opinion: "I may point out that a theatre stands on a wholly different footing from a public inn, or a public service such as a railway. It may sell or refuse to sell tickets at its option. The public cannot compel a theatre to grant admission."

Suppose the management has made the contract; that the purchaser having entered the auditorium finds the seats already occupied. "I do not presume" says Mr. Watts, "to offer an opinion in those cases where a ticket has been issued bearing a specified number, but in so far as the 'unreserved' seats are concerned the matter was judicially decided nearly a century ago."

In 1829 a Mr. Lewis went into the pit of the English Opera House at an hour when it was possible according to the then prevailing custom to enter at half-price. There was no empty seat, so he, with two others, clambered into one of the private boxes. The management demanded a couple of guineas. The man offered to pay the price of a public box. This offer was refused and the three were led into the street. Mr. Lewis brought action for damages. The chief justice, summing up the case, told the jury that even if the plaintiff had been informed that there was room in the pit when there was not (the evidence on this point was conflicting) he had still no right to enter a private box; he should have gone out of the theatre and demanded his money back.

This reminds us of a story in "Anatole France en pantoufles" (Mau-passant's valet wrote a book about his master which did the dead man no good. France's secretary, M. Broussou's record of France's intimate and whimsical talk will damage in the minds of the prudish, the priggish, and many honest people, the reputation of the great ironist as a man.)

France one night went to the Theatre Italien in Paris. "A little man



came in. The curtain had long been up. He looked about for a seat; they were all occupied. He came up to me and tapped me on the shoulder: 'Give me your seat, young man. I am Mr. Ingres.' I arose, bowed with emotion, and stood up, the rest of the evening, in ecstasy near him."

We recall a curious incident at the Boston Theatre when a grand opera company was demanding high prices. A prominent woman of Boston—she is not now living—came in after the curtain was up, having purchased an admission ticket. Seeing vacant seats on the floor, she walked in and sat in one of them. She was politely told by the manager that she must pay the additional price for the seat. There was a scene. She protested, argued; but in vain. She was finally told that he would be obliged to eject her. She flaunted out, with a high head, and cheeks flushed with rage.

To go back to Mr. Watts. He considers the rights of a person who, having purchased a ticket and found a seat, wishes to see the performance without disturbing others or being disturbed himself. Of course if he conducts himself in a publicly objectionable manner, he may be put out, if no more force is used than is reasonably necessary. "Apart from anything of that sort has he a right to remain and enjoy (if he can) the whole of the performance, or is the management at liberty to request and enforce his departure at any moment?" This question puzzled London lawyers a decade ago.

A man tendered a florin at the box office of a Kensington film-theatre, and asking for a six-penny seat received a metal token and his change. An attendant soon came to him and asked if he had entered with a ticket. He told the girl he had. Another girl came to him and asked him to step out to see the manager, which he refused to do. At last the manager appeared, and when the spectator said he would not go outside, the official "chucker-out" stepped up. Still the man sat in his seat. A policeman called, refused to interfere. Finally the "chucker-out" lifted the man from the seat. There was no struggle; the man left without further molestation, but he brought an action for assault and false imprisonment. The management said that the plaintiff had not bought a ticket. The jury found that he had and awarded him £150. The case went up to the court of appeals. Was a management entitled, without giving any reason, to ask any one in the audience to leave the theatre during the performance?

The judges said, no. "Suppose," said one of them, "that there be sitting in the stalls a man who is a constant patron of the opera or the theatre, to whom the management pay great deference, whether from his rank or his habit of attendance. He goes to the management and says, 'I do not like the person sitting in front of me or next to me; ask him to go.' It would be competent for the management to go to that person and say, 'Please go; you cannot have your money back; go.' Further, if the proposition is right, it follows that, having let the seat to A, the management may come to A at the end of the first act, or before, and say, 'I revoke your license; go,' and he has to go. The management may let the seat to B for the rest of the performance, and at the end of the second act, or sooner, they may come to B and say, 'I revoke your license; go.' He will have to go, and they may let the seat a third time to C."

But the management can put conditions on tickets which may bind the public, and Lord Phillimore, the dissenting judge in the above mentioned case, advised managers to do so.

Mr. Watts, one of the "unobscured thousands," does not know whether managers adopted the suggestion. "If they do, I can conceive that the public may be in rather a worse position than it was in before!"

The Herald spoke not long ago of Joseph Conrad's connection with the stage: how he wished to succeed as a playwright and was disappointed when he met with no success. The Manchester Guardian thinks that life came to Conrad as material to be shaped into stories, "These few attempts to make plays were afterthoughts, experiments, the almost inevitable essays of a novelist thrown among people who wrote for the stage. In every case he seemed to have chosen the easier but not the better way of making his plays out of stories. Some of his stories are very dramatic, with significant, amazing relations and sudden developments. I remember that when first I read "Tomorrow," the story from which comes "One Day More," I felt that it was very nearly a play; a friend of mine actually wrote to Conrad to ask his permission to dramatise it, but he didn't know that Conrad's own version had already been done by the State Society. I wonder when he began to regard it as a play; whether he had the idea of making it so even when he wrote it as a story. . . . But, great though Conrad's power was of visualising things, generally they didn't come to him in scenes and acts. Those of us, says Mr. Galsworthy, who work in both forms know, to a degree not possible, perhaps, to those who work in one, or work in neither, the cruel obstacles which the physical conditions of the stage put in the way of the sustained mood. I think Mr. Galsworthy's critical insight is shown in the reference to the sustained mood. Few things are more astonishing to me in Conrad than this power to sustain. Most writers may be content to make their point and be done; he can go on, sustaining, increasing, overwhelming; his repeated phrase has an added meaning, the event is prolonged, gathering momentum. The storm in "Typhoon," the penetration into Africa in "Heart of Darkness" the ordeal of "Youth" can't be conceived in terms of the stage; no dramatic symbol can contain them.

"Yet it is conceivable that Conrad, like Mr. Galsworthy, should have worked in both mediums. I think Mr. Galsworthy has made one or two short plays out of stories, but never a play from a novel. It would be interesting to know sometimes how and when he decided which form to employ. Did the idea come to him as drama or as narrative? Or was there a parting of the ways, a moment at which the developing idea takes

now and then to enjoy the club's hospitality, as a fine brand of beer was always on tap, besides other refreshments, those being non-license days.

"One Saturday afternoon one of my French friends urged me to attend the opera that night at the Boston Theatre, as a 'demonstration' was planned by the club, which would attend in a body. The opera was 'The Bohemian Girl,' which, of course, I had often seen but had never associated it with any political meaning. The theatre was crowded, but from the appearance of most of those attending and the foreign conversation indulged in it seemed as if it were a continental theatre rather than in Boston. My friends told me that there was a large Polish society in Boston which was attending practically in a body with their ladies, and that the Frenchmen were also attending in sympathy. Those were the days of the Siege of Paris, and some trouble in Poland had been harshly suppressed, with the result that feeling ran very high among those Republicans and Radicals.

"The company was the Caroline Richings-Bernard organization. Besides Miss Hersee in the role of the heroine were, if I am not mistaken, Mrs. Seguin as the Queen; Campbell, an excellent singer, as the Count, and Brookhouse Bowler as Thaddeus. It struck me as an admirable, well-balanced ensemble, though I was not especially impressed with Bowler till he struck 'The Fair Land of Poland' song, which he gave with a fire and force that I have never heard equalled, before or since. This was the signal for the 'demonstration' referred to. The Polish and French led, though others evidently caught the fever. The song was encored again and again, the singers called to the footlights and cheered, flowers passed on to the stage, and there was an air of wild excitement. I have seen the opera many a time since, but somehow the performances have always seemed strangely tame by contrast."

We remember Bowler well. His two great airs were "The Fair Land of Poland" and in "Maritana" "Yes, Let Me Like a Soldier Fall." Caroline Richings left the stage when she married Pierre Bernard in 1867, but she returned, and died at Richmond, Va., in 1882 (some say 1884). Bowler was singing in opera with Anna Bishop, Anna Kemp Bowler and Aynsley Cooke in New York as early as 1861 at Niblo's Garden. The attractions at that theatre in January were Rarey, the horse-tamer, who lectured on Forrest's off nights; Blondin, the rope-walker; Flora Temple, the trotting mare, and Prof. Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," in "Rob Roy." Anna Bishop's English opera engagement followed (Feb. 12). Caroline Richings, whose real name was Mary Caroline Reynoldson, was Peter Richings's adopted daughter. She first appeared in this country in 1847, but as a pianist. Her first appearance in opera was in 1852 with the Seguin company.

#### THE GOOD OLD LAYS

We moderns, saith Sir Arthur Keith, In nerves and tumblers, eyes and teeth, Rank inconceivably beneath Our prehistoric sires, Who drank the vintage of the brooks, And at the fathers of our cooks, Nor spoiled their sight with lesson-books, Nor even lived on wires.

But we enjoy superior ease Without those dud appendices, Our nerves can give us jumps that please

As well as creeps at whiles: We purchase sets of acheless teeth, And as for eyes, Sir Arthur Keith, We see through midnight's starry sheath A trillion trillion miles.

—A. W. in the Daily Chronicle.

#### A PROPHET IN HIS IRELAND

Sir Henry A. Robinson in his sketches of Irish life to which we referred last Friday met a car-driver who had had what Sir Henry thought must have been an enviable experience. This car-driver had driven a whole day with Bernard Shaw, "a man that does be writin' things. The driver when asked concerning the gems which "The Prince of Humourists, inspired by mountain air and a long holiday," has dropped, replied:

"Oh, begorra, ye couldn't know. It'd make ye cry to be listenin' to him. Thim stories of his! The stupidest lot of blather ye ever listened to in ye life—and him laughin' like a hyena. Begorra, I think the man wasn't right in his head. He had my brain spinnin' round wonderin' what the divil he was talkin' about. It's soft I think he was, d'ye understand?"

#### TEXT TAMPERING

As the World Wags:  
If the Biblical scholars keep on jazz-

ing up the text of the Scriptures the modern version may sound thus:

"And the rains descended and the floods came, and lo, all the roads became skiddy and lamentation was heard in the land as the Fords, overcrowded, then as now, by families of Israelites, patriarchs and nurslings, failed to make the grades, and reach the Cedars of Lebanon, where free parking space might be had.

"And it came to pass thereafter that Three Wise Traffic Officers stationed on a nearby hill to watch the herds and speeders, and see that the Ku Klux Klan did not burn down the Temple of Solomon, saw a bright light on high, like a star, moving from the east. 'It must be a blimp,' said they, starting after it on their motorcycles, hoping to tag it and make a test case.

"But, lo, as they watched, they ceased pursuing it, for it came to a stop over a large garage on Main street.

"Since that day the populace celebrate yearly, dancing to the ublo, humstrum and swinette, and thronging the temple, and crushing into the department stores, buying gifts for everyone whom they suspect may throw one at them—all such gifts to be charged on February's bill, according to the generous concessions of the managers.

"Yea, and the glad things shall be proclaimed by tens of thousands of pretty trees, needlessly cut down, mostly to be unused, the rest to gladden dumps at the end of the Natal Day.

"Yea, and the market places shall resound, too, with joy, and are decorated with little gray rabbits, festively stained with blood, hanging head down around barrels."

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### MUTATION

(For As the World Wags)

#### —THEN—

God made the moon so bright Just for this wonder-night When you said "Yes."

"Good luck!" the wavelets cry As they go rushing by Down past the ness.

Bright will the future be Unto eternity Thus do we vow.

We will be ever true Ne'er shall the slightest rue Perplex our brow.

#### NOW

Sullen the tide rolls in Lets forth a taunting grin 'Gainst the grey rocks.

Leering the moon looks down Dubs me a funny clown As Nature mocks.

Listless I look at life Shrug at the futile strife Since my keen loss.

Faith in a woman's word? Sooner the two-edged sword! All life is dress.

KIL KARNET.

Boston.

#### WHERE'S THE SOUP STACK?

As the World Wags:

"Have you lunched at THE IDLE HOUR Lending Library?"

The foregoing advertisement in the Harvard Dramatic Club's program suggests a nourishing supply of seven-day books and three-minute eggs, both presumably hot, for the Cantabrigian whose hunger should be satisfied indifferently well by chapter or chowder.

RUSSELL GEROULD.

#### Nita Martan Takes Leading Part at Matinees in Hollis Street Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"China Rose," an oriental operetta, now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, has already been reviewed by The Herald, and the tribute that was due Miss Rogers, who takes the leading feminine part at the evening performances, was then paid.

This part, Ro See, the China Rose, is taken at the afternoon performances by Miss Nita Martan, a young singer who, we understand, is now in her first season on the stage. She is an attractive young woman, with a mobile face, a winning smile which is far from being the petrified grin of older singers who should know better. Her figure is trim, whether she is clad in Chinese costume or is dressed like a boy. Face and figure are admirably suited to a girl's roles in operetta. She was at ease, discreet in gesture and, while she was not self-conscious, she was not aggressively experienced. In short, she was a pleasing apparition, making without effort

We have received from B. B. F. the following letter:

"In a recent notice of the death of Rose Hersee it is remarked that many music lovers must still remember her. I well recall the last occasion on which I heard her. It was I think the last time she ever sang in Boston, though

that is only surmise on my part. It was about Christmas time in 1870, and I think in Christmas week. There was at that time a flourishing club of Frenchmen of rather radical tenets which held out on Boylston street, just off Washington street. As I happened to be intimately acquainted with several of its members I accepted an invitation



an immediate appeal to those who are old-fashioned enough to prefer unsophisticated youth to a self-assertive and young woman of several seasons.

Miss Martan's voice is light but of an agreeable quality. The voice seems to be well schooled. Whether it would carry in a vigorous ensemble or in a larger auditorium is a question that need not here be discussed. It is enough to say that yesterday she was sensible in not forcing her tones; that she sang easily, and by her singing added to the effectiveness of her portrayal. No doubt with repeated performances she will sing with more abandon and greater confidence.

She is also in welcoming the opportunity of appearing in opera. We doubt if she is unduly ambitious; she probably does not dream at present of grand opera, though there are young singers who think they have a divine call to appear as Brünnhilde or at least as Alda. Famous prima donnas have begun their career in opera; witness Materna. The experience is invaluable for those who would later be successful in grand opera; for they acquire lightness and grace of carriage, quickness in what is known as conversational music, vocal as well as bodily elasticity, and the perplexed, joyous, momentarily saddened heroine of opera is a sister of the grand opera heroine, as far as vocal and facial expression are concerned.

In all probability Miss Martan, at present content with her lot, will constantly learn by experience. She has already the necessary gift of pleasing the audience, as was shown yesterday.

A dispatch from Philadelphia says that William E. Walter, former business manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be the director of the arts institute of music in Philadelphia. Mr. Walter was never the business manager or the assistant business manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He was the publicity agent and served the orchestra well in that capacity. His newspaper experience in New York as reporter and music critic aided him in his work in Boston. At present he is manager of the Detroit Symphony orchestra which, mainly through his efforts, is now in a somewhat better financial condition. Mr. Walter has traveled extensively in Europe and in eastern countries. Last summer he visited the South Sea Islands. While he was living in Boston he contributed to articles to the Atlantic Monthly. He is the brother of Eugene Walter, the dramatist. His many friends in Boston will congratulate him on the present appointment. As director of a music school he will find full opportunity for the exercise of his good nature, energy and tact.

**RUM AND REALISM**

Conway Wingfield, formerly of the Swett Repertory Theatre, is still playing in Leon Gordon's "White Cargo" as part of an English doctor who is immortalized by life in Africa. The doctor is constantly under the influence of re-water. Mr. Wingfield was quoted recently as saying that he did not drink whiskey before going on the stage in order to give a realistic performance. If he should put down anywhere from one to half a dozen drinks, he would not be able to act intelligently. Here comes the paradox of Diderot. As an actor must not be mentally and physically mastered by emotion, so the sot in a play must be plumb sober.

When Artemus Ward and one Billson organized a strolling dramatic company, they played "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved," with a real Drunkard. And what was the result?

"The play didn't take particularly," says Billson to me, let's give 'em some immoral drama. We had a large hoop onto our hands, consistin of eight raggedians and a bass drum, but I says, 'O, Billson; and then says I, Billson, 'ou hain't got a well-balanced mind. 'ays he, 'Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's not I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and hid adoo to Billson. He is now in outcast in the State of Vermont."

**SOMETIMES FAT DOES IT**

(From the Omaha Bee)

The human brain is capable of unlimited development and there is no such thing as overwork for a brain properly developed. Thinking with intense concentration makes the brain actually grow at any age. The latest proof is the increase of one-quarter of an inch in the size of Lloyd George's head since 1903.

A quarter of an inch makes a great difference when the space is filled with the right kind of brain matter.

Also, thinking changes and increases the size of the nose, develops the chin. We are what our thoughts make us.

**BLACK MARIA**

(From the London Observer)

Another mystery of etymology is the term "Black Maria," applied to the minister vehicle which has just disappeared from the streets in its familiar

form. The common theory is that it was named after a muscular negress of Boston named Maria Leo, but that smacks strongly of a legend made to fit the case. Yet there seems to be no other candidate. As this is one of the few respectable terms in the language which the Oxford Dictionary omits to recognize, there is no ultimate authority to refer to.

"Will the phrase disappear now that the 'Black Maria' becomes a motor instead of a horse vehicle? Quite possibly it may, though the slang dictionary is a very conservative institution. During the past hundred years the popular interest in the gruesome apparatus of prison discipline has very much diminished, and no one (outside of the social circles immediately concerned) would nowadays be at the trouble to invent a nickname for the dismal conveyance."

**LONDON NEWSPAPERS 100 YEARS AGO**

(From the London Observer, Nov. 21, 1824)

It is not an extreme calculation to state that there are upon the eight morning papers and the six evening papers published in London at least 120 literary gentlemen, receiving weekly salaries to the amount of £600, exclusive of those who are paid for their communications. If to the daily papers we add about 40 Sunday papers and papers published twice or thrice during the week, we shall make a weekly sum total for literary services upon the establishments, exclusive of what is paid for in another way, of about £1000.

**A QUESTION OF TASTE**

(His Honor Judge Parfitt has remarked that the liking for being run over is an acquired taste.)

A varied assortment of tastes  
May city-bred people acquire,  
From squeezing of adipose waists  
To face decorations of mire.

The taste for banana peel glides  
Is rarely acquired at a bound,  
In errand-boys winter-worn slides  
The city man's taste is unsound.

When hit in the back by a lorry  
Or under a taxi wheel squeezed,  
You know by the driver's curt "Sorry"  
He hardly expects you'll be pleased.

But ere a vindictive reply  
On taxi or lorry you waste,  
"Don't mention it" say; and then die  
In proof of your excellent taste.

A. W.

**SOMEBODY WAS FORGETFUL**

(Wall, So. Dak., Record)

Floyd Schnell is quite ill at his home north of town but the cause is not known, but it is presumed that he might have been kicked in the head by his pony. Dr. Mills was called Saturday afternoon but he could not remember that he was there but in the evening when he came he could remember. He is much better at this writing.

**BARREL BURNINGS**

As the World Wags:

Some communities have their own particular observance of Thanksgiving. One of these is the celebration at Norwich, Ct., by barrel burnings. All through the autumn groups of boys may be seen looking through back yards or peering down cellars, and woe be to the householder who has left anywhere an unprotected barrel. On Thanksgiving the barrels are carried to the hills of the city—I think there are seven, like ancient Rome—and strung upon high poles, each group striving to outdo the others. As darkness comes on they are lighted and the people all turn out to see the barrels burn. Naturally the pile containing the greatest number of barrels, especially tar barrels, burns the longest. When the fires are all out, the boys return to their homes and a turkey sandwich; they are scorched and blackened but perfectly happy.

Does anyone know of a similar observance elsewhere, or the origin of this one? It may have begun with the signal fires the Indians kindled on these hills, or possibly Benedict Arnold, who was a Norwich boy, began his burning career with one of these Thanksgiving barrels.

J. A. T.  
South Chatham.

In England and Ireland bonfires have long been kindled about midnight on Midsummer eve. It was originally a pagan rite observed also in Italy, Spain and other countries. J. A. T. will find a full account in Brand and Ellis's "Popular Antiquities."—Ed.

**SCHUMANN-HEINK**

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall before a large and enthusiastic audience. She had good musicians to help her. Florence Hardeman, an accomplished violinist, played two groups of solos so attractively that the audience would have more, and Katherine Hoffman once again proved herself an accompanist of fine skill and discretion.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang first the Bach "My Heart Ever Faithful" and

recitative and air from Bruch's "Odyseus." "Hellastrahlender Tag."

Next she sang four Schubert songs "Die Junge Nonne," "Du bist die Ruh," "Wohin" and "Ave Maria"; Strauss's "Allerseelen" and a "Frühlingsergen" by Fleischmann. In English she sang Chadwick's "Allah," "Cry of Rachel" by Mary Turner Salter, a setting by Rosbach of "Trees," a lullaby, and Molloy's "Kerry Dance." Of course many more songs were asked for.

Every student of singing who has not the good sense to want to go, ought to be driven by his singing teacher to Mme. Schumann-Heink's next concert, to learn from her while he may. Let him observe her amazing breath control, and note its value in keeping a voice, no longer young, both beautiful and fresh. To his advantage he may also pay heed to Mme. Schumann-Heink's determination to give no more voice than she has to give (except, alas, in the case of heavy chest tones beloved by her and by the people), with the result that her high tones today ring with a brilliancy and warmth any young dramatic soprano might envy.

When they have properly admired Mme. Schumann-Heink's technique—they will need more than one hearing to learn to appreciate all its excellences—let these students learn from her how to deal with the words of songs. For she speaks every sentence as simply and as clearly as though she were talking with a neighbor from across the street. But she speaks them, let the pupils mark, as a woman of many moods would speak them, a woman who herself feels the passion of Schubert's nun, the light-heartedness of the man who loved the miller's daughter, the widow's growing despair on All Souls' day, and so can make her hearers feel them, too.

But singing, pure singing, the pupils must remember, is the means by which Mme. Schumann-Heink makes her stirring effects. She does not shout or whisper, leer or grimace, or distort the music great men have written to add an extra dramatic touch. Why should she, since by singing alone, and singing it as it was written, she can bring out every atom of meaning a song contains? May she long continue to sing, for the delight of the thousands who hear her, and for the good of those intelligent enough to try to learn the best of her ways.

R. R. G.

## PEOPLE'S PLAYS EIGHTH CONCERT

At the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon the eighth concert of the People's Symphony was given, Mr. Mollenhauer conducting. The soloist was Beatrice Griffin, violinist, and the program included: Mendelssohn, overture to Racine's "Athalie," op. 74; Saint-Saens, concerto for violin No. 3 in B minor, op. 61; Godard, Scenes Poétiques, and Wagner, "Elle Faust" overture.

"Athalie" was the last of Racine's tragedies, written at the request of the indefatigable Mme. de Maintenon, who was in search of a play without any mention of sexual love, for the use of her girls' school at St. Cyr. And in his overture to the play, Mendelssohn suggests conventionally the religious fervor of the tragic tale of the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel that was to follow. As concert music it has slight interest today.

The concerto of Saint-Saens is one of his most beautiful, a deeply personal writing, with rhythms that suggest Schumann. Miss Griffin, an interesting young violinist, played with a poise and maturity unusual in so young a girl; her tones were always clear and beautiful, her rhythm and phrasing sensitive, and in the fragile arpeggiated coda of the andante that follows the Siciliano, she played with delicacy and skill.

The four amiable little sketches of Godard followed; three of them meditative, and much alike in mood, although each is supposedly suggestive of a different setting, one of mountain, another of field, and the third of wood; and the fourth a gay dancing in the village.

When he wrote his first draft of the Faust overture, Wagner adhered to the earlier Faust legends, concerned only with the alchemist, trafficking with the devil; it was only later, in 1855, that he introduced the Gretchen theme, as had Goethe. Von Bülow wrote of this overture that "It is not possible to compose with more perfect organic unity of form than Wagner has done here." And at the same time, Wagner was working on the Valkyrie. The orchestra gave a good performance of it; improvement both in the strings and wind section is becoming more noticeable with each of these concerts.

The concert for next week will have for the soloist, Alfredo Oswald, pianist. The program will include: Volkmann, overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III"; Oswald, concerto for piano and orchestra; Schubert, unfinished symphony in E minor; Hosmer, "Ethereal Rhapsody."

E. G.

Women are apt to be more often bored than men. I mean, of course, the old-fashioned, domestic, "womanly" women if they can only explain and bewail their boredom to one another, all is well, apparently; otherwise, how account for the ladies leaning, with sleeves rolled up over the garden fence and conversing with the lady next door—a spectacle familiar to all railway passengers approaching London? Ladies with no back gardens join the learned professions or run hat shops or go into Parliament to escape boredom.—A. B. Walkley.

**THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE**

Mr. James M. Beck, in his book on the American Constitution, not only lets the eagle soar, he lets him scream.

"The stream of time, which has washed away the dissolute fabric of many other paper constitutions, has left almost untouched its adamant strength."

And so young Mr. Smallweed, ordering dinner for Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling, was "adamant" in the matter of gravity.

The constitution, Mr. Beck assures us, is not today "a ruined Parthenon," but is "rather as one of those Gothic masterpieces against which the storms of passionate strife have beaten in vain."

Once more: "The great lamp of the constitution, as that of another Pharos, illumines the troubled surface of the waters with the benignant rays of those immutable principles of liberty and justice which alone can make a nation free as well as strong."

Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark heard something like this when they were out West.

**HER COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT**

Mr. W. F. Fellows writes that for those who would like to see "the withered Sibyl," who ground the hand-organ at the corner of Tremont and Park streets as she was, there is a life-size crayon of her in the window of Ivers & Pond on Boylston street.

**THE CHURCH MILITANT**

(From The Boston Herald via C. S. P.)

"It also attempted to abolish the cannon of the Orthodox church, which has been in effect since the eighth century" and which prohibits a married episcopate."

**CUBIST MUSIC**

Ah craves a fo'-bit crap game;  
Longs tuh meet wid Little Joe,  
Wants tuh stare pop-eyed at box-cahs,  
See the snake-eyes come an' go;  
Aches tuh yell 'Hot dam!' at nach'rels,  
Agitates tuh make a daze  
Wheah dey's need of some instruction  
On how bones perambulate.

Ah wants tuh shoot fo'-bits wuth,  
Roll de iv'ries whille Ah pray,  
Watch 'em gallop to'd a nach'el,  
An' den let mah winnin's lay,  
Too much trouble sortin' winnin's:  
W'en ol' Lady Luck's right by,—  
Let 'em rest dere on de cushions,—  
Let 'em lay an' multiply.

Jes' hide away dat banjo—  
Itchin' heels don' cut no ice  
W'en Ah heahs de wekkum music  
Of a rollin' pair o' dice;  
Ain't no use tuh try a-coaxin'  
Wld yo' wicked melody  
Long as 'seben, come eben"  
Soun's lak "Home, Sweet Home" tuh me.  
—Desdmona.

**THE CELTS IN PALESTINE**

As the World Wags:

As a judicial onlooker I have been much interested in the controversy in your columns between Castleblaney and my friend, Denis A. McCarthy, as to whether King Solomon was a Scotchman or an Irishman. As between these redoubtable contestants and the cogent evidence they have respectively presented, I find it impossible to decide. But the necessity of one conclusion is quite evident. Solomon was at all events a Celt. To the facts already presented, which are in themselves enough to prove the point, I would add two others, which I think put the matter beyond question.

The Celtic derivation of the Jews was evidenced at the very beginning and again at the very end of their independent national career. When Abraham arrived in the land of Canaan, almost his first act was to purchase a tomb for his wife, Sarah, and for his family, and the place that he selected was the cave of Machpelah, named, evidently, from some Kinaly Scot who had been a sojourner among the sons of Heth and for that reason attractive to a Scottish ear. This incident alone sufficiently establishes the fact that Abraham was a bonnie Scot possessed of his full share of Scottish clannishness.

And the last stand of the Jews, the scene in which their national history closes in a blaze of glory, was in their resistance, under Judas Maccabaeus, to the Roman yoke. The Celtic origin of Maccabaeus is unmistakable. The suffix "us" of course means nothing. It is the ending placed by the Romans on



very foreign name—just as they conferred the name of Brennus upon Brennan, their Gaelic conqueror, and called the great O'Reilly genus Aurelius. (Marcus Aurelius, indeed, the Irish cannot claim, as he was an adopted member of the clan, but they may well regard it as a cause for pride that it was an Irish family that gave the name of Mike O'Reilly to the imperial and stoic sage.)

Stripped, then, of the adhesion "us," the name of Maccabaeus stands forth as what it really was—McCabe. Jerry McCabe, that was the true name of this great Jewish fighter, and it clearly indicates his Irish origin.

Thus is Jewish history pinned down at both ends as one more manifestation of the extraordinary scope and brilliancy of Celtic genius, and it is thus made manifest that, whether he was Scot or Irishman, King Solomon was certainly a Celt.

JOSEPH LEE.

John Phoenix, the celebrated astronomer—he used a bass trombone with a double convex lens fitted in the mouth-piece for his observations—in one of his lectures prepared for the Lowell Institute—owing to the unexpected circumstance of the author's receiving no invitation to lecture before that institution they were laid aside shortly after their completion—John Phoenix, we say, in his lecture on the fixed stars, described "the beautiful constellation Orion (which takes its name from the founder of the celebrated Irish family of O'Ryan)."—Ed.

#### BARBAROUS BARBARA (For As the World Wags)

She seems to find a fustian joy  
As well as wicked glee,  
In doing things that will annoy  
And quite disgruntle me.

She's always ready to rehearse  
My failings—not a few.  
It merely makes it all the worse  
That what she says is true.

But what annoys me far above  
The rest, and makes me ill,  
Is this—she's made me fall in love  
With her, against my will.  
Cambridge. CUTHBERT.

#### CAPEK IN ENGLAND

Capek enjoyed every minute of his stay, and England was always producing the untypical to tempt him to wrong conclusions. I remember going up Bond street with him one day in a torrent of rain, and being astonished to see a bowler hat on one of the refuge posts. Capek's quick eye saw it at once, and with one finger touching his forehead he said: "The Englishman! The phlegm! His head boils. He takes off his hat, puts it on the post, walks out in the rain. I see." Nothing could convince him that pot-hats on street posts was not a common object of the London streetscape.—Manchester Guardian.

### Henry Arthur Jones's "New Year's Resolutions" Old Play Renamed

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"New Year's Resolutions" ("Dolly Reforming Herself") a comedy in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones.

Henry Telfer.....E. E. Clive  
Matthew Barrow.....Francis Compton  
Dolly.....Katherine Standing  
Prof. Sturgess.....C. Wordley  
Hulse Ciddle.....Franklyn Frances  
Capt. Lucas Wentworth.....Alcy Currier  
Mrs. Sturgess.....Philip Tongue  
The Rev. James Pilcher.....Ruth Holmes  
Peters.....  
This comedy was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Nov. 3, 1908, when Ethel Irving took the part of Dolly, and Robert Lorraine that of Henry Telfer, Dolly's husband. The play was then described as a series of skips, without unity of action, and therefore not a comedy in the strict sense of the word. Mr. Walkley was amused when Dolly's husband, examining her unpaid bills, read: "Three pairs of blue silk garters, 45 shillings," for Mr. Walkley suspected that Mr. Jones was guilty of a "howler," as when Paul Bourget described in one of his novels a Parisian leader of fashion wearing black satin corsets. The boudoirs "rang with laughter," for it seemed that "no lady with the slightest pretension to fashion ever wore corsets of black satin." But Mr. Walkley did not dwell on this trifling inaccuracy. "For 'garters' strikes a note. The mere word at once indicates that we are in the region of light comedy. To mention garters is to give a pledge of frivolity. Evidently Mr. Jones is going to be playful. Then, too, there is a touch of cynicism about the word—as who should write a scene in which a married woman boldly offers herself to the clergyman-hero. Of melodrama he has given plenty, of a stirring kind, too, a

joke in a rather malicious way.

The Jewett Players brought out "Dolly Reforming Herself" at the Fine Arts Theatre in September, 1922, for the first time in the United States, when Mr. Clive played Henry Telfer; Catherine Willard, Dolly; Mr. Wingfield, Barron; Mr. Kingsford, Sturgess; Mr. Illick, Capt. Wentworth; Mr. Warburton, the clergyman. Miss Standing then took the part of Mrs. Sturgess.

By the way, what is gained by changing the title of the play for Bostonians, even if Mr. Jones graciously gave his consent? Simply because the New Year begins this week? No, we like Dolly and like to see her name in the title. Mr. Jones put the substance of his best act into "Dolly's Little Bliss" for Miss Irving to play in tantum spirit at the Hippodrome, London, in July, 1912. He too was fond of Dolly, and kept her name in the title.

The comedy is not one by which Mr. Jones will be long remembered. The first act is, indeed, polite comedy, but afterwards there is farce with episodes of burlesque. The story is like that of the needy knife grinder. There is pleasantly satirical treatment of human weaknesses. Episodes rather than continuity. Nor is Dolly so much bent on reforming herself as on reforming others, the sentimental Mrs. Sturgess—"who has not been happy"—how could she have been with that fearsome bore of a husband?—the philandering Wentworth. The dialogue for two acts is often amusing; at times pointless. The third act is brilliant, with Dolly excusing herself for her extravagance, cajoling, appealing, then a shrew, a termagant, furious, jealous; the raging husband boasting of his calmness; Dolly's father standing feebly by. An excellent act, but one act, though it may be of the highest excellence, does not make a comedy to be ranked among the best.

The professor denied on a New Year's night the free will of any one. The arrangement of certain atoms in the gray matter of the brain orders the states of consciousness. A man acts as the gray matter works, and so old Barron maintained that all who had been impressed by Pilcher's sermon would at the end of the year have the same weaknesses, faults, vices. It's a good foundation for a dramatist to build upon. Mr. Jones should have built with greater skill.

A large audience was greatly pleased with the performance. Mr. Clive, who was evidently suffering from a cold, nevertheless played with his accustomed skill in the third act, the one that makes the greatest demands on the actor. The other men were more or less successful to the portrayal of character. Miss Standing is not the woman to act Dolly. The part requires more subtlety, a finer technique. Miss Currier, who made her first appearance at the Copley, spoke her lines distinctly, but with little variety of expression.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Fool," a play in four acts, by Channing Pollock. The Boston Stock Company. The cast:

Mrs. Henry Gilliam.....Anna Layng  
Mrs. Thornbury.....Marie Lalloz  
Dilly Gilliam.....Hacylon Broderick  
Mr. Barnaby.....Ralph Morehouse  
Mrs. Rice.....Violet Mahar  
Jerry Goodkind.....Roy Elkins  
Rev. Everett Wadham.....Ralph M. Remley  
Clare Jewett.....Elsie Hitz  
George F. Goodkind.....Louis Leon Hall  
Charlie Benfield.....Frederick Murray  
Daniel Gilchrist.....Bernard Nedell  
A Poor Man.....Samuel Godfrey  
A Servant.....Bertram Parry  
Max Stedman.....Hal Stack  
Joe Hennig.....Houston Richards  
Umanski.....John Collier  
Grubby.....Ralph M. Remley  
Mack.....Samuel Godfrey  
Mary Margaret.....Roberta Lee Clark  
Pearl Hennig.....Olivia Phelps  
Miss Levinson.....Violet Mahar  
Mrs. Mulligan.....Bertram Parry  
Jimmy Curran.....Russell Boynton  
Mr. Henchley.....Janet Sprague  
Mrs. Henchley.....Ralph Morehouse  
Tony Malduca.....

Everybody knows the history of "The Fool," the play no manager would have at any price, till finally after years a man of shrewdness saw a light, produced the play some years ago, and has never ceased producing it, on one stage or another, from that day to this. All kinds of people have liked it, gentle and simple, both unsophisticated folk and the worldly wise, the religious and the irreligious. And on the other hand, all kinds of people have run it down, mighty roundly, too.

To see why is plain enough. Far more successfully than is the fate of most men who essay the feat, Mr. Pollock has set on two stools, not to say three or four. He has written a few absorbingly interesting scenes round the eternal theme that never wearies, how to serve God and mammon. With smart comedy of a worldly sort he has thrown a sop to people prone to levity. For piquancy's sake he has not hesitated to write a scene in which a married woman boldly offers herself to the clergyman-hero. Of melodrama he has given plenty, of a stirring kind, too, a

certain amount of preaching of doctrine, good and sound, and not a little in the way of religious sentimentality that is downright meretricious.

Not a minute is dull. Mr. Pollock knows how to write a play to play well, though he may lack the good taste to write something unbrokenly fine.

The performance last night was smooth, earnest, and, like the play, never dull. Some of the smaller parts were the most successfully played, Miss Blakeney's woman of the streets, the prosperous business man of Mr. Murray, character part of Mr. Stack, Mr. Richards, Mr. Collier, Mr. Remley (Grubby) and Mr. Godfrey, all neatly done. The stage management of the mob scene was admirable; not since the appearance of the Russians has there been so illusive a suggestion of a crowd.

R. R. G.

### B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Five dancing acts give speed and levity to the week's offering of vaudeville at Keith's Theatre, while a one-act farce, a baritone soloist, a character comedian and a "cameo-drama" tumbling stunt provide variations.

Mme. Michaluk starts off the bill with her graceful and finished wire dancing, remarkable because she carries no steady wand or parasol. Grace and Eddie Parks please with drolleries and dance as they start negotiating "the bridal path," and Parks wins applause with his immobile countenance and naïve bearing.

Franklyn Ardell returns to Boston with the laughable problems of the real estate man whose lots are under water, and whose installment furniture rapidly disappears. The "deaf and dumb" typist who departs with his bogus check is played by Adele Ritchie. Chieftan Caupolican, Indian baritone, won most favor with his singing of the Toreador song.

Fred Heider, booked with his company immediately before a specialist in "falls," did an amazing acrobatic "fade-out" in the course of his miniature musical comedy of girls, love, and elopement, and called "Up a Tree." Lillian Akers, Viola Ward, Louise Channing and Billy Jackson. Ray Hughes in "The Fall Guy," lives up to the title, and not even a dive on his head in the orchestra pit disconcerts him.

Eileen Schofield and her boy pupils dance in varied ways before a brilliant and elaborate setting, coming to a spirited finish as she does the Salome dance.

The well known Ben Welch provides comedy in Jewish dialect, assisted by Frank Murphy as the Hibernian policeman. Johannes Josefson, in "The Pioneer," a pantomime episode of early days, appears with gun and hunting shirt, evades death by fire and torture and turns loose his knowledge of tumbling on a trio of husky redskins, hurling them over his head and in all directions with mystifying holds.

H. F. M.

### FENWAY THEATRE—"Peter Pan,"

film adaptation of Sir James M. Barrie's play. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast:

Peter Pan.....Betty Bronson  
Capt. Hook.....Ernest Torrence  
Mr. Darling.....Cyril Chadwick  
Tinker Bell.....Virginia Brown Fairie  
Tiger Lily.....Anna May Wong  
Mrs. Darling.....Esther Ralston  
Nana (the dog).....George Ali  
Wendy.....Mary Brian  
Michael.....Philippe de Lacey  
John.....Jack Murphy

The wisdom of Barrie and his confreres in selecting an unknown actress to play "Peter Pan" in the films is now manifested. Not only does Betty Bronson grace the role by reason of childlike appearance and a gay charm, but also because of freshness and spontaneity that would be impossible for a seasoned actress.

Comparison with the performance of Maude Adams is not to be thought of. Miss Adams's "Peter" was a triumph of acting. Miss Bronson's "Peter" is the mimicry of a child, the expression in play of the perfect type. Physically she fits the part of a little boy. Spiritually, she has an elusive, unearthly, elfin quality that enables her to ring true when she cries "I am youth, I am joy!" and emotional power that brings fervent response from grown-ups and children alike when she implores "Do you believe in fairies?"

The entire picture shows equally careful casting. Another newcomer is seen as Wendy, Mary Brian, a very pretty and very feminine little girl. All the children are childlike and innocent, refreshingly different from the usual stage youngsters.

The grown-ups of the cast are also excellent. Ernest Torrence is a fearful Capt. Hook. Esther Ralston acts Mrs. Darling with great charm. Cyril Chadwick adds deftly amusing touches to

his role of Mr. Darling. Nana, the dog-nurse, is cleverly impersonated by George Ali.

The production is an imaginative one. There are many effects of magic accomplished without visible means, as when Peter Pan teaches the children to fly, and yet no undue emphasis upon tricks of the camera.

This photoplay should satisfy even the most ardent devotees of "Peter Pan."

### CONTINUING

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Potters," comedy by J. P. McEvoy in 12 amusing scenes. Last week.

NEW PARK—"The Best People," comedy by David Gray and Avery Hopwood with Florence Johns and an excellent cast including James Rennie, Margaret Dale and others. Second week.

COLONIAL—"Stepping Stones," musical extravaganza featuring the Stone family, father, mother and daughter, Dorothy. Last week.

HOLLIS—"China Rose," operetta with J. Harold Murray, Fern Rogers, Nita Martan, Robinson Newbold and others. Second week.

MAJESTIC—"Gus the Bus," Jack Lait's show with Brendel and Burt and others. Last week.

SELWYN—"IN THE NEXT ROOM," thrilling mystery play by Mrs. August Belmont and Harriet Ford. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Cobra," drama by Martin Brown with Walter Gilbert, Ralph Morgan and others. Second week.

SHUBERT—"Ritz Revue," elaborately staged production by Hassard Short with Charlotte Greenwood, Tom Burke, Brennan and Rogers and others. Second week.

TREMONT—"Be Yourself," Jack Donahue and Queenie Smith in a Koufman and Connolly comedy with music. Second week.

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary," Eddie Dowling in return engagement of popular musical comedy. Last week.

Dec 31 - 1924

Mr. Charles St. Clair Wade of Taunton writes: "The mention of Mr. Edison's questions for college graduates in an editorial of The Herald leads me to send to your column the accompanying questions on 'General Knowledge' cut from a parish magazine of an English clerical friend of mine. How many of your readers, whether college bred or otherwise, can get 75 per cent, not to say 100, on these questions?"

#### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

- Fifth Paper for the Prize
- 1—What cathedrals are dedicated to S. Vitus, S. Front, S. Gatien, S. Januarius, S. Gudeule, S. Mary of the Pillar?
  - 2—Where are the bodies of S. Stephen, S. Martha, S. Augustine, S. Ambrose, S. Martin, S. Genevieve, S. Edward the Confessor, S. Charles Borromeo?
  - 3—Who are Rurik, Dvorak, Boethius, Grey-Poupon, Buddha, Tamerlane, Prempeh, Marvel, Gawain? Give dates.
  - 4—Explain these quotations: Barks is willin'; O Jemmy Thompson; to Banbury came I, o prophane one; see the son of grief at cricket; Dieu vous save, Dame Emme.
  - 5—What are Fillocian characters. Filloselle, Fallpini, Filices, Fils-de-fer, Filbusters?
  - 6—What is the Award of Barnwell, the Rape of the Lock, the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, the Danejohn of Canterbury, the Danelagh?

Literary opinion not formed by fashion may be equally irrational: Caprices not judgments. We knew the author's mother, who was such a dear; he is fond of cats, and so brave; Aunt Maria dislikes him, which is enough to predispose anybody in his favor who knows Aunt Maria; and so forth.—A. B. Walkley.



Don C. Seltz in a letter to the Saturday Review of Literature, mourns the demise of the "Drawer" in Harper's Magazine. He mentions Hoppin and McLenen making sketches for it. Can any tell us about McLenen? He made remarkable illustrations for Dickens's "Two Cities" and "Great Expectations," and, if we are not mistaken, for Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White" and "No Name."

**"METICULOUS"**  
correspondent, "who does not wish his name to be mentioned," asks us to tilt against "the incredible misuse of the word 'meticulous.'"

For some reason, he says, "or the writers of all classes present the word as a synonym for 'microscopic,' 'pedantic,' 'painstaking.' The epidemic spread from Atlantic to Pacific and routed another of the public's catchwords, 'poignant,' used, as a rule, inappropriately. The infection is in England, and I am asking an acquaintance on the staff of the London Saturday Review to account for his passing 'meticulously' in a recent article. I think you would be the first to challenge in the United States."

Dear Sir, this use or misuse of "meticulous" has been discussed in American newspapers for at least a dozen years. The word is derived from the Latin "metus" (through "meticulosus"), it is alleged that "meticulous" properly and only means, fearful, timid. So it did originally in English; but, according to the great Oxford Dictionary, this meaning was obsolete long ago. The latest quotation is dated 1874.

"Meticulous," meaning over-careful about minute details, over-scrupulous, has been in use in England for a century. The Fowlers, sneering in their book, "The King's English," at the employment of the word with this meaning, ignore the fact. Symonds, in his "Resurrection in Italy," does not hesitate to speak of "labored mannerism and meticulous propriety." We saw the word only yesterday in the literary supplement of the London Times.

We are not hurrahing for "meticulous" as a synonym of over-scrupulous, but we see no reason for railing against it. To use the word as a synonym for "timid" would be a pedantic and foolish attempt to put the breath of life into a word that has been dead and buried for at least 200 years.

**A CENTURY AGO**

(The Observer, London, Nov. 7, 1824.)  
There is at present a lady residing in the town who recollects the time when there were but two umbrellas in Taunton; one belonged to a gentleman, named Noble, and the other was the property of a clergyman, who officiated at St. Mary Magdalen, who, on proceeding to his duties on Sunday, hung up in the porch, where it attracted a gaze, admiration and wonderment the whole congregation.

**WERE THEY BOB-HAIRED?**

(The Observer, Nov. 7, 1924.)  
Highwaywomen—About 11 o'clock on Thursday se'night, as Mr. Wm. Ratcliffe, a traveler from Wolverhampton, was returning to his inn, he was attacked in Back Piccadilly by a number of females, who, plucking him against the wall, tore open his waistcoat, and after a rude search into the secret recesses of his wardrobe, succeeded in flaging him of bills and cash to the amount of £100.

**ADD "HORRORS OF PEACE"**

As the World Wags:  
I should like to pass a few remarks regarding the gum-chewing public if I may be allowed. If I have not flinched when men sitting opposite me at tables in restaurants have industriously used toothpicks or when young women at side tables have plied lip stick and powder-puff, even when the powder has dusted off on my hat, as it has done on more than one occasion when the young woman was standing behind me. And once in a cafeteria I saw a young girl in a comb through her bobbed hair! (what next) And these were cafeterias of high reputation.

But the gum chewers make me wish I had the wings of a dove. On the elevated one is confronted by a long line of people, ranging from the cradle to the grave, all chewing—most of them so tough on a wagger, others rummatively, like cows, and everywhere an overwhelming wave of spearmint.

At a noon service recently in a beautiful and dignified old church I sat beside a young man who chewed gum constantly, and with abandon, all through the service. Moreover, he hewed with his mouth open, and with acute uplifted in rapt attention to the speaker.

Not long ago I heard of a Spanish gentleman who was visiting this country before gum-chewing had invaded Europe. When he saw a little darkey chewing vigorously and rolling his eyes at the same time, the visitor politely inquired of his hostess: "Is this a nervous disease?"  
E. M. M.  
Jamaica Plain.

**BIBLICAL LORE**

We read an advertisement of a plaid cashmere scarf for sale in one of our department stores.  
"It comes in checks and as many colors as David's coat."  
Yes, and Joseph slew Goliath of Gath. Jonah was in the lions' den and Daniel was swallowed by a whale.

**EASILY AMUSED**

(McDowell, W. Va. Times.)  
While still at work, it is amusing to see the enlarged jaw of our mutual and esteemed friend, Dr. W. L. Colson moving around in his office, pulling teeth with the mumps. He says he is very careful and we prefer to believe the doctor ought to be because the mumps might result seriously just like any other complaint.

Jan 2 1924

Richard Crooks, tenor, will give a recital in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is out of town, so there is a halt to the Russian invasion, and next week no Russian composer will be represented. The program as now arranged is as follows: Elgar's orchestral transcription of a fantasia and fugue by Bach; Respighi's Concerto Gregoriano for violin to be played by Albert Spalding—he has played it this season at Chicago and Detroit—the "Ride of the Valkyries," the prelude to "Lohengrin" and the overture to "Rienzi."

Next Sunday Mr. Werrenrath will sing in Symphony hall songs by Mozart, Purcell, Sibelius, Grieg, Fletcher, Lane, Shaw, Quilter, Gilbert, Martin and some Danish composers.

For the People's Symphony concert in the St. James Theatre next Sunday, Alfredo Oswald will play his piano concerto. The program also includes Volkmann's overture to "Richard III," Schubert's unfinished symphony and Hosmer's "Ethiopian Rhapsody." Lucius Hosmer was born at South Acton. He has written comic operas, overtures, orchestral suites, songs. Mr. Oswald, a Brazilian pianist and composer, was a pupil of Giuseppe Buonamici at Florence. Buelow and Liszt were interested in him. Having toured in France, Belgium, Italy and England, he returned to Brazil. He visited this country in 1920 and gave a recital in New York on Nov. 27 of that year.

**THE BOSTON TITTER**

Notes and Lines:  
Are they not wonderful, these Boston audiences?

How they must impress a company of earnest, talented actors by their intelligent interest and appreciation! I attended a performance of "Cobra" Saturday evening and was surrounded, as usual, by a bunch of conversationalists and titters. When Judith Drake made her exit after the scene with Race in the third act, with her heartrending wail, what howls of delight greeted her from all parts of the house. What opportunities the play affords for the exercise of the "Boston Titter."

Not since the rape of the girl in "John Ferguson" have I heard such uttering and laughter as abounded at the performance of "Cobra." I wonder why these titters go to plays of this type.  
F. E. H.

"Simplisticissimus" writes to The Herald a note dated Dec. 28:

"The gentleman who today announced and expounded to those listening to the broadcast from the WBZ station the program of the concert by the People's Symphony orchestra added an extra Scherzo by announcing Wagner's 'Eine Faust' overture as 'Overture to 'Eine Faust' by Wagner.'"  
"No place like Boston for education and music."

**"DANCING IN THE SUNLIGHT"**

Notes and Lines:  
A friend of mine, G. W. Chandler, artist and traveler, is almost infallible as an authority on facts relating to old songs and theatricals; it's uncanny. Such a memory would be worth money in commercial life.

The first song and dance enjoyed by myself was rendered in the first professional entertainment I was permitted to witness in the first real theatre of my experience—three firsts. Can you beat the combination? No performance of any kind has ever equalled it so far as I am concerned. I'd swear the song and dance was entitled "Dancing in the Moonlight," but desiring accuracy for certain reasons, wrote Chandler, and that iconoclast came back with the following:  
"You are getting feeble; memory failing. It was called 'Dancing in the Sunlight' and went thus:  
"What a pleasure it is dancing in the sunlight

When the whole earth seems to smile,  
And it makes a merry ringing in your laughter  
And you have no care to grieve."

This last line, "have no care to grieve," sounds rather extraordinary, but I am almost certain that it was so sung by the Big Four—Smith, Waldron, Morton and Martin—who were with Haverly and other shows. Contemporary with the Big Four was a team called the King High Kickers—Emmerson, Clark and Daily Brothers. They called the show the "King High Kickers' Kaleidoscope." Ascertain if some of Boston's old-timers remember this act and if the Dailys were related to Dan Daily. I think they were Dan's older brothers, William and Thomas. Dan started very young as a clog dancer with still another brother, William and Thomas were afterward with W. A. Mestayer's "Tourists in a Pullman Palace Car," and played the conductor and porter, and young Dan was with the same troupe for a short time.

Perhaps some historian of the song-and-dance period will be kind enough to check up friend Chandler's statements. They are interesting.  
LANSING R. ROBINSON.

**THE CLAP TRAP**

(Applause has become a habit, asserts a musical critic)  
Into the clap-trap fall the tyros,  
The seasoned artist's practised calm  
Yields to the clamor of the high rows,  
The gods who really bare the palm.

An upper C, sustained robustly,  
Brings down a deluge of applause  
For music which, appraised more  
Justly,  
Reflects the tone of cross-cut saws.

Piano runs, from boom to tinkle,  
From tinkle back again to boom,  
Call forth a torrent, no mere sprinkle—  
Of handclaps like the crack of doom.

So firmly has the habit gripped us  
That, kept at home by colds and wet,  
Between the sniffs of eucalyptus  
Our hands enclose the crystal set.  
A. W.

A correspondent has sent us programs of concerts in Boston Music hall on June 2, and June 3, 1876. Note the artists that took part: Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, (the only opportunities of hearing her while visiting this country, as she returns to St. Petersburg in August), Brignoli, the tenor; William H. Sherwood, pianist (his first appearance in America), the Boston Philharmonic Club, (B. and F. Listemann, A. Hartdegen, E. Gramm, E. Weiner and A. Belz).  
Yes, there were concerts in Boston even in 1876.

Dialect is proving a comical stumbling block to many London born, who look in on "The Jeffersons," at the Regent playhouse this week. "He keeps saying 'Who' when he doesn't mean 'Who,'" said a not inaudible voice in the stalls last night. The owner of the voice was alluding to the Lancastrian idiom perfectly spoken by Wilfrid Shine, the Christopher Jefferson, maker of tears and laughter. "But 'voice' was mistaken; the Lancashire dialect word for 'She' is 'Hoo,' its Yorkshire counterpart being 'Sho.'"—London Daily Chronicle.

The manuscript of Burns's "Scots Wha Hae" has been acquired by a London collector for what he contentedly describes as a "good" price. When a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems was sold in 1907 for £700 Scotsmen whistled. Later £1000 was paid by the Alloway trustees for a copy. Either of these would probably fetch £2000 today easily. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" MS. was bought for £500.

The Observer (London) in an article about the "Black Maria" inquired into the origin of the name. The writer referred to the story that the police wagon was named after Maria Lee, a negress of Boston.

Where did the Observer hear of Maria Lee of Boston, and was there a negress thus named? We have read that the term "Black Maria" originated in Philadelphia in 1833, but no satisfactory evidence has been given and the term is not in Matsell's "Vocabulary, or the Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y., 1859). As George W. Matsell had been a special justice, also chief of police, he must have known the term if it was then current. Julian Marshall writing to Notes and Queries (6S vii, p.355) suggested that "Maria" may be allied to "Marinated," transported to a foreign plantation, and "married," persons chained or handcuffed together on their way to jail. "Marinated" ordinarily means pickled with marinade, yet the meaning "transported" is as old as 1673.

This fancied derivation of "Black Maria" reminds one of the old conundrum: What town in New York reminds you of the Promised Land? Canadagua. You change "Canan" to "Canaan" and cut off the "a-gua."

**AN OPTIMIST**

(From the Bell Telephone News)  
In the big cities automobiles are making traffic conditions easier by gradually reducing the number of pedestrians.

**MORE BANANALITY**

(Guess by Whom)  
Nay, hear me, sir, I late have proffered you  
The use of all I have; my flowers, fruits,  
My posies, peanuts, apricots and plums  
And heady fruit of elder-making crab,  
The spoils of my orchards and my fields  
In all the ripe profusion of the year.  
But if you ask me of that gilded fruit  
Plucked on the shores of storied Amazon  
Or doubtful Acheron of Teddy's quest  
Add brought by sweating coolies to the shore  
Of stormy Caribbean to be shipped  
In argosies of the United Fruit—  
I say we have it not, I tell you "Yes,  
There is not on our premises one peel  
A child could slip on: we are out of it."  
Such is my answer, take it as thou list.  
Joscelyn.

**FOR THE LATE MISS MAUD**

As the World Wags:  
When called upon to explain tardiness  
the best plan is to avoid excuses. Pass  
it off with an irrelevant remark, such  
as, when asked, "Why are you late?"  
"Why, if so, is the moon made of green  
cheese?" Or else give an excuse, obviously untrue, but which will appeal to the sense of humor of the inquisitor, such as, "I came down on the 'L' this morning and there was a cow on the track."  
ALLEN OF AUSTIN.

**"AVI-ATION"**

As the World Wags:  
If your correspondent is not satisfied with what you have already said as to "avi," not "av," being the stem of "avis," tell him to look in any beginner's Latin book for the definition of "i-stem" nouns. He will certainly find "avis" or a word like it given as an example.  
W. N. B.  
Belmont.

**NO REST, NO PEACE**

Gone is the eve I used to spend in calm  
and sweet repose!  
Now it's "Dearest, can you tell me of  
a synonym for Rose?"  
This word Forty-seven over in five letters  
meaning rare?"  
Then I moan, lament, and rave, and  
curse, and swear, and tear my hair.

But it still goes on unceasing, a never-ending query,  
"Now don't you think that thirty-two  
across might be a wherry?"  
What's an Abyssinian noble? Who the  
latest King of Troy?  
What is fifty-seven over? What's in  
letters five a boy?

"Now, then, who has got the atlas? I  
am sure this word is Whale.  
Do you think a word for tortoise could  
by any chance be Snail?  
Yes, I know it's time for supper; what's  
a synonym for Lair?  
Now I've got it. Thirty over in five  
letters that is Flair."

Johnny's nose is bruised and bloody,  
Jim has fallen in the stew—  
A game of chance is four across, I know  
it must be Loo.  
Words archaic, words forgotten, words  
that surely must be rare,  
Daddy does she hurl them at me 'til they  
fill the very air.

All in vain I cry in protest, all in vain  
I vent my rage  
On the furniture and fixtures, on the  
parrot in the cage.  
Gone are all the pleasant evenings when  
I used to sit and think.  
I shall have to drown my sorrows in a  
synonym for drink.  
Taunton.  
C. H. ROBERTSON.

**ADD "WONDERS OF NATURE"**

As the World Wags:  
I was pleased by the picture of Atlanta's triplets who are going to school, and especially by the caption under it, published in The Herald of Dec. 9.  
"Harold, Helen and Hansell Teney, who started school together on their fifth birthday. Their children gave them a party."  
W. J. C.

**"HAWK" NOT "BUCK"**

As the World Wags:  
In the excellent review of Herbert Quick's latest novel in Bookish Chat and Comment, Iowa is called the "Buck-Eye state." And this, despite Herbert Quick having written "The Hawk-Eye."



The same confusion of Iowa with Ohio has appeared a number of times in The Herald, explaining why the West thinks the East effete. As an Iowan whose grandfather, the late Judge David Rorer, for many years general counsel for Boston's C. B. & Q. R. R., gave to Iowa in its beginning the nickname "Hawk-Eye," I claim the privilege of protest and correction. D. C. G. Concord.

#### THE SUPERIOR NORDIC

What a queer atavistic reaction,  
How my nerve centres tingle and thrill  
To that urgent primordial attraction,  
I can't keep my right foot still.

For jungle brute calls to jungle mate,  
While carnivora howl and scream,  
And my veins and my muscle syncopate,  
Like a hasheesh eater's dream.

Come on, let's dance, "Twill do you good,  
My dear, we are young once more,  
I could romp like a satyr of the wood,  
Or the nymphs that throng the shore.

Don't be so stiff, my dear, unbend,  
That's right—let your shoulders sway,  
We will rag it through to the very end,  
There's a kick when you dance this way.

Oh, Sweetie! Hear those saxes moan,  
Get the jangle and blare of that brass,  
Fly at it, Queen—let's strut, my own,  
Hot diggity, kid—let's jazz.

O'KANOGAN.

## HOUDINI

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Houdini enjoyed himself hugely last night in Symphony hall and at the same time entertained a very large audience. He had summoned a committee composed of clergymen, magicians and newspaper men. They sat upon the stage, as Capt. Macheath sings in "The Beggars Opera." "The judges all ranged (a terrible show)," terrible to all deceivers of the public, conscious in their trading on sacred emotions.

He began in a pleasing autobiographical manner, and to some his account of himself was as interesting as the "exposure" of Margery. He respects all religions that do not war against society, even when the rites seem foolish, grotesque, self-torturing as in India. He would welcome genuine communication with the spirit world, for his own loved ones have gone into the great beyond. He does not resent the charge made against him that he is an "itinerant magician"; he is proud of his profession; he rejoices in being a thaumaturge, prestidigitator, obeam man, juggler, whatever name you give to a professor of the magic art. And he is a man of parts; he has one of the finest largest dramatic libraries in the world, and the largest pertaining to spiritualism magic.

#### REFERS TO COMMITTEE

He paid his respects to the committee on which he served and still serves in the Crandon case. Three of his fellow members are gentlemen, perfect gentlemen; as for the others — Two he denounced in unmistakable terms. The trouble with the committee as a whole — he accused two of them, not Bostonians, of being confederates of the medium — was that it was honest in what it thought it saw and heard. It did not really see and hear. He, Houdini, saw through the trickery at the first seance he attended.

Before he came to the "exposure" he was anecdotal. He, too, had been in Arcadia; that is, he had once at least acted as a medium, and as such had disquieted leading citizens of a small western town, who feared that the spirits through him were going to reveal disgraceful episodes in their lives. Pictures of prominent mediums were shown, beginning with the Fox sisters, one of whom by a falling apple on the floor began the Spiritualists' movement, as Newton by an apple formulated the law of gravitation. He did not allude to Margaret Fox claiming to be the wife of Thisha Kent Kane, the

Arctic explorer, though the doctor's picture was shown. There were the Davenport brothers of the famous cabinet tricks — we remember them well, a greasy pair to the eye. There was Home, whose levitation amazed on-lookers; Slade — did Home or Slade give Browning the idea of his Mr. Sludge? Home, we believe?

As for Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, they are eminent in their respective lines, honest, sincere, but as regards spiritual manifestations they are balmy on the crumpeet, just a little dippy. Mr. Houdini told an amusing story about his seance with Lady Doyle.

All this preparatory talk at once prejudiced the audience in favor of the speaker, if this prejudice were needed. He talked ingeniously, frankly, convincing every one of his own honest belief that mediums were frauds, and if one could be found to answer tests, he would gladly acknowledge her mysterious power. In passing he pooh-poohed the recent cases of telepathy that have attracted great attention in England.

We hope that the complete works of Artemus Ward are in one of Mr. Houdini's libraries, for when Artemus was in London he attended the seance of a "Trans-mejim," through whom the spirit of Benjamin Franklin was talking about the Atlantic cable. "He said the cable was really a mercurious affair, and that messages could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their getting there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful ideal, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin, a spiritual life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellects particularly."

Mr. Houdini, however, did not dwell on the too often foolish, trivial messages communicated by automatic writing.

He showed how slat tricks were worked, but neglected to explain the second, which was indeed surprising. He then proceeded to the "exposure" of Margery's "trickery" — how the bell in the box was rung; how in the large box prepared by him she, not able to use arms, feet and head, could not make any manifestations. The hour was then late, but further exposure of mediumistic deception was to follow and the audience was invited to put questions on any doubtful point connected with the subject.

Mr. Houdini will hold forth this afternoon in Symphony hall. He hopes that Margery will be in the audience.

No doubt many mediums professing to be under the control of spirits are arrant humbugs. But are there not certain men and women who have the ability to utilize natural forces at present unknown, incomprehensible, beyond their own power to explain?

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of even in the philosophy of Mr. Houdini.

The complete "cross-word" enthusiast is led up hills of chemistry and into dales of botany, he must even put his nose to the English grammar and be quite sure where the species "ad-verb" begins and ends. The thing beneath the word need not excite him; it is the raiment of letters that he seeks, and he must be sure to get them in the proper order. The young lady who thought that to write was human, but to spell divine might profit by the new pastime, but people who are more deeply interested in things than in words will wonder, like the charity boy confronted with the alphabet, whether it is worth going through so much to learn so little. — Manchester Guardian.

This reminds us that Mr. Herkimer Johnson asked, rather impatiently, what is the word for the incision, notch, slit made by the cutting of a saw? No one at the Porphyry could inform him until a man reared in Maine came in and answered with a why-that's-easy-air, "Kerf." The dictionary was consulted, and it was found that "kerf" also meant, in the 15th century, the furrow made by a ship's keel. The word also means the place at which a tree or branch is or has been cut across; the cut end or surface either on a felled or pruned tree; also a piece or quantity cut off; a cutting (of anything). In rare use today is the meaning "the act of cutting, a cut, stroke."

Did Thomas Hobbes foresee the cross-word puzzle when he wrote: "For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools?"

#### As the World Wags:

Denver reports the prevalence of "flu" and colds throughout the West. The one comfort in this report is its assurance that our local situation is

nothing peculiar to Mass-achew'setts. Fitchburg. H. C. P.

#### SURE!

Prof. Barnett Sure, who stated at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in Washington, D. C., that lack of vitamins changes maternal affection to aversion, having learned this by playing mean tricks on hungry rats, is in our Hall of Fame. Sure!

#### HOW ABOUT ARION?

(From the Worcester Telegram)

Of course that's a pretty tall story, coming from Japan, telling of a Japanese fisherman, fallen overboard, who was saved when a big dolphin, with a nree disposition, shoved the half-drowned and wholly terrified man ashore "with a mighty push," unharmd.

If we are not grossly misinformed, our old friend Arion, justly celebrated bard and player on the cithara, on his way to Sicily, where he was to give a recital, was about to be murdered by sailors when he obtained permission to strike the lyre once more. Permission was granted. Singing his prettiest and invoking the gods, he jumped into the sea. A dolphin, fond of music — several were listening — took him on its back and carried him in safety to Taenarus, where Herodotus saw a small brazen statue of him sitting on the dolphin. The dolphin afterwards told Neptune the story. When he was at the end of it Neptune commanded him: "Your love for music is very praiseworthy, and you well rewarded him for his fine singing." (Lucian's "Confabulations of the Marine Deities," VIII) As far as we know, this Japanese dolphin has not been so communicative.

Was the Japanese fisherman singing just before he fell overboard? Old Bartholomew ("De Proprietatibus Rerum") assures us that "dolphins follow man's voice, and come together in flocks to the voice of the symphony, and have liking in harmony." For this reason Pindar likened himself to the dolphin and confessed himself to be moved "as that noble creature."

"Which fute's beloved sound

Excites to play,

Upon the calm and placid sea."

Arion told his story to Gorgias, as Plutarch relates it in his "Banquet of the Seven Wise Men," and he burst into this lofty strain:

"In his passage, as he lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and beheld the stars glittering and twinkling, and the moon full and glorious, and the sea calm all about her as she seemed to rise out of it, and yielding him (as it were) a beaten track; he declared he thought God's justice had more eyes than one, and that with these many eyes the gods beheld what was acted here below both by sea and land."

Sir Thomas Brown combats the theory held by painters that dolphins are crooked-backed; "though they be drawn repandous, or convexly crooked in one piece, yet the dolphin that carrieth Arion is concavously inverted, and hath its spine depressed in another."

#### PRINTERS' DOLPHINS

There have been printers who have pictured on the title pages dolphins clasping an anchor. This was the device of the Manutius family, learned printers at Venice and Rome. Did not Pickering title pages sometimes carry this device? Plerius Valerianus thus explained the emblem, the swift animal conjoined with the heavy body implying "make haste slowly," or as Sir Thomas Browne put it: "Celerity should always be tempered with cunctation."

Mr. Raymond G. Carroll, writing to the New York Evening Post about the Paris Conservatory of Music, says: "Among the honored graduates of the National Conservatory are De Pachmann, the pianist."

Guess again, Mr. Carroll. De Pachmann studied in Vienna with his father and at the Vienna Conservatory with Josef Dachs.

A Boston newspaper pictured Johnny Farrell in the act of driving a golf ball 300 yards from the Tampa (Fla.) mainland to Davis Islands in the bay.

L. R. R. writes apropos of the picture: "Johnny is a wonder. Carrying 300 yards with an easy mashie pitch is some golf. I doubt if there are 10 players in the world who could do it with a driver. Mashies are used for 60-90 to 125 yards approaching."

#### THEIR CROWNING GLORY

When Cupid first elected  
To make my pulses throb,  
The vision he projected  
Tonsorially affected  
The Botticelli bob.

My next inamorata  
Her glory crown did drop

With courage made in Sparta,  
And hence appeared a martyr  
Unto the Epstein chop.

My third, Miss Girton-Newnham,  
Essayed a fashion vague,  
Her raven locks, to prune 'em  
Her colleur must have hewn 'em  
To sketch by Gordon Craig.

A fourth, inspired by Lavery,  
To ear-bobs proved a slave,  
Her tresses quaint and quavery;  
My heart is now in slavery  
To a railway poster wave.

A. W.

The latest biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson has been taken to task for writing plainly about his faults and vices. A great man, it is said, should always be presented as a hero. Stevenson was far from being a great man; it is doubtful whether in the years to come he will be ranked high as a writer. Henley knew him well, too well, and he could not endure the slobbering praise of the in-cense-burners; hence the famous article in the Pall Mall Magazine. It's a pity that this article is not included in the "complete" edition of Henley's works, an edition that does credit to neither compiler nor publisher, for it is sadly incomplete — the excellent essay on slang, for example, is omitted — and the type sprawls on the page.

If there are biographers who delight in stripping their men and women and showing their deformities, so there are biographers who devote pages to answering their predecessors, endeavoring to correct, refute statements that might be regarded as injurious to the hero. They are often as wild and reckless in assertion. Sometimes they attack the former biographer without quoting verbatim what he had written.

Vials of wrath have been poured on Froude's head for his treatment of Thomas Carlyle. Froude lacked tact and seemed unaware that silence in some cases is golden. It has been said that he had a genius for inaccuracy, a genius that shone in his history of England and other writings besides his Carlyle. That Froude wrote in an entertaining, often eloquent, manner made his offences the more damnable.

The second volume of David Alice Wilson's life of Carlyle — "Carlyle to the French Revolution (1826-1837)" — has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. It is by no means a conventional biography, nor is it just to say, as has been said, that its chief purpose is to show the biographical rascalities of Froude. Mr. Wilson gives in an unusual manner a singularly vivid portrayal of Carlyle and his much enduring and occasionally irritating wife. To use a phrase of Horace Greeley's, this volume is mighty interesting reading. Does one derive from it a heartier admiration for Mr. Wilson's hero?

One tires of Carlyle's grumblings about the hardships of authorship, especially the labor of writing, as one reading Flaubert's letters wearies of his quest after the one, the only fitting word to express precisely an idea. Let one obey the Horatian maxim and file and sandpaper without end; let him revise and re-revise as Flaubert, Anatole France, Tennyson, Walt Whitman (whose successive alterations are already shown in Mr. Hollaway's "Inclusive" edition of "Leaves of Grass" (just published), but why howl to the outside world for sympathy, why afflict one's friends by constant groaning and whining in letters?

Lovers of Charles Lamb will resent both Carlyle's and Mr. Wilson's descriptions of that gentle soul. The Carlyles saw "as much as they wanted" of Lamb, even when he was exhilarated by "unlimited gin." Quoting some jocose sayings of Lamb, Mr. Wilson remarks: "The poor fellow was trying to be funny. . . . The old joker could not or would not tell anything worth hearing — would do nothing but be witty by denying truisms and abjuring good manners." Here is a pleasant scene:

"One evening when Mrs. Carlyle's porridge was placed before her on the supper table, 'Let us taste the stuff anyhow!' cried Lamb, and dipped his spoon into her bowl.

"Your astonishment at my porridge, said she, 'cannot exceed my surprise at your manners,' and she had her bowl removed; but . . . Lamb was too drunk to be much distressed at the snub."

Carlyle is quoted as saying that Lamb was "Cockney to the marrow. . . . 'In walking tottered and shuffled; em blem of imbecility bodily and spiritual and yet something, too, of humane, in genuous, pathetic, sportfully much en



And then Mr. Wilson goes on page describing contemptuously his drunken habits.

There are several references to Carlyle's passion for tobacco. His wife, in the Hampton street lodgings, would not have a pipe in their rooms, so he used to go to the top of the eastern behind the house and smoke there, sitting like the mule over a tobaccoist's door." Carlyle once wrote Mrs. Carlyle: "Make me temperate in tobacco, and more indignant to ordinary people. If God endures them, and cares for them, and has made them, such as they are, he has no right either to despise or to drive back from them. It is all sheer vanity and presumption, and he should be hidden out of it." This reminds me of Lincoln's saying about the plain people.

One might say that Francis Jeffrey is the hero of this second volume. There ever a more devoted friend, a sound counsellor, ready with precise advice, accepting articles when they were against his opinion and taste! His patience was often sorely tried. What wonder if at Jeffrey wrote to him: "No man did more to obstruct the success of his doctrines by the tone in which he promulgated them. It is arrogant, repulsive, obscure, anti-national, and exclusive. . . . You will never (or make) the world friendly to his doctrines while you insist upon knocking it into them in so hypercritical a manner."

They are glad to learn that after the instruction by a maid's carelessness of the first volume in manuscript of "The French Revolution," Carlyle read novels, among them the first five of Capt. Marryat's.

There are many entertaining pages: those about John Stuart Mill and his wife Taylor; Emerson's visit at Craigenstock; the publication of "Sartor Resartus" in Fraser's Magazine and the consequent astonishment and dismay of subscribers; the correspondence with the thumb-nail sketches, as that of the banker-poet; "a half-frozen donic Whig-Gentleman; no hair at all, but one of the whitest bare scalps, the eyes, shrewd, sad and cruel; toothy horseshoe mouth drawn up to the very nose; slow-croaking, sarcastic, in-laid, perfect breeding"; the paragraphs about brilliant William Maginn; the sketch of John Wilson (Christopher North); the chapters on De Quincey; the dinner party at Fraser's where Galt and Fraser kept Carlyle company "in holding back from the smut that emerged when whiskey punch began to loosen the tongues of the others"; and so one might go on and on pointing out pages that should not be missed; among them the account of biblical readings and James Carlyle's remark after the story of Potiphar's wife.

There is little about the theatre or music. We have Carlyle's foolish saying: "The English have never had an artist, except in poetry. Purcell and Hogarth are exceptions such as confirm the rule." One of the books reviewed by Jane Carlyle was "A Life of Cooke the Actor, as a warning against drunkenness."

The letters from Jeffrey and Jan Carlyle alone would give value to this volume. Mr. Wilson, the biographer, also has his little say, as when he bursts out for a page about the recent war, the punishment of the common people "for leaving public affairs to be the amusement of rich scamps and fools . . . London and Paris and Petrograd were agreed with Berlin and Vienna in wanting nothing but to go on forever grabbing and cheating and lying, plundering Asia and Africa, and by many dodges exploring the rest of the world."

And here we find Mr. Wilson echoing the screaming voice of his Carlyle.

## RICHARD CROOKS

Richard Crooks, tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, with the efficient help of Charles Baker, accompanist. He sang first two stirring airs—all contrasted, by the way—Carissimi's "Vittoria" and Handel's "Sound an Alarm." For German songs, needlessly divided into two groups, he chose three by Strauss, "Freundliche Vision," "Zueignung" and "Caecilie," Brahms's "Feldensamkeit," Wolf's setting of "Er ist's," and a song by Wein-gartner, "Liebesfeier." In English he sang "Longing" by Vassilenko, Rachmaninov's "Night," "Memories," by Del Negro, and an Irish song. To close, he

sang the prize song from "Die Maister-singer."

Mr. Crooks is a singer to command respect as well as to stir enthusiasm. The latter feat he could scarcely fail to manage even if he tried to, for he has in his favor a beautiful voice of precisely the quality people love to hear, and, of even greater consequence, a warmth of temperament that makes what he sings worth listening to. It is much to his credit, therefore, that he, with these insurances of success at hand, should have taken the trouble really to learn to sing.

Everything, of course, he has not yet learned. He has still to acquire resonance in long passages sung softly; in a high register he cannot sing the Italian both loudly and freely too; he does not always breathe as noiselessly as he should. Without a wide knowledge yet of the difficult art of shading, he sings his songs too often in simple terms of very loud—too loud, sometimes—and very soft. He must acquire clearer speech in German; in English, too, for

all his English songs were not distinct. A nicer feeling for proportion he should strive for, if he wants to do justice to music like the Prize Song.

But if Mr. Crooks has something to learn, already, on the other hand, he has learned much. He has had his voice, an exceptionally fine one, so wisely trained that he can produce almost every tone of his long, even scale with a ringing resonance and nearly always with ease; that means no small amount of intelligent work. He is musician enough to sing rhythmically, with pure intonation, and with phrases tastefully turned.

To his fine qualities of voice and musicianship Mr. Crooks adds sentiment and fervor. The fervor, sometimes misplaced, may lead to an occasionally heavier emphasis than the music and text will bear; the sentiment may now and again sink dangerously near to sentimentality—never mind: his feeling leads Mr. Crooks astray, and it is this same feeling that lends to his song that high quality of vitality, too rare in concert halls. It cannot be taught. But its fitting expression can be taught, and this Mr. Crooks, without lessening one atom his present splendid ardor, will undoubtedly learn. Then he will give still more pleasure than he gave yesterday. The audience wanted many added songs. R. R. G.

## DAL MONTE IN OPERA ROLES

Toti dal Monte, who will come here with the Chicago Opera Company, was born in Venice. She first studied the piano, but a broken wrist prevented her career as a virtuoso. A friend took her to Barbara Marchisio, who heard her sing and took her as a pupil. (Mme. Marchisio also taught Rosa Raisa). Mme. Marchisio was a typical teacher of the old school of Italian singing which seems gradually to be passing away. "Not all are born singers," she would say. Her advice was invariably, "Do not force the voice. Sing naturally and without effort. Do not ever think that a note may be here, or here, or here," indicating different spots at the back of the head and neck.

Mme. Dal Monte made her debut at Milan in Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini." She took the part of Lucia at La Scala when Toscanini revived Donizetti's opera, and she made a sensation. She afterward sang in Buenos Ayres, Australia and New Zealand. Having sung with the Chicago Company and the Metropolitan Company, she will make her first appearance in Boston as Gilda in "Rigoletto."

### IN JORDAN HALL

- Jan. 13, Tuesday, 8:15 P. M., Ernest Lamoureux, baritone. Songs by Scarlatti, Durante, Caldara, Sinding, Foote, Ward-Stephens, Diaz, Dubois, Gretchaninov, Hue, Thomas, Watts, and a group of Bergettes.
- Jan. 14, Wednesday, 8:15 P. M., Fox-Burgin-Bedetti trio. Trios by Schumann, Ravel, Brahms.
- Jan. 15, Thursday, 8:15 P. M., Flonzaley quartet: Haydn, quartet D minor, Op. 76, No. 2; Spalding, quartet, E minor (ms.), Op. 10; Schubert, quartet ("Death and the Maiden").
- Jan. 17, Saturday, 3:00 P. M., Ethel Leginska, pianist. Music by Chopin and Liszt.
- Jan. 20, Tuesday, 8:15 P. M., Suzanne Dabney, soprano. Arias by Gluck and Handel; songs by Haydn, G. Faure, Koehlin, Aubert, Poldowski, Fourdrain, Josten, Parker, W. S. Smith, and groups of folk songs.
- Jan. 21, Wednesday, Greta Torpadie, soprano, and Mr. Stefano, harpist.
- Jan. 22, Thursday, 8:15 P. M., Harold Morris, pianist. Music by Chopin, Scarlatti, Chopin, Glinka-Balakirev, Moszowski, Brahms, Webber, Debussy, Liszt, Morria.
- Jan. 24, Saturday, 3:15 P. M., Myra Hess pianist.
- Jan. 27, Tuesday, 8:15 P. M., Hyman Rovinsky, pianist. His first appearance here.
- Jan. 30, Friday, 3:00 P. M., M. Brallow sky, pianist. His second recital here.

Miss Charlotte Greenwood in her song, "I want to belong," mourns the fact that she is tall, so tall that no one can pet her easily; so tall that men shrink from wooing her. She finds no consolation in her noble length of legs and arms; but who would have this joyous woman shorter?

She should remember that radiantly handsome women of history and romance have been tall. There was Helen of Troy, a daughter of the gods divinely tall. Nor is Tennyson the only authority for her height. Jean Nevizan years ago quoted verses describing the 30 things necessary to perfection of beauty, and Helen possessed them all.

"Sit corpore longa, Et longi crines, sit quoque longa manus."

Andromache was famously tall. Juvenal, Ovid, Martial all agree on this, and Ovid and Martial jest about her height in relation with Hector. Queen Elizabeth insisted on stature and birth for the women of her court. The Sulamite is likened to a palm tree in "The Song of Songs." Byron's Julia

"Possess'd an air and grace by no means common; Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Perhaps Byron had his wife in mind when he wrote "Dumpy" and reasoned from the particular to the general.

No one can think of Thomas Hardy's Eustacia Vye as short and thick. Then there is Isopel Berners, the peerless Isopel. Would that we had known her and drank tea with her in the dingle. Foolish, stupid Lavengro to lose her by insisting on teaching her Armenian.

"You might beat me with no hands at all," said I, 'fair damsel, only by looking at me—I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway; she had 12 brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes.

"None of your chaffing, young fellow," said the tall girl, 'or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face; be civil, or you will rue it! . . . I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford."

"I have no doubt," said I, 'that it was a great house; judging from your size, I shouldn't wonder if you were born in a church."

We have not read "Jacob Faithful" for many years, but is it not in that novel—Conrad was fond of it—that someone sings: "Amo, amas, I loved a lass, and she was tall and slender"?

There was Felicite Vestvali, the magnificent. Richard Grant White raved over her. "Her singing could not be judged with exact and impartial justice, until her judges were smitten with blindness. She was the tallest woman that I ever saw upon the stage; I believe the tallest woman I ever encountered; but she was also one of the most beautifully formed. Indeed, as she moved so superbly about as the martial Arsace, her helmeted head overtopping that of every woman on the stage, it seemed as if Britomart had stepped out of the pictured pages of the 'Faerie Queen,' or 'so proud were her looks yet sweet,' as if Argante-like, we saw the vision of Tasso's Clarinda in her panoply."

Let us consult that "curious and extravagant" book, "Anthropometamorphosis, man-transformed; or the Changeling, showing the various ways how divers People alter the Natural Shape of some part of their Bodies," by John Bulwer, published in London in 1650 or 1653.

The learned Bulwer first lays down the principle that the magnitude of the body is three-fold" according to the triple kind of dimensions, to wit, longitude, latitude and profundity . . . In the first place we must explain what magnitude man is wont to have when he satisfies the law of nature in all perfections, and is not defrauded of her just donatives by the deceitfulness of a conceited education; that we may have a body, which as to a certain statue of Polydetus, all others may be diligently examined: for so we shall easily understand who is to be called tall or low, gross or slender, broad or narrow. Such a one in this our Europe shall that be esteemed, which in longitude is six foot complete, and in latitude or thickness one foot only and a third part . . . By this account he will be a tall man who is seven foot (or somewhat less) in length . . . he is a little or low man whose length falls short of six foot."

Now as to woman's height. Alas, our Bulwer does not give the ideal stature in feet and inches; he makes these general remarks: "Somewhat akin to these are they who . . . have looked askint upon the body of women (a building of a more excellent frame than the fabric of man, and in the opinion of some divines) as if it were unproportioned and not according to the laws of symmetry, making always the collation unto the body of man, whereas in knowing and judging of commensuration or incommensuration of a body, the comparison or reduction ought not to be made either to the masculine or feminine, but they should propound a human body best disposed according to nature, as to the use, habit and constitution of those members, and so to confer with that what is to be judged: for that which is best organized and constituted according to nature is justly said to be the proper measure, rule and index of all others of that kind; for, although these two bodies exist in the same species, they are yet diverse one from another, and therefore ought to have different measures; if therefore the body of woman seem unproportioned, compared to the body of man, so will the body of man appear defective in its symmetry if compared with the woman, which affords a sufficient conviction of this error in the mathematics and laws of symmetry." Closely reasoned.



Miss Greenwood should read these words and ponder them. In her case the laws of proportion are so well observed by nature that her appearance on the stage is welcomed by thousands.

Recall her sweeping and superb gestures with arms and legs. Height is indispensable. If she were squat or even of medium height, these gestures would be simply grotesque, monstrous. Who would have her otherwise than she is? And so her lamentation over her height only calls attention to the gifts with which Nature has richly endowed her.

She can afford to laugh at the diatribe of Schopenhauer against her sex. As for her male admirers, let her remember that when women reproached Andromache for her height, Hector said that she was only of ordinary stature.

"If you desire to know more particularly what this beauty is, how it doth 'influence,' how it doth fascinate (for, as all hold, love is a fascination)," said old Burton, "thus in brief. This comeliness or beauty ariseth from the due proportion of the whole, or from each several part."

"In the Next Room" excites curiosity from the beginning. What is in the buhl cabinet? Why or how was there a mistake in the shipment? Why did the nameless woman in the hall suddenly disappear? What did the caller in the drawing-room want of the rich collector? Who killed the two of them? The long, wicked, restless fingers of the gentleman from Paris—do they justly excite suspicion? And where is the famous London detective all the time?

Great is curiosity as a box-office magnet. Mr. Walkley some years ago considered this "distinguishing mark of the child in civilized, and of the adult in savage, communities. The state of mind which is always wondering what is going to happen next, rather than forming judgments upon what has happened, is a naive state." Mr. Walkley may argue that the gift of a great dramatist is "not to surprise the spectator with an unforeseen, but to gratify him with an 'inevitable' action. It is not to provoke his curiosity about what is going to happen so much as to excite in him a keen desire that a certain thing shall happen, and then to satisfy that desire to the full"; nevertheless, who does not like a "mystery" play? We are all more or less children in the theatre; we like to be amused, excited, pleasantly shocked; not that murders without a clue to the murderers disturb us; they only whet curiosity. Mystery, temporary gloom, strange apparitions, the frightened heroine, the gallant young lover, the resourceful, extraordinary criminal—all this is diverting. One knows that justice will prevail at the end and happiness be assured—in spite of a corpse or two in the first act.

P. H.

## Lotta Crabtree's Club

Michel Georges-Michel tells an entertaining story in *Le Cri de Paris*. It was suggested by his reading of Lotta Crabtree's death and her bequests to charitable institutions.

He never saw her act, but he remembers the Crabtree Club founded by her in London, a club that became the meeting place of London Bohemians.

"I do not want any one to be bored here," she had said, seated in a leather chair, between the last edition of the Times and the oldest member who, leaning against a marble pillar, repeated, for the thousandth time, one of Edward the Seventh's jokes when he had honored the club with a visit.

"The Crabtree Club! It was far in nocturnal London behind the theatre district. A narrow hall, a password for the doorman, a steep, dark staircase up to the eighth floor. A cloak room. A great hall with a low ceiling, a bar on trestles, cane seated chairs and wooden chairs, Japanese lamps, a stage on which was perched a piano. Comedians, all sorts of persons, were on the platform, chairs, tables or seated on the floor, along the white plastered wall.

"But there was no vulgarity in the bizarre semi-darkness. The man with bushy red hair, who in order to preside took off his collar, was the great painter Augustus Jones (sic!) The barkeeper served glasses of red wine to those seated on high stools before the trestles. The groups were close together. The majority of the women who were there, actresses, models, had exchanged their dresses for pyjamas, keeping, however, colored and flowered corsets. They danced, while in the hall 40 odd people looked on, smoking, squatting in oriental manner, with their backs against the wall.

"Groups entered; painters with velvet waistcoats, and curly hair; poets in evening dress, impeccable; they all had a romantic, disquieting air, well-appearing Coleridges, or raging Swinburnes, with fiery hair, blue eyes, a struggling beard as George Frederick Watts R. A. painted him. Pale, hollow-eyed, with quivering nostrils and plastered down hair, new editions of Thomas de Quincey, or old philosophers as dirty as Darwin looks in all his portraits. And here and there a young man rather fat, but as handsome as the late blooming and delicate author of 'the portrait of Dorian Gray.'

"It was somewhat like our old *Closerie des Lilas*: imitation of celebrated Englishmen of the last century if our belated or too young aesthetes should 'baudelairize' themselves.

"From time to time a melancholy little dancer, flopping about in trousers lent her by a sailor, curly hair under a stove-pipe hat, mounted the platform and lisped the latest success of Elise Parris or Regine Flory.

"After which some one acted alone a scene from Shakespeare, or when the day began to break and the dawn made blue above the roofs the black stones of London, proposed the descent as from a fire. The men buckled their belts while the barkeeper opened the cupboard where the ropes were kept. One end of a rope was fastened to the leg of a table and the rope was lowered the length of eight floors to the sidewalk where two policemen were waiting. They said nothing, for one has liberty in England; they said nothing, but they waited because in England suicide is forbidden.

"Alas, the Crabtree Club, expropriated, disappeared at the same time as its founder who forgot in her prodigious legacy, the most beautiful achievement of her life."

A vivid description—how much truth is there in it? Was M. Michel Georges-Michel ever in this club? Was there such a club? In what year was it founded? Where was it?

Clayton Hamilton of New York, dramatic critic and lecturer, gives the highest praise to Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones for the renaissance of the English drama. Sometime ago Mr. Hamilton sponsored a four volume edition of "The Social Plays of Pinero"; he has now supplied the historical, biographical and critical introduction for the "Representative Plays" of Henry Arthur Jones, published this month by Little, Brown & Co., in four volumes, containing 17 of Mr. Jones's plays. Mr. Hamilton's "Conversations on Contemporary Drama" at Columbia University has recently been published in book form by MacMillan, while his play, "The Better Understanding," which he wrote in collaboration with A. E. Thomas, bears the Little, Brown imprint. Mr. Hamilton, who is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, is now on a lecture tour. His talk about Sheridan and "The Rivals" is especially timely because of the revival of the comedy by "an all-star cast," headed by Mrs. Fiske.

Mr. Grainger at his recital in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon will play for the first time in Boston some piano pieces by Balfour Gardiner. This composer was born in London in 1877. Educated at Charterhouse school and Oxford, he studied music in Germany. For a time he taught music at Winchester College. "Being a well-to-do and generous man he has frequently held concerts especially in order that the younger British composers should have a chance of performing their orchestral works." He has written orchestral pieces, a symphony, phantasy, "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," English dance, choral work, "News from Whydah," string quartet, part songs, songs, and piano pieces.

Mr. Grainger contributes this note: "Balfour Gardiner maintains always his own individualistic musical utterance, free alike from old-fogyness and extreme modernist experimentalism. He never writes without genuine emotional and musical inspiration and his thematic invention is direct, enchanting and personal. 'A Sailor's Piece' sounds like a Nordic Sailor's reminiscences of a Spanish voyage. 'Shenandoah' is not based on the traditional chanty-tune with the same title though it follows a kindred melodic type. The 'Adagio non troppo' is probably Gardiner's most tenderly sensitive composition for piano. 'Michaelchurch,' evolved by memories of a rural English locality of that name, with its variety of contrasts, its beautifully balanced form, its grand polyphonic climaxes, seems to me the most perfectly fashioned medium-length piano piece of the British school."

Mr. Grainger will play David Guion's "Sheep and Goat Walkin' to the Pasture." Guion was born at Ballinger, Tex., in 1895. "In 'Sheep and Goat,'" says Mr. Grainger, "in which are united several different cowboy airs and ditties of the South-West, Guion seems to have surpassed the subtle formal workmanship and delicate polyphonic skill displayed in his earlier settings of 'Turkey in the Straw,' etc."

Marion Bauer's name is also on Mr. Grainger's program. She was born at Walla Walla, Wash.

Some one wrote from Hunter College to Mr. Deems Taylor, the music critic of the N. Y. World, asking him what sort of a course of study he would recommend to her in order that she might fit herself to be a critic. He drew up a plank for study at home from which we now quote:

Obtain a position as prohibition enforcement agent and hold it for one month, or until you no longer mind being a social outcast.

Make derogatory remarks about all your best friends, and then practise winning them back. This will save you from embarrassment in the presence of opera singers and other natural enemies.

First catch a bad cold, then hire some one to play you piano arrangements of all the symphonies until you can avoid coughing during the quiet passages.

Get the most uncomfortable chair you can find and sit in it. Hold your hat and overcoat in your right hand and a program and set of program notes in your left. Practise until you have learned to sleep in the chair without dropping either the overcoat or the programs, and without snoring. This is invaluable for recitals.

Memorize the first 24 bars of the following: Liszt's B minor and Beethoven's "Appassionata" piano sonatas; Tartini's "Devil's Trill" violin sonata and Paganini's "Palpiti"; Handel's "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," Franck's "La Procession," Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," and Hageman's "At the Well." Thus equipped, you will be able to follow any piano, violin or song recital without a program.

Work cross-word puzzles until you have discovered 25 synonyms for "rotten."

This reminds us that Variety discussed recently the question, where a dramatic critic should sit:

"Let's take 'H' as the rearward limit for a real critic. A real critic as an aside is a critic who knows nothing of the show business and admits it. With 'H' as the dividing line and in the orchestra of say a house of 1400 capacity, there would be from 175 to 200 within the same distance from the stage as the critics and 1200 farther away, figuring orchestra's rear and the balcony.

"On a venture, the best review of a new play that might express the common impression left by it would be written by the critic who asked for the last row in the orchestra to watch it. From the last row he would see the play as the majority of the audience sees it. From 'H' or in front of 'H' the critical reviewer may be just a bit too close. He is sufficiently stage-wise without becoming more so with any play without sitting on top of it. At the close range the critic in 'H' or 'D' may witness the subtleties possibly lost on the rear row or in the balcony and therefore the critic is enabled to write an intimate review that may not be a correct conclusion. A rear row reviewer certainly should give a more general all around summary. It might lead to the critics guessing right more often besides. Or maybe they would not have to dodge so frequently if their opinion was secured in a seat where the actor had to act to reach."

P. H.



For my part the more I see of philosophers and men of genius the more I am inclined to hold that the ordinary run of sensible, kind people who fill the world, are after all the best specimens of humanity, and that the others are, like our cultivated flowers, but splendid monsters, and cases of showy disease.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

### "SI" AT THE SYMPHONY

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I was to Boston with Cousin Eli's child, Mari, and she was all for goin' ter the Symphony concert. I wasn't real anxious ter go; says I, "Let's go ter sumthin' that'll make us laff." But Mari's a high-flyer, and besides she wanted ter git material for an article that she's writin' for the Brick Hollow Woman's Club; subject: "Music in its less deadly form," so go we must, and did.

Onst there, I made out pretty well. Parts o' the music I could understand, and anyhow I enjoyed seein' 'em go to it. There's a lot o' fiddlers there—more'n there is in the whole of Quabbin County, I expect. The leader is a Russian, a well-appearin' man. I'd hearn tell that in the old country he was a great perfessor on the double base viol, and I was hopin' that he'd brought it with him; I'd like ter see him wrastle with a double base. Cap'n Obed Tyler uster play one in the Universalist meetin' when I was a boy. My Granther Bates played the single base along side of him. Cap'n Obed was in the Chiny trade, master o' the bark "Fortune." Wal, that double base went everywhere that he went, and when he was cast away on one o' the Cannibal Islands, the nigger king there went nigh crazy over his playin', and come time Cap'n Obed was rescued he wa'n't goin' ter let him go; was goin' ter keep him fer court musician or some thin'.

Then two young fellers played two planners to onst. Fust a piece by Bach, "Roodle-oodle-oodle" on this side, "roo-lee-oodle-oodle" on t'other. Not real excitin', but bein' by an Old Master I presume 'twas good. But the next piece, by a man named Bliss, was some different. They jest spit on their hands and went tew it, lickity cut, while the horns blowed and the drums poundd like tunket. Excitin' while it lasted, but I didn't see much music in it; however, I didn't venture no opinion then. Where ignorance is Bliss, 'tis Folley 'ew be wise. I noticed that the boys changed planners for that piece; presume they want people to understand that each one hitches up as well on the high side as on the off.

The concert ended with a waltz. I uster be considered a good dancer in plain quadrilles—ladies' chain, eight hands raound, balance and all promenade, but any one who kin dance ter that waltz has got ter be a sight spryer I be.

We don't git much music here to Poduckett. The third valve on Hawe Bradford's cornet got stuck, and he has ter play everythin' with the first two, so the brass band ain't what it was, and it's only onst in a while that a male quartet comes down from Brockton fer the lodge or the church, so not hearin' much I don't feel ter venture no opinion on the music, but as a spectacle 'twas well wuth the money. Your'n  
Poduckett, Jan. 1

SI PRIME.

### YES, IT WAS QUITE CHILLY

As the World Wags:

Theeze birds wot are ravin' about the kold wether make me laff. I remember tha nite I stald with Buzzard Bill up in Dawson Cittle tha snow wuz so deep that over a hundred horses broke there legs that nite frum steppin in ehlmneys. They had ter hang red lanterns on the telegraf wires so tha sleighs wood be kareful wen they run over them. At midnite it wuz so dam kold tha goldfish hollered fer help so we took em out uv the jar uv hot water an laid em on tha oven dor an at 2 a. m. they got down an crawled under tha rug. Boilin water wuz squirtin out tha radiators an hittin tha cellin' an landin' on tha floor agen in hallstones. Tha draft kumin thru tha key-hole blew tha legs off a 3 chairs. "Doo ya no wot I wood like ter doo?" sez Bill, as we crawled in bed an nailed tha blankets down. "I aint interested," sez me. "Well," sez Bill, "I wood like ter traid plaisses with them 2 dam gince pigs."

SNOWSHOE AL.

### "FUSSFUSSFORMATION"

As the World Wags:

Is it possible for me to be advised whether Mr. Herkimer Johnson has made note and comment in his new encyclopedia and dictionary of the word "fussfussformation," which has been recently brought to my attention? I do not find it in my own dictionary or in any of the books of reference available at the village library. As used by my infant daughter, a person under 18 years of age, whose labor might be limited, regulated, or prohibited under the mis-called Child Labor amendment, if

she ever did any, it appears to mean the flow of the few well chosen words with which parents are wont to attempt to suggest higher endeavor to their offspring. As such a one I have heard it on several occasions since the return of the Junior member of the family from communion with members of the younger set in one of the suburbs of your city, with whom I am informed it is in common use in discussing their personal relations with the home.

And yet, damme, even as a parent, I am bound to say the word has much in it of merit, both as to content and as to suggestion. The exordia of parents are not always in words so few, and even less always are they well chosen in the heat of debate. The first two syllables of the word cover those points, one "fuss" for each. In favor of them the prefix "in" is eliminated, and yet its memory remains, making the suggestion that it is not information which the ancestor is passing on to the coming generation, but something different.

A friend once told me how he spent an evening with a new acquaintance on a Halifax steamer. My friend commented on the quantity and variety of the information with which the stranger appeared to be surcharged. "Hell yes," said he, "information exuded out of me like otter of rose out of an otter." I spell it as the stranger thought it. It is something like his stuff which the final syllables of this new word suggest, as to an appeal to youthful minds. There is something about "out of the mouths of babes." The new word appears to be one of those things, stark in its disclosure of the parent. Should there not be a New Year's resolution adopted as to this matter? Among others.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

### MEDITATION

Laura, old scout, the time is past

For you to look a girle;  
The sun reminds you that you cast  
A shadow much too burly.  
Short skirts, high heels are most unwise;

Remember you are fifty.  
False hair and rouge but emphasize  
That you're no longer nifty.

You've had your day, so stay at home  
And thank the kindly Forces  
That brought no lords across the foam  
To woo—and no divorces.  
You still can sing your little songs  
And reap rewards a-plenty;  
For there's a joy to age belongs  
Is never known at twenty.

Time, after all, is wondrous kind  
Unto a spirit sunny;  
To banquets of a happy mind  
It brings a magic money.  
Besides, old girl, the friends of years  
Help carry all your crosses;  
Their loving hearts keep back the tears  
And heal a thousand losses.

LAURA BLACKBURN.

## WERRENATH

Reinald Werrenrath gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, with the help of that excellent accompanist, Herbert Carrick. This was the program: Alma Redemptoris (Mozart); When Night Her Purple Veil (Purcell); Stille mit Hjaerte (Hannikainen); Dold forening (Sibelius); Slumnervisa (Melartin); Evig var (Kilpinen); Den Bjerstagne (Grieg); An Old Song (Rung); June Twilight, Beauty, Cargoes (Easthope Martin); The Great Adventure (Fletcher); Liza (Lane); The Bubble Song (Shaw); Co. Lovely Rose (Quilter); The Pirate Song (Libert).

Evidently Mr. Werrenrath put his foot down that he would not have his recital of yesterday precisely like a dozen or two other recitals given in the course of every season. He showed good sense; perhaps more singers, taking heart by his example, will follow it.

In place of old Italian airs Mr. Werrenrath sang a churchly song by Mozart and a long fragment from a Purcell opera. For German songs he substituted Scandinavian, including one by Grieg, a composer with whom, although he knew how to write a song almost as well as the best, singers today choose to have little to do. More than that, he sang this song to Grieg's original accompaniment for small string orchestra and horns, the orchestra led by Mr. John W. Crowley. And of a few of the strings he made use in the Purcell air, to its great advantage.

The air itself, if the truth may be told, did not dazzle by its beauty, nor is the Mozart hymn Mozart at his greatest. The songs of Scandinavia, too, seemed of only moderate worth, and Grieg, when less ambitious, wrote more masterly songs than that heard yesterday. The songs of Easthope Martin have their texts to commend them most, Mass-field poems.

But it does not matter. Though he might have used wiser judgment in his choice of material, Mr. Werrenrath has his heart in the right place, for a valiant effort he did make to please his audience by singing them music they probably had not heard before, and by varying, through the use of his little

orchestra the possible repetition of a single voice with piano. He succeeded well. The audience applauded lustily. Of course they insisted on many more songs than the program offered.

Mr. Werrenrath needed an hour of singing before he drove the dryness from his tones, a dryness that extended to his interpretations. By the time he reached the songs he added after the Grieg piece, he was quite himself, singing them and the Martin settings that followed with the freedom of delivery and the warmth of style that are characteristic of him at his finest. In these songs that sounded best, including those of the closing group, Mr. Werrenrath also brought into play once more the clear enunciation which lies at his command when he cares to employ it.

R. R. G.

### Alfredo Oswald, Pianist, Is the Soloist

At the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony orchestra gave its ninth concert of the season. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted. Soloist, Alfredo Oswald, pianist. The program included: Volkmann, overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III," in F-sharp minor, op. 68; Oswald, concerto for piano and orchestra; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony in B minor, and Kosmer, "Ethiopian Rhapsody."

There is little of the stark, cacophonous gusto of Milhaud's Brazilian dances in this concerto of Henrique Oswald, although there are passages in the andante, and the finale of thin and irrelevant nightmares, to suggest the impressionists. But this concerto was written 30 years ago, and, although Oswald is reputed to be the first of Brazilian composers, he was then still an European musically, and the cacophonists had not yet discovered Brazil. So, although it has no national tang, this concerto has form and a virile fancy, its themes are luscious, its orchestration skilful.

Mr. Oswald, playing his father's composition from a score, proved himself to be a musician of intelligence, a pianist of sensibilities, more elegant than he is profound.

Dedicated to the "colored mammys of the South," Mr. Kosmer's "Ethiopian Rhapsody" adds another composition to the sturdily increasing jazz literature, for although at the outset he writes in the idiom and mood of the spiritual, he becomes more and more insistent in his syncopation and fury, as the brass thunders out its last phrases drawn from folk dances.

For the performance of the Unfinished Symphony and the Volkmann overture to the dark and horrid tale of Richard III there is nothing but praise. Throughout the concert the orchestra was fuller toned, more careful of its shadings, than it has yet been this season. Next week the conductor will be Stuart Mason, the soloist; Rose Zulalian, contralto, and the program will be as follows: Beethoven, overture to Collin's tragedy, "Coriolan," op. 62; Verdi, Aida, O Don Fatale, from "Don Carlos"; Van Anrooij, "Piet Hein," rhapsody on a Dutch folk song (first time in Boston); Tschalkowsky, Symphony No. 5 in E minor, op. 64.

E. G.

### "Expressing Willie" I

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Expressing Willie," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by Rachel Crothers. Produced at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, on April 16, 1924. The cast:

Minnie Whitcomb.....Chrystal Herne  
Mrs. Smith.....Louise Closser Hale  
Simpson.....Douglas Garden  
Reynolds.....Stuart Seymour  
Willie Smith.....Richard Sterling  
Taliaferro.....William P. Carleton  
George Cadwalader.....Molly McIntyre  
Frances Sylvester.....Merle Madden  
Jean.....Elizabeth Zachry

Willie Smith, who has a hard-headed old mother, made a fortune in the tooth paste business. In some way not explained he has fallen in with a queer set of men and women who have much to say about the potentialities of the hidden soul, suppressed desires, the joys of freedom, the necessity of expressing oneself. The biggest windbag of them all is Taliaferro, the artist. The most designing of the women is Frances Sylvester, who, a female Bunthorne, has her eye on Smith's new and magnificent house, of which he is trying in his poor way to be worthy, and Smith's bonds, stocks and business income.

There is a house party and Mrs. Smith has invited Minnie, a western music teacher, to visit her. Smith, to whom she was once betrothed, does not know

of the invitation.

She comes and is awkward and blundering, falling down on the slippery floor, making foolish remarks. In her indignation, and giving Smith cause to be ashamed of her. Nor do the guests know what to make of her, till Taliaferro, taking her in hand, talking much aesthetic nonsense, tells her to cast off fear, to assert herself. And when she plays for the company—"the piano playing of Miss Herne is performed by a—muscle role playing on a—reproducing piano"—the ugly duckling suddenly appears as a swan.

So much for the first act which has many amusing lines, though the satire seems a little belated. Are these aesthetes, these inflated painters and neurotic women, adventurers and sensual, or simply affected fools, still at large in 1925 except as writers to certain "advanced" and "radical" magazines?

In the second act there is action in the bedroom scene. Smith has nearly proposed to Frances, who, as played by Miss Madden, is a truly seductive creature. He goes to his room; hardly there Minnie enters, in her sublime foolishness to tell him that he cannot keep the love of the wonderful Frances unless he expresses his true nature, shows her that he is more of a man than she thinks he is. As he is trying to get rid of Minnie, a knock is heard at the door.

The frightened Willie shoves Minnie into a closet and turns the key. Enter Frances in her negligee, more desirable than ever, serpentine, sensuous, appealing, irresistible were it not for Minnie in the closet, who finally shouts to be set free. Tableau. The two women are face to face. Each one suspects the other. Frances in a rage will leave the house.

The third act is easily guessed, and it is the least important. Smith comes to his senses. If Minnie is to go on concert tours he is to be her manager, but what is a concert hall to Smith's princely house, the triumph of architect and interior decorator, a princely mansion, but not a house to live in. The final settlement of Minnie's future is brought about as through a trap door, not too skilfully.

The play, which was performed at times in farcical spirit, is conspicuous for its lively dialogue, with its satirical touches and the amusing situation in Smith's bed chamber. It is a light but pleasing entertainment, performed by a capable company.

Miss Herne was perhaps too ingenious, too blundering, in the manner of a comic poor relation, in the first act. Is it possible that any teacher of the piano in a western town is today so unsophisticated, so lost in wonder, love and praise in scenes of luxury and silly chatter? In the bed room scene, with her hair down, she played with great spirit and freedom, expressing, even without words, her womanhood. Miss Hale was aggressively frank in speech and was inclined to hammer her remarks into the heads of the spectators as well as those on the stage, yet her characterization of the sensible mother did not depart from nature. Miss Madden was a picture in rest and in action, a Delilah in facial and bodily provocation, and her speech was as music to the ear. The men were all excellent, each in his way. A large audience was greatly pleased.

Mr. John Kettles and Mr. George Pots, we learn from the New York Times, had so hot a discussion that a policeman was obliged to take them to the cooler.

Which one of the two called the other black?

### AN ACCOMPLISHED DIAGNOSTICIAN

(From the New Haven, Ct., Register)  
Waterbury. Thomas Cuddy, 22, was instantly killed when he fell from a large auto truck, landing on his head against a curb with approximately 1500 pounds of brass falling on top of his head. Medical Examiner Dr. A. A. Crane, who was notified after the accident, pronounced death due to a crushed head.

### THE HUMBLE HICCUGH

(From the Detroit Saturday Night)  
(Dr. Roseow of the Mayo Clinic is investigating an epidemic of hiccoughs in Rochester, Minn. He says hiccough is an infectious disease caused by streptococci.)  
In days of old when beer was sold  
At costs extremely low,  
We used to think that it was drink  
That made us hiccough so;  
But now the news that we peruse  
Informs us but to mock us  
That every hic proclaimed us sick  
And hit by streptococcus.

Now, what the deuce is any use  
Of learning of this feature,  
When it can do no darned good to  
A single human creature?  
We can't afford to take aboard  
Enough to start us hickin',  
So we can't try the alibi,  
And that is why I'm hickin'.

What time his spouse would greet a  
souse



Who kicked him home a-dunking And, features grin, would say to him, "Adolphus, you've been drinking!" Ehul! 'Twas then, the good days when 'Twould have been worth the money To say, "Th' bunk! No, I'm not drunk! I'm streptocockeyed, honey!"

### A SPIRITUAL AGE

As the World Wags:  
It isn't true that this is an age of materialism. It is only that efficiency has reached spiritual things, so that many a soul which, even a decade ago would have gone into the ash can, is today saved by proper method. A few days ago two women, qualified registered soul savers, visited one of our hospitals where among the sick and the dying it would be easy to pick up a lost soul or two, gleaning even as Ruth, who followed the reapers. And in the course of their gleaning they came upon two women who were about to be taken to the operating table. . . . The two emissaries of mercy left in the hands of each of the two patients No. 6 of "Good Tidings" to cheer them through the impending ordeal. The little tract began:

"Where will you spend eternity? My reader, let me affectionately ask, Where will you spend eternity? It must be either in glory and happiness with God and the Lamb, or in darkness and misery with Satan and his angels." The point must not be obscured or missed. Think of the comfort and relief to those women to take their minds off the worry over trivial things like life or death and give them an eternal question to ponder.

No, no, this isn't an age of materialism. It's a spiritual age.

A. B. LEVER.

### THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

(The Plattsmouth (Neb.) Journal)

Misses Mia and Barbara Gerling very pleasantly entertained on Saturday evening at dinnering at their pleasant home on North Sixth street, the Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Leete and Madame Leete and Mrs. Joseph M. Roberts.

The above paragraph was published with the heading as above in American Medical Journal. The gifted editor was evidently unaware that the verb "to dinner" transitive and intransitive, has been in use in England for over a century.

Blackwood's Magazine, 1822: "Hogg would have been dinnered to his death." Examiner, 1826: "Before that worthy governor . . . left the Cape, he was twice dinnered." Richardson in "Clarissa Harlowe," 1748, and Carlyle, 1867, used the verbal substantive "dinnering." Lowell wrote in a letter that Philadelphia was very "dinnerly," and "dinnerly" has been used in England as adjective and adverb. Even we find the abominable word "dinnerette" used by the scholar, poet and wit, Mortimer Collins, in one of his fascinating novels. Did he coin the word?

"No, 'to dinner,' the verb, is not an Americanism.

### BENJAMIN B. ESAU

Benjamin B. Esau, who has joined the great majority, was one of our oldest friends in Boston. We first knew him when he was connected with the Boston Post and afterward we enjoyed his companionship when we two worked for the Boston Journal. He contributed frequently to this column. His last letter was about Rose Hersee singing in "The Bohemian Girl" at the Boston Theatre. The letter was published in The Herald of Dec. 28. In a private letter at the time he wrote bravely of his sickness.

Mr. Esau, as a proofreader, belonged to the old school. He could not endure any inaccurate statement, any slipshod quotation. He was a singularly well-informed man of wide reading, unfailing memory, keen observation and fine taste. He had traveled and seen many cities. We once introduced the name of a town in Wallachia in an article that went up to the composing room. The proof came back with the name of the town queried. We said to him: "That must be right, for we took it from a standard encyclopedia." "Well," he replied, "I happen to know the correct spelling, for I once set type in that town."

With all his knowledge, he was modest in the display of it, at times almost apologetic. He took a pride in his profession; he was always loyal to his employers, faithful to his friends—we doubt if he ever had an enemy.

### DYING UP TO HIS NAME

(From the Des Moines (Ia.) Capitol.)

Davenport. William Breathitt, aged 42, well known in Davenport as a police character, ended his life here by inhaling illuminating gas.

### UP AND COMING

As the World Wags:  
During this holiday season all kinds of schemes are resorted to, to obtain money under false pretences. Here is a case in point. My doorbell rang and I

answered it, to meet a meek-mannered lad who said: "Mister, please buy a paper of needles." "But I have no use for them," I replied. "I don't know how to sew." "Oh, mister, please, to help me; me mother is sick and we have nothing to eat in the house." "Well, as you look like an honest boy, I'll take one. How much do you want for it?" "Fifteen cents, please." "My daughter may find it handy."

He departed with his face shining like a new moon, and I handed the needles to my daughter, with the remark, "You may find them useful. I bought them from a poor youngster who implied that his mother, the apparent bread-winner of his home, was seriously ill." "Yes, I can use them, but this paper seems rather thin. How much did you give for it?" "Only 15 cents," I answered. "Why," was the quick rejoinder, "this is only a half the usual amount. At a 10-cent store you can obtain a full card for 10 cents. You've been badly sold, but the boy hasn't. On the expenditure of a dime he will make 20 cents, for he will, of course, sell the rest of the stickers to some fellow as green as you are." Now wasn't he David?

Dorchester.

BAIZE.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Hottentot," a farce in three acts, by Victor Mapes. The cast includes:

Lucy Currier  
Ollie Gilford  
Mrs. Ollie Gilford  
Elisbeth Dudgeon  
Francis Compton  
Alec Fairfax  
Katherine Standing  
Mrs. Chadwick  
May Ediss  
Peggy Fairfax  
Ann Morfay  
Larry Crawford  
Richard Whorf  
Perkins  
E. E. Clive  
Sam Harrington  
Franklyn Francis  
Reggie Townsend

Although Mr. Clive has chosen to present it in its English version written for the use of A. E. Mathews and the London stage, "The Hottentot" is still as it was several years ago when William Collier played it, barring the change in idiom.

There was nothing strange or diabolical in the play that Collier and Mapes first wrote; there have been innumerable plays on the same theme, the timorous man wheeled into doing the very things that he dreads most, whether it is to ride "The Hottentot" over an 18-foot ditch in a steeplechase, or to manipulate an airplane, and return alive. Their feeble pleas to excuse themselves, their futile attempts to escape, are always amusing, and Sam Harrington, who happens to have a namesake in a famous jockey, dreams in vain of "a gentle domestic horse, a horse that has known trouble, a broad backed horse," as he is drawn into the steeplechase.

Sometimes these fearful souls have never ridden, sometimes as was the case with Sam they have been intimidated by a fall; sometimes they are the victims of mistaken identity, and to appease the girl whom they love, they must acquire a bold front, and an off-hand manner; their little wheezes are always overlooked by the urging bystanders.

So, because Peggy Fairfax could never be interested in a man uninterested in horses, Sam must ride "The Hottentot," the wildest horse in the stable.

His flying colors are black and blue he says, and fortified by a night around the course on an amiable animal, and a consoling butler, Swift, whose brother has died on this same course, he eventually startles them all by winning the race, despite the 13th day, the broken mirror, and the threats of a black-moustached Larry Crawford, who is also in love with Peggy Fairfax.

Sheer farce, often overworked, it is still immensely entertaining when intelligently played. Last evening, Mr. Clive gave an excellent performance of the perplexed Sam, Miss Ediss was an alert Peggy, and Richard Whorf did well with his Perkins the groom. But Mr. Compton played Swift with excessive exaggeration, making him seem a figure of the burlesque stage, an arrant caricature, and both Miss Standing and Mr. Hulse shouted unnecessarily. Otherwise a good performance.

E. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Whole Town's Talking," a farce in three acts, by John Emerson and Samuel Godfrey. The cast:

Louis Leon Hall  
Elsie Hiltz  
Houston Richards  
Bernard Nedell  
Roy Ekins  
Anna Blakeney  
Oliver Clark  
Ralph Remley  
John Collier

Yes, it's farce all right, is "The Whole Town's Talking," from the opening scene, in which the taxi driver walks in with the mesh bag that has been left in his cab by the feminine companion of the man of the house, while on an ostensible "business trip" the night before, to the wildly uproarious episode which makes the climax of the third act, where the timid hero and the jealous "heavy" fight in the dark, a la cinema, with such unlooked for results that the house positively gasps its mirthful surprise.

"The Whole Town's Talking" made a hit last season at another theatre, but the St. James players put it over with a spirit and appreciative dash that suffered nothing in comparison. Mr. Nedell, as the unsophisticated youth, who wins his employer's romantic daughter by pretending to have had a hectic affair with a movie "queen" (his father-in-law supplying the ideas) and who presently finds himself involved in the most terrific complications, played the part with just the right touch between brainless simplicity and guileless innocence.

As a matter of fact it is Mr. Hall, as the old reprobate whose mal-appropriate engineering of the scheme, results in so many catastrophes, who was the centre of action. His stream of gibbly told, inconsidered falsehoods, which finally entangle him and "Chet" in such an inextricable mesh, are told with such engaging candor that he is the most likable character we have seen for many a day.

Miss Hiltz, as usual, made a delightful little heroine. Miss Layng played the part of the mother with happy skill and Miss Blakeney and Miss Clark hit off their respective "bits" with good effect. Then we had Mr. Richards in character as the unsuccessful rival, Elkins as the raging movie director and, last but not least, Mr. Remley as the most delicious butler imaginable. His passing and repassing in the hall at the rear, to admit the various people, was as the moving finger of comic fate.

The action was rapid fire and certain throughout, as farce should always be, and the audience that packed the house simply shouted with delirious glee. And they had every right to. If you want to laugh yourself weak and faint go and see "The Whole Town's Talking."

J. E. P.

### "Dixie to Broadway" Welcomed Back to Boston

"Dixie to Broadway" is back at the Majestic with Florence Mills, Hamtree Harrington, Plantation Orchestra, vivacious swagger, unrestrained steps and all. Its all-colored cast fills the time between opening and finale with naive and rollicking humor, gay strutting dances in profusion, and plaintive songs that make it hard for an audience to release the singer.

The small and delightful Florence Mills won much applause in many guises and moods. Byron Jones, Lew Keene and Johnny Nit present a feast of dancing and an amazing array of broad white smiles.

The play opens with a prologue, "Evolution of the Colored Race," of somewhat hazy nomenclature, nevertheless interesting with its representation of all races and the excellently achieved tableau of the lofty bronze Lincoln and the dark, quavering, appealing hands uplifted to him. In the next scene the Chocolate Drops and Plantation Steppers swing into the fast, exhilarating tempo of southern song and dance, which continues with endless amusing variations to the finish. The treasure castle scene of hidden wealth and a terrible apparition is effective, and surprising in that it contains coats of armor which could easily follow tradition and deliver a halbert-clout, but choose once to remain inanimate.

The comic sketch, "The Right of Way," presents fascinating possibilities with its motor smash-up, but most of them fail to arrive. The same hoodoo persists in the bedroom comedy act, where, you know, there is a sleeping wife, a drunken intruder, and an irate husband. Even with this hackneyed start, there is symptom of revival when the intruder dons a dress found in a closet and masquerades as mother, but even this possible goal is muffed.

But what with the glorious dancing of the dancers, the singing of the singers, and the piping of the pipers, all shortcomings are overcome by an overwhelming margin, and one of several numbers is worth the price of admission.

Florence Mills was recalled several times in her "I'm a Little Blackbird," and Cora Green was well received in songs and dances. There was a spectacular scene with a monumental white piano played by Uncle Sam while all nations danced on its lid. There were burlesques with a line of fluffy-haired Eva Tanguays, an army of Klirks, and three big Gallaghers and three little Sheans. And a parade of the wooden

from wooden, led by the trim and twinkling Florence Mills. A good show, full of pep.

H. F. M.

### IN B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Seldom have Boston entertainment seekers had an opportunity to see a better or more diversified bill of vaudeville than that which is presented this week

at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Every act on the program received generous applause from the large audiences which attended the performances yesterday afternoon and last night.

From the approval manifested by the audience, the greatest favorite was Edith Clifford, who sang a group of catchy songs written specially for her, and who was obliged to give several encores. She was accompanied by Mabel Leonard.

A surprise act on the bill was "The Test," announced as a drama in two words and presented by C. B. Maddock. It began as a thrilling mystery play, but the actors soon turned out to be dancers, tumblers and members of a jazz orchestra, with Tina Glen, Jack Richards and Monk Watson leading in the fun which followed.

Victor Moore, Emma Littlefield and company, in their comedy, "Change Your Act or Go Back to the Woods," kept the audience in continual mirth. Valerie Bergere, supported by Walter Dickerson and Kalman Matus, presented a clever comedy drama, "The Booby Prize."

Thelma and Marjorie White pleased in song and dance numbers.

The program also includes Lloyd and Bryce in "Nonsensical Moments," an acrobatic novelty; Juan Reyes, pianist; Frank Fay, "Broadway's Favorite Son," and Selbit's Illusions, presented by Dickson-Kenwin, English actor-magician, assisted by Miss Joan Hertford. There were also the usual motion picture reels.

### VANITIES

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of Earl Carroll Vanities (second edition) with Joe Cook. Lyrics and music by Earl Carroll. Dances and ensembles staged by Sammy Lee. Art director, Max Ree. Ira Jacobs conducted.

The chief performers were Joe Cook, Bert Rome, Henry Dunn, Al. K. Hall, Chester Fredericks, Miller and Mack, Eddie Leslie, Charles Alexander, Kathryn Ray, Betty Fitch, Geneva Duker, Agnes Leonard, Desirée Tabor.

For Mr. Carroll's Vanities this season he has gone about the usual way of revue. For text there has been provided some very funny dialogue, but it is the dialogue of the "lifted" acts from vaudeville. Now if you strip this feature of the show you still have something worth while, for it is without doubt one of the most pleasing spectacles of this or any other season. Too much cannot be said of the excellence of the dancing solos, as well as the dancing ensembles, even if some of the latter lacked the unity, the cohesive touch that is so essential and which one has a right to expect.

For girls Mr. Carroll picks with unerring eye. For of the workaday theatre let it be said that with 40 scenes this performance moved with neatness and dispatch. Encores were taboo.

Of the spectacles much might be said. But let us not forget the clock scene, with its splendor of costume, with its opulence of setting. Twenty-four pretty girls emerging in clockwork precision from the monumental time-piece in a manner that might startle the court of Louis XIV, each with candel staff, and lastly, Kathryn Ray, "Miss America," swaying as a living pendulum. But why the dropped veil, why the darkened interior, leaving Miss Ray in faint outline?

Or again the finale of the first act, with the arresting swing of the song "In the south of France." Here the land of lace was visualized, first by the group in silver, then the magenta, next the gold, followed by the black, and lastly the orange lace. Down and up, and up and down three perilous staircases, employing the full resources of the Colonial stage, pranced this riot of color and pretty girls, altogether a picture to remember.

And for comedians Joe Cook was again at his trade of showman extraordinary. For dancing, Chester Fredericks swept the stage. This youth could show the Russians something of their own technique. With never a sign of fatigue, he danced a long program, each time giving something new in steps.

As to voices, the company was less fortunate, yet Mr. Rome, Mr. Dunn and Miss Tabor, sang enthusiastically and with a certain facility.

T. A. R.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

NEW PARK—"The Best People," comedy by David Gray and Avery Hopwood, with Florence Johns, Charles Richman and others in the cast. Third week.

HOLLIS—"China Rose," operetta by A. Baldwin Sloane with J. Harold Murray, Fern Rogers Robinson Newbold and others in the cast. Last week.



**SELWYN**—"In the Next Room," mystery play by Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson) and Harriet Ford. Last two weeks.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Cobra," Martin Brown's sensational drama with Walter Gilbert, Ralph Morgan, Clara Moores and others. Third week.

**SHUBERT**—"Ritz Revue," Charlotte Greenwood, Brennan and Rogers and others in this Lassard Short production. Third week.

**TREMONT**—"Be Yourself," Kaufman and Connolly musical comedy, featuring Jack Donahue and Queenie Smith and including Georgia Caine. Third week.

**TREMONT TEMPLE**—"He Who Gets Slapped," photoplay from Audrey drama, with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Tully Marshall and others.

We mentioned some days ago a volume of poems, "Flame and Dust," by Vincent Starrett, published in a very attractive form and in an edition of 45 numbered copies by Pascal Covici of Chicago.

Mr. Starrett, a Canadian by birth lives in Chicago, where he began work as a reporter. In 1914-15 he was a war correspondent in Mexico. He has written books of prose and poetry, interested greatly in Arthur Machan, Ambrose Bierce, Stevenson and Stephen Crane. Two volumes of poems, "Banners in the Dawn" and "Ebony Flame" are out of print. We are told they bring high prices in the shops making a specialty of first editions and rare books.

The announcement of "Flame and Dust" described the volume in this manner:

"Poems—whimsical, romantic, ironic; poems of tragic hints, poignant lyrics of love and death, of fate as a grave trigger; and poems of comic epigram smiling at the puerility of man."

The wording of this announcement should not deter lovers of poetry from reading the volume. There are verses of every mood, and they are free from elaborate eccentricity and any desire to make smug and respectable citizens sit up and gasp.

Here is a glimpse at Mr. Starrett exercising the profession of reporting.

#### DEATH-WATCH

The great man lingers in the arms of pain,  
ere before the creeping shade of doom.  
He comforts those about him in the room,  
whose tears fall silently. Out in the rain  
youth in oilskins, vividly profane,  
ruges beside the splendid house of gloom  
and waits the moment it becomes a tomb,  
hinking the world waits with him in the lane.

ot his the sorrow, and not his the smart,  
hough vaguely pity may oppose his ire;  
is but to wait a signal, nothing more.  
comes!—And with a fiercely beating heart  
e shrieks his message o'er a humming wire:  
Dead!" And afar the hungry presser roars.

Living in Chicago, associating probably with the young and middle-aged lions of literature all roaring for lyric criticism. Even our friend, "The King of the Black Isles," whose verses have often pleased our readers, at times cannot forget the first series of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" that hooked the prim Victorians, and no doubt kept him from being the poet laureate, just as it was said, "Madame de Maupin" ruined Gautier's chances for a chair in the French Academy, though this has been denied. But Mr. Starrett is sensuously, not sensually, poetic. In "Little Songs from the Old

Testament" he merely puts into verse form passages from that greatest of love poems, "The Song of Songs." In "Finally—" and "Tibi quam nominare nefus" there is the fleshly touch, but it is not too audacious. Some might find an unhallowed hint in "Taxicab." In the following the grave digger enters:

#### NURSERY RHYME

One was a lady as lovely as light,  
Two was a soldier all buckled for fight,  
Three was the number of kisses they kissed,  
Four were the letters that came to their trust.  
Five was the hour that struck for the fray,  
Six were the bullets that hurried to slay;  
Seven, the months that she waited for word . . .  
Eight are the years since the tidings were heard.  
Nine are the nuns in the House of Adieu—  
Ten, if we count the one under the yew.

In "Ella" Mr. Starrett writes:  
"I have loved so many inksters since  
I learned to cherish books,  
That it isn't easy choosing which of all  
I love the best."

We are sorry that Mr. Starrett used the word "inksters" in connection with his loved authors, for "inksters" means a scribbler, an inferior writer. Charles Reade, we believe, was the first to use the word. In his "Eight Commandments," a most entertaining book about copyright and literary piracy, he characterized English journalists who in 1860 were abusing Napoleon III as follows: "These inksters are his enemies not only of the country but of the human race." (We hope that Reade before his death changed his opinion about Napoleon the Little. Reade's eulogy of that sad-eyed ruler is queer reading today.)

Sober-minded and maniacal collectors alike should enjoy the "Ballade of Sacred Relics," which begins:

Napoleon wore this hat at Waterloo;  
This cape adorned the Duke of Wellington;  
And here is Cinderella's fragile shoe,  
And there the basin Don Quixote won.  
Behold! A lock of hair clipped—just for fun—  
From Samson's head (Delliah 'twas that durst);  
But, though I have the garters of his son,  
I wish I had the head of Charles the First!

And there is the "Envoi":  
Friends, here are relics—I am far from done—  
Of men admired and, too, of men accursed;  
But in that jar, beside the pickled Hun,  
I wish I had the head of Charles the First.

Here is an imitation of Stevenson:  
IN A HIGH WINDOW  
I can't go out today because  
It's raining in the town;  
And so I sit up here and watch  
The way the rain comes down.  
The thunder-people are at play  
Up there beyond the sky;  
I hear their shouting and I see  
The crack-whip lightnings fly.

The strips of rain that whistle past  
Seem such a shining pin,  
And when they reach the yard below  
The thunder drives them in.

I hear the rain about the house,  
And beating on the top.  
I like it pretty well; but still  
I wish that it would stop!

Is Chicago now this favored seat of the Muse? We have already spoken of Mr. Keith Preston's "Column Poets," an anthology of verses appearing first in the Chicago Daily News and the Chicago Evening Post, now published by Mr. Covici. We are sorry to say that our own poets are not so versatile, not so lightsome, not so generous in their contributions to this column.

### APOLLO CLUB IN SECOND CONCERT

Enjoyable Program Given, but with Second Part More Engrossing

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, gave the second concert of its 54th season last night at Jordan Hall. Miss Clara Shear, soprano, was

the soloist. Program: The Cavalier's Song (R. Avery), Deep River (Arr. by Burling), scene and aria, "Lucia" (Donizetti), Miss Shear. The Phantom

Band (W. Mayer), Serenade (Josef Haydn), Echo Jam Noctis (W. Chadwick), The Blizzard (W. Cadman), Tenor solo, Dr. Walter L. Boyd, The Bell-Man (Cecil Forsyth), Vorrei (Toselli), Amarilli (Caccini), To the Sun (Curran), Snow Fairies (Forsyth), The Singer (Maxwell), Miss Shear. Lo, How a Rose e'er Blooming (M. Praetorius),

In a Gondola (Meyer-Helmund) Baritone solo, Mr. Frederick W. Pope. Hallelujah Chorus, from "Mount of Olives" (Beethoven).

The singing by this Boston institution was enjoyable, as always. Unfortunately many of its selections last evening offered little more than an opportunity to hear the voices of the singers—maybe that ought to be enough. Particularly was this true of the first part of the program, with the exception, perhaps, of Haydn's "Serenade."

The pieces in part 2, beginning with Cadman's "Blizzard," were considerably more interesting (though the organ accompaniment did much to warm the atmosphere of that blizzard). Steadily from the middle to the end of the program the music itself grew more engrossing. It was as though Mr. Mollenhauer had carefully builded toward the glorious Hallelujah Chorus of Beethoven.

Miss Shear's singing was a charming addition to the evening's entertainment. H. L.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts this week will include two works that will be played for the first time in the city: Elgar's orchestral transcription of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue, G minor, for organ; and Respighi's Concerto Gregoriano for violin, to be played by Albert Spalding. Elgar first orchestrated the Fugue and it was brought out at one of Mr. Goossens's concerts in London, where it gave so much pleasure that a repetition was demanded and granted. The Fantasia was first played at the Gloucester (Eng.) festival in 1922. Respighi's Concerto was brought out at home in 1922 when Mario Corti was the violinist. The second movement has a Gregorian tone for a subject and the finale is an Alleluia. Jacques Gordon, concert master of the Chicago orchestra, played the concerto in Chicago on Oct. 31, 1924. Mr. Spalding has played it at Detroit.

Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," preludes to "Lohengrin" and overture to "Rienzi" will complete the program.

Percy Grainger at his recital next Saturday afternoon will play four pieces by Balfour Gardiner for the first time in Boston, also music by Brahms (variations and fugue on a theme by Handel), Guion, Marion Bauer, his own paraphrase of Tchaikovsky's "Flower" waltz and Liszt's transcription of Bach's great organ Fantasia and Fugue, G minor.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. De Pachmann will give his farewell recital in Symphony hall.

Stuart Mason will conduct the People's Symphony orchestra at the St. James Theatre that afternoon. "Piet Hein," a rhapsody by Peter Van Anrooy, will be performed in Boston for the first time. Piet Hein was a famous Dutch hero, an officer in the Dutch West India Company's service. He was killed in a naval battle in 1629. Van Anrooy, born in Holland in 1879, is living at The Hague, where he has conducted an orchestra since 1917. This Dutch rhapsody on a folk song has been performed in New York (1923) and in St. Louis (1924). Mr. Mason will also conduct Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. Rose Zullman, contralto, will sing Verdi's "Don Falale."

#### A STRAVINSKI STRAVAGANZA

Notes and Lines:

Something like 46 years ago my Uncle George saw fit on Christmas day to present me with a toy drum and my young brother, then aged 3, with a cane which had a harmonica in its handle. I need hardly add that Uncle George did not live with us. He abode in a safe place some 25 miles away, and he was furthermore not planning to attend our Christmas party. Otherwise his gifts might have been chosen otherwise.

I well remember the days as marked by an incessant music in the impressionistic manner, which had deplorable results. By 5 o'clock in the afternoon my father, thoroughly fed up, put a heavy foot through the head of my drum, snapped my brother's cane in

two and threw the harmonica part to the fire. The remaining end he used to excellent purpose on both my brother and me. Of all these things was I reminded while drinking in the strains of Stravinski's "Sacre du Printemps"—if that is the way to spell it—at a recent Symphony concert. There were parts of it which strongly recalled the joint efforts of my brother and myself at devising weird harmonies and still weirder dissonances on that memorable Christmas afternoon. But we played to an unappreciative public, which had not yet discovered that the worse noise you can contrive to make the greater genius you probably are.

Up around Mace's Crossing, where I live, there is a prejudice in favor of a tune. We are old-fashioned people who still believe in lung-protectors and the sovereign properties of the rock-infested rye. We want our poems to scan, and we like them still better when they rhyme. We have a feeling that if music is worth while you will find yourself whistling a tune or two from it after you come home. I have been trying in vain to recall any part of "The Rite of Spring" so that I may whistle them to my wife. I made a noise rather like Stravinski when I was putting out my galvanized iron barrels last Saturday, and hastened to call the missus so that she might catch the idea; but, alas! the next movement of this barrel was a disappointment, and like the man in the poem, I have sought vainly for this one lost chord divine.

I was interested to read what was said about this matter in the program book. It appeared that when the music was played in Paris there was a divided opinion. Part of the audiences resorted to boos (not this kind you are probably thinking of) and catcalls—the sort of thing we used to do when I lived in Goffstown, N. H., when a show failed to commend itself; I never before knew how much Goffstown is like Paris; and the other part of the audience applauded like mad and said things like "en-core" and "bis" and "bravissimo." Some of them did this because they really enjoyed the music. Others, like Mr. Carl van Vechten, because they "somehow felt that free speech was at stake." People with names like that usually do feel that free speech is at stake; and we all know that speech has got to be freest of all when you haven't anything worth while to say.

Mr. van Vechten was excited and stood up. After a while he became conscious that another enthusiast behind him was beating violently on his (Mr. van Vechten's) head with both fists, keeping time with the intoxicating din of the music. The fact that he didn't notice this assault for a long time, and the further fact that when he did notice it he was not displeased, together testify to the excellence of Stravinski. If the same thing had happened during a performance of the Fifth Symphony, doubtless there would have been murder done then and there. I doubt that any other than Stravinski has this Orphic power to make assault and battery appropriate conduct in the circles of the polite. I doubt still more strongly that a century hence conductors will be including this curious hotchpot of cacophonies in their programs. I am willing to concede possible merits to innovators; but the test of this new verse, and cubist painting, and cacophonous music will eventually be its power to get into Familiar Quotations, and the Metropolitan Museum, and the steady diet of symphony fans.

I met a nice lady named Gladys on my way out. She said she was crazy to learn to play the kettle-drums in Sacre du Printemps. I could see no reason why she couldn't, because it didn't seem that anything she did could possibly be wrong. Meantime I contemplate a little effort of my own, based on the themes I hear daily in the conduct of business at Mace's Crossing, where the Salem line diverges from that leading to Lowell Junction. It will be scored for three locomotives, 48 freight cars, six dozen milk cans, a crossing-gong and five automobiles,—one interchangeable with Ford.

PHINEAS REDUX

#### INNOVATORS

In the long run a composer's innovations will neither save him nor break him. All that ultimately matters is the quality of his music; whether it is in a new mould or an old one, some one else's mould or one entirely his own is of minor importance.—Ernest Newman.

### KATHERINE PALMER

Katherine Palmer, soprano, with the help of a skilful and musical accompanist, Meta Schumann, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. This was her program:

"Somini Dei," Handel-Bibb; "O Bellis-simi Capelli," Falconieri; "Perche dolce, caro bene," "Ah, mai non cessate," Donaudy; "Allerseelen," Strauss; "Noc-turne," Marx; "Hochsommer," "Post im Walde," Weingartner; "Und ges-



tern hat er mir Rosen gebracht," Marx; "Les Saisons," Fevrier; "Salutation," "Life," Meta Schumann; "Pastoral," Rybner; "Sundown," Woodman; "Spring Fancy," Densmore.

Miss Palmer, like so many singers before her, made the error of securing novelty in her program even at the high cost of quality. Of course, she sang some good songs; the little airs of Donandy have their charm, not unlike, in character, that which pervades the ancient air of Falconeri. The nocturne by Marx, if not notably distinguished, rejoices at all events in a fresher spirit and spontaneity than always mark the work of that much admired man.

The four songs of Fevrier, if sung as well as they need to be sung, suggest extraordinarily well the sentiment of the poems, and, conventional though they are, they have a grace about them, and a sweetness—a sweetness indeed like that of a tuberose unless full advantage is taken of certain rhythms and accents which Fevrier supplied to save them from becoming cloying.

Miss Palmer, by the way, printed on her programs excellent translations of these French poems—indeed, of all her songs.

To be sure, there was "Allerseelen," a fine song if ever one was written, and Handel's glorious air, as dramatically stirring today as the day Handel set it down with pen and ink. If there had only been more of the kind!

Miss Palmer sang the air remarkably well, with a nice feeling for the shape of its phrases, with a good understanding of its emotional content. To the Falconeri air she brought the grace and charm it deserves, also a smooth legato and very clearly pronounced Italian, to say nothing of an unusually good voice, of truly dramatic quality, for the most part well produced. Her German she pronounced as clearly as her Italian, though not so finely; her French was not so distinct.

Miss Palmer sings so well, so intelligently, that one may hope she presently will sing better. Though beyond a doubt she herself feels the sentiment of her songs, she has still to learn that, to make an audience feel it as well, she must italicize far more heavily than she now thinks fit. To her advantage also she might develop a keener sense of rhythm. R. R. G.

"The living are the living  
And dead the dead will stay,  
And I will sort with comrades  
That face the beam of day."

#### WHENCE? WHY? WHITHER?

As the World Wags:

Comment appears today not as to the still unanswered question of the age of Ann, but as to that of this wagging world of ours. Eminent scientists are quoted in terms of billions of more or less happy new years. And yet, assuming that it was born in Annus Mundi 1, what other than space was in the hole into which it was inserted? Where had it wagged prior to that insertion? To say nothing as to the Power that brought it to our present interested attention by so inserting it. Is it not as old as Time? Or John Drew? ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

#### LITERARY SIMILITUDES

Ben Hecht . . . An unabridged dictionary with the pages loose (very).  
George Moore . . . Casanova retold for the children.

H. L. Mencken . . . The Olympian Limited—stopping only at Mercury and the Sun.

Sherwood Anderson . . . The triumph of mind over marriage.

D. H. Lawrence . . . Graduation day at a psychopathic institute.  
Christopher Morley . . . A literary free lunch counter.

Amy Lowell . . . A jazz band in a formal garden.

Hugh Walpole . . . Canons—Crumpets—Cricket.

Joseph Hergeshelmer . . . Wine—Women—and Antiques.

Zane Grey . . . All the way by Santa Fe.

Carl Sandburg . . . Pegasus looping the loop.  
CHEZ BRENTANO.

The Barry Adage recently published the announcement of a sermon to be preached by the Rev. T. Elmer Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church of that town, on this engrossing subject: "Can a man be happy in Heaven, with his wife in Hell?"

#### NOCTURNE

(For As the World Wags)

My neighbor's wash is flapping between two sturdy trees,  
And being switched and beaten by the unkind evening breeze.

The poor old gawky clothes-poles that are holding up the line,  
Are shivering in nakedness beneath the cold moon-shine.

Behold the pompous night-shirts that the wind has rounded out.  
Like fat old city aldermen returning from a rout.

A-leaping and a-jumping as if careless as to what

Their bibulous contortions might bring their future lot.

And see the baby overalls—the moon is peeking through

Two holes that tell of polished cellar-doors to me and you.

The lacy under-doodles that belong to Daughter Kate,

And long-sleeved, high-necked nighties that fall to mother's fate,

Hobnob with shirts and skirts and socks in the most familiar way—

Like politicians and their wives before Election day.

M. B. W.

#### THE DALYS

As the World Wags:

The quotation from a letter written by G. W. Chandler, asking for facts about the celebrated Daly family of Boston, came to the attention of doubtless the best authority on old-time variety theatre productions and actors we have with us in Boston—Mr. Dan Leahy, known to thousands of market men for his quiet humor. He likes nothing better than to catch a friend with some practical joke. In other words, he will pull a tale with serious face, and when the right time comes his ingenuous friend "bites," and this makes Dan happy for a week. Mr. Leahy is steward and general all-round assistant manager in a dining hall which has been referred to in these columns from time to time. He has a fairly easy job—reporting at 4 o'clock in the morning and working through until 8 o'clock in the evening, which is closing time for market restaurants. After that he has nothing whatever to do but enjoy himself until the next morning at 4 o'clock.

Knowing of his intimacy with the Dalys I interviewed him, with the following result—Dan speaking—"Mr. Chandler's assumption was correct.

"There were 10 Dalys, father and mother, and five boys and three girls. In the order of ages, the boys ranged from the eldest, Tim, downward through Bill, Tom, Bob and Dan, and the girls, Lizzie, Margaret and Lucy. Lizzie married a man named Buckley, afterward became a widow and kept house for her father and mother on Charter street in the North end. When the parents died, she removed to Revere. Margaret and Lucy married Ward and Vokes. The father was a wharfinger. In their primary school days, the children attended the Freeman school on Charter street. This was across the road from the Daly residence. In the grammar grades the boys went to the Elliott school, and the girls to the Hancock school. This completed their scholastic research, although it is evident they were smart children and must have absorbed a lot of knowledge in their journey through the world. Every one of them could do something in the entertainment line, and they all went on the stage. At one time, the entire family, with the exception of the parents and Tim, traveled with a production called 'Harvard and Yale.' Also 'Vacation.' Bill was a high kicker. In later life he established a saloon on Hanover street and was popular as a referee at the important boxing matches in the '80s and '90s. Tom and Bob had a well known saloon on Hancock street called 'The Oasis,' it being located at a point rather remote from other saloons, hence the name. In other words, it was a delightful place to stop and revive oneself after a dismal journey through the desert of respectable residential and business avenues. Everybody knows that. Dan became one of the most artistic comedians in our history. John F. Fitzgerald was a schoolmate of these boys and girls, and so was I. I can remember distinctly how we boys used to pull Lucy's nice long braids whenever we passed her desk, and those who know what a peppy little actress she was can imagine how some of us got a nasty wallop as the result of our alleged comedy."

At this period, when Dan was about to launch forth in an interesting description of song and dance men, high kickers and the like, a voice came from upstairs, "Where the hell is Leahy? Tell him to come up here and hustle those strawberries down so the girls can get them picked." It is the delightful custom of this quaint place to serve strawberry shortcake every day during the period commencing Dec. 20 up until the next August.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### A LETTER FOUND IN THE STREET

Chyan Hirsch; I ask you? You write what your mother makes you povidel taschkel. I have eaten already everything kosher and trefl by all kinds

of Yehudim and Goyim and I ain't never heard from povidel taschkel. I ask by everybody and nobody knows about povidel taschkel. Please, Chyan Hirsch, you know everything, what is it povidel taschkel. SCII MOOL.

## CYRUS ULLIAN

Cyrus Ullian, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, before an audience large and unusually well pleased:

Impromptu B flat Major, Schubert; Barcarolle, Sonata B Minor, Chopin; Cradle Song, Bird Song, Palmgren; Valse Triste, Sibelius, Nalads at the Spring, Juon; Rhapsody F Minor, Dohnanyi; Jardins Sous La Pluie, Debussy; Etude C Minor, Sternberg.

Is Schubert once more coming into vogue? Mr. Koussevitzky, by his performance of the unfinished symphony, appears to have set all Boston and New York as well by the ears. A pianist or two have recently discovered that the Viennese composer wrote some piano music worthy of their attention, and a song on a recital program is no longer so unusual it makes a concert-goer stare.

This novel state of things cannot fail to gratify those old-fashioned folk who have never wavered in their faith that Schubert in his day wrote a deal of music that is beautiful and delightful, and some that is grand. But if this music is to become the fashion, it will be well if performers put their minds to the consideration of how it is to be performed.

The formula would seem to be simple enough. Let a player use what intuition he possesses in trying to divine what Schubert had in mind, with the help of such indications of tempo and of loud and soft as the composer set down, then let him employ all the resources of modern instruments to make the meaning plain and its expression beautiful. Intelligent consideration, combined with imagination and sympathy, would surely result in a performance neither dry nor unduly flamboyant.

Mr. Ullian played his impromptu last night with becoming simplicity, but not brilliantly at all, nor with any air of relishing Schubert's entrancing rhythms. By the same argument he played the Chopin sonata, of which he left out the scherzo, as though he did not revel in the over-sweet melodies, the sharp rhythms, the brilliant passage work, the dramatic force of the opening theme, the fervor of the close. It may be musically in his favor that he did not, but this sonata played without unction—what is it worth?

Much the most successfully, Mr. Ullian dealt with the first pages of the finale, for there he felt the rhythm's drive. The Sibelius waltz he seemed also to like, and the Juon piece. He played with singularly beautiful tone. R. R. G.

Let us today revel in bacchanalian mood, crowning our heads with roses, holding aloft the wine cup with shouts of "Evoe." Let the canikin clink. Let us crush a cup of wine, and drain a stoup. "Sir, a glass of wine with you." Comfort us with flacons.

'Twas but a dream; let us dream again, for waking would be pain. (Sob music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.)

#### STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR THE NAPOLI, 1925

Come, draw the cork and fill the glass!  
Let the rich liquor bubble free;  
What though man's days be as the grass?

While breath is ours we'll merry be:  
Give us the purple Burgundy,  
The old Sauterne like yellow grain,  
The scarlet yield of Tuscany.  
Fill high the glass, a truce to pain!

Perchance that vintage most divine  
Was garnered near some northern stream

Through countless wars incarnadine,  
By scowling castles overseen.  
Mayhap this nectar sparkling yet  
Once flooded in some southern tun  
The fair white feet of Nicolette.  
Fill up the glass ere day is done!

Out from the haze of purple vines  
The whispering shadows softly crawl  
To trill across the drowsy hill  
The magic of their sombre pall;  
The last, long shreds of sunlight fall  
Aslant the misty old chateau;  
The twilight settles over all.  
Turn down the glass, 'tis time to go!  
Wollaston. D. W. B.

#### CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS, 1944 THE SAZERAC COCKTAIL

As the World Wags:

What irresistible magnet, dear children, drew grandfather back to quaint New Orleans every February? Think you it was the merry spirit of the Mardi Gras? Or the brilliant sunshine

of lazy winter days? Or mayhap even one of the delectable auburn-haired, gray-eyed, freckle-powdered beauties for which New Orleans is so justly famous? No—it was none of these. For grandfather had once "trod the circuit," and its lure was forever upon him.

First came Ramos—home of the gin fizz—where Ramos himself directed a large corps of trained Abyssinian cocktail shakers. Then on to a place where years of gulf breezes and warm rains had obliterated the name—but from whence came the Sazerac. Here the heights were attained—yet—Excelsior! On to The Old Absinthe House, where for countless decades absinthe had dripped from a silver spigot.

The crowning glory of all was the Sazerac. And how was it compounded? Listen! A bit of sugar—a soupçon of water (the ancients occasionally made use of water)—then bitters—two emerald drops of absinthe—and two fingers of whiskey—two lumps of ice—a brisk stirring—a lemon peel twisted deftly over it—and 'twas done. And then—oh, how grandfather did lap those things up! Nor have we the heart to chide him.

Next week's lecture: *The Pousse Cafe. THE LONG SHOT.*

#### AN OLD MINSTREL

Frank McNish, a negro minstrel who wore the laurel in his day—and his day was a long one—died in Chicago near the ending of 1924. Eulogies were published in the newspapers, but in no one, to our knowledge, was this significant fact stated: McNish was originally a plumber. Plumbers are notoriously mad wags, inveterate jesters.

Mr. St. Prime, in his account of a Symphony concert to which he was persuaded to go, said: "Drums pounded like tunket." Will some one give us the meaning of "tunket"? The slang and dialect dictionaries fail us in this our hour of need.

#### THE RACE NOT TO THE SWIFT

As the World Wags:

"The erudite J. G. Swift MacNeill, a descendant of the author of 'Gulliver's Travels,'"

It was my impression that Dean Swift never had any children, nor even a wife. Of course, he is supposed to have secretly married "Stella," but I never heard of any children.

JOHN HENRY BAGSTOCK.

Some think the Dean married "Stella"; others scout the idea. Much ink has been shed over this question—mystery, if you please. One of the best essays on Swift and "Stella" is by J. Churton Collins.—Ed.

#### HERTA, BE PRACTICAL

As the World Wags:

The engineer at the factory comes up to fix the clock this A. M., and he says to me: "Won't your conscience bother you on payday, when they hand you a check for nothin'?" So I replies, "My heart's broke again," and he says, "Every cloud has a silver lining. There's a swell plumber in the building today who is one grand little fixer of busted hearts for blondes," and I replies, "I don't wanna plumber, I want the poet, very same doggone one who bust it," and he says, "Listen, girlie, them guys with the white collar jobs ain't worthy of you nohow. Get some smart young guy who's dragg'n in the dough. I hain't namin' no names." Oh, which shall it be—the poet or the plumber? HERTA LOLL.

#### LOVE

Now Marjory is seven years,  
And I am nine and more;  
We went astrolling after cream  
Into a Flatbush store.

The handsome clerk said, "Ladies, yes,  
I'll serve you with a rush."  
He looked so very scrumptious that  
We both began to blush.

He smiled at us, we smiled at him,  
And then we went away;  
We were so captivated, yes,  
That we forgot to pay.

Of course we could have sauntered  
back  
And settled, don't you see;  
But, oh, we could not stain romance  
With monetary fee.  
—Nathalie Crane, the child poetess  
of Brooklyn, age 12.

#### "EVERY KNOCK'S A BOOST"

(Mound Valley, Kan., Times-Journal)  
W. R. Shaller, who is residing with his mother, Mrs. W. H. Shaller, sustained a painful injury about a week ago when he broke an arm trying to crank a Ford car at Bartlesville, Okla., where he has been visiting. He is getting along as nicely as could be expected, Dr. Jones being the physician.

#### NOT A WORD EVEN FROM THE CORPSE

(Johnstown, N. Y., Herald)  
The casket was opened in the church



a long line filed slowly by. In it Chief of Police James W. Ryncx, gazed for a minute and then went with bowed head. There also was elve Sergeant Diamante Ragueli, showed no emotion. And then came or William W. Campbell, who ped the edge of the casket with hands, looked on for a brief space the features of the dead captain and passed on with set mien.

# 1TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. Albert Spalding was the solo artist. The program was as follows: Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, G major, for string orchestra; Bach-Elgorgian fantasia and Fugue, C minor (first time in Boston); Respighi, Concerto Gregoriano for violin and orchestra (first time in Boston); Wagner, The Ride of the Valkyries; Prelude to "Lohengrin" and Overture to "Rienzi."

Mr. Koussevitzky is in the habit of changing interesting programs. Bach's Concerto was at first announced for this concert, then dropped, finally restored. The announcement of the restoration was after the Program Book had gone to press. Although this old music was finely played, it might better have been omitted on the program of this concert, as Elgar's transcription of the fantasia and Fugue followed immediately, and there was too much Bach without contrast. As the concerto is in two quick movements, some conductors have inserted as a second movement Bach's arrangement of an Adante from one of Bach's Sonatas for violin solo. Mr. Koussevitzky used the score of the Bach Society's edition, whereas in some former performances in Symphony hall the harpsichord played the "continuo" part.

Elgar was not the first to orchestrate music written by Bach for the organ; Vincent Novello arranged the Prelude to the "St. Ann's" fugue as far back as 1872. Transcriptions by Esser and Aert have been played here at Symphony concerts. There is no irreverence in this, Bach himself did not scruple to exercise his ingenuity in transcriptions. The question is simply whether the orchestration is well done and whether the labor was worth while. Perhaps we are old-fogies, but we prefer Bach's Preludes and Fugues in their naked beauty or grandeur to the doubtful adornment of modern and gaudy dress. Elgar was more successful in his treatment of the Prelude than in the dozen liberties he took with the fugue, for which he wrote with a pomp and circumstances that might inspire a military band to blow their wind and crack their cheeks. It is an old and thoroughly erroneous idea that the organ fugues should be played by organs from beginning to end with the full power of the instrument. We know from musicians who heard Bach that he was very skilful in registration, in ending timbres, in the use of solo parts. Elgar first transcribed the fugue and the first performance fired the British heart so that a repetition was demanded. The Fantasia scored afterwards, did not cause much excitement. It shows a finer workman-

ship. Respighi's concertos, first played by Mario Corti at Rome early in 1922, is an interesting work, often beautiful, at times impressive. The opening is charming in its pastoral mood. If here there is the suggestion of shepherds of the Campagna, in the later movements there is the reminder of a Roman basilica, intoning priests, the solemn and magnificent ceremonies of the Holy Church. The concerto is not for the glory of a virtuoso alone. Here is no display-piece to arouse gaping wonder. Respighi has written a symphonic work for violin and orchestra. The orchestral score is as important as the solo measures. The second movement connected with the first by a cadenza is too long-spun out for its contents, and the attention wanders before the ending. This is a common fault in modern compositions; proximity, the inability to stop at the dramatic or psychological moment; the composer's evident pleasure in his own musical flow even when it is hollow. Mr. Spalding gave an admirable performance, admirable in every way, technically and aesthetically. He richly deserved the tribute paid him by conductor, orchestra and audience.

The Ride of the Valkyries was taken at such a rapid pace that it might have been entered on the program as "The Galop of the Valkyries." We prefer a little slower tempo, not so slow as to suggest the passing of work horses past the reviewing stand but surely not so fast that one asks whether Wotan's

daughters were able to keep seated. Mr. Ernest Newman wrote not long ago. "No one, I confidently assert, has really heard the Ride of the Valkyries who has not heard it on an orchestra of at least 200 hundred players." There was about half that number in the orchestra yesterday. Yet we in turn can confidently assert that our old and esteemed friend Apollo Belvedere heard the music distinctly perched high at the other end of the hall.

The long crescendo in the prelude to "Lohengrin" was carefully and effectively worked. As for the overture to "Rienzi" this blatant, bombastic, vulgar piece should not shoulder its way into a symphony concert. It is for a brass band on Boston Common, Braves Field, any place where one can hear it at a great distance, with plenty of room for a dignified exit at an early moment.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Glinka, overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 8, E flat; Weber-Mahler, entr'acte from "The Three Pintos"; Franck, two movements from "Psyche"; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Liszt, "The Preludes."

## THE DRAMA TODAY

### Reports of Mr. Hamilton's Lectures at Columbia

Conversations on Contemporary Drama, by Clayton Hamilton: The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Hamilton delivered a series of nine lectures at Columbia University this year. The book, he says, is a stenographic record of these lectures, or rather informal conversations, for he went to the platform with only ideas in his head and his watch in his hands. When the publisher wished to preserve these lectures in book form, Mr. Hamilton drew back for a moment. He said that his best writing would be unspeakable and his best talking would be unreadable. In this he did himself injustice, for the book is singularly entertaining, and the more so because Mr. Hamilton, as if with his hands in his pockets, standing before the class, talks at times in a surprising manner and makes rash statements in a cocksure manner. Thus he declares that "of course, Mr. Kipling has been for 40 years the greatest living person who writes in the English language"; no play is "more perfectly planned or more perfectly written" than "Cyrano de Bergerac"; Shaw's "Saint Joan" is "almost unparadonably poor." Poor Shaw does not believe in love, because "he has never experienced love in his life time of 68 years." What has Mrs. Shaw to say in reply? Anton Chekhov's dramas are "dreary." Maeterlinck's plays are "more real than those of any of his contemporaries." "Perhaps the most satisfactory dialogue that is now being written for the American stage is that of Miss Rachel Crothers." Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was in 1933 "the first great play that had been written in the English language for 116 years."

Mr. Hamilton "speaks right out in meeting." He does not like the elaborately literary composition found in the plays of "my friend, Mr. Percy MacKaye"; and then he gives his friend a neat thrust under the fifth rib: "Mr. MacKaye was educated at Harvard, and has never quite got over it." Thus does the Columbian knock a rival university and his friend. All in good nature, of course.

The lectures are on these subjects: The Contemporary Drama, Rostand, Shaw, Barrie, Pinero, Galsworthy, Pirandella and Maeterlinck, American Drama at the Present Time, Eugene O'Neill. Shaw writes plays with the intellect; Barrie with the emotions; Pinero with intellect and emotions. Shaw is a lecturer; to Barrie the theatre is literally a play house; Pinero uses the theatre merely as a theatre; Galsworthy writes plays for the sake of social service; Pinero for the sake of writing plays. "If Mr. Shaw prefers to lecture, why shouldn't he hire a hall?" Galsworthy errs in being non-partisan, as in "Strife" and "Justice."

Always interesting, often hitting the nail on the head, often stimulating, Mr. Hamilton takes great pleasure in the superlative. One wishes that he had more respect for "The emphasis of understatement." But he was lecturing, and it was necessary for him to hold the attention of his audience. He could not afford to weigh his words. To us the chapter in which the critical faculty is most clearly displayed is the one on Mr. O'Neill, who "not only tells the world to its face that it is condemned by the Creator and is descended from a female dog, but is 'fully capable of backing up the oburgation with a healthy blow from either fist. And like all really admirable bar-room brawlers, he has his sentimental side; and his sentiment is so humane that oftentimes it turns to poetry.'"

## RUSSIAN CHOIR

The Russian Symphonic Choir, Basile Kibalchick, conductor, sang last night in Symphony hall. They were a handsome sight to see, 11 men, 11 women, in costume, less gaudy than those some Russian choristers wear, very tasteful and in their colors a delight. They sang well, exceedingly well so far as technique goes, with good tone, especially from the men's choir, precisely, yet with freedom, and with shading very nice indeed. When they have sung together longer, no doubt they will add to their present excellences a warmer spirit, a fresher liveliness.

They sang a long and not too interesting program. After a pretty song of the 14th century, came a curious Gloria Patri by Gretchaninov, a more impressive Credo by the same composer (with the text sung by Claudia Ivanova); a common-place Ave Maria, of an Italian turn of tune, by one Iuzz, the solo sung by Ludmila Theodorova, the orchestral sounding accompaniment hummed by the chorus—there was much humming in the course of the evening. To close the group of ecclesiastical music the choir sang "The Sea of Life," by Archangellesky, and a chant by Lvovsky. "Lord, Have Mercy," music so sprightly, the words notwithstanding, and so admirably sung, that the audience would have it again.

Secular music came next, an arrangement first—more humming—of Schumann's "Andenken," and then a song, "Slow and Gay," arranged by Kibalchick. Zina Ivanova sang the solo in Tchaikovsky's "Nightingale," and Mr. Creona, a fine-voiced tenor, sang from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," lively music at last, so well sung by soloist and chorus that the people wanted to hear it once more. The group ended with songs for men's chorus, a serenade and a popular song of Little Russia, and a Jewish folksong, "Shlof mitn Feigele," arranged by Henry Gideon.

The women later sang—or so the program read—a wedding song and a lullaby arranged by Liadov, the men arrangements by Kibalchick of the Volga Boat Song, and a song of the Don Cossacks. There were also Ukrainian songs, arranged by Leontovich and Koshetz, and Serbian and Bohemian songs, and a polonaise, arranged by Kibalchick. The audience, of very good size, took manifest pleasure in the music and the singing.

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks,  
from the keep of the well—  
Let me be wafted. Closed doors,

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,  
Set open the doors O soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,  
(Strong is your hold O mortal flesh  
Strong is your hold O love.)

WALT WHITMAN.

Those who think that Whitman wrote carelessly and was contented with "anything that came out"—the negro minstrel bassoon player's reply to his comrade who asked him what he was, going to play—should examine the "Inclusive Edition of 'Leaves of Grass'" edited by Emory Holloway, and published recently. The book contains nearly 170 pages of variorum readings compiled by Oscar Lovell Triggs.

Did Whitman by revision improve his original lines? In more or less polished versions we miss the sturdiness, the "barbaric yawp" of the earlier editions. Tennyson, Yeats, George Moore, are among those who, discontented with the first work, have sometimes bettered the expression and sometimes weakened it.

In the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (1855), there was a self-characterization beginning: "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos." We first knew about this extraordinary book of 1855 by reading in boyhood days a review published in Putnam's Magazine of the year that saw the birth of "Leaves of Grass." (What an excellent magazine, Putnam's was; a monument to the fine taste of George William Curtis, the editor. And later came the Galaxy, also an excellent magazine.) The reviewer quoted the line, and said:

"That he was an American, we knew before, for, aside from America, there is no quarter of the universe where such a production could have had a genesis. That he was one of the roughs was also tolerably plain; but that he was a kosmos, is a piece of news we were hardly prepared for. Precisely what a kosmos is we hope Walt Whitman will take early occasion to inform the impatient public."

Whitman changed and linked this line more than once. In the "Author's Edition" of 1876, now before us, we have:

"Walt Whitman am I, a kosmos,  
Of mighty Manhattan the son."  
This has a noble swing, a broad and lusty sweep. What induced him to ruin the line in later editions:  
"Walt Whitman, a kosmos,  
Of Manhattan the son?"

Is there already a revolt against Conrad-worship? Mr. John Shand writes in the Criterion, an English quarterly: "He had many faults, and in the later novels, his vices began to exceed his virtues. . . . Henry James was the last person he should have studied. . . . The heaviness of his prose . . . is merely a striving for opulent word-painting and beautifully cadenced sentences. I must and do, dislike it."

Literary criticism in the United States was never more acute, more searching, on a higher plane, with more felicitous expression than it is today.

Clement Wood in the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post quotes the death of Pierrette in "Loves and Losses of Pierrot," by William Griffith:

Afraid of being in disgrace,  
And hurrying to dress,  
She heard there was another place  
In need of loveliness.  
She went so softly and so soon,  
She hardly made a stir;  
But going, took the stars and moon  
And sun away with her;

and adds: "William Griffith, you said a mouthful; and we thank you for this clear beauty, in an hour thirsty-ripe for its rare high tonic." Beauty like a high-ball. Or beauty, to quote the reviewer, "with a pansy face and a pansy soul." We prefer the comparison to a high-ball.

Heywood Brown in the New York World: "Having talked and glowed about 'Tom Jones' for a full 15 years after leaving college, I decided to read the novel once again. I found it dull stuff and hard going. There are at least 20 books written in the last 10 years which interest me more."

And Mr. Brown asks whether Thackeray, Dickens, Fielding and Smollett ever wrote a novel half so good as "Kim"? Thus are Fielding et al. pitched forked into outer darkness.

We like to hear the young lions of the press in New York roaring as they seek their prey in literature, the playhouse and the concert hall.

### DID BORIS RETREAT?

As the World Wags:  
I chanced to be dancing with the hostess as the last expiring gasp of 1924 quivered on the brink of low twelve. We paused an instant, watching the clock and waiting for its voice to sound its knell and welcome all in one. Now the hostess was comely and into my mind came the desire to offer her a kiss in honor of the occasion, yet somehow I hesitated. Sensing my darling wish as women will, the hostess looked full into my hungry, vibrant soul and murmured: "Shall I assume the offensive?"

Consummate art if you ask me, What!

BORIS.

Did any one ask "What are Keats?" When a copy of the first edition of Keats's poems brought at the sale of the Chew Library in New York \$517? (A1 jokes on the late Beverly Chew's surname are barred.)

### HOW TO TELL THE MILLENNIUM

As the World Wags:  
When a musical revue is produced without a Dixie song.

When tooth-brushes stop moulting.  
When there are the same number of spoons in the C—P—Hotel on Saturday night as there were on Monday morning, the week of a big church conference.

When traffic cops say, "Pardon, sir, but aren't you parked wrong?"

When the President of France and the President of Germany throw their arms around each others neck and shout, "Erin Go Bragh!"

When subway conductors stop bawling, "There's lot of room up front—move up!"

When friends stop asking, "What is a unit of electricity in three letters beginning with 'o'?"

VEE DEE.

### WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

(News Item in Ocala, Fla., Banner)

The finance committee did good work. They managed to collect it all, about \$150 for the preacher. We all feel that he was a godsend for the malaria, bea-bonic plague, smallpox, seven-year itch, and typhoid-stricken town of — in which the devil and his doctors are busy here day and night with their hypodermic needles, injecting hell into the people. With this motto: "Bob your hair and be a flapper," or "Get a Ford car, Drink Moonshine, and be a Sport."



"The Highstepper's gowns: Acts I and II by Leclair; Act III by Jeannette, Inc.

"Hats by Throwemon.

"Footgear by Shohornowsky."

See any theatre program of today.

Octave Mirbeau is chiefly known in this country as a writer of violent novels, in which he so rages against this or that, that he is amusing rather than revolting; and the powerful play, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," which, translated into English, did not have in the United States the success it deserved. The sensitive do not read the novels, or read them holding the nose, especially when they pick up "Sebastien Roch," "L'Abbe Jules," "Le Jardin des supplices"—that incredible, horrid story of sadistic passion—and "Le Journal d'une femme de chambre." His story of a dog "Dingo" reminds us that the word "dingo" was brought into one of the first cross-word puzzles, but without thought of Mirbeau.

Mirbeau died in 1917, deserving a better obituary notice than Rene Lalou has given him: "Huysmans embalmed in his decadent style dead naturalism; Mirbeau rejects this artifice and restores to the corpse its stench." Remy de Gourmont naturally thought better of him; but Andre Gide, praising his famous play, wrote that in all of Mirbeau's works there is not an honest man; that Mirbeau was one of the satirists who exist only by reason of what they attack. "Monsters are absolutely indispensable to them. What would they do without them? They would invent them, and that's what Mirbeau has done."

Flammarion of Paris has been publishing writings by Mirbeau collected after his death. "Gens de Theatre" is one of these volumes containing articles contributed originally to newspapers of Paris. His comments on plays, comedians, critics were often as truculent and bitter as any page in his romances or any scene in his drama, "Le Foyer." An article, "The Return of the Comedians," published in *Le Gaulois* in September, 1884, might furnish a text for a Sunday sermon on this page. After a savagely ironical account of how actresses talk among themselves about their summer adventures, their companions, their plans, Mirbeau speaks of theatrical conditions in his time.

"Managers no longer wish to accept fine plays, dramatists no longer wish to write them, the public does not wish to hear them, comedians no longer wish to play in them. Today beauty brings in more than talent, and money is all important, whatever its source may be. It is no longer the question whether an actress has talent. The only question is whether she is beautiful, whether she has handsome shoulders, a fine figure whether she wears her costumes in an elegant manner; whether her protector is wealthy. . . . Plays are no more reckoned by acts and scenes, but by costumes and women dressed or undressed. Thanks to a custom that still exists, one condescends to surround these silks, velvets, laces exhibited around exposed necks, with dialogue in prose or verse, puns, what you will, but it matters not if the prose is odious, the verses poorly rhymed, the puns stupid. The true dramatists are the dressmaker and the pandress. Laughter is excited only by silk; tears gush forth only at the sight of pearl necklaces; passion is kindled only by the flames of diamonds. That is the theatre of today, that, only that."

Six years later Jules Claretie, a much gentler soul, director of the Comedie Francaise, was impressed by Agnes Sorma, who came to Paris in order to play Ibsen's "Nora." She was nervous about acting before a Parisian audience. When as Nora she wore the simple woollen dresses that she had worn at rehearsal, some one said to her, "Look out! These costumes are much too simple for the Parisian public."

("Claretie remarks, in passing: "It is true the theatre has accustomed spectators to see on the stage costumes not suited to the character portrayed, but costumes intended to celebrate in the newspapers the elegance of the actress and the special skill of the dressmaker.")

Mme. Sorma smiled and said she wore what Nora, a little middle class woman without money, would wear. "When I play Froufrou I clothe her in elegant Parisian costumes. For Nora, wool is not only enough, it is necessary."

Claretie, telling this lesson in good taste given to certain Parisian actresses, continued, as if in corroboration and approval of Mirbeau's words. "The dressmaker has become in recent years a collaborator who expects personal success in the success of the dramatist, and, more than the dramatist, more than the stage manager, influences the actress, by saying: 'That dress is marvellously becoming,' or 'Take my word for it, that dress does not suit you.'"

"The actress, however excellent she may be as an artist, is still a woman. The dramatist speaks to her intelligence; the dressmaker, to her coquetry. She will accept the author's observations, but she will heed the advice of the dressmaker, who adorns her and 'presents' her 'framed' to the public." The dressmaker does not care whether the dress suits the character or the period. He, too, is an artist, he has taste. He works for his art.

And what is the result? When you saw Mme. Sorma, says Claretie, you saw and heard only Nora, Nora from head to foot, who wept, supplicated, smiled, threatened in her simple dresses, her true costumes of her form and life. But in the case of many Parisian actresses when one looked on the stage for the character who loved, suffered, revolted, one

saw only some delicious creature walking in extraordinary costumes of the latest fashion.

"The newspapers publish the description of these too elaborate dresses before they review the play itself, and before the women in the audience hear what the actress is going to say on the stage, and while she speaks, they gaze, indifferent to words, through opera glasses, at the costumes of the magnificent dressmaker." Yet Mme. Desclee played Froufrou most simply dressed, and the little muslin dresses of Mme. Mars were celebrated.

"Now when a renowned actress goes on a tour she displays the collection of costumes she is to take with her as one exhibits in a shop a bride's trousseau for reporters to describe the lace underwear."

Alexandre Dumas, the Younger, took by the throat a dressmaker who asked him one day, "Dear master, shall we have a good deal to do together in your next play?" Dumas said to Claretie that his dream would be to produce a play without signing it, in summer, with one simply set scene and without any costume that could be described. "The theatre will die, choked by its accessories."

When Leon Gozlan, the author of "Le Gateau des Reines," having asked Meissonier to design Louis XV costumes, took the sketches to no less an actress than Augustine Brohan, a woman of great intelligence, she was horrified: "Does M. Meissonier take us for our grandmothers?" And so the court of Marie Leczinska was not accurately represented in Gozlan's play.

When Mme. Arnould-Plessy was about to go on the stage in Augier's "L'Aventuriere," she was an astonishing sight with her feathers, scallops, tufts, fillets. Augier exclaimed: "But if old Montepre will see your Clorinde rigged out like that, he will not be deceived, he will throw the trickster out of the door." And what did Mme. Plessy reply?

"The first virtue of a woman is to be handsome, and you would not wish your Clorinde to be a fright." And all that poor Augier could say, not wishing her to be nervously upset, was: "O, well; just as you please."

Claretie wished that there would be two additional classes at the Paris Conservatory: one to teach men how to walk; one to teach women the art of dressing themselves.

We have seen surprising, incongruous, absurd costumes in opera. Perhaps the most noteworthy instances in the last 40 years were the costumes worn at various times by Geraldine Farrar as Carmen; the costume worn by Mary Garden in the second act of "Monna Vanna"; the costume worn by Emma Eames as Santuzza.

And will some Micaela, walking over rough roads and rocky paths to give a second message to Don Jose about his mother, ever wear sensible shoes, sandals, or go barefoot.

P. H.

## Columbia Symphonies

### Mr. Koussevitzky and the "Unfinished"; Mr. Ernest Newman's Remarks

For some years there has been a steady effort to improve the records of orchestral works for the phonograph. There have been difficulties in obtaining the full effect of an orchestral performance. In some instances the double basses were not heard to advantage. In other instances the brass instruments have seemed coarse or "tubby." But ingenious workers have little by little obtained records that are not only more satisfactory, they are surprisingly good, though no doubt there is still room for improvement.

Of late some excellent records have been made in England. They are of such worth that they have been reviewed, as concert performances, in the leading newspapers of London. The interest in records is great in England and there is a gramophone magazine edited by Compton Mackenzie which might serve as a model for any periodical devoted to music in general.

We had the pleasure a few days ago of hearing some records of orchestral works and chamber music controlled by the Columbia Phonograph Company, Inc. We heard movements of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony as performed by the London Symphony Orchestra and conducted by no less a man than Felix Weingartner—his new symphony, by the way, was brought out recently at Glasgow—and Dvorak's "From the New World Symphony" played by the Halle Orchestra, a famous organization, now led by Hamilton Harty, who a good many years ago visited Boston as a pianist-accompanist. Since then he has won an enviable reputation as a composer, and the successor of Sir Charles Halle and Hans Richter as conductor of the Manchester Orchestra. We also heard movements from one of Haydn's quartets performed by the Lener Quartet of Budapest, admirable players, whose skill and taste cannot be too highly praised.

The Columbia Phonograph repertory also includes Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (conducted by Weingartner), Mozart's Symphony in E flat major (conducted by Weingartner), Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony (the New Queen's Hall orchestra, led by Sir Henry J. Wood), and quartets by Beethoven and Haydn, with quartet movements by Schubert, Brahms, Debussy, Tchaikovsky; and trios by Schumann, Haydn, Lacroix, Foulds-Squires. Nor is Wagner neglected. Excerpts from "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde" may be obtained. Forthcoming editions will be Brahms's Symphony No. 1, Franck's Symphony, Beethoven's Fifth and "Pastoral" (Weingartner), Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" (conducted by Bruno Walter), Mozart's Fifth Violin Concerto, Lalo's "Spanish Symphony," and Schumann's Piano Concerto. We give this catalog to show the seriousness and the importance of the undertaking.



"Whisky"—a kind of light two-wheeled one-horse carriage used in England and America in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Also called "Timwhisky." The word was not used



in our boyhood. Does any reader remember the carriage or the word applied to it on account of the swift movement of the vehicle ("whisk").

"White-boy," meaning a favorite, pet, term of endearment for a boy but usually a man, is marked obsolete. But "White-haired boy" with this meaning is now common though the dictionary does not include it.

"Whooping cough the now prevalent spelling of hooping cough."

"Wide open" was once said of a person stretched at full length, especially on the back.

We miss the old American political term "Wide-awakes" as a campaigning body, though there is a quotation from C. Martyn's "W. Phillips": "A circle of wide-awakes meeting at irregular intervals under the name of 'The Friends.'"

Some may be surprised to learn that the oldest meaning of "wife" was "woman, formerly in general sense; in later use restricted to a woman of humble rank or of low employment, especially one engaged in the sale of some commodity," as alewife, fish-wife. It was later that it came to mean a woman joined to a man in marriage.

Wildcat receives attention, but, we regret to say, the question, what makes the wildcat wild is here unanswered.

Considerable space is given to a good old biblical word, and it is surprising that the contemptuous term applied by Thomas Hardy's Tess to her associates on a certain occasion is not included. The word is in Wright's great Dialect Dictionary but not with the precise meaning Tess gave to it.

Mr. M. J. Canavan writes with regard to the verb "to dinner" and the word "dinnering." He quotes the Boston Gazette of April 29, 1765:

"Do your honors really believe that North America was created for the sole emolument of your very respectable dinnering corporations?"

A British "authority" on insanity says that many inmates of asylums for the insane are excellent bridge players. It is too early to inquire into their skill in solving cross-word puzzles.

#### WHEN I REMEMBER YOU

When I remember you, when I recall  
The spray-wet wind upon your tumbled hair,  
I wonder what you look like, rocking there  
Among your slender girls, your boys grown tall.  
I wonder if you think, wrapped in your shawl,  
Of how I loved your face when it was fair  
Beyond all grace that other girls may wear  
Forever and forever and for all.  
Oh, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber.  
A little folding of the hands to sleep?"  
But once it was a brave thing, clean and deep,  
And there was in you something gleaming, then.  
Ah well, the gold is gone now into umber.  
Rest and forget! We shall not meet again.

—The King of the Black Isles.

Why did no one having heard Stravinsky's "Saere du Printemps" quote these lines from old Richard Stonyhurst's translation of Virgil.

"Thus did he make heaven's vault to rehound with rounce robbie hobble  
Of ruffle raffe roaring, with thwack thwack thurley bounding."

"We shall leave this tempting field of interesting expatriation to those whose brains are high-pressure steam engines for spinning prose by the furlong, to be trumpeted in paid-for paragraphs in the quack's corner of newspapers; modern literature having attained the honorable distinction of sharing with blacking and macassar oil the space which used to be monopolized by razor strops and the lottery."—Thomas Love Peacock.

#### THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT AND THE NEAR-GREAT.

As the World Wags:

The Boss—I wish the wife would dress as snappy as Miss A. She spends 10 times as much on her clothes, but does not look it.

Miss A. (the stenog)—What can he see in her, not her looks, anyway; probably she is a good cook.

The Boss' Wife—What a queer girl! But probably she does her work well and waits on him by inches, which is what he likes.

The Office Boy—Gee, isn't the Boss's wife the bee's necktie! I bet Miss A. envies her.

The Office Cat—What fools these mortals be!  
W. ROX.

#### OUR JEUNESSE DOREE

As the World Wags:

I just saw the meanest man. We were at a dance hall, and this sheik of today went up to one of the girls who was helping hold the walls up and said: "Have you this dance?" She gave a shiver of joy and said: "No." Back came the boy that hurt: "Well, that's too bad—because it's going to be a good one." She had left her automatic at home, poor thing.  
A. GEL.

#### A CLERICAL ERROR

(London Daily Chronicle)

Alas, poor weather clerk! His grammar is now under fire. "Risk of rain," states a critic, is meaningless; the intended meaning, no doubt, is "possibility of rain, and those who venture out will run the risk of getting wet." The possibility of this hint being taken at the air ministry H. Q. provides another risk for newspaper readers. We should have, "The sun, which is always shining, may possibly become visible tomorrow, on account of a dispersal of the heavy moisture now obscuring it, and a consequent increase in visibility."

## FLUTE CLUB GIVES ITS 23D CONCERT

For its twenty-third concert, held yesterday afternoon at the Art Club, Georges Laurent, the musical director of the Boston Flute Players' Club, planned a cunningly contrasted program of music, all in cheerful vein. The Durrell String Quartet led off with the Mozart D minor quartet, one of the few compositions of the master which really do not overstep the field of suavely, elegant grace and playfulness to which too many music lovers mistakenly seek to confine him—Mozart, the composer of "Don Giovanni."

Mr. Laurent himself came next, accompanied by Mr. Sanroma, with a piece for flute and piano by de Breville, "A Flute in the Orchard." Heard for the first time in Boston, it proved—played at all events as Mr. Laurent played it—very pretty music indeed, melodious, though not of strikingly well defined character or of much variety. The audience liked it well.

More new music followed, five "Conversations" by Arthur Bliss, for flute (sometimes alto flute), oboe (English horn in one movement), violin, viola, cello. The first conversation depicted a committee meeting, with all of the chatter, interruptions and bustle to be expected, amusing music enough, in its humor something too obvious and heavy handed. Mr. Bliss succeeded better in his second attempt, when he left humor behind him for such poetry as he could muster to suggest "In a Wood."

"In the Ball Room," Mr. Bliss explained in a letter to Mr. Laurent, he meant to convey the idea of a conversation heard above music for the dance. There may have been a conversation, but of dance music there was little, mere snatches of lively rhythms that sounded quite unrelated. In the long solo for English horn, which he termed "Soliloquy," Mr. Bliss once more showed some imagination, even a sort of impressiveness.

Little enough imagination, though, did he show when he sought to suggest "In the Tube at Oxford Circus" by means of a dance which 40 years ago was called the "polka glide," played briskly first, then slowly.

It sounded not ill at all, this music by Mr. Bliss, by no means like that of the "Color" symphony, at the mention of which many persons shudder to this day; considering the few instruments in use, it sounded indeed exceedingly well and varied. With so nice a skill at writing at his beck and call, it will be too bad if by and by Mr. Bliss cannot develop, first, a power of closer observation, as well as, ultimately, a richer imagination.

To close the concert in character, the Durrell quartet ended it with four little pieces—a canzonetta by Mendelssohn, a Grieg romanza, an "Orientale" by Glazunov, and Mr. Grainger's "Molly on the Shore."

R. R. G.

## DE PACHMANN

At his farewell concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, De Pachmann played the following program: Concerto (in the Italian style), F major, J. S. Bach; Fantasia, C minor, Mozart; Nocturne, op. 72 (Posthumous), E minor, Chopin; op. 64, No. 2, C-sharp minor, Frederic; op. 28, No. 2, A minor, Prelude, op. 28, No. 6, B minor, Prelude, op. 28, No. 11, B major, Mazurka, op. 50, No. 2, A-flat major, Scherzo, op. 31, E major,

Chopin; Nocturne, op. 27, No. 3, D-flat major, Schumann; Elegie (Annee de Pelerinage), A-flat major, Liszt; Rhapsodie, op. 79, No. 1, E minor, Brahms.

If one may place any faith in announcements of "last appearances," then Vladimir de Pachmann with his strange, erratic babblings, his antic grace, his chatter of Liszt, of Paganini, of Brahms and De Pachmann, has given his last concert here. Yesterday he did not choose an all-Chopin program, and in addition to his beloved Preludes and Nocturnes, he played Bach's Concerto (in the Italian style), Mozart's Fantasy and Sonata in C minor, a Schumann nocturne, Liszt's Elegie taken from the first year of his wanderings, a Brahms Rhapsody.

In his heyday, De Pachmann was said to be the greatest of his school, of those who sought primarily a delicate sensuousness of tone, an exquisiteness of finger technique, nicety of phrasing. He was never a pianist of large patterns and sweeping vigors, he was a lyrical of nimbleness and a singing touch.

There was still the rippling dexterity of his fingers in the fantastic figurations of Chopin and Liszt; there was capricious gaiety and limpidity in the Bach concerto; there was a wistful lightness in the Mozart Fantasia, and in the "Minute" waltz that he played "staccato a la Paganini," as an encore, there was a sparkling rhythm that justified his playing of it.

But there is no longer in his playing the strength, the fullness of tone, the differentiation of mood, the intensity that even the briefest of the Chopin preludes demands. A romantic, he has not the mad ardour of the romantics now, nor their hitherness. Yesterday, there were moments of sheer loveliness in his playing, and again it was grey, monotonous, superficial.

E. G.

## "Piet Hein" on Bill of People's Symphony

The program of the People's Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon at the St. James Theatre, Stuart Mason, conductor, comprised Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus"; Van Anrooij's "Piet Hein," a rhapsody on a Dutch song; and Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 5. Rose Zulalian, contralto, sang "O Don Fatale" from Verdi's "Don Carlos."

"Piet Hein" was played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Mengelberg brought it out in New York, and it was played recently in St. Louis. Peter Van Anrooij, born in Holland in 1879, studied at Utrecht and at Moscow. Having served as concert master, also as viola player, in orchestras, he was a director at Groningen, later at Arnheim. In 1917 he became the conductor of the Residence orchestra at The Hague. The Rhapsody is the work that gave him more than a local reputation. The old song recounts the valorous deeds of Piet Hein, a daring man at sea in the service of the Dutch Indies Company. His most noteworthy deed, perhaps, was his seizure of Spanish ships laden with a great treasure. He was finally killed in a naval battle.

Next week Percy Grainger will be guest conductor; assisting artists will be Anita Atwater, soprano; Anna Stoval-Lothian, pianist; William Owen Gilboy, tenor; Felix Fox and Heinrich Gebhard, as well as the Harvard Glee Club, with Dr. Davison. The program will include: Grainger—(a) "Mock Morris," for seven-part string orchestra; Grainger—(b) "Irish Tune from County Derry"; Grainger—(c) "Shepherd's Hey"; Grainger—Three Settings of Poems by Rudyard Kipling; Grainger—"The Widow's Party"; the Harvard Glee Club in a group of songs by Byrd, Morley, Cui, Sullivan; and Grainger—"The Warriors."

## VARIED PROGRAM AT JORDAN HALL CONCERT

A concert was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall by Maria Kowalewska, dramatic soprano; Karolina Urbanek, coloratura soprano; D. L. Fine, tenor; M. De Nuccio, baritone, and A. Nurczynski, pianist. Angelina P. Loveland was the accompanist. The program included an aria from Marchetti's "Ruy Blas"; duets from Gomes's "O Guarany," and Bellini's "Norma"; trios from Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth" and Moninszko's "Halka"; songs by Niewiadomski, Benedict and Lucantoni, and Usiglio's "Educazione di Sorrento"; also the quartet from "Rigoletto." Mr. Nurczynski played a military march by Kowalski.

The arias by Marchetti, Gomes, and Moninszko are not unknown in Boston. Stanislaus Niewiadomski, born in Galicia in 1859, was since 1887 a teacher of theory and music history at the Lemberg Conservatory, and in 1918 he was for a time conductor of the City Opera. Since 1919 he has taught music aesthetics at the Warsaw Conservatory and

served as music critic. His compositions are chiefly songs and piano pieces. Usiglio's opera was produced in Pisa in 1870.

We have received from "D. W. W." the card of a Japanese jewelry maker received by our correspondent about 1885.

#### "WHISKYBOY,"

No. 17 Aiolohe Ichhome

(Minatobashidori), Yokohama, Japan." The card gives a list of articles that can be furnished to foreign devils who are English or Americans.

"Our shop is best and obliging worker that have everybody known and having articles"—here comes a long list—"we can work how much difficult job, with lowest Prices insure, please try, onee try."

"Don't forget name

"WHISKY."

"D. W. W." writes: "Years ago this man was a cabin boy and the captain, who was a great drinker, often used to call out 'Whiskey Boy'; so the cabin boy thought that was the name the captain gave him and he kept it ever afterward."

#### "KNICKER BEIN"

"D. W. W." also sends the card of Adolph Gloom, grocer, dealer in wines, liquors, tobacco and cigars, southwest cor. Clay and Dupont streets (Old St. Francis building), San Francisco, Cal., in the '80's. The card informed the world that Mr. Gloom prepared "knicker bein." On the back are directions for taking the drink.

"1—Pass the glass under the Nostrils and Inhale the Flavor. Pause.

"2—Hold the glass Perpendicularly close under your mouth, open it WIDE, and suck the froth by drawing a DEEP BREATH.

"3—Point the lips and take one-third of the liquid contents remaining in the glass without touching the yolk. Pause once more.

"4—Straighten the body, throw the head backward, swallow the contents remaining in the glass all at once, at the same time breaking the yolk in your mouth."

Alas, Mr. Gloom did not give the recipe. If he died before the funeral amendment did the secret die with him? If he is living, is it locked within his manly breast, hoping at some day, not far distant, to assuage again the now complaining millions of thirsty men?

Our correspondent writes: "As to 'knickerbein' I have never drank it, but I would give a good deal to see Mr. Herkimer Johnson taking his, according to Adolph Gloom's directions."

Something in our heart tells us that Mr. Johnson was never given to strong and rebellious liquors; that knickerbein is a species of firewater and therefore not acceptable to Mr. Johnson, whose passion is ale, strong ale, not swipes. We have often heard him quote with voice trembling with emotion and with shining eyes those noble lines of A. E. Housman's:

"Say, for what were hop-yards meant,  
Or why was Burton built on Trent?  
Oh, many a peer of England brews  
Liveller liquor than the Muse.  
And malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man.  
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink  
For fellows whom it hurts to think:  
Look into the pewter pot  
To see the world as the world's not."

Knickerbein must have been a beverage that searched out the centres of life. The very name leads to this conclusion. The verb "knicken" means to orack. "Bein" means leg. And if a man goes about with "gekneketen Beinen," his legs are shaky. One might reasonably ask if "knickerbein" was more potent than "tangle-foot."

And this reminds us of an amusing misprint in an issue of the Nou-ville of Paris Dec. 4, sent to us by Mr. Naboth Hedin. M. Armand Charpentier reviewed Wiekham Steed's "Through Thirty Years" with especial reference to the pages about the forger and traitor Henri de la Dreyfus case. The illootype and the proofreader changed the title of the book to "Through Thirsty Years."

Mr. Hedin writes: "Reporters are supposed to be hungry for news, but since Europe has no prohibition they seldom go thirsty over there."

Perhaps the printers were thinking of Anatole France's "Les Dieux ont Soif," and their mistake was a case of heterophemy.

No one to our knowledge has mentioned the earthquake that was noticed perceptibly in New Hampshire some time between September, 1870, and June, 1871. We remember the earthquake when we were at school at Exeter, but not the month. Furniture was moved in the rooms and there was a feeling of physical discomfort.



**TAEDUM VITAE**  
(For as the World Wags)  
The glory of the day-spring:  
The warmth of the sun.  
The shadows of the evening  
When golden day is done.  
  
A little light and laughter:  
A little love, and then  
The pain that follows after  
Till darkness comes again  
  
The wine of life is joyous,  
The flower of life is sweet,  
But, at the end, laborious  
The path for straying feet.  
  
Long since I saw the sun-up;  
Now Love has left my bed;  
I weary of the wine-cup;  
Oh, would that I were dead.  
D. W. R.

**WHAT'S WRONG IN THIS PICTURE?**  
The World Wags:  
This morning I sat in a street car pon-  
g upon the man in the seat before  
me. A gentleman, undoubtedly; by the  
aculate and cultured smoothness of  
coat collar, by the aristocratic per-  
son of the hat that rested upon his  
ly aristocratic head, I knew him  
that he was. Yes, this could be  
other than the real thing—a full-  
and pedigreed gentleman; a  
mat, a banker, perhaps even an  
or—the editor of a column?  
Successfully raising his left arm he  
before his eyes the most beautiful  
of fingernails I have ever seen, won-  
dilly long, deliciously jagged at the  
and set against such a glorious  
ground of grime that my soul was  
led with delight. Now he raised  
light hand, and in it I saw a fat  
knife with a thick blade that  
ned pleasantly in the sunlight.  
It wonders that man performed with  
same implement in the next min-  
He delved with it beneath the  
and tossed out heaps of rich,  
dark earth. He circumnavigated the  
leaving them in unindented round-  
So delicate was his manner with-  
at my spirit was strangely exalted.  
left the car I whistled in sheer joy,  
ent last, I had seen a great artist  
telling his art.  
**CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.**  
Cambridge.

H. wishes to know the solution of  
New Puzzle," published in the "Lit-  
Remains" of Willis Gaylord Clark,  
anling:  
  
Is as high as all the stars.  
No well was ever sunk so low:  
Is in age, five thousand years,  
But was not born an hour ago."  
  
So last of the seven verses runs:  
Is in your mouth, 'twas never nigh—  
Where'er you look, you see it still,  
Will make you laugh, 'twill make  
you cry;  
You feel it plain, touch what you  
will."  
  
These "Literary Remains" were pub-  
lished in 1844 and praised by the then  
and stately North American Re-

# "THE RIVALS"

By PHILIP HALE  
**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**—Sheri-  
dan's "The Rivals." a comedy in three  
acts and 10 scenes. Produced by George  
Tyler and Hugh Ford.  
  
Anthony Absolute..... Thomas A. Wise  
Captain Jack Absolute..... Kenneth Thomson  
Faulkland..... Fred Eric  
In Acres..... James T. Powers  
R. Lucia O'Trigger..... Chauncey Olcott  
Percival Vician..... George Tawde  
Tawde..... Walter Woodall  
Ma Malaprop..... Mrs. Fiske  
Miss Langrish..... Lola Flesher  
Miss Melville..... May Collins  
..... Marie Carroll  
  
"The Rivals" does not wear so well  
as "The School for Scandal." It is not  
a brilliant in dialogue; the situations  
are not so dramatic. Mr. Archer once  
note that Julia and Faulkland are the  
only characters in which Sheridan  
takes any approach to "serious psych-  
ology"; that Faulkland is an admirable  
study of a familiar type, and Julia is a  
charming woman, once an allowance for  
excesses of phraseology is made. That  
they seem dull to modern playgoers is  
because they, belonging to polite, high  
comedy, have strayed into a farce; also  
because the parts are usually taken by  
comedians who condescend with ill  
grace to play them.  
  
But "serious psychology" is not so  
crossing in Sheridan's comedies as  
is sparkling wit and careless cynicism;  
and as a writer of sentiment he now  
tends us to indulge merely in high  
own language; what Artemus Ward  
described as "pretty shop-keeping talk."  
  
One of the sentimental passages re-  
mind one of the original "tag" written  
by Sheridan: "When hearts deserving  
affection would unite their fortunes,  
true would crown them with an un-  
dying garland of modest, hurtless  
owers; but ill-judged Passion will force  
a gaudier rose into the wreath whose  
orn offends them when its leaves are  
opped." Who would have suspected

Sheridan of writing in this Laura-Ma-  
tilda vein?  
  
But there are Sir Anthony, Sir Lucia  
O'Trigger, Rob Acres and—Mrs. Mala-  
prop with her "nice derangement of  
optaphs." And by them, when they are  
acted with fine appreciation of their  
characters—not caricatured—the comedy  
still lives.  
  
The play was performed last night  
by "an all-star cast." There have been  
all-star casts before this for "The  
Rivals." Note the players who took  
part in "The Rivals" in 1896: Messrs.  
Crane, Taber, Holland, Joseph Jeffers-  
son, Goodwin, B. M. Holland, Francis  
Wilson (David); Mrs. John Drew, Julia  
Marlowe, Fanny Rice. Some of us re-  
member John Gilbert as Sir Anthony.  
W. J. Florence as Sir Lucia O'Trigger;  
that excellent actor George Giddens as  
Acres.  
  
The play last night was well staged.  
The settings were appropriate; the cos-  
tumes were in keeping with the time.  
The waits between the scenes were not  
long and were more or less enlivened  
by the performance of old English airs.  
  
Mrs. Fiske was an excellent Mrs.  
Malaprop, giving a true portrayal of  
that extraordinary character, vain as a  
peacock, pompous, rejoicing in her su-  
perficial education, blundering in her  
use of words and comparisons. The  
Mrs. Fiske who often in the past has  
been at times almost inaudible and un-  
intelligible by her emphasis of un-  
derstatement, by her desire to be real-  
istic at any cost, was not on the stage.  
Mrs. Malaprop was there in person.  
We have seen actresses playing this  
role who, anticipating the laughter that  
would follow their strange employment  
of English words or unexpected and  
ridiculous verbal coinage, would begin  
to smile before they opened the mouth  
and then address the audience point-  
blank. Mrs. Fiske was delightfully un-  
conscious of her humblers. For her  
there was no audience; there were only  
the men and women in the play.  
  
While the ensemble gave a brisk per-  
formance, the players individually were  
of uneven worth. Mr. Olcott of the  
men was the closest to Sheridan, ac-  
cepting sound traditions and giving a  
really satisfactory impersonation. Mr.  
Thomson played Capt. Jack Absolute  
with the requisite careless ease and  
sense of humor. Mr. Wise, a capable  
actor in certain parts, was a dry Sir  
Anthony. One missed the choleric out-  
bursts, the thunderous explosions, also  
the courtliness in the presence of ladies,  
for Sir Anthony, with all his temper,  
was a gentleman of the old school. Mr.  
Wise in his rage was peevish. Mr. Eric  
gave a fair idea of the distracted lover.  
The ladies of the company were pleas-  
ing to the eye. Mr. Vivian as Fag did  
his little well, whereas Mr. Tawde, the  
David, overacted, and in the scene with  
Acres, when he learned of the duel, fell  
to clowning, no doubt because Mr. Pow-  
ers's example was contagious.  
  
For Mr. Powers was lamentably mis-  
cast. "Amusing by his speech, laugh,  
and other mannerisms in musical  
comedy or farce, he carried his equip-  
ment, bag and baggage, into Sheridan's  
comedy. One expected him at any  
moment to break out with "Follow the  
man from Cook's." Now Acres was an  
honest, unsophisticated English squire,  
who, arriving at Bath, strove his best  
to imitate in dress and deportment the  
fashionable Bucks. He was by no means  
a clown. Joseph Jefferson's Acres was  
amusing, though the audience saw only  
Jefferson dressed as Acres and speaking  
Sheridan's lines with gags and business  
of his own; he did not portray the  
Acres of Sheridan and thus he set a  
bad example. Mr. Powers did not  
imitate Jefferson; he gave a faithful  
imitation of himself in farcical comedy  
roles.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS SECOND OF SERIES

Last evening in Symphony hall came  
the second concert of the Monday  
series, the soloist being Richard Bur-  
gin, violinist. The program was made  
up of the Haydn G major symphony  
(Breitkopf and Haertel No. 13), Bee-  
thoven's violin concerto, and by Wagn-  
er the Baccanale from "Tann-  
haeuser," Siegfried's funeral music from  
the "Dusk of the Gods" and the prelude  
to "The Mastersingers of Nurem-  
burg."  
  
Mr. Koussevitzky's exquisitely eu-  
phonious and at the same time stirring-  
ly vital performance of the Haydn sym-  
phony has been recently commented  
upon in The Herald, and so has his  
way with the Wagner excerpts. The  
only "novelty" last night was the Bee-  
thoven concerto.  
  
Mr. Burgin played it well, doing full  
justice to such melodies as came his  
way, tossing off the theme of the  
rondo with dash and snap, managing  
the interminable array of runs and  
trills and passages smoothly and with  
sweet tone. The audience liked the  
performance heartily. This sincere

and honest having been paid Mr. Bur-  
gin, let a suggestion be plucked  
  
In these days, when nobody sees harm  
in laying hands on any piece of music  
and twisting it out of shape, tricking  
out an organ fantasy by Bach, say, with  
orchestral dress plus glockenspiel and  
drums—why should not some composer  
with a knack at writing for orchestras,  
but with no great stock of musical  
ideas in his head, help himself out and  
also do the public a good turn by mak-  
ing over this violin concerto into an  
honest piece for orchestra?  
  
There is music enough in it in plenty,  
and fine music, too, beautifully melodi-  
ous, of charming sentiment and of  
sprightly brightness, all, it may be  
taken for granted, written for orchestra  
with Beethoven's masterly skill. But  
there is the solo violin forever holding  
the proceedings back, demanding a  
hearing for its long roudades. Let some  
ambitious and daring soul try the ex-  
periment of retaining what is worth  
while in the role of the solo violin and  
doing away with the rest. It never  
would be missed.  
  
The next Monday concert will take  
place Feb. 9. The soloist will be John  
Charles Thomas, baritone. R. R. G.

## COPLEY THEATRE—"Children of the Moon," a play in three acts by Martin Flavin, first produced in New York at the Comedy Theatre in the spring of 1923. First time in Boston. The cast:

Sergeant Higgins..... Phillip Tonge  
Thomas..... C. Wordley Hulce  
Madame Atherton..... Elsiebeth Dudgeon  
Jane Atherton..... Katherine Standing  
Doctor Wethered..... Francis Compton  
Major Bannister..... Alan Mowbray  
Judge Atherton..... E. E. Clive  
Laura Atherton..... Beatrice Terry  
  
There is more than a suggestion of  
Ibsen and something Gaelic in this play  
of Martin Flavin's, a strange, disturbing  
play, a beautiful piece of writing for  
the theatre, its single scene a house  
perched gull-like in the foothills of the  
California mountains that edge the  
coast, where a family of Athertons have  
isolated themselves in their moon mad-  
ness.  
  
It is only at the full of the moon that  
the old judge sees his ribbons of light  
through the telescope, a strange peace  
and beautiful colors in the moon, an  
emperor who beckons, a moon worship,  
cold and subtle in its fascination. An  
inherited taint that he has transmitted  
to his son, now dead, might have dis-  
appeared in the second generation if  
its existence had been ignored and they  
had been allowed to live normally, with-  
out suggestion of it.  
  
As the play begins there is an air of  
untoward happenings, in slight com-  
ments, in the curious atmosphere that  
Martin Flavin has instilled into his play.  
Jane, a sensitive and imaginative young  
girl, is in love with an aviator, Maj.  
Bannister, whose plunging airplane had  
dropped him into their garden three  
weeks before; they are young and eager  
and the grandmother encourages them  
to be happy before the arrival of her  
son's daughter Laura, a bitter and dis-  
illusioned woman, whose selfish passion  
for her son had led her to tell him of  
his inheritance to prevent his enlisting  
in the war, and so he had disappeared  
and was never heard of again. He had  
sought the moon in his plane.  
  
There is a slowly rising tension all  
through the first act that precedes  
Laura's arrival; and then she comes, a  
tense and neurotic woman, bent on dis-  
suading Jane from this marriage, in fact  
from any marriage. She finds her ad-  
amant, and in a passionate frenzy tells  
her that she must not marry. "See,"  
and she flings the curtains aside on the  
old judge bent over his telescope, "that  
is what is in store for you and your  
children!" The suggestion has been  
made, and slowly the penetrating beauty  
of the moon, and its spell, come over  
Jane. The major, too, feels some of it;  
he will not leave her, and together they  
fly toward the moon in his plane, and  
are lost in the fog.  
  
A play, admirably constructed in its  
building up of mood, its rounding out of  
character, its tragic force. Led by Miss  
Terry, who has come to the Copley to  
play the mother, as in New York, the  
company gives an unusually good per-  
formance, after the opening act, which  
dragged imaginatively as they played  
it. Miss Terry played Laura Atherton  
with a rare subtlety, a sharp cadencescent  
passion; she swept the others along with  
her by the vigor and finesse of her act-  
ing. Miss Standing, after the first act,  
played Jane with a gentleness and sym-  
pathy that are not always her marked  
characteristics; Mr. Clive, as the old  
judge, did an excellent bit of acting.  
Miss Dudgeon had rare moments in her  
verbal conflict with Laura. On the  
whole, an excellent performance, despite  
the inert playing of Mr. Mowbray. A  
large audience seemed to think that  
this was a comic opera, and seized  
every opportunity for venting their ner-  
vous tension in laughter. E. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Disraeli,"**  
by Louis N. Parker, staged by Samuel  
Godfrey and Ralph Morehouse, with the  
following cast:  
  
Footman at Glastonbury..... O. Frankel Abbott  
Butler..... Wesley Boynton  
Adolphus, Viscount Cadworth..... Hal Stack  
Duchess of Glastonbury..... Flora Frost  
..... Marie Lally

Lord Brooke..... Edward Nedell  
Charles, Viscount Deeford..... Ralph M. Bentley  
Duke of Glastonbury..... Olive Blakeney  
Mrs. Noel Travers..... Anna Layng  
Lady Beaconsfield..... Elsie Hiltz  
Lady Charlotte Peverary..... Samuel Godfrey  
Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli..... Louis Leon Hull  
Sir Michael Probert Bart..... Roy Ekins  
Mr. Dumley Poljaube..... John Hines  
Tearle, a clerk..... Beatrice Terry  
Bawcut, Disraeli's butler..... Houston Richards  
Mr. Hugh Meyers..... Frederick Murray  
Poter, Disraeli's gardener..... Ralph Morehouse  
Locks, a rural postman.....  
  
"Disraeli," famous play of empires,  
intrigues, spies, young romance, color  
and display, re-appeared on the boards  
last night after long preparation by the  
Boston stock company. Since it is a  
play depending entirely upon the illusion  
created by one man, it was of first im-  
portance who that man was. Mr. God-  
frey has shifted part of his burden as  
stage director and stepped into this part,  
made famous by George Arliss. As the  
frail but resourceful old Atlas he car-  
ries the world on his shoulders very suc-  
cessfully for three mighty acts, grace-  
fully parking it in the fourth to receive  
the plaudits of his nation and his queen.  
  
Steady in cadence and increasing in  
momentum the play moves through  
courtly scene and closeted conference,  
while always the mysterious lady  
lovers in the offing, ever ready to  
listen at doors and scan documents.  
England must buy the shares con-  
trolling the Suez canal—that Disraeli  
has decided, and that decision and its  
manifold results motivate all actions  
of the play. Viscount Deeford, the  
"young lover" of the play, who is con-  
verted from haughty distrust to warm  
championship of Premier Disraeli, al-  
most too readily in the current produc-  
tion, is sent to Egypt on a thrilling  
race with all the powers of Europe to  
make the deal. But the lithic and  
beautiful Mrs. Noel Travers, with the  
help of her spy husband, has guessed  
the secret and sends word to Russia.  
The race is on, and Deeford's sweet-  
heart Clarissa anxiously waits with  
Disraeli for telegrams which are slow  
to come.  
  
At last the deal is made. Deeford has  
exchanged his check on a London  
banker for the new road to empire. But  
almost before they have read the news  
word comes that through the work of  
enemies the bank has failed. Then Dis-  
raeli rises to the height of grandeur for  
which the play was made, and with a  
power like that of Richelieu flinging his  
curse, he threatens the Bank of Eng-  
land with destruction unless they assist  
him. He cannot make good on his  
threat, but the bluff works, and Disraeli  
slumps with relief from his pinnacle  
and becomes just a tired, happy, and  
whimsical old man.  
  
With a huge cast, elaborate costumes  
and settings, and style of speech and  
gesture far removed from the previous  
work of the season, the production was  
uniformly good, and only the occasional  
minor first-night slips were in evidence.  
Houston Richards, inured to juvenile  
and comedy parts, stepped into the  
shoes of Banker Meyers without a  
pinch. Elsie Hiltz was charming, and  
so were the Victorian gowns she wore.  
Somehow one felt that Sir Michael  
didn't need to shout as loud in the first  
act, but doubtless he will tone down.  
Anna Layng was irreproachable as  
usual as Lady Beaconsfield. H. F. M.

## NORA BAYES HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Not always is it necessary to use that  
threadbare descriptive of vaudeville,  
"well balanced," to imply full measure  
and good entertainment on the bill; not  
always is it necessary to worry over  
surrounding numbers when the feature  
is Nora Bayes, "Our Own Nora," as the  
programist so aptly puts it. Yet the  
bill, right through, is good this week  
at B. F. Keith's Theatre.  
  
Miss Bayes has added a pound or two  
—and becomingly so—since her last visit  
here. Last evening she appeared in a  
shimmering gown of white sequins, and  
to complete the ensemble there was a  
shingled bob of silver.  
  
Miss Bayes offered a varied group of  
songs, and there were the inevitable  
coon numbers which she sings, as only  
she can, and wooden indeed is he who  
cannot understand her art in textual  
interpretation, in underlying hits, in  
subtle caricature. There was the song  
of "the boy, the girl, the clock, and the  
wall in between," another of the lure  
of Californ-yuh, and there was the  
monologue on the hour of the cross-  
word problems.  
  
For the second honors there was the  
Albertina Rasch girls, a group of danc-  
ers, with the comedians, Zozo and Kiki.  
Besides skillful solo numbers, leaning to  
the piquette and toe style, there were  
ensemble dances by the sextet of girls  
that for precision, for unity of rhythm,  
for lightness of touch is not often the  
good fortune of vaudeville patrons to  
witness.  
  
Others were the Wilson sisters, sing-  
ers of the "cooling" style; West, Mc-



Ginty and company, in pantomime, recalling pleasurable days of slapstick, an act of infinite detail, but like much of its kind unable to accomplish a convincing "curtain"; Markell and Gay, neat dancers, less favoring in song; Monroe and Grant, bounding acrobats of marked skill, not so good as comedians, the Emmett trio of big lungs and tinny voices, but pleasing the audience immensely; and more acrobatics, well done by Barto and Melvin.

T. A. R.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**NEW PARK**—"The Best People," comedy by David Gray and Avery Hopwood with Florence Johns, Charles Richman, Margaret Dale and others. Last week.

**COLONIAL**—"Vanities," Earl Carroll's annual revue, with Joe Cook featured. Last week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Dixie to Broadway," return engagement of colored revue with Florence Mills. Last week.

**SELWYN**—"In the Next Room," mystery play by Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson) and Harriet Ford, adapted from Burton E. Stevenson's novel "The Mystery of the Bohl Cabinet." Last week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Cobra," Martin Brown's sensational drama with Walter Gilbert, Minna Gombell, Ralph Morgan and others. Last two weeks.

**SHUBERT**—"Ritz Revue," Hassard Short's revue with Charlotte Greenwood, Tom Burke and others. Last week.

**TREMONT**—"Be Yourself," Kaufman and Connolly musical comedy, featuring Jack Donahue and Queenie Smith. Fourth week.

**WILBUR**—"Expressing Willie," comedy by Rachel Crothers with Chrystal Herne, Louise Closser Hale, Merle Maddern and others. Last week.

**TREMONT TEMPLE**—"He Who Gets Slapped," film version of Andreyev's play, with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert and others. Last week.

## LAMOUREAUX!

By PHILIP HALE

The program of Ernest Lamoureux, baritone, who gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, read as follows:

Scarlatti, "Sento nel core"; Durante, "Vergin, tutt amor"; Caldara, "Come raggio di sol"; Bergerettes, arranged by Weckerlin, "Venez agreable printemps"; "Maman dites moi," "Bergere legere"; "Jeune Fillette"; Whelpley, "I know a hill"; Foote, "I'm Wearing Awa"; Ward-Stephens, "When in Thine Eyes I Gaze"; Diaz, Aria from "Benvenuto"; Dubois, "Par le Sentier"; Gretchaninov, "Le Captiv"; Hue, "A des ol seaux"; Thomas, "Winds in the Trees"; Watts, "Blue are her eyes"; Ward-Stephens, "Separation." Arthur Fiedler was the pianist.

When Mr. Lamoureux began to sing, his tones, perhaps through the nervousness that attends a first appearance, were fluffy or throaty; too far back and not sufficiently pointed. This fault he soon overcame and the deeply devout and beautiful prayer of Durante to the Blessed Virgin was sung fervently and with agreeable tonal quality. He made a mistake in grouping the three old Italian songs together for they were not sufficiently contrasting.

The pretty and vivacious Bergerettes were well interpreted, though "Jeune Fillette" admits of a pathetic touch in the midst of the gaiety, and this Mr. Lamoureux missed. This Bergerette brought to mind the lamented Charles Gilbert, a great artist whether he was heard as the Father in "Louise" or in a simple chanson. His singing of "Jeune Fillette" still haunts the memory.

Ward-Stephens's music for Heine's

poem should not have been put with the songs by Foote and Whelpley, for it is commonplace, and it inevitably provokes comparison with Schumann's music for the romantic verses.

Diaz, a son of the famous painter, wrote an opera "Benvenuto," which was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1890. It was contemptuously condemned, for the libretto was a melodramatic story, wholly fictitious, except for the fact that Benvenuto Cellini did kill a jeweler named Pomello. The music of Diaz was said to be a mish-mash of Italian operas of the '40s, yet Renaud was praised for his impersonation and the air we heard last night has been for years a favorite with baritones. Mr. Lamoureux sang it with dramatic intensity but not with effective nuances.

He has a good, virile voice of generous range. He evidently feels his music and already has a lively sense of interpretation which is harmed too often by his present insufficient control of tone production. With this voice, his wish to interpret and not merely to sing in a robust manner he himself should criticize his tones sparingly and then be willing to put himself under a master of expressive singing. A large audience was not only friendly; it was enthusiastic.

Yonder see the morning blink!

The sun is up, and up must I,  
To wash and dress and eat and drink  
And look at things and talk and think  
And work, and God knows why.

Oh! often have I washed and dressed  
And what's to show for all my pain?  
Let me lie abed and rest:  
Ten thousand times I've done my best  
And all's to do again.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

R. H. L. writes: "Cal is credited by the newspapers as being strong for the water wagon because he only regales his distinguished breakfast guests with grapefruit, flapjacks, sausage and coffee. Oh, lots of breakfasts are like that. Even in the dear old pre-Volstead days we seldom drank more than four cocktails and three highballs with our soft boiled eggs and buttered toast in the morning."

As the World Wags:

Talking about that famine in Russia with a friend the other night, he told me that while he was in Italy during the war he ate so much horse meat that whenever he'd hear some one say "Whoa" he'd stop and back up.

MAISON DE PIERRE.

## ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

We commented some weeks ago on Algernon Blackwood's remarkable book, "Episodes Before Thirty."

A Bostonian writes to us: "I knew him when I was in New York. He was on the Sun and I was on the World. I remember distinctly his coming into police headquarters one day on a murder case—a long, lanky, powerfully built, saw-toothed, black-haired Englishman with sparkling black eyes. What a wonderful description he gives of McCloy and Cooper! I worked for both of them. If there ever was a nervous dynamo, McCloy was one. I understand his later life in New York has been rather unfortunate through the many, many shifts in ownership of the papers that he so ably served."

"I spent 18 years in active newspaper work in New York city and am quite familiar with a good deal of the life that Blackwood describes. There is a man in New York who sits in a palatial office building on one of the 'steenth' stories of a building on West street. His window sweeps the Hudson river shipping and, when his eyes are not outwardly gazing, they rest on vases and ceramics, especially of a Chinese nature that for years he has been collecting. He is a past master in the art of the business of building up a newspaper and also is one of the original Sun men. Occasionally, I drop in to see him when I go to New York and tell him what a mistake he is making in not writing his reminiscences. Doubtless you know him. His name is S. S. Cavalho."

## ALLITERATION'S PRANKS

As the World Wags:

Odd, isn't it, that so distinguished a combination could produce a result at the Metropolitan Opera House as Jeritza in Janacek's "Jerufa"? K. W.

Newport, R. I.

As the World Wags:

News from the Chicago salient of the prohibition front tells the world that in a recent raid 2500 hydrometers were seized by the enemy. The apparatus is one with which I am not familiar. From the derivation of the word describing it, I gather that it is used for measuring water. Presumably, therefore, it would determine how much water there was in the whiskey rather than how much whiskey there was in the water. For this latter purpose, I take it, a more finely adjusted instrument would be necessary.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

The simplest hydrometer, young ladies and gentlemen, is a hen's egg, used by the joyous farmer's wife to test the strength of lye for making soap; yet the hydrometer of science should be in every household, for if Maury is to be believed, it shows that the water of the North Atlantic is, parallel for parallel, lighter than water in the Southern ocean. Mr. Adams should order at once an alcoholometer, to aid him in determining how many fingers of his favorite burning fluid should be in his glass of a morning, noon or night.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

No longer do I hear any one in these cross-word days of horror "call a spade a spade." Now it's always "a metal instrument for digging in five letters."

THE LADY LESLIE.

Years ago Blackwood's Magazine published an article on dramatic style: "Never descend to the slightest familiarity, nor lay off the stilts for a moment, and far from calling a spade a spade, call it That sharp instrument With which the Theban husbandman lays bare The breast of our great mother."

As the World Wags:

On a recent rainy day I telephoned to one of our local cinema theatres (no, I am not English) to inquire what picture was showing there, not wishing to happen in on an arduous dampener. The young woman who answered the telephone replied to my question with this information:

"It's Pasty Ruth Miller in Monsure Boocarry." Then in an aside to some one who had evidently protested her pronunciation, she said indignantly: "Well, if I had known I was supposed to talk French I wouldn't have taken this job"—and "Pasty" Ruth is so charming, too.

PAULINE FROST IVES.

Brookline.

## ADD "SIGNS OF THE TIMES"

(Received by a Publishing House)

Sir: Just few lines to let you know that I am writing to you about dictionary. Have you good dictionary book? Please give me one. I want to find good words to find out what does it mean. If you have one. How much does dictionary book cost? I will buy you after awhile after you read my letter. I saw a fellow in Framingham has a dictionary book like you to look small pocket dictionary book is looking good leather. Please let me know that I have told you. Do you understand that I want dictionary book. I like to find good words. Yours truly,

## ACUTE DIAGNOSTICIANS

(Washington (D. C.) Star.)

Winnipeg, Man., post mortem examination revealed that Mary Holliday, 20, who died while attending a party early Saturday morning, was killed by asphyxiation after eating a quantity of raisins. Doctors said liquid the girl had drunk caused the raisins to ferment, forming gases which suffocated her.

## NURSES' EXAMINATIONS AT WASHINGTON

Q—How would you diagnose a case of skin disease?  
A—Have patient take off his clothes and cover with a sheet.

## CHALIAPIN SINGS

As Symphony hall last evening Chaliapin, assisted by Abraham Sopkin, violinist, and Max Rabinovitch, pianist, gave his long deferred concert, with songs of Tschalkowsky, Dargomizhsky, Glinka, an aria from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and others. Mr. Sopkin played violin solos by Chaminade-Kreisler, Chopin-Kreisler, Weinawsky, Rachmaninoff, Bonline. Mr. Rabinovitch played music by Cyril Scott, Mendelssohn, Scriabin.

Again the amiable and gigantic Chaliapin with his lambent and piercing musical characterizations, his study and almost inflexible printed repertoire,

his enveloping footlights, and his entourage of violin and pianist, to whom he so unwisely gives the greater part of his program. This season he has changed his accompanists and in Mr. Rabinovitch has acquired an intelligent accompanist, and a pianist less listless than was Mr. Koenemann.

And again last night as he sang he conjured up his legendary figures, made them live and stalk upon the stage, the barbarically yawping father of "Prince Igor," the mean and nagging spouse of the drunken miller, the ghostly drummer waking his legions in the ballad of Glinka, the two Grenadiers of Schumann's song. A singer of transient moods, of harsh and vigorous drama; and last evening he did not hold his glorious voice in check, as he has been accustomed to do. Yet there were warmth and delicacy as well as strength in his singing. His fellow

musicians, too, gave pleasure to an enthusiastic audience. E. G.

## CULBERTSON IN

By PHILIP HALE

Basha Culbertson, violinist, assisted by Max Rabinovitch, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. His program read as follows: Bach, Preludium; Verachini, Adagio and Allegro; Beethoven, Kreutzer Sonata; Paganini, Concerto, No. 1 D major (with cadenza by Sauret; accompaniment arranged by A. Flattow); Tartini, Adagio; Brahms-Jochin, Hungarian Dance No. 20; Sarasate, Zaneatead.

Mr. Culbertson was born in this country on Dec. 29, 1893. His father, an American, married in Russia, a Russian. The boy studied the violin at Boston on the Don in 1902. In the years 1905-08 he took lessons from Svecik at Prague and there he played for the first time in public (1906). In 1908 he gave his first concert in Vienna. He afterwards played in the chief cities of Austria, Italy, Germany and Russia with great success. (We quote from foreign music dictionaries). Returning to this country he has given recitals in New York. So much for biographical details.

It is said in certain music dictionaries of recent date that Mr. Culbertson's technical proficiency is "phenomenal." Well, there are many fiddlers now before the public who have great facility. One might say it runs in the streets. Mr. Culbertson certainly has facility to surmount difficulties. He has studied industriously and earnestly; evidently a serious-minded violinist who respects his art and is not up to any sinful virtuoso tricks. But one now demands more than solid or brilliant technique; one demands grace, elegance, poetic expression, and above all, individual expression.

Mr. Culbertson's intonation is pure; his phrasing is that of a musician; he plays with intelligence. Why is it that he does not hold the attention; that he excites only respect for his technical qualities and his honest treatment of composers? Perhaps he will move and thrill his hearers in time. Let us hope so.

The program was respectfully conventional: pieces by approved and orthodox composers. When will violinists of Mr. Culbertson's rank have the courage to prepare unconventional programs? If they wish to play a sonata, why not introduce some modern work, no matter what the composer's nationality may be? There are many works by Europeans of repute that are not known to our audiences. We do not mean to say that the Kreutzer sonata is "old hat"; but we would rather read Tolstol's extraordinary novel than hear the music for the 104th time. And there is this to be said against the mania of young violinists for choosing what might be called hardy annuals; by playing the too familiar pieces they invite comparison with great masters of their art.

Mr. Rabinovitch played in a more than satisfactory manner. An audience of good size was warmly applaudive.

The program of the symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is as follows: Beethoven's overture to Collin's "Coriolanus"; "Pastoral" Symphony and Seventh Symphony, which Wagner called the apotheosis of the dance, at which Vincent d'Indy laughed derisively and said: "Here is another pastoral symphony with the opening theme of the first movement suggested by a bird call, while the finale is a village festival and nothing more." Thus do deep thinkers differ, to the confusion and dismay of laymen, all those that are "fond of music" and "know what they like."

And next week there will be a one-man program, composed of Stravinsky's "Song of the Volga Boatman" for wind instruments and percussion—it was played here this season at a children's concert conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky; the piano concerto with Mr. Stravinsky, the pianist; and the "Fire Bird" and "Petrouchka" Suites. There will be curiosity to see Mr. Stravinsky, and perhaps there would be still greater curiosity if he were to conduct one of his compositions.

Debussy, who generally admired him, wrote amusingly about him in a letter: "I saw Stravinsky recently. He said, 'My Fire Bird, my Rite' as a child says 'My top, my hoop.' And he is precisely like a spoiled child, who, occasionally, is ill-mannered in dealing with music. He is also a young savage who



ears inordinate neckties and kisses lady's hand, treading on her toes at the same time. When old, he will be bearable. I mean, he will tolerate music, but meanwhile he is wonderful, positively wonderful."

Mr. Kreisler will give the concert in symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. On Sunday afternoon an interesting concert will be given at the St. James theatre by the People's Symphony orchestra. Percy Grainger will conduct "Mock Morris," "Irish Tune from County Derry," "Shepherd's Hey" and "The Warriors." The program will also include Grainger's settings of poems by Spelling and "The Widow's Party." The Harvard Glee Club (songs by Byrd, Wiley, Cull and Sullivan). Anita Atwater, soprano; W. O. Gilboy, tenor; Anna Stoval-Lothian, pianist; Felix Fox and Heinrich Gebhard, pianists, will assist.

The Flonzaley quartet at its concert night in Jordan hall will play for the first time in Boston a quartet by Albert Spalding, the violinist. Mme. Leginska will play music by copin and Liszt next Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall. Next Saturday morning Mr. Schelling will give the second of his instructive concerts for children.

When Walter Damrosch had finished conducting Aaron Copland's symphony organ and orchestra last Sunday in New York, he turned to the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I think you will agree with me that if a young man can write a symphony like this at twenty-three, within five years he will be ready to commit murder." "cheerful 'send-off' for a young composer!"

#### PUPPETS

(For Notes and Lines)

The critic  
Called the actor:  
"Puppet!"  
The actor:  
Soon replied:  
"Puppets"  
Have fantasy and mirth:  
Art in its artfullest  
At birth!"  
The critic  
Not to be dismayed  
Then cried:  
"Puppets ambition  
On this earth,  
Is not to be un-humanlike  
Or creaky!"  
Said the actor  
As he crumpled up  
The sleek reply:  
"How cheeky!"

DONALD PAGE.

#### THE DALYS

Notes and Lines:  
Mr. Lansing R. Robinson inquired recently concerning the Daly family, one of the most famous theatrical families of their time. Capt. Bill, Thomas, his wife Lizzie Derious, Bob, Dan, Margaret and Lucy, were all clever and well known performers. Margaret married Vokes of Ward and Vokes, and she and Lucy appeared with that team in "Percy and Harold," "A Pair of Pinks" and other pieces. Either the season before or the season after—the Dalys were with "Bill" Mestayer's burlesque, they had a play of their own, "Daly's Vacation." That must have been in the early '80's. I can see now in my mind's eye the one-sheet photographs in black and white of Harry Hale of Harvard and Yardley Grace of Yale.

I wonder if the old-timers are getting the "Drab Ballads" published in the Saturday Evening Post?

P. E. H.

"Hank" writes: "Mr. Lansing R. Robinson asks: 'If some of the old-timers call the song and dance, and of the Dalys.' The team was made up of Emerson, Clark and Daly brothers, Tom and Bill, E. C. and the Daly brothers tried to pirate Hanlon's 'Le Voyage en Suisse' and produce it under another name, but were stopped by court proceedings. Previous to that the Dalys others produced an acrobatic comedy, 'Vacation.' Harry Hale of Harvard, Bill, Yardley Yearance of Yale, Bill, Virginia Vane of Vassar, Lizzie, Tom's wife, Bobby and Dan played two sermons, or footmen, Mutt and Chops. I do not quite recall the song mentioned, but recall two corks of that period, 'Dancing on the Green' and 'Dancing in the Barn.' I wonder if some of the old-timers recall Barry McNulty and Master Bardley in the afterpiece, 'Maloney's Trip to Cohasset,' with his funny dude, Charlie Do Know.' We had to pay 15 cents to go up to the 'Nigger Heaven' and take the rush."

The Daly brothers were seen in "Vacation" at Niblo's Garden, New York 1885.—Ed.

### Fox-Burgin-Bedetti Program Warmly Received

Last night the Fox-Burgin-Bedetti trio gave a concert in Jordan hall, playing Schumann's G minor trio, the Ravel, and the Brahms in C minor, op. 101. Since the audience was large and notably friendly, the players have a retort at hand for anybody who may venture to complain of the weight of the program. But because there were many in attendance last night it does not follow that there would not have been still more if only some cheery solo piece for piano or a group of songs had taken the place of one trio.

The orthodox, however, and the other kind of folk will continue to people the world as long as the world holds together, and no doubt there will always be room for both. Since the players last night will have it that it takes three trios to make a proper concert, they concentrated their three with fine judgment. None of the three, in these days in Boston, can scarcely be called over-familiar, but the idioms, at all events, of Schumann and Brahms are well known, whereas that of Ravel being distinctly nothing of the kind, his trio supplied the necessary contrast.

No doubt one would come with further acquaintance to like this trio much. To a person knowing it only from a single hearing and from much study at home, it seems like a long series of experiments; experiments in rhythm, in harmony, in color; experiments which sometimes succeed admirably, sometimes not so happily. There is surely an overuse of a reikster, both for cello and piano, so low that the ear can scarcely grasp the notes; also of the extreme high notes of the violin. The glassy effect they produce is striking for a while, but presently grows tiresome.

When Ravel was content to write simplest he made his finest effect, for then his really beautiful themes could be heard; and they were well worth the listening to. On another hearing probably this music could sound clearer, its delightful material not so often spoiled for the sake of an effect. But when are we likely to hear it again?

The Trio last night played with the fine musicianship and the beautiful tone one would expect of them. If Mr. Fox would assert himself a little more vigorously, giving to his playing more of the brilliancy which he has at his command, the ensemble would gain in liveliness. Especially attractively they played the presto by Brahms. R. R. G.

A correspondent asks, "What is the origin of the phrase, 'Hell to pay and no pitch hot?' Had it a respectable origin, or is it merely an unmeaning and vulgar expression?"

One of the many meanings of the verb, "to pay," is to smear or cover with pitch, tar, resin, tallow, or the like, as a defense against wet, etc. As far back as 1627 good old Capt. Smith in his "Seaman's Grammar," remarked that oakum "being well payed over with hot pitch, doth make her more tight." De Foe in "Captain Singleton": "Hemp, pitch and tar to calk and pay her seams." The verb is chiefly nautical. Naturally a workman would be irritated if when he were ready to pay, the pitch was not hot. As Dr. Fred Newton Scott, professor of rhetoric at the University of Michigan, recently remarked in his improving discourse at Washington, D. C.: "The glottal region is affected, the glottis is closed, and the air, penned up behind it for the fraction of a second, bursts forth in a kind of explosion. The slang of any nation may be said to be the groans and gruntings and puffings of its native speakers under the shocks and throbs of a nervous social life."

#### THE MADDENED FAN TO HIS RADIO

O neutrodyne, my frankincense, my myrrh,  
I'm done with you till certain things occur:  
Not till the swallows every one are home  
Will juice again about thy vitals roam;  
A fortnight now I've heard them going South—  
Their very names a curse within my mouth!  
And not till Sally and the alley meet  
Shall current spring thy coldness into heat;  
The alley—damn!—and Sally—damn is right!  
I've logged them both two weeks ten times a night.  
O swell tupe set, I'm done with you,  
I swear,  
Till blue-eyed Sal gets all—and off—the at!

And Red Hot Mammals lose some of their heat,  
And "pal" and "gal" do not my sense unset;  
And "Howdy Do's" have, every one, been said,  
And he who tries to slug it risks his head;  
Then, supertoy, will I grab hold thy dial  
And search the air with glee for miles and miles.  
—GORDON SEAGROVE.

#### IVY AND THE DEAN

As the World Wags:  
"Apropos of Memorial hall," I hear that very "parfit gentleman," Dr. Howard, formerly Superintendent of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, say as he lighted the percolator and gave a vigorous shake of nutmeg on his Indian pudding—"did you ever hear how there came to be ivy growing on the wall?"

The story was as follows: There was a brilliant student at Harvard, who was not only brilliant but popular, and popular not only among the desirables, but among the rowdies of whom there were many in the days of Dean White. Well, some of these rowdies had got into trouble with the dean, and making a good story of their side of the case, they enlisted the sympathies of this brilliant young chap, begging him to stir them up a paint which would neither wash nor fade out. So the lad went to the laboratory and concocted just such a paint, and put it into their hands. Whereupon they said, "Now, if we paint the sign, we will be found out and fired; but if you do it, you will never be suspected." So that night the young man painted across the front of Memorial, above the door, the following legend in stark, staring letters,

"GOD BLESS DEAN WHITE."

Then he took his paint pot with him and trotted off to bed.

At about 3 o'clock he was suddenly aroused by the frightened boys, who clamored, "Your paint pot leaked, and there's a trail of drops leading right up to your room. Get up and get out of here before you are caught."

Burying his head in the covers, he turned over and they heard him murmur sleepily:

"Oh, you damn fools, trail the paint up to the rest of the fellows' rooms."

So after the scrubbers had scrubbed and the rain had washed, and the sun shone its fiercest, and still the paint told its tale and held its shine, the authorities had ivy planted about the door to cover it up. But even now on lowering days the eyes of the initiated can read the legend: "God Bless Dean White."

W. B. W.

#### OF RASTUS

(For As the World Wags)

In his dirty working blues  
And hobnailed army shoes,  
Rastus in the night  
Was shov'ling anthracite:  
I thought my eyes had played me false,  
Alack!  
I saw not Rastus, coal or night—but all was black.  
—KIL KARNEY.

#### AT ITS OWN EXPENSE

As the World Wags:  
Its worst joke (mizable dictu) the Harvard Lampoon is to spring today, in completing the competitive sale of seats at its staff-table, "to tell the tale as 'twas told to me" accidentally. Seemingly so keen is the desire to use its luxurious quarters that it can offer editorial portfolios to those applicants who bring in the largest money equivalent in form of subscriptions, advertisements, etc. An aspirant has reduced the matter to its lowest terms by telegraphing his father in California for \$1000; how this \$1000 will be camouflaged remains to be seen. Is the point to such a farce on "inviting the Muses by a little oatmeal," that here is in the background some Mary Anne Clarke? That acute and avaricious quean created a great scandal early in the last century through her flagrant sale of commissions in the British army, which method of selection may have had much to do with that army's then sorry showing against Napoleon's wherein "every private carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack."

Il! fares the sheet  
To hastening rot a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates  
And jokes decay.  
—CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

#### CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

(For As the World Wags)

Gone the rebus and limerick  
The long, long journey down the Styx,  
When through the darkness and the maze,  
To a restless world came the Cross-Word Craze.

Like light to a man in the darkest void,  
Came joy to all, and their hopes were buoyed,  
By a chance to learn without much strife  
Ensnaring even husband and wife.

How easy now a country is found  
When the puzzle tells you how it is bound.  
Just take a journey down the Nile,  
As your time away with a cross word you while.

Synonym, heteronym and homonym.  
Are the same to her as they are to him.  
So here's to The Herald's cross-word page  
Long may it continue to be the rage.  
J. V. H.

### FLONZALEY FOUR

Last night a large audience went to Jordan Hall to hear the Flonzaley Quartet play quartets, the usual three in number, by Haydn (op. 56, D minor), Albert Spalding (in D minor, op. 10), and Schubert, that in D minor.

Since Mr. Bettl and his companions are playing Mr. Spalding's quartet up and down the land, the inference is that they like it. The reviewer in New York wrote of it admiringly. The audience last night appeared to fancy parts of it, especially the closing movement. It must have about it agreeable qualities beyond the power of everybody to discover at a single hearing.

In the way people prow round a library, dipping into this book and that in the hope of finding something they will like to read, Mr. Spalding appears to have groped about in his musical imagination in search of a theme on

which to base the first movement of a quartet. Unless in vagueness there lies a charm, he had no luck. Beginning with nothing tangible, the movement meanders on through nothing that arrests the ear by its beauty or even by its ugliness—not that it is very agreeable to hear—till it reaches a quiet close that seems less pointed than the rest.

The second movement a "Scherzando," no stouter of texture than the first, headed "Burlesca"; doubtless it is meant merely to divert. The andante has melody in it, though not of very firm outline, and by means of this melody and a skilful use of tonal variety it succeeds in picturing a mood, of gentle contemplation, with a hint at pastoral setting of scene. Of the finale not an impression remains to write down. It was music so hard to keep the mind on that, without condoning bad concert manners, one could not fail to sympathize with the young man who, throughout its course, lost himself in a cross word puzzle.

Deaf to Mr. Spalding, this young man listened with evident relish to the first movement of the Schubert quartet. So did some others. Let us not feel distressed if its lucidity pleases us

as much as the intricacy of Mr. Spalding's work mystifies us, for after all the psalmist assures us "the Lord preserveth the simple."

There is no reason to doubt that the quartet played the new work excellently. For the Haydn quartet they furnished a high degree of glaze and polish such as Gainsborough liked to use in finishing off his landscapes, though not all their usual beauty of tone. Needless to say, they were very cordially received.

The next concert will take place Thursday evening, Feb. 12. R. R. G.

### 12TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program consisted of Beethoven's overture to Collin's "Coriolanus," and the "Pastoral" and the Seventh Symphonies.

This program took us back to student days in the Berlin of the early '80's, when Benjamin Bilse at the "Concert Haus," facing the audience, led with stiff and military gestures his justly famous orchestra of "prominent artists," young virtuosi, with older and approved musicians. Honest Bilse, a sound disciplinarian with a catholic taste, but not a poetic, imaginative conductor, would set apart certain nights in the month for the glorification of this or that composer: "Beethoven Abend," "Brahms Abend," "Mozart Abend," "Rabb Abend," and so on through the list of the dead and the living thought worthy of this distinction.

It was not so bad, but chiefly for this reason: one could eat and drink and smoke. Vast quantities of pig in various forms; werner schnitzel, plain, garnished, or crowned with an egg, not always fresh, for eggs in Berlin, like Hannibal, had crossed the Alps; goose,



caviare, all sorts of dainties, cooked or raw. Young couples spooned in the open German fashion while the mothers sat by, knitting. It was a cheerful sight after one was accustomed to the staid knife-swallowing, and much good music was heard at a very reasonable price. Those were the days when Tchaikovsky was regarded as a dangerous fellow and contemporaneous French composers were surely immoral.

Consideration of the program and the sound of Beethoven's music took us back to Bilse and the "Concert Haus." A Beethoven afternoon. Not that for a moment we would liken Mr. Koussevitzky to the German pedestrian conductor. Not that we would liken the audience to the men and women, officers, students, lovers, sitting happy and gorging in clouds of rank tobacco smoke. In Symphony hall there was more or less well-bred composure until the time came to be enthusiastic, and high on the walls gods, goddesses, fauns and nymphs—yea, the glorious Apollo Belvedere himself—looked down approvingly.

Well, Beethoven and Chopin can stand the test of concerts devoted to their works; that is, if the performance by orchestra or pianist be eloquent, as was that of yesterday.

Gone forever, except in Germany, is the idea that only a German conductor can "understand" and "interpret" the works of Beethoven. We have had Nikisch, the Hungarian; the Frenchmen Babaud and Monteux, who gave admirable performances of Beethoven's overtures and symphonies, and now comes Mr. Koussevitzky, who proves to us, if proof were necessary, that the music of "the deaf man of Bonn" is not "old hat," as certain wild-eyed critics and amateurs, who date the birth of music, art and literature 1914, would have us believe.

Did any one expect that Mr. Koussevitzky would "Russianize" Beethoven's music? That the strong drink of Beethoven would turn out to be vodka? That the beauty and grandeur of the overture and the symphonies would be comparable to the scenic decorations of Bakst? If this expectation was in the breast of any one, there was bitter disappointment.

There were no eccentric liberties with the text; there was no painful effort to obtain unexpected effects by strange tempo or emphasis of unimportant voices. The interpretation was as sane as it was eloquent; as reverential as it was impressive. For once the "Pastoral" was not a long-winded bore; it was a continuous revelation of simple charm and village rejoicing broken only by the thunderstorm with its mutterings and grumbings, its lightning flashes and its peals of thunder. Not a melodramatic tempest, but a musical as well as a dramatic one.

And once again the glory of the Seventh symphony was revealed, whether one accepted Wagner's theory that it is the apotheosis of the dance, or thinks with Vincent d'Indy that the music was inspired by impressions of Nature, and is, in a way, a second "Pastoral" symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The concert next week will be for the glorification of Igor Stravinsky: Song of the Volga Boatmen for wind orchestra; Suite from "Petrushka"; Concerto for piano and wind orchestra (Mr. Stravinsky, pianist); Suite from "The Fire-Bird." Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

A New York theatrical manager is reported as saying that he and his colleagues—we were tempted to write "his brothers in Israel"—hesitated about bringing any serious play to Boston: The audiences would be small, and at least half of the spectators would snicker and giggle at supposedly pathetic episodes.

We had supposed that these remarks could not justly be applied to the audiences of the Copley Theatre, but our reviewer of "Children of the Moon" spoke last Tuesday of the disturbing laughter accompanying an emotional scene well acted. We have received a letter complaining of the misplaced and annoying conduct of the presumably intelligent audience.

#### CONCERNING GUFFOONS

As the World Wags:

Is there no remedy for the untimely laughter which spoils every serious play or tense situation on our Boston stages?

At the Copley Theatre this evening the second act of "The Children of the Moon" was nearly ruined for about half the audience by laughter, especially during the remarkable scene between Miss Terry and Miss Dudgeon. I have always felt until tonight that the audiences at the Copley were above that sort of thing.

Self-control, practiced by those who give vent to their strained emotions in the form of nervous laughter, will be

greatly appreciated by the audiences and actors at all our theatres.  
Jan. 12. WILLIAM B. BURBANK.

We are living in a city, not in a town, otherwise we should speak to the selectmen about it. In our little village of the sixties the sexton of the Old Church rapped with his cane the heads of giggling boys in the back rows at Sunday school concerts, as they sat on the hard settees. We have now a censor of plays in the overgrown village of Boston. Why should not the mayor, eager for a beneficently parental government, appoint censors of audiences? Or can't that powerful organization, the Drama League, bring about a reform, by issuing bulletins and personal appeals?

That this guffawing should have been observed at the Copley Theatre is indeed distressing. We had thought this theatre to be the temple of the theatrical Muses, consecrated to Art in all its roots, branches and ramifications. We were under the impression that the audiences were of a select, hand-picked nature, including noteworthy reformers and uplifters.

Many good plays that would otherwise not have been seen here have been and are being produced at the Copley. Mr. Clive and his associates must be disgusted when they hear silly giggling where there should be tense attention. Visiting actresses, like Miss Terry, must surely say to themselves in scorn and wonder: "So this is Boston, the home of culture."

That "the Boston Titter" should ruin serious scenes in other theatres might be expected though deplored by management and the majority in the audience. But at the Copley!

#### "SUGGESTIVE"

As the World Wags:

Glancing over a children's edition of Longfellow's "Evangeline" today, I noticed these words on the title page: "Edited with introduction, notes and suggestive questions." Now I ask you, is that a nice book to put in the innocent hands of little children? RED.

The word "suggestive," with the meaning here attributed to it, is in itself indecent. It has a foul slyness. "Suggestive," says the dictionary: "A euphemism for apt to suggest something indecent." In nine cases out of ten the smug person using the word finds "suggestion," i. e., indecency, where there is none. The bawdy definition did not come into English use until late in the eighties of the last century.

We are glad to see "Red" whacking the use of the word.

As the World Wags:

The Herald tells this morning of a Belmont man who calls his dog "Temper, he is so easily lost."

My dog's name is "Cash—he is so hard to raise." EDNA H. LITTLE.

Lincoln, Jan. 13.

#### AMERICA'S HOPE IN THE FUTURE

FIRST RACCOON COAT—Hello there, Pure and Innocent, where's the hat headed for with the boy?

SECOND DITTO—Going to guzzle the oats. Had breakfast yet?

FIRST—Yea, light one.

SECOND—Whatja have?

FIRST—Three kisses and a pack o' cigarettes.

SECOND—Let's eat. First: Motion seconded and unanimously adopted.

(Enter restaurant talking over the last night's hilarity.)

EL CHICITO.

#### VITAMIN X

So Dr. Herbert M. Evans—is he a relative of our long approved family physician, good old Doc. Evans, whose advice we daily seek in The Herald? This Dr. Evans of Berkeley, Cal., has developed a glandular nutrition, "vitamin X," which being injected under the skin or in body cavities, will turn little Johnny into a towering giant; a tadpole into a monster surpassing the crocodile; and guinea pigs will be larger than the Behemoth of Holy Writ. We do not welcome the discovery, for we remember a singularly unpleasant novel by Mr. H. G. Wells before he assumed the task of directing the world and all that therein is by hollering "Whoa!" and "Gee!" In this story a certain food prepared by a man of scientific attainments was eaten accidentally by rats, who grew to an enormous size, as big as bulls, and ran in the highway, striking terror to those on foot and in carriages. Other animals, peaceful by nature, became terrible. The young persons who ate it grew to be giants, handsome giants, gods and goddesses, but they were unhappy and objects of fear to ordinary mortals.

#### "AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?"

And here is Prof. Brown of Yale University warning, through the Scientific American, all good citizens and citizens against footpads, pickpockets, burglars, hold-up men ready to ply their nefarious trades during the darkness to be caused by the approaching total eclipse of the sun. The total darkness

will last only about two minutes, but much can be done in that time. Perhaps it will be safer to stay in the house with a revolver in each hand.

#### TO A JEALOUS WIFE

(On reading that a busy and useful life is a cure for jealousy.)

I did but glance at Chloe,  
A lissome lass and showy,  
In silk and silver fox;  
You would not feel so jealous  
Elaine, if you were zealous  
In mending my poor socks.

Because I dined with Phyllis  
And danced with Amaryllis,  
You stay at home and pout.  
'Twould charm away your colour  
To break up lumps of coal, or  
To hang the washing out.

When at the play with Flora,  
Or seeing life with Dora,  
I cannot bear to know  
That you are idly pining  
While there's alpaca lining  
In my old coat to sew!

A. W.

#### RUSSIAN FILM SHOWN AT SYMPHONY HALL

"Beauty and the Bolshevik" Gives Glimpse of Revolutionary Troops

"Beauty and the Bolshevik," the Russian film, which was shown at Symphony hall last evening, is one of the first films to be made under the new regime, in the Proletkino studios in Moscow. The film was of interest because of rather summary glimpses of the occupation of a small village by revolutionary troops.

It is a naive and rambling film narrative, with no selection of artistic detail, or of pictorial beauty, and in no way comparing with other Russian films that have come our way, in pointed direction, or in individual acting. Its method is that of the news reel and the illustrated lecture, without the lecture. A news film depicting industrial conditions under the soviet preceded it.

#### THREE PLAYS GIVEN BY BOSTON Y. M. C. U.

One-Act Fantasy, Drama and Satire Put on in Union's Theatre

A program of three one-act plays was given last evening by the class in experimental stagecraft of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union at the theatre of the union, Boylston street. The three plays were "The Reception," a fantasy by Anne Wilson; "Hunger," a drama by Eugene Pilot; and "The Pot Boilers," a satire by Alice Gerstenberg. The plays were produced under the immediate direction of Frederick C. Packard, Jr., of the Harvard public speaking department and formerly connected with the "47 Workshop," and Mrs. F. S. Swayze of the Neighborhood Theatre.

The 14 persons who took various parts in the casts of the three plays were Edith B. Arey, Robert H. Allen, William G. Barry, George Chandler, Nathalie Nathan, Anna M. Barry, Charles G. Gates, E. A. Drucker, Lydia Noble, Rodney G. Dakin, Grace McCarthy, G. Everett Alley, Hazel Swayze and C. T. Blackmore.

We spoke a few days ago about the earthquake that disturbed a schoolboy day when we were at Phillips Academy Exeter, N. H. We have received several letters about that particular earthquake. C. W. L. of Salem writes that he was a pupil in the Herbert street grammar school in Salem. He remembers the earthquake distinctly, and sends an account printed in the Salem Register of Oct. 24, 1870, and reprinted in the Salem News of Jan. 8 (this month). The account is interesting. There were heavy clouds in the sky, rain fell during the day, and the air was oppressively warm. The earthquake took place in the forenoon of Oct. 20. Solid and substantial buildings felt the shock, tables and desks were shaken, house bells were rung and clocks were stopped. "A feeling of dizziness and nausea affected very many people and in some instances faintness was occasioned."

A woman rushed frantically into one of the streets, where she was met by a gentleman who attempted to console her by reminding her that she was still under the protection of a kind Providence. She replied as she wrung her hands in agony of fright, "I know it, I know it! But I ain't ready to as yet!"

As the World Wags:

Although I cannot aid your memory in recalling the month in which the earthquake occurred during your school days at Exeter, I remember the quake very well, indeed. It came in the day time, and I, a 14-year-old girl, was seated in the dining room of my home when the house began to shake. My mother came from the kitchen and stood in the doorway between the rooms steadying herself against the frame. I recall the look of concern and of waiting upon her face as her body swayed and the dishes rattled. There was a distinct wave motion which nauseated me like seasickness. As it quieted, mother looked at me and said with solemn conviction, "That was an earthquake." I was highly elated at having had a phenomenal, terrific experience and survived it.

The editor of this column may find an added interest to this account when he learns that I was a "Rob, Fern, Seven" girl at the time, with two brothers known to him, perhaps, as "Townies," who had frequent thrilling earthquakes of their own making with the "Stewed Cats" of the P. E. A. The "Stewed Cats" captivated the prettiest girls and the "Townies," being real he-fellers, were bound to make a rumpus.

Rosindale. R. B. STEVENS.

As the World Wags:

Upon reading the note in the issue of Jan. 13 relating to the earthquake shake felt in eastern New England about 55 years ago . . . I thought it would be of interest to quote from a letter I wrote home from Exeter. At the time I was a student in Phillips Exeter Academy in the class of 1873. It read as follows:

"Last Thursday at about 11:30 A. M. there was an earthquake here. I confess I was very much startled. I was sitting in my room in Abbot Hall studying Latin. The room was up four flights of stairs. The windows rattled and the chairs and the table were in quite a commotion and the oil in the glass at my elbow slopped about; then I heard the bells in the several hallways begin to ring with the motion. In a moment I could hear the doors of many of the students' rooms open and the students running down stairs and out in the rain, I among the number.

The shaking lasted about 20 or 30 seconds and did not come any more. . . .

The date of the above letter was Oct. 23, 1871. FREDERICK F. DOGGETT.

As the World Wags:

"Dr. Van Dyke's trip to New Zealand for his trout fishing will doubtless have by-purposes enough to keep him from the same class with the Bostonian who used to go to London to have his hair cut."

Or from that of the ornithologist who goes to Surrey to hear the nightingales sing.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

#### THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE UNOBTRUSIVE

As the World Wags:

If we cannot all become Presidents, United States senators, Governors or ambassadors, let us console ourselves with these thoughts, confided to me, by an intimate friend, as we sat before an open fire, on a cold and stormy evening, with cigars and glasses of delicious home-made elderberry wine, between us; he in a dreamy, "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer," mood, and I in a receptive one, listening to his recital of the delights of inconspicuity. (That is my word, I saw it first.) It fits what I want to say. He said—

The delight of being free from observation, even in the most public places or thoroughfares; the freedom from thought of burglars, or yeggmen, or hold-up men of any variety; the ability to lunch with impunity in a Childs or an "arm-chair" or the Touraine-Copley, or stand up at a doughnut and coffee counter, without a soul turning to ask his or her companion, "who is that man?" The great delight to enter a street car or a shop without being noticed any more than John Doe; the pleasure of looking into the windows of department and 10 cent stores along the street, without hearing "that's him."

The ineffable charm of wearing what pleases you, without regard for what others call "style," and yet not to be eccentric, and thus attract attention from that fact—just average, and not ultra. What a relief from being a target for every seeker after contributions to every subscription and "drive" for the multitudinous variety of things you may fully sympathize with, but have not the ability to gratify; and oh, oh, the gratification of not having your telephone bell ring, the instant you start to talk with a friend or a caller—to ask if you have read that editorial in the Rehoboth Sunday Herald, and what your opinion of it may be.

The ability to say "damn" if you feel



Jacques Offenbach is now the hero of an operetta playing in New York. He is not the first musician who has thus been honored or debased; one looks at it, Offenbach now shares the fate of E. T. A. Hoffmann—put on the stage by Offenbach himself—and thus "the whirligig of time brings his revenges"—Haydn, Chopin—figuring in opera and in drama—Hubert, Beethoven, Paganini.

The operetta in which Offenbach figures is called "The Love Song." The libretto is as fantastical, from all accounts, as that of "Contes d'Hoffmann." We read that Offenbach is first shown as a struggling young composer, who meets during a sojourn in Spain, "the Countess Eugenie," the wife of Napoleon III. "Fascinated by her he writes what he pleased to call his 'love song.' Later he is shown flourishing under royal patronage in Paris."

"The Countess Herminie" is introduced, "who later became the wife of the composer."

What an imagination the author of this libretto must have! Offenbach took his name from the town of Offenbach, where he was born. His father's name was Jacob Levy; others say it was Juda Eberscht. He was connected in some way with the synagogue, as rabbi or cantor. His precise office is not known. The boy showed musical taste at an early age. He played the violin, which he gave up for the violoncello. The father was unwilling that he should make the change, but Jacques, when Jacob (or Juda) was out of the house, practised the cello. One day a quartet of Haydn's was to be played at home. A violoncellist was lacking; to the surprise of everyone the boy took the part and played so well that the parental heart was touched and he chose for him a teacher, one Alexander. The boy began to compose; his music was not easy for his teacher to play. It was decided that Jacques and his brother, Jules, should go to Paris. Jacques was then 14 years old. In some way he got around the rule then in force that a foreigner could not be admitted to the Paris Conservatory. He was admitted, and he was given a position as violoncellist at the Opera Comique. In 1838 some of his songs were published. In 1841 he played in salons and in public concerts. He toured in Germany; he went to London. He brought out more compositions. His "Elegie" on the death of the Duke of Orleans and the Princess Marie was rewarded by a letter of grateful recognition from Louis Philippe.

He did not go to Spain; he did not meet there the "Countess Eugenie"; he married, but his bride was not a "Countess Herminie" though she bore that baptismal name. In Paris he became acquainted with a family of Carlist refugees from Spain. Madame Mitchell, whose first husband was plain de Alcain, married for her second husband an Englishman, rejoicing in the name of John Mitchell. By her first husband she had two children, Herminie and Pepito. Offenbach was invited to the house. Herminie was struck by the strange, fantastical, unearthly appearance of the guest; she enjoyed his wit; he sang to his own accompaniment "with a composer's voice—that is to say without the shadow of a voice, but with deep, unforgettable expression; and when he played the violoncello with as much soul as humor, she was conquered." The parents objected to the match. Jacques went to London, brought back favorable newspaper notices, presents, and what were still more to the point, pounds sterling. The marriage was celebrated after Offenbach was converted to the Catholic faith. He could have said as Henry the Fourth said of Paris—Herminie was worth a mass.

He was devoted to her throughout his life, and she was a devoted, helpful wife. Five children were born to them. Although he wrote music for many librettos of a decidedly free nature, his life was blameless. He could have made the answer of the poet Martial reproached for some of his epigrams: that if they were free, his life was chaste. "His gay and exhilarating muse did not dwell in his home," says Louis Schneider, Offenbach's latest biographer. "The man was pure, without blemish." He was serious, seeking constantly to raise himself above the sort of music by which he had become famous. His dream was to have an opera accepted by the management of the Opera Comique.

Nor did he for many years "flourish under royal patronage" as in the operetta. The Emperor, hearing about the success of "Les Aveugles" (1855) ordered a performance at the Tuileries when the Congress of the Peace met in Paris. He was interested in "Orpheus aux Enfers" and wrote Offenbach a letter expressing his pleasure, accompanying the letter with a gift in bronze.

The only mention of the Empress Eugenie in M. Schneider's exhaustive and wholly admirable biography is in the list of potentates who witnessed performances of "La Grande Duchesse," a list that included the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII), the Duchess of Manchester, the King of Greece, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Tsar of Russia, the Kings of Sweden, Portugal, Ismail-Pacha, viceroy of Egypt; Bismarck, Thiers, Moltke. To use the stereotyped phrase, on one occasion, or more, Eugenie was "among those present."

It to be the proper expression of your feelings and not to see it quoted on the front page of the Sunday editions; the freedom from being unnoticed by the cartoonists, and to escape the all-seeing eye of Collier; the joy of being free to go to any church you please on Sunday, any denomination or creed, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish or what-not, or to no church at all, and to escape the slightest comment on the part of any one, one way or the other; to never interfere with other people's rights, or they to feel it of sufficient interest to them to interfere in yours; to have as large a circle of dear and intimate friends, who respect your feelings, and the desire to fill your niche in the hall of fame, without front-page display; to be normal, in short, I should like to be the incorporator and charter member of the M. Y. O. B. Club, and to feel that I may drink water, tea, coffee, beer or wine at one, any or all of my meals, and that it is nobody's business but my own.

That is what he said, and I am not giving him away he is just another John Doe, and I became a charter member on the spot. Calvin Coolidge and Herkimer Johnson please write.

FRANK CARLOS GREFFITH.

## ETHEL LEGINSKA

Ethel Leginska, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall:

Prelude, F sharp major, opus 28, Chopin; Sonata, B minor, Liszt; five preludes, opus 28, F sharp minor, A minor, F major, B flat major, G minor, two etudes, opus 25, G flat major, C minor, scherzo, B minor, opus 20, prelude, D flat major, opus 28, polonaise, A flat, Chopin; rhapsody, No. 8, Liszt.

Unless she fell into it in time for her closing group, which came very late in the afternoon, Miss Leginska yesterday was not in the vein. Perhaps she finds plain piano playing short of savor now that she has had a taste of the delight of conducting an orchestra, or composition, maybe, she has on her mind at present.

Whatever the cause, yesterday Mme. Leginska played far less well than she used to play. Her superb mastery of technique she had not always ready at hand; parts of the sonata she did not play cleanly, let alone brilliantly. Scorning the tone of moderate force,

When the Grand Duke Vladimir went to the Russian embassy in Paris a telegram: "I wish to see Schneider," the embassy sent Henri Schneider, the president of the legislative body to meet him, not remembering Hortense Schneider, the Grand Duchess of the joyously satirical operetta.

Well, Offenbach probably faces no worse than did Beethoven, Haydn, Chopin, Hoffmann, as portrayed on the stage. When the "Contes d'Hoffmann" was produced in Berlin, relatives of Hoffmann tried to stop the production. Yet there is nothing in that charming opera that reflects unfavorably on that musician, conductor, and teller of strange, wild tales.

Now we read that Maria Jeritzka has brought suit against a Viennese newspaper and its editor to restrain the publication of a serial story "The Great Singer," and to recover damages alleging that incidents in her private life have been utilized by the novelist, Dr. Hans Liebstoeckl.

Did he find material in the account of her life and adventures given in her own "Sunlight and Song," a fatuous book?

It is to be hoped that Dr. Liebstoeckl-Phoebus, what a name!—respected Mme. Jeritzka's character. Singers and actresses in the past were not always fortunate. There are the scandalous "memoirs" of that great and blameless singer Sontagi; the outrageous pages in books purporting to tell the life of Mme. Vestris, and of Miss Catley; the indecent "memoirs" of the great Mlle. Clairon figuring as "Mlle. Fretilion." Even the De Goncourts in their life of Sophie Arnould, for a special edition inserted a letter written by her that should not have been printed. (Not all of Benjamin Franklin's letters are published in the monumental edition of his works edited by John Bigelow.)

Gen. Lambert once remarked: "The best of men are but men at the best," and this might be said of women. Biographers should know how to exercise reticence and not emphasize the failings of poor humanity. Yes, yes. Yet we should like to read this novel about Mme. Jeritzka.

P. H.

## Heroines of the Screen

### Are Film-Stars "Brainless Puppets Without Minds and Souls"?

Mr. James Agate of London, a versatile and entertaining writer about plays, comedians, manners, and life in general, has been reading "The Talmadge Sisters," those heroines of the screen. He has found therein much food for reflection and comment. First of all he was struck by the photograph of Mrs. Margaret L. Talmadge, the mother of the girls. It serves as a frontispiece to the biography.

"Can I read in those lineaments Norma's proud beauty, Constance's roguery, the mouse-like charm of Natalie? Yes, and no. Mrs. Talmadge wears the mask of the Roman matron. The mother of the Gracchi must have looked so, and in that mien I trace little of the roguish and nothing of the timorous. But of purpose and vigor there is enough and to spare; and Norma, when she confronts the idiotic imbroglis and imbecile screen-plots of the American scenario-monger is obviously her mother all over again."

The book itself is not a silly book in Mr. Agate's eyes. The mother does not write foolishly with a mother's folly. She has "a strong mind and warm, sensible heart." Yet when he at first opened the book, there was promise of a certain silliness. Norma, sitting, at the dinner-table, was eating with her mouth open. This is all that the ordinary observer would have noticed; but mother knew better; the dear child was memorizing Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," for she loved the little birds.

"They are sacred, Peg," she said to me, one day, standing by the kitchen window and looking up at the wintry sky, waiting, by the way for the cake-bowl to lick. "They can soar straight into the clouds, which lead to the gates of heaven. Do you suppose, Peg," she added dreamily, "that one of them ever got through?"

Mr. Agate read this passage carefully, perhaps he read it twice. It provoked this comment:

"Do we suppose that Norma ever really talked like that or simply that Peg's fancy is running away with her? Anyhow, the touch about licking the cake-bowl is delightful, and we have the further reassurance that Norma was, despite her intensity, essentially too much of the earth earthy ever to find happiness in religious seclusion. Or in meandering with skylarks around ethereal and jasper gates, when Hollywood's portals loomed ahead, substantial and of solid gold."

Mrs. Talmadge, after mature deliberation, drew up a list of qualities absolutely essential to the making of a film star. Here they are, not so many as the 30 points of perfect beauty, all of which, grave writers say,

#### Different Instruments

Ernest Schelling gave the second of his series of children's concerts at Jordan hall yesterday morning, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony. His program included Mozart's overture to the "Marriage of Figaro," the audante of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," the scherzo of Mendelssohn's music for the Midsummer Night's Dream, the allegretto of Beethoven's eighth symphony, and his Turkish march from "Ruins of Athens," with a piccolo solo by Mr. Amerena; the Caucasian sketches of Ivanof, Schelling's "Nocturne," which he has written for these concerts; Barthe's "Bourree," and joint singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," to an orchestral accompaniment. Wallace Goodrich played an organ solo.

This concert was intended to explain the use and disposition of the wood wind choir and its developments, in particular the flute, oboe and English horn. There were solos by Mr. Bladet, Mr. Lenom, Mr. Werner and Mr. Speyer, to show the children the differences in tonal color, and in the way of playing the flute, oboe, viola and English horn. And as at his first concert Mr. Schelling illustrated each of his enlightening comments with slides, and amusing anecdotes of Mozart, "Papa" Haydn, and Beethoven. The audience was even

which is a solid foundation on which to base the scale of dynamics, she played for the most part very softly or very loud; and when she played loud the tone was often brittle and harsh.

The technique would not have mattered so much if Mrs. Leginska had brought emotional warmth to her music, or the charm that comes from beautifully molded phrases, the rhythm that stirs, evidence in the sonata of a carefully considered plan. In place of these high virtues she brought with her yesterday a nervous restlessness, which it is to be hoped she is not so mistaken as to confuse with that desirable quality of temperament.

It is true enough, indeed, that on occasion the one will serve as a very good substitute for the other; yesterday Mme. Leginska's large audience applauded her with rousing enthusiasm. Nevertheless it would be hard to convince everybody that she played as well as she knows how to play. May she soon come back to her former high estate.

R. R. G.

## SECOND CHILDREN'S CONCERT IS GIVEN

Solos Illustrate Tones of Four



are possessed by Helen of Troy, though Homer failed to mention them. When Priam sat with his counsellors, sage men, to see a fight, chirping like cold, spring grasshoppers sending out voices that were weak, faint sounds, Helen passed by. There is no catalogue of features or body.

"These wise and almost wither'd men, found this heat in their years, That they were forc'd (though whispering) to say:

"What man can blame The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so admir'd a dame, So many mis'ries, and so long? In her sweet count'nance shine

Looks like the Goddesses."

But to go back to Mrs. Talmadge and Mr. Agate. Here is her list:

1, a camera face; 2, mobility—the facile power to reflect all human emotions and all shades of emotion; 3, natural talent; 4, brains with which to supplement and develop talent; 5, health; 6, imagination—the power to visualize and create; 7, a sense of drama—an instinctive feeling for conflict and situation; 8, that indescribable quality, the keynote of the whole—screen personality; 9, perseverance.

The mother of the celebrated sisters adds that in the "non-celluloid" world—a delightful phrase—coloring may make up for irregularity of features.

"But in the gelatine universe the camera is concerned, not with pink cheeks or red lips, but with whether there is too much or too little yellow in the eyes to make them photograph too large or too small, with the contour of the face, the height of the cheekbones, the spacing between the eyes and from the upper lip to the nose."

To the great grief of Mrs. Talmadge the American people are cold towards their entertainers. "In other countries great actors are venerated and all but adored." Are Americans indifferent towards the heroes and heroines of the screen? Perish the thought! What would Mrs. Talmadge have? Are her girls less esteemed than Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, "Doug," Jackie Coogan, not to mention Valentino and others? Let us hear the words of Mr. Agate, though they may seem to some extremely bitter.

"Is it possible that America as a whole may have more sense than the individual film fan? Perhaps America realizes that not even a miraculous proportioning of yellow in the eye or the hair's-breadth nicety of an upper lip constitutes a great artist. Nine-tenths of the world's film stars are brainless puppets, without minds, souls, or ordinary acting capacity. Nine-tenth of our screen idols are, as an English poet has said, 'faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.' They are mannequins by nature, and you do not alter a mannequin by posing him or her in front of a camera. If Mrs. Talmadge wants veneration she must first supply the great artists to be venerated. I could boil down her list to two items only—mind and temperament. The camera face is pure fudge—except for an audience of fools."

Mr. Agate once saw Sarah Bernhardt on the film. "She moved me more than any film-star except Lillian Gish." Yes, more than the daughters of Mrs. Talmadge. (Let us hope that she has not read Mr. Agate's opinion.)

Duse, he thinks was never filmed. "Do they tell me that that portrayal of exquisite sorrow tumbling in the hollows of her cheeks must have failed because of something or other which can be measured with an inch-rule?"

"Garn!

"This book has a portrait of Norma in 'Smilin' Through.' I turn up my notebook and find that I wrote: 'The heroine of this picture dies from a gun-shot wound with less show of emotion than a waitress receiving an order for a cup of tea.'"

"Yet Norma's cheek-bones are perfect."

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Percy Grainger, guest conductor. See special notice.

Boston Athletic Association gymnasium, 8 P. M. Joan Ruth, coloratura soprano, and Vannini Symphony ensemble. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mary Madden, pianist. Rameau-Godowsky, Sarabande; Gluck-Saint-Saens, Caprice on Alms from "Alceste"; Schumann, Faschingschwank (first movement); Rachmaninov, Prelude, G major, op. 32; Debussy, Danse; Griffes, The Fountain of the Acqua Paola; Paderewski, Theme with Variations, op. 16; Chopin, Fantasy, op. 49, Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 1, 10, 23; Rubinstein, Valse Caprice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Suzanne Dabney, soprano; Gluck, "Spiagge Amate" from "Elena e Paride"; Handel, Aria of Poppea in "Agrippina"; Haydn, "A l'Amitie, Premiers Baisers," "Histoire de Tous les Temps"; G. Faure, "Automne"; Koehlin, "L'Hiver"; Aubert, Serenade; Poldowski, "Dimanche d'Avril"; Fourdrain, "Carnaval"; folk songs, Vaermeland and Klara Staernor (Swedish); "A la Claire Fontaine" (French Canadian); Carmela (Spanish Californian); Werner Josten, "Look Thou, the Moon is Pallid"; Horatio Parker, "Love in May"; Storey Smith, "Faith."

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Greba Torpadle, soprano, and Salvatore de Stefano, harpist. Songs: Stenhammer, Fylgia; Flickan Knyter i Johannebatten, En positiv vi'sa; Grieg, Borte; Sjoegren, Der driver en dug over Spangebrog; Sibelius, Hennes Budskap, Danish folk song, Jutlands Dans; old French air by Bax, "Me Suis Mise en Danse," "Femmes, Battez Vos Marys"; Grovlez, Guitares et mandolins; Stravinsky, "Tilimbon" and "Les Canards," "Les Cygnes" and "Les Oies"; variations by Bax, Bridge, Goossens, Ireland on "Cadet Roussel"; Henry, "Gather Ye Rosebuds"; O'Connor-Morris, "Alleluia"; negro spirituals (Burleigh), "Weeping Mary" and "Didn't It Rain?" harp, Handel, Passacaglia; Hasselmans, Ballade; Schuecker, Impromptu, Galeotti, Legende; Debussy, Arabesque No. 2; Granados, Spanish Serenade; Zuera, Igualade; Hasselmans, Patrol; Dizi, two concert studies.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall 8:15 P. M. Harold Morris pianist. Grieg, Ballade; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor; Two Preludes, F major, B flat minor, Etude, C sharp minor; Glinka-Balakirev, The Lark; Moszkowski, Etude, G minor (double notes); Brahms, Valse, A flat, op. 39; Weber, "Perpetual Motion" (notes); Debussy, Minstrels; Griffes, "The White Peacock"; Cyril Scott, "Dance of the Elephants"; Morris, Scherzo; Liszt, "St. Francis Walking on the Waves."

larger than the week before, and there was active interest and response from the children. It was a concert to be enjoyed by "grown ups," as well.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alexander Borovsky, pianist. Bach, Liszt Transcription of organ Prelude and Fugue, A minor; Haydn, Sonata, D major; Bach, Aria and Introduction from organ Concerto, D minor; Scriabin, Impromptu, op. 10; Poeme, op. 32; Etude, D sharp minor; Prokofieff, Prelude, C major, Sarcasm in C major; Stravinsky, Russian Dance from "Petronehka"; Chopin, Berceuse and Scherzo; Liszt, "Liebestraum" and Second Hungarian Rhapsody.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Thirteenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Stravinsky program. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Myra Hess, pianist; Mozart, Sonata, A major; Franck, Prelude, Aria and Finale; De Falla, Cubana and Andaluza; Granados, La Maja et le Rossignol, Spanish Dance, No. 6; Chopin, Nocturne, E minor, op. 72 No. 1, Etudes, op. 10, No. 12, Posth, No. 2, op. 25 No. 2, No. 3; Ballade, G minor, op. 23.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Ah, the sad, sad story of loving. In Chicago, we read, Mr. Tito Schipa, the tenor, and his wife were in a drug shop when a woman appeared suddenly, as if shot up through a trap door, threw her arms about Mr. Schipa and kissed him. Whereupon Mrs. Schipa, having asked her husband if he knew "that person" and having accepted his denial, landed her left and right presumably illi-white fists on the amorous but rash intruder's face. The bashed one was not abashed. She screamed defiantly: "But I love him, I love him—I have heard his voice." (Scene for our justly celebrated Historical Painter.) We regret to say that unsympathetic persons hustled Miss Evelyn Johnstone, a student at the University of Chicago, out of the shop and deposited her in a cab. Incidentally, this is a glorious compelling advertisement for Mr. Schipa and his beautiful voice. He may yet be called the

"Hobson of the Lyric Stage."

We learn from the newspapers and from personal observation in street cars that there is considerable interest in an indoor sport known as the cross-word puzzle. The game bids fair to be popular. We publish this morning a romantic story by one of our contributors. It was inspired by the game, but it is not a brazen advertisement.

### TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

Came three in the morning—3 o'clock, and Count d'Oiseau stood outside her door, still debating the question that had racked his mind all evening.

She had gone quietly about, hardly noticing his preoccupation, busying herself with a bit of sewing and a book, and still apparently not sensing his nervousness, had gone to her room for the night. For long hours he had sat, his unkempt head clasped between his hands, thinking. Then in the anguish of despair he had risen, paced restlessly about, and now here he was—outside her door, staring with unseeing eyes at the pattern of moonlight on the rug.

Three o'clock! He mechanically counted the strokes of the antique time-piece in the hall below, and from sheer force of habit compared it with his jeweled chronometer.

Three o'clock! Five mortal hours since the thing had happened. Should he confront her now? Slowly he pushed the door open and looked inside. She was sleeping peacefully, the soft light of the window playing fitfully on her face as the curtain swished with the breeze. He tip-toed to the bedside and waited. He would waken her suddenly, roughly, even, and fire the question at her point-blank. That would be best, perhaps, he meditated cunningly. His hand slid down over her rounded shoulder, palpitating softly with her even breath. Then, savagely, it closed around her soft neck.

Bolt upright she leaped as he turned on the full glare of the light. "So this—this is final?" he demanded as he shook the slip of paper beneath her ashen face.

"Mon Dieu!" shrieked the countess, "but I do not know—the Engleish dictionary—eet ees lost!"

Tranquilly he throttled her, then sank to the chaise-longue, gazing at the filtering flakes of moonlight and thoughtfully sipping his cyanide of potassium. His checkered career was over.

H. F. MANCHESTER.

### A BALLAD OF RISKING

Hey! would you fare to battle bold, To test your chance on bloodied field Where flap out glories fold on fold, To know the joy no man to yield, With doughty dint all sides to wield? Hi! man, perceive a blade a blade, No deed was yet by rudence stole: "Risk all—and let the game be played."

Or is your lady all times cold, And times in vain you to her kneel? What though she lusteth but for gold? Have done, and kiss her till she reel. She loves you? Why 'tis soon annealed. What though you taunt the haughty jade?

No love was yet by quail, appealed: "Risk all—and let the game be played."

For look you, man, calves come to mold,

To earth they plod in woe well-veiled; And how now conning whenst grown old.

And grave-cloths puckering round you shield

The chance erewhile you durst not wield?

E'en though in beggar's weed arrayed, Have at the play! Hi! hi! The Field! "Risk all—and let the game be played."

ENVOI

Beggars and princes when bells have pealed,

Above you in your coarse-cloths laid, Too late, then, wot whatof I seel'd, "Risk all—and let the game be played."

MARIUS.

### ADD "NATURAL HISTORY NOTES"

As the World Wags:

It is not surprising that the Oxford English dictionary should not attempt to explain what makes the wildcat wild. There might be something about it in an Edinburgh Scottish dictionary.

If any, as the wildcat was the emblem of one of the Highland clans, which made the attributes of its totem the standing of high endeavor and accomplishment of its clansmen. As to whether the causation of the wildness of the Scottish wildcat was the same as that which engendered the special form of wildness for which the bottled bewhiskered ruffians of the hills of New Hampshire are notorious, I do not know, but it seems doubtful, as the scantiness of native food supply in bonny Scotland is proverbial.

Genus felis is but poorly represented in the British Isles. The British lion is an importation, probably from the African dominions of the empire. The early Plantagenet kings preferred the leopard as a household pet. The native wildcat, autochthonous to British soil, has been passed by as a poor thing as an inspiration to wildness, from the beginning. The creature is probably so domestic and easy running by nature that it had nothing to contribute to the wild adventurous spirit which excited the empire on which the sun never sets.

A point occurs to me. The wildcat of the American cats are born bobbed at one end. The American flapper acquires bobbedness at the other. Is there any principle of psychic causation in this? I suppose it must be answered like most such questions—Heads or Tails.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

### FOR A LIMERICK ANTHOLOGY

There is a fine surgeon named Crandon Who the scalpel doth sometimes abandon.

He throws down the knife, But with his sweet wife Sprit-life he rips open at random.

An high-priest of legerdemain Says the Savants are almost insane Because they're not prone To ignore the UNKNOWN By explainings that do not explain.

W. T. W.

### THIS IS OUR "BUSY DAY"

As the World Wags:

To spare possible bloodshed and very certain ill-feeling, I wonder if "As the World Wags" will investigate the word "my" and forthwith inform us through your column if the word is really a possessive pronoun or is not, and has only been deceiving us all these years.

LACH.

### OSLO

A contributor regrets the change in name of Christiania to Oslo which took place on Jan. 1 of this year. Oslo was the old name for 600 years. When Norway was Danish the name Christiania was given to the city 300 years ago in honor of King Christian of Denmark. Mr. Percy Grainger tells us that Norwegian peasants have always spoken of the town as Oslo. "The site of ancient Oslo is on the other side of the bay, and although the city was burnt to ashes and the new one built across the bay, many of the old inhabitants clung to the old site and gradually rebuilt the ancient city as an annex of Christiania. The twin town will now resume the name that it held under the great Haakon."

### INTERPRETATION

Apropos of interpreters, whether they be conductors, pianists or fiddlers—we



quote from the Daily Telegraph of London:

"Rachmaninov, like almost every interpreter capable of stamping his own individuality upon the performance of music that everyone knows, prefers sometimes to go his own way rather than be tied to the way—or ways—that others have gone. That hidebound creature, the musical purist, may object to any such procedure, and, from his own standpoint in these matters, he may argue persuasively enough. But that anyone with ears to hear should discover in the playing of Mr. Rachmaninov, as happened the other day, so much of reticence as to make it incapable of yielding up any definite impression at all well, that is a view which surely cannot have been held by the great majority of those who attended this recital and heard him play the Bach, the Variations serieses of Mendelssohn—a masterly performance, in our opinion—the Beethoven Sonata, and the rest. Moments provocative of discussion there may have been, as already hinted, in the work last mentioned, and to some of the player's points of emphasis and occasionally rather assertive contrasts of tone objection may have been taken by a few of his hearers. But, after all, is not the Appassionata a great dramatic poem, and who will be found to declare that a great dramatic poem admits of one style of reading only, as a thing cut and dried, and unsusceptible to any personal note in the utterance?"

The reviews in Variety of vaudeville performances are a never failing well-spring of delight.

Mr. Norman does a reverse Kitty Doner with the sex switching, jumping from a male to a female falsetto voice with the agility of a Flatbush commuter changing trolleys. . . . He's the sex chameleon of the impersonators.

Some of Mr. Stan Stanley's gags were "wows and others not so wowey."

"There was too much of that 'now folks' stuff on the part of Sharp. He just about 'now folks' the audience to death."

## PERCY GRAINGER

Great was the eagerness yesterday afternoon to hear Percy Grainger conduct the People's Symphony Orchestra through compositions of his own. The scene in the lobby at 10 minutes past three, where ticket holders and persons in search of tickets met the throng, already turned away, face to face in mighty narrow quarters, suggested those wild occasions at the Academy in London when Handel's operas were at the tip of their vogue.

Mr. Grainger led the string orchestra, which sounded exceedingly well, through a pleasant piece of lively rhythm; the press says it was a "Moch Mores," for seven parts. With string orchestra he also played his own arrangement of the Londonderry tune, with a few well sounding notes from horns in its course. "The Shepherd's Hey" was for full orchestra. Played with stirring rhythm, it delighted the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely encountered in a concert hall.

Next the Harvard Glee Club came forward, to sing settings by Mr. Grainger of three poems by Kipling, "Danny Deever," with a brisk episode for life and drum; "Tiger Tiger," so somebody called it, at all events; and "The Widow's Party." Not too skillfully written for voices, and with an orchestral accompaniment far too loud, they failed to make a fine effect, though the third piece has a brightness about it that suggests Mr. Grainger could write admirable music for a musical comedy should he choose to turn his attention in that direction.

He probably could also write a very good opera, to judge from his "Colonial Song" for soprano (Anita Atwater) and tenor (William O. Gilboy) and orchestra, music of honest sentiment with a strong tinge to it of Italian opera, the Puccini kind.

The glee club came out again, this time with Dr. Davison to conduct, and sang the lovely "Justorum Animae" of Byrd, a tripping song by Morley—very delicately done—something by Cui, and the Peers' Chorus from "Iolanthe." Not even Mr. Grainger with all his dances roused higher enthusiasm; again and again, long after the singers had filed from the stage, the audience would have Dr. Davison back.

If one had known that Mr. Grainger's last piece was called "The Warriors," written with an imaginary ballet in mind, it might have sounded very reasonable. With no hint in advance of what it was all about, it left the impression that Mr. Grainger had written it under the undue influence of jazz and the "Rite of Spring." He gloried in rhythm, mighty exciting indeed, but not so refined as that Mr. Whiteman likes; he brought into action every kind of percussion instrument, one might guess, yet invented; he revelled in varieties of sound, some

of it coars, most of it strong, but effective in its way.

He needed three pianos to attain his results, played by Anna Stoval, Felix Fox and Heinrich Gebhard. As well as playing their parts brilliantly, at certain periods in the proceedings, these pianists laid aside their notes, to close the music racks the better to lean, and with implements that looked like drumsticks they tapped the piano strings. And at another given moment the trombones withdrew to the wings to supply yet another desirable timbre. It was most exhilarating music, not to say bewildering; in the words of a person in "King John," who shall be nameless, music "of plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce." R. R. G.

## KREISLER PLAYS

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, before an audience that filled every available space, Kreisler gave the following program: Sonata, A major, Handel; Fugue, A minor, Bach; Concerto No. 1, G minor, Bruch; Tempo di Minuetto, Pugnani; Aubade Provencale, Couperin; La fille aux cheveux de lin, Debussy (transcribed by Arthur Hartmann); Danse Orientale from "Scheherazade," Rimsky-Korsakoff (transcribed by Kreisler); Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens.

There are so many violinists, blazing virtuosos, some of them, swept by a cold and violable passion, a spirit of uncase, a nervous hysteria; they revel in the sheer profusion of their musical abilities, their precocity, their wild tempers; so their playing is remote, unreal, a confusion of meaningless sounds artfully executed. They have not the philosophy, the matured poise, the penetrating beauty, now opulent, now a thing of air and mist, the sense of nuance, the form and space that one feels in Kreisler's playing.

Yesterday he did not confine himself solely to those weathered old war horses, the Bruch concerto and the Saint Saens "Rondo Capriccioso"; nor did he abandon his flawless technique, the purity of his tones, to the demands of sentimental pleasantries. Instead he chose to play a Bach fugue, without a pianoforte accompaniment, individualizing with rare skill each of its climbing voices, following them in their interplay, rejoicing in the stern beauty, the structural outline. He played a Handel sonata; a melancholy little Aubade Provencale of Couperin's; Debussy's "La fille aux cheveux de lin," its vague and drifting loveliness seeming even more elusive as it disappeared on the high notes of his violin. And again, in his transcription of the last movement of Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," his playing was filled with gorgeous colours, opulent, dramatic.

Why will not other violinists follow Kreisler's example, discover violin music that is not dull and sickly, or else over-played? Yesterday the applause was prolonged and spontaneous, and there were, as usual, many encores. Mr. Lamson's accompaniments were musical and intelligent. E. G.

There have been Frenchmen who were undoubtedly of kin to Lucian in their treatment of Grecian gods, demi-gods, goddesses, heroes and heroines. Witness the manner in which Orpheus and the Olympians are portrayed in Offenbach's opera-bouffe; the irreverence of Meilhac and Halévy in their joyous libretto, "La Belle Helene"; in later days the grotesque Hercules with his labors in the operetta for which the late Claude Terrasse wrote charming music. This same irreverence has been shown in English burlesques, with or without music, for at least two centuries, but the French do it with an easier grace. (Our friend, Mr. Herklmer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, does not approve these liberties. He commends the gentleman who, visiting Rome, bowed respectfully, uncovering his head, to a statue of Jupiter, who, he said, might at some future day be in power again.)

And now the ingenious Mr. Georges Armand Masson contributes to Paris Journal an article entitled, "The Sadness of Ulysses," which he says is a translation from Homer by himself and Leconte de Lisle.

It seems that Ulysses after he had returned to his home and Penelope and passed three years eating and drinking at ease grew restless, not to say, bored. Desire seized him of seeking again the women whom he had encountered in his memorable voyage from Troy. So he embarked, and Athene sent a favoring wind.

First in his mind was the white-armed Nausicaa, who had shown him such kindness when, tossed on the shore by the sea, he had seen her singing while her handmaidens played at ball. He regretted that he had not courted her, for she, chaste and beautiful, had looked on him with more than

friendship. "It is clear," he exclaimed, "that she loved me, and wished me for a husband. No doubt, she now sits by the hearth, hoping for my return. Her flesh is drying on her bones for love of the divine man who wandered so long after he had overthrown the sacred citadel of Troy." He went to the city of the Phaeacians; he returned sad at heart and said to his companions: "We come too late. Some months ago the fair-cheeked Nausicaa, despairing of seeing the divine Ulysses, went to London, where she has donned the sacred fillet of a tennis-champion." And he shed bitter tears.

But there was Circe. Landing on her isle, he walked toward her palace. He heard singing within, but there was no accompanying cithara. A young shepherd approached. Ulysses asked him where was Circe of the beautiful hair and why did he not hear her voice. The young man replied: "Stranger, Circe has not been here for a long time. She has sold her island to the Old Man of the Sea, who has set up a Casino. And do not tarry, for he changes into fishes the unfortunate travelers who venture here." As he spoke, the old man Korunkhe appeared on the threshold of the well built casino, and, seeing the strangers, walked toward them. Then the prudent Ulysses ran to the ship and hoisted sail, but his companions, not so fleet-footed, were changed into fish and their dear backs became wholly green.

The favoring wind bore Ulysses over the foaming sea to the shore where was the home of Calypso, the goddess with the snowy arms. And he recalled the time when she, wily one, retained him with embraces and numerous kigharetes. He halted on the doorsill and saw servants bearing bread and smoking meats and carafes of honorable red wine. And there he saw the wily daughter of Atlas, seated before a well furnished table, with her feet on a footstool. By her side on a throne studded with nails of silver sat a youth eating and drinking. When the repast was over, she annointed him with oil and clothed him with a tunic and fine mantle and led him to an adjoining chamber.

Ulysses saw all this and was not pleased. Black anger filled his breast and he cried aloud: "Is this, then, the reward of all my toil and the sweat that I have sweated? Alas, a hostile fate has wished that I let pass all opportunities. Surely did my mother bear me to be unhappy, for now my youth is over and no joy awaits me in the fishy sea."

While he was revolving these thoughts the clear-eyed Pallas Athene appeared, having the features and voice of the cow-herd, Pyramdon, and said these winged words: "Cowardly Ulysses! Are you not ashamed to give way thus to sadness? There is yet a solace for your cares and a means of satisfying without weariness your thirst for adventure. Come with me, and I will show you this remedy."

Having thus spoken, she took him by the hand and transported him to a city he did not know, in which were many people. Many chariots flew along wide streets. The goddess took him to a sombre grotto, which, like Charybdis, engulfed thrice daily passersby and thrice daily vomited them forth. Pale terror seized him. They entered and the much-enduring Ulysses saw in the darkness many men and women seated on thrones. Looking before him he perceived at the end of the grotto a clear light, in front of which were persons moving. Among them he recognized himself. And he saw again his combats before Troy, his adventures among the Lotos eaters, the Laestrygonians and on the isle of the Cyclops, and all the evils that he had undergone on the fishy sea. His dear eyes were filled with amazement. He turned toward Pallas Athene to ask of her an explanation of all these things, but she had vanished.

Then having left the grotto, he looked about him to know the place that he might come on the morrow, for he was greatly pleased at seeing again his adventures. And on the pediment of the building he saw in illuminated letters: KINEMA PALLAS

We have greatly condensed this translation from Homer, being obliged to omit amusing details in the Homeric manner.

Nausicaa! The most adorable maiden in all literature. Note her welcome of Ulysses when her handmaidens were dismayed; her words of cheer. Mark her last speech to him:

"But Nausicaa, possessing beauty from the gods, stood by a pillar of the well-made roof; and she admired Ulysses, seeing him with her eyes, and speaking she addressed to him winged words: 'Farewell, stranger, that sometime being in thy paternal land thou mayest remember me, that thou owest to me first the debt of preservation of thy life.' Or as old Chapman has it:

"And through her eye her heart was overconed  
With admiration of the port impress'd

In his aspect, and said: 'God save you, guest!

Be cheerful, as in all the future state  
Your home will show you in your better fate.

But yet, even then, let this remembrance be,  
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."

Was Nausicaa disconsolate? Dictys Cretensis, Hellanicus and the Archbishop Eustathius say that she married Telemachus, the son of Ulysses; others say he married either Circe, or her daughter Cassiphone. Alas, no authoritative "Who's Who in Greece" has come down to us. Lucian says Ulysses wrote a letter to Calypso after he was killed in which he repented leaving her, and ended by saying: "As soon therefore as I can find opportunity, I will endeavor to escape hence and return to you."

## MISS MADDEN

By PHILIP HALE

Mary Madden, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon. Her program read: Rameau-Godowsky, Sarabande; Gluck-Saint-Saens, "Aprice on airs from "Alceste"; Schumann, Allegro from "Faschingsschwank"; Rachmaninov, Prelude, G major, op. 32; Debussy, Danse; Griffes, The Fountain of the Aequa Paola; Padewewski, Theme with Variations, op. 16; Chopin, Fantasy, op. 49 and Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 1, 10, 23; Rubinstein, Valse Caprice.

Miss Madden, coming from Rochester, Minnesota, studied the use, not the abuse, of the piano in Boston. Her program, while it was not unconventional, was pleasing for several reasons; there was no transcription of an organ piece by Bach; there was no long-winded sonata; there was music that was grateful to the ear and advantageous to the player. If any one should object to the "little" pieces, it is not the little foxes that spoil the vines in the vineyard of music. Neither a hearer nor a pianist should always be in Erles's vein.

The piano, which under the hands of too many pianists is a fearsome instrument, was yesterday neither a planola nor a compressed orchestra; it was an instrument whose natural limitations were respected by Miss Madden. Though young, she did not, unlike many of her sisters, think it necessary to rage up and down the keyboard in order to persuade an audience that in spite of the fact she is a woman, she has the strength of a man. She realizes that music in many instances should be a succession of beautiful sounds, now loud, now soft according to the rhetorical expression, but always beautiful. And so the tonal quality of her performance was delightful. Her technic was adequate, not obtrusive; not at the expense of musical dictation; in other words, she is not a slave to her present mechanical proficiency. Her chords were firm, sonorous, not metallic; her runs were even, clear; difficulties were not laboriously conquered. And she has already learned to differentiate moods of the composers. Thus the difference between the stateliness of the Sarabande, the delicacy and wistfulness of Rachmaninov's Prelude, the whimsical elegance of Debussy's Danse and the poetically aqueous fancy of The Fountain by the lamented Griffes was finely marked.

The more riotous pages in the "Faschingsschwank" should have been more strongly rhythmed. And with increasing experience Miss Madden will undoubtedly play with still greater gusto and with a fuller revelation of her individual musical nature.

An audience of good size was warmly appreciative.

## "WHITE CARGO"

By PHILIP HALE

Belwyn Theatre: First performance in Boston of "White Cargo," a play in three acts and six scenes by Leon Gordon. Presented by Earl Carroll.

The Doctor.....Wallis Clark  
Witzel.....Leon Gordon  
Ashley.....Frederick Porter  
The Missionary.....B. N. Lewis  
The Skipper.....James C. Carroll  
The Engineer.....William A. Evans  
Largford.....Allen Connor  
Tendley.....Annette Margules  
Worthing.....George Duryea  
Jim Fish.....Chief Wanna Singh

Mr. Gordon, a favorite actor here in the dear dead days beyond recall, was welcomed warmly last night by an audience that filled the theatre. He acted in his own play which for over a year has been extraordinarily successful in New York and in the "provinces"—a term applied by supercilious New Yorkers to cities of respectable size, as Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

This play is a melodramatic tract of



supposedly ethnological, anthropological and sociological interest. It might be also characterized as a treatise showing the folly and resultant evils of miscegenation. It might serve as an awful warning to young surgeons, proving conclusively that they should not attempt to perform a capital operation when they have imbibed freely of whiskey to give them confidence and strengthen a faltering hand. One could see a play of so many morals. We learned last night that a man could not be persuaded to live on the west coast of Africa for any length of time; that he should not marry a half-breed, however seductive she may be, even if no white woman is in sight; that whiskey had better be let alone in hot climates—gin with lime juice is more to be commended. Yes, the play is chock full of morals and therefore to be commended to the young. And these moral lessons are no doubt account for the success of "White-Cargo." So let us not despair of the drama.

Mr. Gordon, knowing Africa and English life in Africa by personal observation, advances this reasonable thesis: An Englishman (or an American) exiled by business on the west coast, with only a handful of white men near him, with no white woman at hand, little by little loses moral strength and becomes a degenerate, no matter how manfully he strives against self-abasement.

The doctor, who has been a slave to alcohol and thus ruined his career, is a sort of a neurotic, a man who is practically as well as by moralizations. Witzel is sour, irritable, pessimistic, a singularly unpleasant individual with his better nature submerged. Ashley is a wreck as the result of his sojourn and is carried, unconscious, to the steamer homeward bound. Langford, a fine young fellow on his arrival, full of ambition and resolves to go straight in spite of Witzel's dismal prophecies, soon gives up shaving, is careless in dress, becomes cross and quarrelsome, and at last falls a prey to Tondelero, a half-breed who has been the mistress of many men. He weds her notwithstanding the warnings and reproaches of the doctor, Witzel and the missionary. In this the missionary plays a sorry part. Soon Langford wears of his wife, who is vain, sensual, brainless. The doctor having lectured her on wifely duties as understood by the whites, speaks solemnly of the tie ended only by death, whereupon she tries to poison Langford. Witzel makes her swallow the poison. She takes to the bush. Langford is borne on a stretcher to the steamer. Witzel is left alone. He had promised to live with Tondelero if she survived his heroic treatment.

As a card inserted in the program states, this play is "a vivid study of the primitive."

There is continual harking on one string. The doctor is always guzzling whiskey; Ashley disobeys the doctor's act, as a shocking example of combined climate, homesickness and booze; Witzel is always sneering and barking; Langford turns out to be a second edition of Ashley, plus his longing for Tondelero's companionship. She is really the most interesting and sympathetic person in the play. She is not affected by the climate; she is not homesick; she knows what she wants; she does not whine. We wish Mr. Gordon had told us more about her past life, and we should like to know what became of her. She enjoyed being beaten, and probably respected Witzel for pouring the poison down her throat. Ten to one they are living happily together on the West Coast at this moment.

The play was acted in a realistic manner. There was a good deal of shouting and screaming in the good old-fashioned manner in the old-fashioned melodramatic episodes. The doctor and the missionary kept their voices down, so did Tondelero.

The audience enjoyed it all hugely, and when Ashley nearly strangled Tondelero with hands and poison there was enthusiastic applause. Mr. Gordon made a very short and simple speech fraught with thankfulness.

## "FOLLIES" APPEARS IN SIXTH EDITION

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—Sixth edition of the Greenwich Village Follies, produced by the Bohemians, Inc.; devised and staged by John Murray Anderson. First time in Boston. Comedy sketches directed by Lew Fields. Lyrics by Owen Murphy, Irving Caesar and John Murray Anderson. Music by Jay Gorney. Dances staged by Larry Ceballos. The cast of principals includes Toto, Mikail Mordkin, Moran and Mack, Fred Allen, Anna Ludmilla, George Rasely, Edward Tierney, James Donnelly, the Keene

Twins, Dorothy Neville and others.

This is now the sixth of John Murray Anderson's revues, each of them characterized by his originality in mise en scene, his emphasis on the fantastic, the lyrical and the bizarre, on bright and shadowed colors, on a skilful use of lights.

And in this edition there is the same unflagging zest of the earlier ones, from its first glimpse of the Washington square arch, obscured with blue shadows and dancing models, to its last curtain. There is Toto, a clown of infinite drolleries, transported almost intact from the Hippodrome, still with his diminutive "auto" from which he makes his first entrance, his white poodle with the triumphant tail, his ebullient shirt, his amazing acrobatics, his light-hearted burlesques. And with this edition, Mordkin, once the partner of Pavlova, and the best of male dancers, has returned to this country; he dances twice, in a brief pantomime of a jester who dances himself to death for love of a Queen, and again in a triumphant and abandoned Bacchanale surrounded by his company.

For the rest, there are Moran and Mack, whose blackfaced comments were loudly applauded; an excellent skit entitled "Ain't Love Grand," in which Philip Bartholomae has at last dramatized the cross-word puzzle as a means of altercation and separation on the wedding night; there is a setting for Liszt's "Lieb Estraum," with a beautiful scarf dance, and as the veil drops for the last time, Toto rises from the floor to dance a parody of the ballet, supported by wooden splints attached to his shoes. A very amusing act entitled "An Horror-Toria," mocks the village choir rehearsal, an act written and arranged by Jack Waller, and one of the best of this school, with its bombastic conductor, its parallel rows of frenzied singers, its ravelling sopranos, all singing a horrible pot-pourri of operatic airs, part songs, and sentimental ditties.

Again there is a lovely and imaginative setting of Oscar Wilde's fairy tale of the Happy Prince to music of Chopin, with Anna Ludmilla, once with the Ballet Russe, as the swallow, and Robert Alton as the prince. Fred Allen, an amusing and drawing monologist, chatters through several acts; there is the inevitable Pullman scene, and again Toto, revolving and revolving as a flapper with Apache tendencies. Besides these there are the Keene Sisters, and Tierney and Donnelly, apt mimics.

In all, an entertaining and effectively staged revue, perhaps not as bizarre as some of the earlier editions have been, but a revue of intelligence and originality, with signs of a prearranged pattern. A large audience applauded heartily. E. G.

**SHUBERT-WILBUR**—First performance in Boston of "The Wife Hunter," a comedy in three acts by Eden Philpotts; with Mr. and Mrs. Coburn. The cast:

Churdles Ash.....	Walter Edwin
Araminta Dench.....	Mrs. Coburn
Thirza Tapper.....	Celia Radclyffe
Samuel Sweetland.....	Charles Coburn
Sibyl Sweetland.....	Ruth Vivian
George Smerdon.....	James Jolley
Petronel Sweetland.....	Marjorie Mason
Richard Coaker.....	Geoffrey Wardwell
Louisa Windeatt.....	Ethel Morrison
Susan Maine.....	Frances Clarke
Sarah Smerdon.....	Katherine Stewart
Joseph Smerdon.....	Leonora Phillips
Teddy Smerdon.....	Edwin Phillips
Vallant Dunnybrig.....	Pacie Ripple
Dr. Rundle.....	Lawrence Sterner
Mrs. Rundle.....	Eugenia Elder
Henry Coaker.....	Etienne Girardot
Mary Hearn.....	Barbara Allen
The Rev. Septimus Tudor.....	Leonard Carey

Clotted cream of Devonshire, liberally sugared, is this comedy of Mr. Philpotts. "The Wife Hunter" is brave in its character and line, even if not particularly skilful as to plot. The dialogue is happily new and a constant delight, and at moments in the second act seems almost to bring the rural comedy into its own again.

Samuel Sweetland, the lord of Applegarth farm, still mourning the loss of his cherished Tibby, had determined once again to wife. Tibby was a rare soul. "See master's underpants be put to the fire." She died with them beautiful words on her lips.

Sweetland's only ally was his housekeeper, Araminta Dench, a shrewd and cheerful soul, the prop and stay of his home, the mother of his daughters and the comfort of his life. She it was who advised him where to seek a second mate, speeding him happily on his way. Through the last two acts we watch the gallant attacks and the heart-breaking failures of the wife hunter. Thirza Tapper, lean and bony, would have none of him, while the sprightly, fashing, fox-hunting widow laughed in his face. Despairing, Samuel even declared himself to the twittering post-mistress and so completely threw her off her balance that she, too, refused him. Last of all, hopelessly cast down, a piteous figure of woe, he besought the love and hand of Araminta, and, praise be, she took him.

The atmosphere of this play is entrancing. From the label, "Devonshire," one might suspect the people of singing, "Hey nonny no" or something of the sort, but the fear is groundless. A tea party like Thirza Tapper's, which we all attend in the second act, is something to be thankful for. Detail and repetition hinder the play in spots, particularly the lovemaking of the daughters, with its utter aimlessness and little point, but such spots are few, and the broad acres of laughter are many.

Heading an able cast, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn acquitted themselves nobly as "Araminta Dench" and "Samuel Sweetland," but they share honors of the evening with Mr. Edwin, who, as Churdles Ash, the old servitor at Applegarth farm, mellowed the play to its full, keeping the theatre in a gale of laughter.

Pleasant indeed it was to see Etienne Girardot again. There are memories of his "Fancourt Babberly" that can never fade. G. E. L.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—"The Dover Road," a comedy in three parts, by A. A. Milne. The cast:

Mr. Latimer.....	Alan Mowbray
Dominic.....	C. Wordley Hulce
Leonard.....	Francis Compton
Nicholas.....	Philip Tonge
Anne.....	Katherine Standing
Eustasia.....	May Eissa

A whimsical bit of nonsense whose every moment is sheer delight for the lover of good dramatic craftsmanship and clever phrasemaking is "The Dover Road," back in Boston after having been successfully presented here several times before.

"The Dover Road" is a play that goes so far off the beaten track and wanders so persistently in untraveled byways, that one is never quite certain, even to the final curtain drop what is going to happen next. It is a one-man piece—albeit the one man is most ably supported—and tells the story of a rich and eccentric bachelor, living on The Road, whose hobby it is to intercept eloping couples and save them from the consequences of their own folly. He lures them into his mansion, on pretence that it is a sort of a hotel, when their car conveniently breaks down near, and plays the genial, courteous host, while detaining them long enough for the illusion to pass and for them to see one another—and themselves—as they really are.

Two such couples figure in the play. It happens that Eustasia and Leonard are husband and wife, running away in sheer boredom, with somebody else. They meet, of course, and then the beastly cold which the unhappy Leonard has caught in the draughty guest room in which he has been purposely put, touches the springs of his spouse's matrimonial affection, in the same degree that it disgusts the romantic and unsophisticated Ann. Also it gives the already repentant Nicholas an opportunity to "hook it."

Conventional comedy ends the action in the second act, with "Mr. and Mrs." comfortably reunited, the unattached couple conveniently joined up and "Mr. Latimer" as the benevolent guardian angel bestowing his blessing. But Mr. Milne's geometrical knowledge extends beyond the triangle. We have a five-pointed figure and act three shows Nicholas—"silly ass" sort of specimen, dexterously shunted out of the picture, and the beautiful Ann attracting the guardian angel so strongly that we know, instinctively, that they are eventually destined for one another.

Mr. Mowbray plays the part of Mr. Latimer with appreciative humor and shrewd, kindly feeling, and Mr. Hulce has created a brand new variety of stage butler in Dominic, major-domo and co-conspirator. Mr. Compton, made up like a Guyas Williams cartoon, shows us an intensely English sprig of nobility, and Mr. Tonge is another of the same sort.

Miss Standing makes a fascinating Ann and Miss Ediss accomplishes another of her admirable bits of character impersonation as the effervescent, shallow pated and good-natured but maddening Eustasia.

The Copley players caught the spirit of the thing to perfection and the mixture of solemn nonsense and ironic philosophy was admirably set forth. J. E. P.

**NEW PARK THEATRE**—Wallace Eddinger in "The Haunted House," a farce "in three complexes, psycho-analyzed by Owen Davis." Presented by Lewis and Gordon, with the following cast:

The Tramp.....	John Irwin
The Bride.....	Mayo Methot
The Groom.....	Harold Vermilye
The Chauffeur.....	Leslie Adams
The Wife.....	Isabel Withers
The Novelist.....	Wallace Eddinger
The Girl.....	Helen Baxter
The Sheriff.....	Denman Maley
The Milkman.....	Arthur Aylsworth
The Detective.....	Dudley Clement
The Father.....	Frank Morris

On the title page of the program of "The Haunted House" the author calls attention to the prevailing custom of requesting the audience not to divulge the "secret" of a mystery play to others, but declares that the audience in this case has full permission to explain the happenings of the play, if they can (the

last three words in capitals). This statement made frankly by the author is perhaps the best tabloid review of the play which could be written.

Mr. Davis, author of the mirth-producing "Nervous Wreck," turns his joke-making proclivities loose in the current offering, and armed with a widely selected assortment of "types," a few odd groans, screeches, door slammings and chain draggings, a very small pinch of psychoanalysis, copious portions of hurling spiritualism and science and a lot of blunderbuss "detecting," he brings forth what appears to be a theatrical laugh at plays like "The Bat" and "The Thirteenth Chair."

Everything happens in the attractive living room of a mountain bungalow within striking distance of New York. It is one of those plays where the plot is launched with the setting of the sun, thickens during the night, and is finally solved as all the sleepless people see the coming of the dawn.

But it's not at all as serious as that. The bride and the groom come to honeymoon in the cottage of their father, but just before they enter a dark, mysterious form comes in at the window and hides in a closet. Then there's the chauffeur who brings in the trunk. He's there for no good purpose, you can see by his beetling eyebrows and sinister glances. Then there's a rattling of heavy chains in the attic, accompanied by funeral moans. There's a fresh handprint in the accumulated dust of the library table, a door opens and shuts, and a leering dirty face peers out, seen by the audience but screened from the temporarily happy lovers.

These things happen in rapid succession, and somehow it seems that all is not right in that house. A Terrible Thing comes out from the closet when the girl is alone, hovers over her with clutching talons, and disappears. In short, the mystery-play trick bag is turned upside down before you in that first act, and all its skeletons and daggers plumped on the boards.

The dark beauty comes in the door and confronts her former sweetheart. Gowned in black velvet she directs her tragic piercing orbs toward the groom. He consents to meet her outside. The lights go out, there is a jumble of shrieks and chain rattlings, a gun shot, the lights go on, and you gather the impression that somewhere a form lies stiff and stark.

The novelist who lives next door (Wallace Eddinger), and his wife have appeared, and his "I'll take charge now," spoken with quiet but self-conscious authority, dominates the rest of the play, which offers the comedy of interlarded "lines" for what it lacks in consecutive plot development, on which good farce so largely depends. But Eddinger is really funny. His preoccupied: "You are a good woman, a true wife, but at present, you annoy me," is typical of his part.

For the rest of the play, more chain rattlings, dark faces in green lights, and suspicion for the murder of the dark woman shifted with farcical speed from one to another. There is the screamingly funny lanky milkman who "hasn't been the same since he went to New York," the sheriff who faints (five times, I think), at the sight of blood, and much more comedy of characters, in itself good.

Mr. Davis has gathered a lot of fun-makers, and allowed them all to run riot along the lines of their particular types, so much so that it is hard to believe that the author has given them any true interlocking farce-building assignments to follow. But they all have a good time, and with the serious, fidgety novelist still "taking charge," it at length develops that it was Jennie who was killed. And who was poor Jennie? She was only a Jersey cow. H. F. M.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"The Boston Stock Company in 'Cock o' the Roost,'" a comedy in three acts, by Rida Johnson Young. Staged by Samuel Godfrey. The cast:

Phyllis Dawn.....	Elsie Hitz
Mrs. Dawn.....	Oliver Bleakney
Pierce Dawn.....	Samuel Godfrey
Kilton.....	Kate Smith
Jerry Hayward.....	Bernard Nettell
Henry Barron.....	Roy Elkins
Clare Clarke.....	Robert Lee Clark
Paul Sterling.....	John Collier
Sam Clarke.....	Louis Leon Hall
Mrs. Clarke.....	Anna Layng
The Rev. Charles Anderson.....	Ralph Morehouse

None will deny Miss Young her skill in stage technique, her neatness of character drawing—we have met many of her people. Her classification of her play as comedy is questionable, for the obviousness of sheer farce will not down; nor was this made less pointed by the audience, for the notorious "Boston titter" was given full play, and many scenes that called for and were given subtle, even delicate interpretation by the players, lost their point.

The piece was played lightly—they were all comedians last evening at the St. James, even those that played most seriously—the dialogue is Miss Young at her best, and there were many neat characterizations. The linen-headed



mother is not alone a creature of the stage. Self-sacrificing husbands are nothing new. Starving magazine writers are not creatures of the imagination. But Jerry Hayward, the cock of the roost—and a crowing chanticleer he is—is a creature of fiction pure and simple.

Mr. Nedell as Jerry played with the requisite buoyant touch. Mr. Godfrey as Dawn knows the emphasis of understatement. Miss Blakeney as Mrs. Dawn made the most of it. Miss Hiltz was agreeably girlish as Phyllis, and the Henry Barron of Mr. Elkins did not find it necessary to wear a tag on his back to indicate the ego of some successful business man. If it were only possible to forget that "Boston Titter!"

T. A. R.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

Colonial—"Vanities," Earle Carroll's revue, with Joe Cook. Last week.

Hollis—"The Rivals," All star revival of Sheridan's comedy. Last week.

Plymouth—"Cobra," Martin Brown's sensational drama. Last week.

Tremont—"Be Yourself," Jack Donahue and Queenie Smith in musical comedy. Fifth week.

## SIAMESE DANCERS STAR AT KEITH'S

Bringing with them the charm of the exotic east, the Royal Siamese entertainers, consisting of the leading dancers, musicians and takraw players of the Kingdom of Morning Calm, are offering at Keith's this week an act that is arresting because of its novelty and sheer beauty. This group is in the United States by permission of the Siamese government, and in the too brief time it is on the stage, the audience sees at close range some of the dances and rites performed in the palaces of the late Prince of Bejrapura, brother of the present King of Siam.

It is interesting to note that one number in which Princess Mon Luang Sud Chitra is featured, "The Ancient Ceremonial Dance," is probably the dance from which all modern dancing is traced. This dance was first performed before King Rama I, founder of the Ancient Siamese dynasty.

Despite the strangeness of the offerings, the act was well received. The takraw playing by a quartette of Siamese, who manipulate bamboo balls with unusual skill without touching the spheres with their hands evoked applause.

Ward and Van, skilful performers on the harp and violin, proved to be favorites. One plays the violin exceptionally well and the other is extremely fine on the harpsicord. The two were recalled several times.

An act out of the ordinary was the one in which the three Pasquall brothers are featured. It is an acrobatic offering.

Medley and Duprey appear in "Peanuts." The young woman in the act is comely and graceful. She can dance and so can her partner. This act was well received.

The Cameo Ramblers, an excellent jazz orchestra, played pleasingly. The act was enlivened considerably through the appearance of Kramer and Boyle, who are also on the program, being billed as "A Happy-Go-Lucky Pair."

On the bill also are Baggett and Sheldon, George Whiting and Sadie Burt, and the movies.

## SUZANNE DABNEY

At Jordan hall last evening Suzanne Dabney, soprano, gave a program that included "Splagge Amato, from Gluck's 'Elena e Paride'; Ari di Poppea, from Handel's 'Agrippina'; three songs of Haydn's; a group of French songs that included songs of G. Faure, Koechlin, Aubert, Poldowski and Fauriol, and a group of Swedish, French Canadian and Spanish Californian songs, and three American songs.

Miss Dabney chose an interesting and well arranged program for her concert last evening, commencing with the aria of Paris from Gluck's 'Elena e Paride,' and including Poppea's aria from Handel's 'Agrippina,' which he wrote during his first Venetian visit; the three Haydn songs which she chose to sing in a French version; Faure's 'Automne' from the poem of Baudelaire, and other

songs of the French moderns, Koechlin, Aubert and Fauriol. For her third group she chose several little known Swedish folk songs, a pensive little French Canadian song called 'A la Claire Fontaine,' and a Spanish Californian. There were also three songs of Americans.

Miss Dabney has an agreeable soprano voice and musical discrimination, yet with the exception of her 18th century arias which she sang with more eloquence, fullness of tone and care in phrasing than she did any of her others, her singing lacked expressiveness. There was no differentiation of mood between the poetic little French lyrics and the fuller bodied folk songs, and so the peculiar mood pictures of the Frenchman were lost for the listener. They were all gray and monotonous. A pity that a singer with Miss Dabney's musical taste should sing so unimaginatively and with such clouded enunciation and lack of resonance. The audience was small and friendly, and demanded repetition of several of her numbers. Mary Learned Ely accompanied her capably. E. G.

The appearance of Mr. Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky, composer and pianist, at the Symphony concerts this week, has naturally excited curiosity. The program will consist of his Song of the Volga Barge-men, for wind instruments; the Suite from his ballet, 'Petrouchka'; his Concerto for piano and wind instruments; and the Suite from his ballet, 'The Fire-Bird.' He will play the piano, but, according to the latest report, Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

The good people who believe that no music, except that by local composers, written since the death of Johannes Brahms is worth hearing, no doubt shudder at Mr. Stravinsky's terrible approach, yet they will attend the concert if only to shudder, twist in their seats, and after it is all over sputter and shriek in their anger.

They probably expect to see him, all in red, shot up on the platform through a trap door, to the shrill notes of a piccolo which usually accompanies the appearance of the Demon on the stage. Do they suspect Mr. Stravinsky of having horns and hoofs, and a tail coiled within his dress trousers? Do they think the piano stool will burst into flames when he takes his seat under the favoring eyes and baton of Mr. Koussevitzky?

They will be disappointed, for to outward view Mr. Stravinsky is as mortal as are all of us, though his warmest admirers place him already high among the immortals.

The only unfamiliar piece on the program is his piano concerto, which, we understand, will be played for the first time in this country. The 'Song of the Volga Barge-men' was performed here at a concert for children given by the Boston Symphony orchestra last November. The tune 'Ay Ouhnem,' or 'El Uchnjem'—there are several ways of spelling the title—has long been familiar here. Eugene Linev's Russian choir sang it in 1893, and in that year Mr. Loeffler used it in his Sextet performed at a Knelsel concert. The Russian Balalaika orchestra played it with thrilling effect at the Hollis Street Theatre in 1910. The song was played by the orchestra for a scene presented here by the Chauve Souris. Mr. Jacchia's transcription for orchestra has been heard at 'Pop' concerts. Mr. Challapin sings the song, and there is a version with orchestral accompaniment. The mournful tune is included in Messrs. Davison, Surette and Zanzig's 'Book of Songs' (Concord series No. 14) just published by E. C. Schirmer Music Company. It has served many composers for a theme, as Glazounov, whose orchestral transcription or Fantasia was characterized by Rimsky-Korsakov as 'magnificent.'

Mr. Stravinsky's transcription is short and simple. It was played in San Francisco early in 1924; Philadelphia and New York have heard it.

When Mr. Stravinsky, as guest conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra in New York, gave his first concert on Jan. 9, the program stated that the piece was written for an occasion: a gala performance of the Ballet Russe for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross at the Costanzi Theatre in Rome. Mr. Stravinsky has described the music as being a short, simple, sombre prelude; his purpose was that the transcription 'should replace the old Russian National Hymn, which cannot be played since the revolution and the abdicating of the Tsar.'

He has said that his Concerto is somewhat in the nature of an old passacaglia or toccata. It was performed for the first time at Mr. Koussevitzky's concert in Paris on May 22, 1924. The score is dedicated to Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky.

He does not wish to be known as a 'modernist' in music. 'It's a ruined word 'modernism,'" he said to a reporter in New York. 'The Modernists set out to shock the Bourgeoisie, and they only succeeded in pleasing the Bolsheviks. My music is neither 'futurist' nor 'passe-ist,' only the music of today.'

He insists that his ballets are also effective in concert. 'Petrouchka,' for example, might be compared to a sonata, with its succession of movements, allegro, adagio, scherzo. The music as danced loses in two respects: for the author it is an alien meter, while for the public, it diverts attention from the ear to the easier impressions of the eye. . . . No, I do not write in quarter-tones. I am richer than an African or Papuan. I was born under 'The Well-tempered Clavichord' and I seek my new effects with our familiar 'tempered' scale. I study Bach in his own manuscripts, discovered a century after him, for he was to his contemporaries a man unknown. Can you fancy the 'Matthew Passion' as Bach made it for wind instruments, organ and male chorus? We hear it today with the voices and orchestra of a Wagner, so to speak, all the harmonies softened and made agreeable to the ears of our own musical contemporaries.'

When he was asked by a reporter from the N. Y. Times which of his works he preferred, he answered: 'Naturally the one I am at work on at a time. I am not composing now; it requires concentration. But while I am in America I am making entirely new versions of my works for your mechanical reproducing instruments, 44 pieces in all. Not a 'photograph' of my playing, as Paderewski has made of his superb interpretations, but rather a 'lithograph,' a full and permanent record of tone combinations quite beyond my 10 poor fingers to perform; in effect, a new orchestration for the whole piano keyboard.'

At the rehearsal he sported a monocle, heavy gold bands on both wrists, 'for a watch and other matters.' 'He was dressed for action in a brown-and-rose sweater which replaced the orange shirt and scarf and black ulster in which he landed from the liner Paris.'

An interesting personage, this Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky.

Harold Morris, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan hall tonight, while Mr. Berovsky, pianist, will play in Stelncert hall, and Capt. Amundsen will give, in Symphony hall, an illustrated lecture, 'The First Circumnavigation of the North Polar Basin.'

Next Saturday afternoon the admirable pianist, Myra Hess, will play music by Mozart, Franck, De Falla, Granados and Chopin.

Next Sunday afternoon Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, will sing in Symphony hall (second Stelncert concert), and the People's Choral Union will perform Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise' and Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' in Jordan hall. Vincent Lopez and his 25 players will give a jazz concert in Symphony hall that evening.

## Harpist and Singer Give Folk Songs

At a concert in Jordan hall last evening, Greta Torpadic, soprano, and Salvatore de Stefano, harpist, played music by Handel, Hasselmanns, Schuecker, Galeotti, Debussy, Granados, Zuera and Dizi; and Miss Torpadic sang a group of Danish folk songs, in which she included one by Grieg and Silbellus, two songs from the old French arranged by Arnold Bax, Grovlez's 'Guitares et Mandolines,' two nursery songs of Stravinsky, 'Cadet Roussel' with variations by Bax, F. Bridge, Goossens and J. Ireland. There was still another group of negro spirituals, in which Mr. De Stefano and Miss Torpadic shared jointly.

Although she cannot sing, Miss Torpadic has a naive brusquerie, a spontaneity, and an aptitude for dramatic monologue that tide her over in the strange and guttural sounding folk songs of the Danes and Finns, and in the strident rhythms of Stravinsky's amusing nursery ditties, as well as the triumphant variations on the ancient rhyme of 'Cadet Roussel.' But in the old French songs as arranged by Arnold Bax, in the languorous delicacies of Grovlez' 'Guitares et Mandolines,' in the 'Gather Ye Rose-buds,' crude rhythm and expressive pantomime are not enough. And here her voice was thin and vacillating; she had no warmth or vibrancy, her enunciation was haphazard, and she showed few signs of vocal technique.

For his program of harp music, Mr. De Stefano ranged far, commencing with Handel's 'Passacaglia,' and including an Impromptu of the Viennese

Schuecker, a Debussy 'Arabesque,' a Serenade of Granados, two pieces of Hasselmanns, and concert studies of the Belgian Dizi. Vaporuous, unearthly music it was at times, and again, as in the Spanish dances, of a sensuous melancholy. Mr. De Stefano, a sensitive musician and harpist, was well received by the small audience, as was Miss Torpadic. Mrs. Dudley Pitts was the accompanist. E. G.

## SYMPHONY IN SECOND CONCERT FOR CHILDREN

### Young People's Program to Be Repeated Today

At the second of the young people's concerts in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky gave the following program: Haydn, two movements from the symphony in G major (Breitkopf and Hartel, No. 13); Strauss, Franz, Andante from concerto for horn, Moussorgsky, suite from 'Pictures at an Exhibition' (arranged for orchestra by Ravel); Haydn, Adagio from the concerto for violoncello in D major, Grieg, Anitra's Dance and in the Troll King's Grotto, from the 'Peer Gynt' suite No. 1.

Thomas W. Surette prefaced each of the numbers with pertinent bits of information for the young people. Mr. Wendler played the horn solo of the Strauss concerto, and Mr. Bedetti the cello solo in the Adagio of Haydn's concerto. The audience of children filled Symphony hall and Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were obliged to repeat the 'Ballet of the Chickens in their Shells' from the Moussorgsky suite. The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

## AMUNDSEN TALE

By PHILIP HALE

Capt. Raold Amundsen gave an illustrated lecture last night in Symphony hall. His subject was his Circumnavigation of The North Pole Basin. There was an audience of fair size.

First of all a gentleman introduced a professor at the School of Technology whose name we were unable to hear. In fact what was said before Capt. Amundsen was introduced was hardly intelligible, for the speaker's voice in a voice that did not carry. There were allusions, however, to Lief Ericsson as the discoverer of America and there was deserved praise of the Norsemen for their adventurous spirit.

Capt. Amundsen began by sketching briefly the endeavors to find the north-west passage. He then related his own experiences, speaking as modestly about them as if he had only taken a summer trip to Alaska or Labrador. The pictures of ice and desolation, the snow houses and tents in which he lived supplemented his narration in eloquent fashion. His story was chiefly of his struggle to force a way through ice; of the enforced long exile; of the hospitable natives on each side of Behring strait. Every now and then he would speak of passing 'comfortably' years that would have been indescribably dreary to other than those desiring to increase the store of scientific knowledge. Not a word about hardships, loneliness, the intense cold, the distance from a civilized land.

He had much to say in praise of the natives, their kindness, their manner of living. Two girls that he sent to Norway for schooling rewarded him by their intelligence and application, for each stood first in her class. He told in a humorous manner how he narrowly escaped the anger of a polar bear and he made light of an accident that cost him a broken arm with no physician or surgeon on the little vessel.

The story of his making the Northeast passage was of a similar nature minus the escape and the accident. The vessel making the Northwest passage may now be seen in a San Francisco park.

At the end of his talk, which was deliberately delivered and not always easily understood, so that much information was missed by the audience, he described his plan to go by aeroplane across the Polar sea. His previous attempt failed by the machine breaking down. In the United States he has found support for his next adventure. The pictures shown added much to the worth and enjoyment of the lecture.

The man himself by his straightforwardness, manly bearing, unaffected modesty and quiet humor, made a most pleasant impression. In conclusion he said that 24 hours would be enough to cross the Polar sea, if all went well. If the aeroplane failed him, 'then, I'll have to walk.'



"Again there obtrudes the disquieting consideration that if you divide the world into brutes and humbugs (letting nobody escape from one or the other category) a large proportion of the refined people who like the right things will be found among the humbugs."—A. N. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

#### PEACE HAS ITS HEROES

Although he was handicapped by driving rain, Mr. John Wood at Scarborough Spa, England, laid 879 bricks in one hour under supervision.

ADD, "SUNDAY DIVERSIONS"  
As the World Wags  
"CEMETERY"  
"FOR SALE"

"EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY"  
"500 ACRES of permitted burial ground and recreation developments, located near Boston. For full particulars call Brighton 4061-W."

Evidently the good old Puritan custom of taking one's recreation by a walk in the cemetery on Sunday afternoon has not entirely gone by the board.

ALBANY, N. Y.

#### TO THE FATHER OF A CERTAIN DAUGHTER

Stern old Tartar  
How did you flower  
Into your daughter?"

In your Youth  
What swift surprise  
Fashioned her eyes?

In your Life  
What sweet drouth  
Gave her her mouth?

DOROTHY A.

#### TALES FROM A POLICE COURT BLOTTER

The night was far gone when they brought her into court. She faced the judge defiantly as she was being arraigned, on her face was the expression of one who has seen her duty—and has done it.

The charge was murder in the first degree. Her defense was simple but effective. (She was very beautiful, and expensively, if scantily, gowned).

"Judge," she faltered, "I couldn't help it. Love is so blind, and I didn't see until after we were married that he—" A sob stopped further utterance for a minute, then, "that he—oh, God—geeked his coffee cake."

She was released immediately.

MANSELLE.

#### WHY ARE WE ALL NOT LIKE THAT?

"I saw a man, turning out from a side street near where I live, who was somehow not like other people; a shabbily-dressed old man, wearing a very old coat with a fur collar, and he carried a very old leather bag with a Maltese cross painted on it, and he walked with the quiet, preoccupied air of a man who took himself altogether as a matter of course, while to me he was an object of joy and speculation."—Havelock Ellis.

#### DAYS GONE FOREVER

As the World Wags:

Dan Leahy, historian of the North end, bewails the increase in modern inventions and thinks we were happier when he was a boy, and that old ways were the best.

"My first experience with the efficiency fiend," continued Dan, "was when the introduction of the police patrol wagon took away from the boys in the North end a line of important, constructive and profitable work. In those days when the policeman met a drunk, it was necessary to haul the unfortunate to the station by hand, as it were, and frequently the erring one was at that critical stage between spiffication and paralyzation that caused him to pass away before the officer could get fairly started. A policeman with a sensitive nature shrank from making a spectacle of himself by dragging the drunk. One of my gang owned a stout wagon such as boys of the present age use in their play, and employed in my young days to haul the family wood. One day an officer commanded the wagon to convey a total inebriate, and that gave us boys an idea. From then on we lay in wait, with our wagon, near the doors of saloons where they sold squirrel whiskey, and when we sighted a man sufficiently far gone, would pounce on our prey, tip him over into the deep wagon box, and dash for the station. The lieutenant always rewarded us, generally with knives, of which the station had a big supply, confiscated from prisoners. Souse stalking became a popular

sport. The introduction of the patrol wagon simply killed our enterprise dead.

"Another source of revenue was the fishcarts coming up from T wharf with loads of cod, hake and the like. We would trail these carts and recover any fish that dropped off the pile (not assisting them to drop off, of course), clean off the dust in a watering trough and sell them to the thrifty Italians at slightly less than market prices. Our object was to accumulate 15 cents for our regular Saturday night's attendance at the Old Howard—10 cents for a top gallery seat and 5 cents for a plug of chewing tobacco. A.I. boys chewed in those days. A wise guy would keep his plug in his pocket and only take surreptitious bites at it when the lights were sufficiently low for him to do so; unobserved, because there was a code of honor and understanding that when a boy was seen taking a chew of plug the very 'plug out' resounded from his pals, and 'noblesse oblige' compelled the owner of the tobacco to pass it down the line, and it never returned, because there were always enough boys within reach to consume the nickel's worth in short order. I was at the Howard every Saturday night from early childhood days until school years had passed, and that's where we North end boys became so familiar with the history of the old time actors, both variety and legitimate. The pampered boys of the present day don't know what they have missed."

And Dan strode to a window and gazed gloomily into the murk.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### HIS FIRST NAME IS CAMPBELL

As the World Wags:

C. Bascom Slemph is to retire as Cal's secretary. We're glad only because C. Bascom Slemph might possibly as a high official of the government do some heroic national act that would call for an epic poem; and how could we write an epic poem around C. Bascom Slemph? The name forbids it. Suppose Paul Revere's name had been K. Paul Revere Longfellow could never have written that immortal ode, because, think how it would have sounded:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of K. Paul Revere.

Or suppose John Brown's name had been F. John Brown. Think how it would have sounded:

F. John Brown's knapsack is strapped  
upon his back,

F. John Brown's knapsack is strapped  
upon his back.

R. H. L.

#### WOMAN'S WILES

As the World Wags:

Speaking of traffic cops: Mary's car had overstayed its parking time in the loop and as she was about to drive away a burly policeman came up scowling and growled, with pad and pencil in hand: "What's yer name?" "My name is Mary. What is yours?" she sweetly replied, and he didn't give her a ticket! Now, I ask you, what is that the height of?

JACKIE WONG-TE.

## BOROVSKY PLAYS

At Stelnert hall last evening, Alexander Borovsky, pianist, gave the following program: Prelude and Fugue for organ, A minor (Liszt). J. S. Bach; Sonata, D major, J. Haydn; Aria and Introduction from Concerto, D minor for organ, W. F. Bach; Impromptu, Op. 10, A. Scriabin; Poeme, Op. 32, A. Scriabin; Etude, D sharp minor, A. Scriabin; Prelude, C major, S. Prokofiev; Sarcasm, C major (first time in Boston), S. Prokofiev; Russian Dance from "Petrovichka" (first time in America), Stravinsky; Berceuse, Chopin; Scherzo, C sharp minor, Chopin; Liebestraum, Liszt; Second Rhapsody, Liszt.

Mr. Borovsky chose an interesting program for the first of what he has called his "18th and 20th" century concerts, here, although his inclusion of Chopin and Liszt somewhat precludes such a definite classification. A pianist of robust vigor, of dramatic intensity, of sonority, he chose for his 18th century the Bach-Liszt fugue and prelude in A minor, Haydn's D major sonata which he played with a gentle and light hearted humor and a feeling for the beauties of the largo, and W. F. Bach's liturgical sonorous and aria and introduction from the concerto in D minor.

For the twentieth century there were three short pieces of Scriabin's, his harsh and glittering Etude in D sharp minor, the ecstatic and vaporous Poeme; of Prokofiev, Mr. Borovsky played an early prelude, and one of the "Sarcasms" written in the same year as his Scythian suite, an amusing and ironic piece, a miniature "Pacific" for the piano. For some reason he chose to play only the first movement of Stravinsky's "Petrovichka" in the pianoforte version that the composer wrote for Arthur Rubinstein, and which Rubinstein played this summer in London. Played, as it was, as an excerpt, last night, it seemed curiously fragmentary and trivial. For its full effect, it demands its entirety.

Although he is not a romanticist, an impressionist, reveling in sensuous moods, Mr. Borovsky played the Chopin "Berceuse" with delicacy, and a sense of nuance. But he is primarily a pianist of vast and climactic chordal passages, of music that is architectonic, brilliant, or even of as lucid a pattern and gay melodies as the Haydn sonata. He is not so skillful a creator of phantom moods.

There was a good sized and enthusiastic audience, which streamed in intermittently.

E. G.

## HAROLD MORRIS

Harold Morris, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Ballade, Grieg; Pastorale, Capriccio, Scarlatti; Sonata, B flat minor, Etude, Op. 10, No. 12, Preludes, F major, B flat minor, Chopin; L'Alouette, Glinka-Balakirev; Etude in double notes, Op. 64, Moszkowski; Valse, A flat, Op. 39, Brahms; Perpetual Motion, Weber; Minstrels, Debussy; The White Peacock, Griffes; Dance of the Elephants, Scott; Scherzo, Harold Morris; St. Francis, Liszt.

Mr. Morris played a program more in the taste of 1835 than of 1925. The Grieg ballad—we young music students found it wildly romantic 30 years ago, poetic and dramatic, even as we found the romanza for violin by Svendsen. The Scarlatti pieces were played every day in those years, near the end of the century, after D'Albert had established their vogue. The Russian's lark, a Moszkowski study, Weber's scampering piece—they savored all of old times. And they are non the worse for that!

But they need a virtuoso to play them. And so do the Chopin study and the B-flat minor prelude. The way of a young virtuoso is hard, as the late W. F. Aporhp used to say of coloratura singers not absolutely "arrived," for to aim at virtuosity and not quite reach it is to land in a trying position.

Mr. Morris has a technique of many excellences, with singularly beautiful tone, scales finely even and crisp, a smooth legato in passages that sing. But last night Mr. Morris failed to turn his fine technique to full account. Too often he played so fast, in the Weber piece especially, that he lost his rhythm and his clarity too. From a want of tonal variety and also of skilful shading he missed the final touch of brilliancy which alone makes technical display worth while. If he could bring himself to search for beauty and charm as diligently as he has worked for dazzle, Mr. Morris would find that the glitter he has so close at heart would shine with brighter lustre.

The strange thing is that though Mr. Morris is so manifestly out for virtuosity, it is in quieter music he did his best work last night—at all events in the earlier part of his program. Some variations in the course of the ballad he played very musically indeed. He felt the charm of the little waltz of Brahms, and brought it home to his hearers. And the funeral march, at just the right tempo, he made genuinely impressive, not sentimental at all, tragic. Mr. Morris has it in his power to do something very fine.

## "THE DUTCH GIRL"

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Dutch Girl," a musical comedy in two acts, featuring Phoebe Crosby. Music by Emmerich Kalman and Harold Levey. Book by Guy Bragdon. Lyrics by Leo Stein and Joe Burrows. Harold Levey conducted. The cast:

Col. Pratt	Detmar H. Poppin
Ladislav	Frank Gardiner
John Henry Smith	John E. Hennings
Arlene	Doris Robbins
Jacqueline	Margaret Davies
Justine	Araya
Cleo	Josephine MacNicol
Gaby	Josephine Rankine
Captain of Hussars	Truly Lake
Lieutenant of Hussars	Wayne Nunn
Ludwig	Kay
Jan	Gus Alexander
Yolke	Wynne Gibson
Ensign	Phoebe
Gloria	Phoebe
Count Domba	George Rogers
Karl Van Danm	Walter McNally
Paul	Max Stamm
Klaus Klass	Detmar H. Poppin
Hans	Helen Fowble
Laughing Girl	Doris Ebbins
A Girl	Chick Hazel
A Tiny Tot	Margaret Davies

The first act is by far the better. In this the extraordinary work of the ensemble, both in song and dance—the boys in their blue trousers, in purplish jackets, and their lethargic dances, to the rhythmic and resounding whacking of the sabots—is something that lingers pleasantly in the memory. Then, too, and again in this act, Messrs. Kalman and Levey have set their skill at work in colorful music, music that aids and maintains illusion, and pertinently suggests the atmosphere of the Poot-chorn Dyke.

Yet again the second act has its pleasures despite the lack of fulfillment, as pointed by the first. Here the story gives way to pleasing diversions of more song, of irrelevant dance.

It would be unfair to say that much of the second act is given over to vaudeville. It would likewise be untrue, and yet there are the aforesaid diversions piled on thick, obviously marking time to pad the performance and make two and a half hours of entertainment. And of these diversions there are two dances, in pneumatic costumes, and barelegged solos, quite a contrast to the beautiful and colorful overdress of the first act, with the women of the ensemble covered in an old fashioned way, with heads peeping out of the huge winged headgear of Normandy folk. But the audience liked these barelegged dancers, making perhaps more work for the censorious Mr. Casey and sending him to the bat.

For the book, the piece is one of wholesale masquerading. Every other personage is a prince or princess, mostly in the habiliments of the hol poloi. Everyone is as on a lark. Paul, crown prince of Luxembourg, is plain Frederick. The Princess Gloria of Sylvania is plain Gloria. John Henry Smith, American, is on the trail of Paul, and stands to win \$1000. All this incentive from the royal father. Smith gathers in his quarry; there is nothing for Paul to do but acknowledge. He has fallen in love with Gloria, but there can be no marriage. His friends arrange for a wedding by proxy. Smith will be the proxy. Of this Paul is unaware. Returning home, he is inconsolable. He will be happy alone. Gloria, in court dress as the Princess of Sylvania, comes upon him. There will be a legitimate wedding.

Miss Crosby's performance displayed her rich voice, but it is the voice of oratorio, of the concert hall, for it lacks in dramatic significance. Many times she left the picture in deliberate and irre-

vant byplay. And for this very reason several times she lost her lines.

Mr. Poppin, essaying two widely divergent roles, displayed a sonorous bass voice, Walter McNally, as Paul, was an ardent lover. Vocally his performance was also interesting. The bronchial Mr. Hennings, as Smith, knew his shortcomings in song, but his comedy was well put, and his legs served him in good stead. The Eloise of Wynne Gibson gave pleasure in her vivacity, in her agility and byplay in the dance.

An entertainment that has departed the conventional rut; at this moment in the making, no doubt it will improve, like good wine, with age.

T. A. R.

## STRAVINSKY AT SYMPHONY HALL

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The concert was devoted to Mr. Stravinsky, composer and pianist. It was his first appearance in Boston. The works chosen were these: "Song of the Volga Barge-men," arranged for Wind Orchestra; Orchestral Suite from the ballet "Petrovichka" (Jesus Sanroma, pianist); Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra (with double basses); Orchestra Suite from "The Fire-Bird."

All of this music had been heard in Boston except The Conerrot. The Song of the Volga Barge-men was played at concert led by Mr. Koussevitzky for young people last November. It is a short and simple arrangement of the famous song that has tempted many composers; a sombre arrangement as befits the mournful theme, which does not admit ornate elaboration or gorgeous coloring. It is a prelude for any solemn occasion. It is said that it was written in the hope that it might take the place of the old Russian National Anthem, thrown overboard at the time of the Revolution. This arrangement is a place d'occasion; composed for a gala performance by the Ballet Russe in Rome seven years ago in aid of the Italian Red Cross. Simple as the music is, there are "Stravinskyisms" in the instrumentation and in certain harmonic devices.

The ballets "Petrovichka" and "The Fire Bird," with the Suites derived from them are well known to our musical public. The music bears separation from the stage and the miming dancers better than the "Sacre du Printemps." It is true that the music of the two has a greater significance, it sets forth more clearly the talent of the composer. When it is heard in the theatre—that is, if it can be fully heard there. In performances of ballet, as in performances of opera, the attention is divided: Now the eye is especially interested; now the ear. The spectator is conscious of the fact that music is playing when he is fascinated by the action and the grace of the dancers; but he cannot shut his eyes and concentrate his mind on the music alone. In either case, in the theatre or in the concert hall, the composer must suffer to a certain degree. The severer test of the inherent



North of the music on the concert hall.

The two Suites played yesterday, as they were absolute music, are to the glory of the composer. The extraordinary vivacity and humor, the instrumental chatter and turmoil, the varied intoxicating and irresistible rhythms, the musical painting now with a broad brush, now with the detail of the Flemish school—all these astonish and delight.

Composers who little by little develop a peculiar style after success achieved in a more conventional manner often affect to count as dross their earlier work. We hope that this is not so in the case of Mr. Stravinsky, for there are many pages in "The Fire Bird" that are singularly poetic and beautiful even when they are ostensibly imitative or decorative. There is richer thematic material, a coloring more glowing and sensuous, though not so ingenious, audacious, theatrical.

The concerto, dedicated to Mme. Koussevitzky, completed and produced last spring, is another matter. The composer tells us that it is a sort of 17th century passacaglia or toccata—i.e., "the 17th century viewed from the point of view of today." Does he mean by this that we should hear the old music as we think we should have heard it in that century, or that composers of the 17th century, if they were brought to life and allowed to hear modern music, would adapt the old forms and contrapuntal weavings to suit the present taste? Academic questions not calling now for laborious consideration. The question is this: is the concerto heard yesterday merely an intellectual effort, an attempt to straddle centuries far apart, or is it music that is emotional in the nobler meaning of the word, or a masterpiece of enchanting brilliance? The concerto, after one hearing is not to be unsomely praised, not to be carelessly dismissed as jejune and futile. There is a curious mixture of styles—the ear is suddenly transported from the formalism of Bach's time to a modernity of expression which is not of the highest order. In the rhythm there is at times the suggestion of the negro influence that is now felt across the Atlantic. There is a succession of styles rather than a continuity of individualism. This is the more surprising, for Mr. Stravinsky as a composer is above all an individualist, neither following a school nor belonging to one. It is easy to recognize and admire in the concerto technical facility, as it was easy to recognize by Mr. Stravinsky's performance of the piano part, the grim earnestness with which he pursued his inexorable plan. Purely æsthetic, call it sensuous or call it emotional enjoyment was derived almost solely from the melodic section in the middle of the work.

A remarkable man, this Igor Stravinsky; a fascinating, perplexing, at times irritating personage in the world of music; an inventor and master of rhythm and orchestration, and as such a one whose influences and will influence others. Whether he will prove to be an apostle of sweetness and light, a torchbearer down the years to come will be for those who come after us to decide.

Yesterday the hall was full of his glory and in this glory Mr. Koussevitzky and the players shared.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The orchestra will be away next week. Henry Hadley will conduct the concert of Feb. 6th, 7th, and Mme. Mæzenauer will sing.

Ernest Harold Baynes, lover of animals and loved by them, was a courageous man, brave in action, brave during the sickness that he knew would put an end to his life and his service for the good of humanity. By his intelligence, experience, honesty, courage, he incurred the ill-will of anti-vivisectionists. In many instances they saw to it that his lectures about animals and their habits were cancelled. He was insulted, vilified. He heeded not, but unflinchingly pursued his righteous and beneficent way. A courteous, companionable gentleman, he will be greatly missed by many friends and by those who knew him only by his good deeds. There is no one to take his place in his peculiar and valuable work for the animal kingdom, which includes men and women.

Will the "sloping system" of penmanship drive out the "Palmer" in schools frequented by the young Augustus and Dear Mary Jane? Our mothers were taught at genteel seminars to write a fine Italian hand. In our schooldays the Spencerian system was the thing. One boy won fame because he could draw with his pen a magnificent eagle with a scroll in its beak. Today too many women, young and old, write a handsome hand, handsome to the eye, even elegant, but wholly illegible.

#### WHY HE LEAVES HER

As the World Wags:

What to do? What to do? I thought I loved her and last night I discovered that she is the kind that says alright.

#### DESERTED

The moon above the snows tonight  
Is soft and sad for nights of spring.  
But in my window burns a light  
And one there is that's wandering.

And shall I wait or shall I go?  
For here there is no helpful thing;  
But there's a path across the snow  
And one there is that's wandering.

And oh, it's lonesome in the ground  
With none to laugh and none to sing  
Nor any scent nor any sound!  
And one there is that's wandering.

—The King of the Black Isles.

As the World Wags:

I hate to say this about her, but it's true, it's true. She's the kind of a girl who goes tehiek, tehiek, tehiek in a "movie" theatre when the villain forecloses the mortgage on the old homestead or chews the heroine's unwilling neck.

PUDGE REIN.

O. S. M. of Newport, R. I., writes: "Speaking of NURMI—'im run backwards, too."

Mr. Albert Duboué, informing readers of *Figaro* about an unpublished poem by Germain de Nerval: "Imitation of a Melody by Thomas Moore," says that de Nerval has reproduced the flowing grace, a little old-fashioned, of "the author of 'Esther Waters.'"

How George will be pleased!

#### "MOBY DICK" AGAIN

(H. M. Tomlinson in the Manchester Guardian)

But one could go on for a long time on such a subject as the sea in English literature, if one named merely the books and poems which to us seem to be right. There is, however, no need. One great sea story comprehends them all, as all who know "Moby Dick" know well enough. It is the greatest book in the language on ships and the sea, because it is more than that. For the White Whale, that mythical monster, is as elusive as the motive of a sonata of Beethoven's. Did the whale ever exist? There is the great music to prove it. The harpooners followed it, a shadow among the very stars. That is something like a whaling voyage, when the boats leave the seas to hurl a lance at the Great Bear. Other voyages must end. But the quest of Capt. Ahab's ship is without end; and what would we expect of a ship whose master soliloquizes like Macbeth? Outside the works of St. Paul, is there a sermon in any book which is like Fr. Mapple's to the seamen in his chapel? The cross-bearing taken by Capt. Ahab, to find his ship's position, to lay, if he can, a course for her, would bring his ship to a harbor no man has ever reached. And he did not reach it. Destiny sank him and his companions in the waste. Yet we know the high adventure of his phantom whaler continues in the hearts of men. That is where she sank.

#### AT THE PARK SQUARE

As the World Wags:

Was it due to the fact that the audience talked and laughed throughout the entire show that Mr. Leon Gordon found it necessary in the third act of his play at the Selwyn Theatre on Monday evening to shout at the top of his voice? One would be inclined to think that if audiences are the same the country over he would see a vocal teacher who would help him control his tones and point them if necessary, thereby making things much more comfortable for him and save interested people from the unpleasantness of hoarseness and the fog horn quality that overtakes him when he has but half-finished his speech on the danger of mixed marriages (not religious) to his brother in the skin. Or the management of the theatre might install the powerful amplifiers that would serve the purpose well.

He and his company must have been surprised and bewildered after becoming acquainted with the audience that it did not rise in a body and shout its glee as they carried the poisoned victim to the ship. It had already shouted from the galleries, "Speech!" "Speech!" why did it not then yell "Bon voyage; happy memories!"

New York may have other reasons than the size of the city for calling Boston a province.

WILLARD ERHARDT.

#### KREISLER'S RECITAL

"Betty" sends to The Herald her "reaction" in free verse to the concert in Symphony hall last Sunday afternoon:

Germany, France,  
Italy, America—  
All creeds and nations  
Made one  
By the alchemy of genius,  
And borne to the heights  
Of ecstasy  
On an irresistible tide  
Of aching, poignant  
Melody.

Suppose our friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, should go to a new play on the night of the production and in the course of the performance hear the hero exclaiming:

"Though I should fly to the uttermost ends of the earth, as high as the stars are above, or as deep as the deepest sea bed is below, there is no hiding-place for me, no rest, no hope, no shelter, no escape."

Would he not smile derisively and think of his nights long ago when he found pleasure in "The Span of Life" and "The Queen of the Bandits"; or when he heard again the staccato laugh of Ralph Delmore, that most accomplished and heartless of villains, a laugh that was as the sound of a barkeeper cracking ice, heard by Mr. Johnson as he stood with one foot on the supporting rail.

And if he should hear Henry Arthur Jones's Wilfred Denver cry out in his agony: "O God! put back thy universe and give me yesterday!" would not Mr. Johnson say to himself: "Aha! Jones has been reading the Elizabethans. Frankfort's speech in old Thomas Heywood's play"—(beginning O God! O God! that it were possible To undo things done; to call back yesterday! That time could turn up his swift sandy glass, To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!) "only Heywood did it better."

Yet these speeches first heard from Wilson Barrett in "The Silver King" over 40 years ago thrilled the hearers who praised the construction of the piece, applauded the rhetorical flourishes, pitied the hero, who believed himself to be a murderer, were moved by the wretched plight of his wife and children, and hissed the villainous Capt. Herbert Skinner, known as "the Spider."

An old-fashioned melodrama with its soliloquies and its asides, but to the audiences that first saw it, the play was not old-fashioned. Forty years hence audiences will smile, no doubt, at what we today fondly think is "realism" in the theatre.

Little, Brown & Co. have brought out four volumes in handsome form of "Representative Plays by Henry Arthur Jones." The plays are edited with historical, biographical and critical introductions by Clayton Hamilton, who performed a similar service in editing plays by Sir Arthur Pinero for another firm of publishers. Again are Mr. Hamilton's notes interesting and valuable.

Plays, like books in the Latin adage, have their fate. It is not easy for the younger and irreverent generation of playgoers to put itself in the receptive mind of the preceding generation. Mr. Jones was in his day a constructive revolutionary. Many of his dramas and comedies excited at the time of their appearance hot discussion. Some of them were even regarded as dangerous arguments against conventional morality. When Mr. Jones began his work for the playhouse "plays which were readable became unactable and plays which wereactable became unreadable." Mr. Hamilton explains at length why this came about. His lucid explanation is not the least instructively critical portion of his long Introduction.

By birth Mr. Jones was of comparatively humble origin, thoroughly English, thoroughly middle class in the better meaning of that term. Practically self-educated, he became singularly well-read in English and French literature, and in his writing he acquired an individual and sinewy style, which is seen in his dialogue, in his critical articles, in articles on general subjects; witness his masterly open letters to Mr. H. G. Wells apropos of the soviet question; witness his recent article about prohibition. He can be incisive, humorous, ironical, eloquent. Not content with writing plays, he pleaded and argued for the renaissance of the English drama. His ardor knew no bounds. He fought for the stage, as he believed it should be, a stage worthy of adult attention and respect, in letters to the journals, critical articles for the magazines, lectures at universities and before learned societies. And he had the zeal of a preacher-prophet. The preacher is revealed in some of his plays.

He is not swayed by the belief that his plays are all works of plenary inspiration. He hesitated about including in this series "The Silver King," which had enormous success in many countries and held the stage for 40 years; he regards it as old-fashioned, without literary merit. He writes about "Saints and Sinners," which won the hearty approval of the fastidious Matthew Arnold, that before the success of dramas was assured he had "weakly sold himself" to what the Saturday Review justly calls "the dull devil of spectacular melodrama. And I remained a bondsman for many years."

While the success of "The Middleman" did not conceal the fact that in method and manner it was still old-fashioned—"melodramatic, sentimental and perhaps excessively theatrical," to quote Mr. Hamilton, there was the serious discussion of a social theme: "The inequity of a social situation which permits a man without brains to enrich himself by exploiting the inventive genius of another man." Mr. Hamilton has no hesitation in saying it was the best English play of its time, and it still deserves historical study.

It was in "Judah" that Mr. Jones escaped from melodramatic influence and evolved his own individual type of play, in which characters are more than plot; in which his favorite story is that of a man with pure and lofty ideals in love with a worldly woman unworthy of him. Will he be dragged down to her level? Will he raise her to his own high plane? And in "Judah" Mr. Jones began to show himself as a satirist of shams, fads and weaknesses. So in the plays that followed, the moral earnestness of the dramatist is revealed in portrayal of character, in the direct, intense, yes, the humorous dialogue which at times is frankly comical, bitterly facetious, savagely ironical. Mr. Jones would not accept the gay irresponsibility of dissolute noblemen. He delighted in contrasting them with sternly religious men governed by an unbending sense of duty, did not shrink from introducing women of free life who willingly went astray, or the more



timid, rakes at heart, who wished they had the courage to tread the primrose path. We have the Duke, the Quaker father and Drusilla in "The Daneing Girl"; Cynthia and Philos in "The Crusaders"—a "patently fantastic" play, as William Archer described it; David and Dulcie in "The Masqueraders"; Michael and Audrie in "Michael and His Lost Angel," which, though it failed, we regard as Mr. Jones's best play with the exception of "The Liars."

When "The Case of Rebellious Susan" was first published it was dedicated to Mrs. Grundy. That "august and austere effigy of our national taste and respectability" was addressed as "Dear and Honored Madam." Was Lady Susan guilty that evening in Egypt?

Probably "The Liars" is Mr. Jones's most finished composition for the stage, both in construction of plot and in the matter of dialogue. Mr. Jones is a master of humorous, natural dialogue, which reveals character; where the characters are not merely speaking-tubes for the epigrams of the playwright. The exposition is admirably contrived. Mr. Jones is often uncommonly successful in this art. Note the talk between Bulsom-Porter and his wife at the beginning of "Mrs. Dane's Defence";

"Bulsom-Porter: It's a mystery to me, Henrietta, that we can't arrange to celebrate these little domestic battles on our own domestic hearth."

"Mrs. Bulsom-Porter: I warn you that if you continue to pay such marked attention to that woman, I shall tell the whole neighborhood her history."

Is not the audience at once agog to know all about "that woman" and the man's relations with her?

"Go back to 'The Liars.' From a purely technical point of view, has the third act been surpassed in English comedy?"

We could spare "Dolly Reforming Herself" and "The Tempter" from these volumes, especially the latter with its pseudo-Satan and its forced, laborious coarseness. Other plays in this collection that we have not mentioned are "The Hypocrites," produced in New York and dedicated to Prof. George P. Baker; "The Divine Gift," "Mary Goes First," "Grace Mary" and "The Goal."

Mr. Hamilton and the publishers have done well by Mr. Jones, who in a private letter to Mr. Hamilton says with unaffected modesty: "I am sadly conscious that I have not worked always upon my highest levels. That has been impossible in the conditions that the English theatre has imposed upon me. I think, however, that I may claim that I have always done the best work that there was a good chance of offering to the public. I think that my plays, taken as a whole, will give a truthful picture of English life and character from the year 1885 to 1915."

P. H.

## "Old Man Minick"

### How a Good Short Story Was Turned Into a Still Better Play

Plays that have attracted marked and favorable attention in New York are a long time in coming to Boston. Some of them never come. How long will it be before we shall see "Minick," which was produced on Sept. 24, 1924, at the Booth Theatre?

Waiting for its arrival, one can read it, for it has been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York. The volume contains the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman; Miss Ferber's short story, "Old Man Minick," on which the play is based; also "a brief and quite gratuitous explanation by the authors."

The story is a capital one. We think that the play is in many respects still better. It gives a greater opportunity for the portrayal of character. We become intimately acquainted with Minick's friends, Mr. Diethofer and Mr. Price, the old men who sat with him in the park, regulating the affairs of the universe, unnamed in the story. And who would miss the scene in which Messrs. Diethofer and Price, having invaded Nettie's sitting room, meet the elub women, and leave abashed, while Minick interrupts with delightfully irrelevant remarks the solemn discussion—of these women in council?

The dramatists frankly admit that they don't know how a play is made out of a short story and then they proceed to tell how they made it. A short story can be read in less than half an hour. Perhaps it would take fully half an hour if one were to read it aloud especially if the reader were like Artemus Ward's father-in-law.

"His intellect totters a little and he saves the papers containin' the proceedins of our State Legislature. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads to'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortuilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow."

The question then comes up, how does one prepare from the material in a story a play that should last at least two hours and a half.

These dramatists tell us that not the length of a story but its theatrical effectiveness is the important thing in the making of a dramatization. A short story is more likely to have dramatic material than the average novel; it is concise, built round a central climax; the characters are definite; while a novel may contain padding, episodes, and the novelist may not have regarded form.

A dramatization of a widely known novel may draw a larger audience, but the audience will come "with a preconceived idea as to what it ought to contain." A will miss this favorite incident; B will

wonder why the dramatist laid stress on something that when read seemed to him unimportant.

"Two questions were hurled at us with particular frequency after the play was announced for production: 'Have you got the scene with the old men in the park?' and 'How about the pillows—did you get them in?' No one, as yet, has written a hot letter of protest because Nettie's husband is named George in the short story and emerges as Fred in the play, nor has there been objection to the omission of the episode of the sewing woman."

We wish this episode had been included. We should like to see Mr. Hegie as old man Minick repelling the amorous advances of the "hawk-faced woman of about 49, with a blue-bottle figure and a rapacious eye"; we should like to hear him cry out: "Woman! Jezabel!" and then chuckling to himself: "Wanted to marry me!"

The old men of the story in the park are much more alive, vastly more entertaining; more explanatory of old Minick's longing for companionship suitable to his age, when they are brought boldly forward in the play.

We are told by the dramatists that they wrote several last acts before they found one that was satisfactory. "The one included in this volume, and used in the playing version, is the next to the last that was written. The final one, most of which was never even rehearsed, lies somewhere between New York and Buffalo."

There is always curiosity about methods of work in collaboration. Besant and Rice; Erckmann-Chartrian; Conrad and Hueffer (Ford). Sometimes a French play or libretto will be signed by three, even four authors. How did the two Hillemacher brothers of Paris write their music?

The authors of "Minick" have this to say: "The three acts were turned out in seven driving days—days and nights, for that matter—but some six or eight weeks of preliminary work preceded the writing. Most of this was devoted to detailed discussion, but there was also some playwriting. Each of us wrote large parts of an act—one the first and one the second—and although practically all of this dialogue was discarded when we came to work together, it did serve as a valuable basis. The first two acts were planned in detail before we began joint writing; hardly a thought was given to the contents of the last until the first two were finished. As already intimated, it was not a working scheme that made for sound last acts. . . . There were other points of the play where consideration was fairly lavished." Two days were spent in discussing what Fred's business should be, what would fit the well-to-do middle class atmosphere in which the characters were to move. It was finally determined that he should be credit man for a large office fixture concern. "Perhaps there would be one or two scenes devoted to business talk alone. . . . The result: there is not a line in the play that contains even a remote reference to Fred's work as a credit man, and from first to last the nature of his business never mattered in the least."

Mr. Kaufman is known as a successful dramatist; Miss Ferber was associated with George V. Hobart in writing the comedy, "Our Mrs. McChesney." It would have been easy for Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman to turn Minick into a pathetic figure for theatrical purposes: an old man, unhappy, neglected, "put up with" by his son, regarded by the son's wife as a nuisance. Undoubtedly Minick was in the way, nor was he himself at ease. It was not a case of crabbed old age and youth trying to live together. Minick was anything but crabbed. He was disconcertingly good natured, genial in fact, but he was lonely. At times he was in the way; he knew it and regretted it. There are many Minicks, Freds and Netties in the world. The young couple could not bear the thought of Minick with his sufficient income for an Old Man's Home going there. Were they not secretly relieved when he went? They had held out inducements for him to remain. They even asked him to teach them pinochle, so that they could have joyous evenings together by the steam radiator.

One of the most amusing lines in the play, one that strips Minick's departure of pathos is the last as, with suit-case in hand walking gaily towards the door, he turns and says to the wondering servant Lulu: "I ain't going to waste it (my life) teaching pinochle to anybody."

It's a story of common, everyday life, true to nature, a play in which the characters talk and act as they do or might in the apartment house across the street. Minick was more sensible than some old gentlemen: he realized that his ideas and those of the younger generation were not in unison. Why run the risk of being looked on as a burden, of preventing his son and daughter-in-law from enjoying themselves in their own way, through grudging consideration for his comfort or amusement. There were companionable men after his own mind, happy in the Old Man's Home. We hear him saying: "There I can talk about the Reparation question, the World Court, Russia, and the income tax. And these men know pinochle already, I don't have to teach them. There's Garvey, Henderson, Schultz—why, Price tells me that Henderson held a 500 hand last night and bid only four-fifty on it! I'll show 'em. And Nettie can't have a baby in the flat as long as I'm here." No, Minick was not to be pitied.

P. H.

## MYRA HESS

Myra Hess, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall: Sonata, A Major, Mozart; Prelude, Aria and Finale, Franck; Cubana, Andaluja, Le Falla; La Maja et le Ros-

signol, Spanish Dance No. 8, Granados; Nocturne E Minor, op. 72, Etudes, op. 10 No. 12, Posthum, No. 2, Op. 25 No. 2, No. 3, Ballade G Minor, Chopin. One of the most admired pianists to appear here in recent years, Miss Hess drew an audience yesterday to Jordan Hall notable for its size, quality and enthusiasm.



## CONCERT AND OPERA

**UNDAY**—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano, assisted by Stuart Ross, pianist. Second Steinert concert. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Henry Levine, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Choral Union, Mr. G. S. Dunham, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Vincent Lopez and his 25 soloists. See special notice.

**MONDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Opening night of the Chicago Opera season. "Aida." Mmes. Raisa, Van Gordon; Messrs. Marshall, Formichi, Lazzari, Klipnis. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

**TUESDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Louise." Mmes. Garden and Claessens; Messrs. Ansoau and Baklanoff. Mr. Polacco, conductor.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Hymn Rovinsky, pianist. Music by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Franck, Casella, Bartok, Korngold, Smetana, Debussy.

Hotel Vendome, 3 P. M. Mrs. Waldo Richards, reader. Third and last of Miss Terry's entertainments.

**WEDNESDAY**—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Boris Godunov."—Messrs. Chaliapin, Lamont, Lazzari, Cotreuil; Mmes. Van Gordon and Claessens. Mr. Polacco, conductor.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "La Boheme." Mmes. Mason; Messrs. Cortis, Ramin, Lazzari, Trevisan. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

**THURSDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Tannhauser." Mmes. Forral, and Van Gordon; Messrs. Lamont, Schwarz, Klipnis. Mr. Weber, conductor.

Jordan Hall, Kathleen McAllister, soprano.

**FRIDAY**—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist. Second recital. Bach Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor. Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio. Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata. Chopin, Impromptu, A flat major, Polonaise, F sharp minor, waltz op. 42, Nocturne, D flat major, Scherzo, B flat major. Schumann, Children Scenes, Scriabin, Elude, Moutgorsky, "Se mistress." Balakirev, Islamey.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Carmen." Mmes. Garden and Mason; Messrs. Ansoau and Baklanoff. Mr. Polacco, conductor.

**SATURDAY**—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Romeo and Juliet." Mmes. Mason; Messrs. Hackett, Formichi, Cotreuil. Mr. Polacco, conductor.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Tosca." Mmes. Muzio; Messrs. Cortis and Schwarz. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

No wonder people like to hear her, a musician of artistic conscience who knows what she can do properly and is not likely to undertake more, a woman of graceful concert manner, and a pianist of able technique. To listen to her proved very restful.

Miss Hess showed herself yesterday a pianist of singular calm. She is also a player of unusual thoughtfulness. Her way with the Mozart sonata was evidently the result of deep study. With remarkable consistency she maintained the low scale of dynamics she had found most fit, an infinite variety of detail and brought to her finely shaped phrases. In the tempo of the minuet she made a happy departure from the usual. In turning the final allegretto into a presto she seemed less well inspired, for in the process all hint of "alla Turca" vanished.

Much of the Frank music Miss Hess also played with beauty, the opening pages of the prelude above all, the beginning of the aria, the transition to the finale. That she made it always coherent, or that she found in it all the loftiness this music contains, cannot with truth be said.

For the pretty Spanish pieces, when they moved along, Miss Hess had ready an entrancing rhythm. In their quieter moments she appeared to agree with the authority who states that Spanish dancing is often torpid. The exaggerated gloom of the hall may have made the languor seem more extreme than it really was. One little piece, about "La Maja et le Rossignol," offered opportunity for poetic playing, of which Miss Hess took full advantage. Unfortunately the Chopin group began very late in the afternoon. R. R. G.

Can and will Mr. Lafayette Mulligan tell our readers whether he is related in any way to the Mulligan Guard? Not that a Mulligan was the captain of this famous company. Who was the Mulligan thus honored by intrepid troops of New York? Surely not the Mr. Mulligan who, for a long time, was an officer of the Connecticut River railroad. (A locomotive engine was named after him, one of the good old kind, with a generous and flaring smokestack and gaily painted tender.)

The Mulligan Guards long famous by the g-g-r-r-and, old song, with music by Dave Braham, sung at Harrigan and Hart's. How it was shouted and whistled and pounded on the piano and played discordantly by sheet-iron bands in the early '70's!

"We crave your condescension, we'll tell you what we know Of marching in the Mulligan Guards from Silgo ward below. Our captain's name was Hussey, a Tipperary man,

He carried his sword like a Russian duke, whenever he took command.

"We shoulder'd guns, and march'd, and march'd away, From Baxter street, we march'd to Avenue A, With drums and fife, how sweetly they did play.

As we march'd, march'd, march'd in the Mulligan Guards."

### "SUGGESTIVE"

As the World Wags:

As I read your comments on the word

"suggestive" I was reminded of a sign which I saw a year or two ago in the window of a Boylston street shop. It read: "Suggestive Wedding Presents."

Being married and modest I did not inquire what they were.

Another "suggestive" window sign in a Tremont street hat store not a great while ago read: "Hats Cleaned of All Kinds."

Boston always has had a reputation as the home of pure and careful English. B. G. WILLARD.

### ME AND I

(Psychology defends "It's me" against logic's "It is I."—Mr. George Sampson.)

Poor Ronnie, hard as he might try, Was always tripped by "me" and "I." With many a frown athwart his frockles He thought of them as llydes and Jekylls.

"If I is me and mo am I," He worked it out, "I wonder why When all I have is truly mine, What comes to me, is never Inc."

While puzzling still his youthful head The measles laid "he" up in bed, And dealing Murray swift reprisals He cried with glee, "Mc's got the Iseles!" A. W.

### WHO WON THE WAR?

As the World Wags:

It was neither the leather necks nor the greasy gobs what won the war. It was us guys what stayed at home and joined the R. O. T. C. we ate meat only twice a week and poured sugar out of a long necked thing what looked like a salt seller but wasn't, and we sold liberty bonds and wore what the sailors and soldiers didn't wear and hell man what they didn't wear wasn't much, and we hollered "hurray" when they went overseas, and when they came back we listened to there stories and smiled and said ny what brave men and now we don't want any war just to find out which is best, cause we'd have to join and find out for ourselves, and we like sailors better cause they set the style with their wide pants so they could run better, so there.

Pats 14th cousin on his mudder's side.

### CABBIES AND NICKNAMES

A Londoner, writing about the disappearance of horse-cabs in London, asks what has become of the old drivers. "Tenacious of life, full of ailments, cheery and reminiscent, they live on in very poor houses, often on the charity of their friends and relatives." The Benevolent Association awards annuities to a certain number. Lord Rothschild was a generous friend, and long ago Lord Rosebery headed an appeal that brought in thousands of pounds.

Nearly every old driver had a nickname. Thus, James William Hubbard was known as "Nourishing Stout," because he protected the nap of his silk hat with a dressing of that beverage. "Nothing like stout for keeping down the nap of a silk hat after rain." Other nicknames were "Old Jim of the Law Courts," "The Father Confessor," "Paddington Crutchy," "Little Prince," "The Fighting Parson."

Walt Whitman delighted in riding on the seat with drivers of Broadway omnibuses: "the drivers, a strange,

natural, quick-witted and wondrous race (not only Rahab and Cervantes would have gloated upon them, but Homer and Shakespeare would). . . . Yes, I knew all the drivers then. Broadway Jack, Drennaker, Bally Hill, George Storms, Old Elephant, his brother Young Elephant (who came afterward), Tippy, Pop Rice, Big Frank, Yellow Joe, Pete Callahan, Patsey Lee, and dozens more. . . . I suppose the critics will laugh heartily, but the influence of those Broadway omnibus jaunts and drivers and declamations and escapades undoubtedly entered into the gestation of "Leaves of Grass."

And in the poem, "To Think of Time," Whitman gave a graphic description of the burial of an omnibus driver. Are taxi-drivers given nicknames, jocose or endearing?

### "THE BOSTON TITTER"

As the World Wags:

The Boston titter is shameful, but is it exclusively Bostonian?

You write as follows: "Visiting actresses, like Miss Terry, must surely say to themselves, 'So this is Boston, the home of culture.'" I asked Miss Terry late last week if the affronts of the opening night had continued, and she replied that, up to that time, Boston audiences had been very courteous; that even Monday's tittered less than those which had commonly sat before the original production of "Children of the Moon," both in New York and in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. And for myself, I must confess that the performance I saw on Thursday was met with the most tense and respectful silence, followed by enthusiastic applause. Yet the cancerous titter must be acknowledged; we had hoped it was segregated in this, our cultured town. Can it be that the superior intellects of the present middle West have also fallen victim to this evil?

The whole subject suggests to me a new field for the practical psychologist. If some audiences before the same play are good and others very, very naughty, he should devise some way of improving the second sort. Once the means is determined—and it must be found—we shall have producers of serious plays paying for the nightly services of an anti-titter claque, which will, of course, be dismissed from its caustic duties after the first half-hour, provided the audience has sense.

Expensive? Well, some of us would have seen "Lilliom" several times, had not our first viewing been harrowed by the giggles of gallery gods. E. P. G.

As the World Wags:

Your dissertation on roasting the giggler reminded me that in Arnold Bennett's little book (not among the best sellers), "Literary Taste and How to Form It," there is this sobering thought for the incurable titterer: "There is no logical answer to a guffaw. This sense of the ridiculous is merely a bad, infantile habit, in itself grotesquely ridiculous. You may see it particularly in the theatre. Not the greatest dramatist, not the greatest composer, not the greatest actor can prevent an audience from laughing uproariously at a tragic moment if a cat walks across the stage. But why ruin the scene by laughter? Simply because the majority of any audience is artistically childish. . . . This sense of the ridiculous can be crushed by the exercise of moral force. It can only be cowed. You have to decide whether you will be on the side of the angels or on the side of the nincompoops. There is no surer sign of imperfect development than the impulse to snigger at what is unusual, naive or exuberant. And if you choose to do so, you can detect the cat walking across the stage in the sublimest passages of literature. But more advanced souls will grieve for you."

JOHN QUILL.

### EVEN WITH THE INITIAL LETTER

Our country's love to thee,  
We'll ever faithful be,  
C. Bascom Slomp.  
We love thy noble name,  
And in our Hall of Fame  
We now will write the same  
C. Bascom Slomp.

NANNIE O' EDINBOROUGH.

When Walt Whitman wrote long ago of "the athletic American matron speaking in public to crowds of listeners," had he any thought of a woman's inauguration as Governor of Texas?

R. H. L., reading that a club woman of Oklahoma said right out loud: "Women work in order to be near the men," remarked: "And we rise to ask, is that why so many men don't work?"

### GAUDY AND FOOLISH

Tobacco pipes in silver and gold are now seen in shop windows of London. A couple of pipes with golden bowls in a case can be bought for something un-

der £5. The bowl is lined with meersch- schaum. Silver pipes cost about half the money.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson was presented some years ago with a silver-framed pipe; bowl and stem with silver linings. It is a pretty thing, but when smoked the bowl becomes unpleasantly hot, he tells us. Mr. Johnson has pipes of varied build and worth, all of them now clogged and foul. And so he smokes a T. D. from preference, for his spirit is democratic and he likes to call himself a workingman, a day laborer.

### GOOD OLD SPOT!

As the World Wags:

Can any of the contributors to your column tell the readers of it what has become of the spotted coach dog?

You recall him? When the old coupe or the buggy stood waiting at the stoop, there was Spot directly under the forward axle, his nose at the horse's heels, waiting patiently for the welcome command of "Get up!" from the coachman. You can see him now, keeping exactly the same pace as the horse, paying no attention to inquisitive dogs that ran out from the sidewalk, a sedate animal, devoted to "his horse." Where is Spot in these days of the flying motor car? T. P. H.

### CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS

(1945)

#### CREME DE MENTHIE

The night—ah, many years ago—sweet children, was oppressively black. A low wind off the Blue Ridge rustled through the great trees. Two fingers of light from the far end of the house stretched shakily across the lawn; soft, witching music floated to us as we sat across from each other at a little green and white porch table. Honeysuckle! How radiant she had been in the lighted room; her glorious ash blonde beauty set off by a gray cloud of a dress, single orchid caught at her throat. . . . The immaculate Cecil suddenly placed two lily-like glasses before us, and faded back into the night. Her cigarette glowed through the blackness. . . . A big yellow moon leaped clear of the horizon as we raised our glasses and clinked them. "Au revoir," she said, and we drank the emerald stuff. On her hand a great diamond—another man's—flared like an evil eye.

Creme de menthe! Ah, well—dear children—life is strange. Perhaps some other sultry summer night, when a golden moon rides low through an ebony sky, we shall sip again from a tall cold glass. THE LONG SHOT.

### OXEN VS. ENGINES

As the World Wags:

Reminiscences of the old Fitchburg station will no doubt now be in order. In the early days of railway stations in Boston proper, it seems that the engines were not supposed to enter the station. When the matter of the flying switch being utilized to propel the train, minus the engine, into the station was being discussed, one said "that in the earliest days some other method was used to bring in the cars, and his recollection was that oxen were made use of for that purpose."

Can any old timer throw light on this subject? N. J. L. R.

### DOUBLE-CROSSED

(For As the World Wags)

Once to a girle named Lyde The doctor said, "My! you're cross-eyed."

"Now I may be, that's true, But what must I do?" To which the old doctor replied:

"Buy the Traveler, my dear, and begin To work out the puzzles to win The prizes they give And as sure as you live Your optics will soon be akin."

Now the doctor must have been right, For I'm sure they helped cure Lyde's sight;

Now she's not cross-eyed I know, But she's Cuckoo, by Jo! Tell me, is that not a worse sort of plight? JACK AUSTIN.

### KITCHEN UTENSILS OF TODAY

As the World Wags:

It appears today that the determination of justice under the Volstead act required the use of still another implement of decision in one of the federal courts in your lawless city, whereby it was demonstrated that 26 of the once 40 bottles that had hung upon the wall contained a beverage with content of 2.02 per cent. of alcohol instead of being contented with the one-half of one per cent. which members of Congress decided was all the American people could



stand without the decline and ruin of the republic. The report of the episode says: "The bulcameter in the present instance strained itself to register the meagre though technically criminal alcoholic content of Foley's beer."

Here we have then the bulcameter to be added to the hydrometer and the alcoholometer to one's household utensils if one would remain a householder and not become through inadvertence an occupant of the common jail.

I have not acquired the alcoholometer as was suggested. Domestic use of one would be as futile as the attempt to pick an empty pocket, that mooted case of former law school days. I see no present use for one of the new engines, as I have neither beer nor bile. I have an egg, nature's own hydrometer; indeed, the hens are generous; but I have no use for it as a scientific instrument, as the water pipes froze up out under the road the other night, so that the unit of measurement of the life-sustaining fluid is now a 12-quart pail, and will probably remain so till warm weather.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

"At the club he starts to say, 'Isn't this a lovely group of associates?' But one pokes him in the ribs, another slaps him on the shoulder, a third playfully knocks his hat over his eyes, and out of these pokes and slaps and thwacks, his breathing takes the form, 'Scream of a bunch, eh?' 'Some gang!' Can you beat it?"

As the World Wags:

I read in the Mail Bag of The Herald that hauntingly pathetic line, "The short and simple flannels of the poor," comes from a parody by Croylin Wells, published in the Century Magazine of February, 1917. The Herald's correspondent graciously sent the poem in full.

Was it not daring of Christopher Morley to publish the same poem under the title, "Elegy Written in a Country Coal Bin," and to include it in his 1917 volume, "Songs for a Little House?"

Some one is careless. Can it be Christopher? E. P. G.

## LOPEZ CONCERT

Symphony hall was filled to overflowing last night, so great was the curiosity to hear Vincent Lopez's Concert Orchestra. Mr. Lopez conducted. He also played the piano, displaying a beauty of tone and a facility in execution that many givers of piano recitals might well envy.

The printed program of 15 numbers was not strictly followed. In the first part were a Russian Fantasy on airs by Rachmaninoff; Cul, Rimsky-Korsakov and others; "By the Waters of Minnetonka," "Indian Love Song," "Ec-centric" and other pieces, among them "The Evolution of the Blues," by W. C. Handy and Joseph Nussbaum, described on the program as a "Symphonetta in 'jazz' style." This last was the most ambitious composition on the program. The first pages had decided character, and were interesting. Later "The Birth of the Blues" out of negro tribal dance and slave-day spirituals was less effective. The passages of instrumental fury had little or no significance. And it might be said of the whole concert that the more pleasing numbers were those of a simpler nature, delighting by melody, rhythm, and ingenious contrasts of instruments.

Rhythm, rhythm, rhythm, one was often reminded of the ultra-modern school insisting that the future of music will depend on rhythmic devices, as "Le Sacre du Printemps" of Stravinsky is most impressive by its rhythmic solemnity or rage, while the melodic figures and even the harmonic schemes excite at the time less attention.

Mr. Lopez's orchestra has a brilliant technic, an astonishing plasticity. It would seem to be composed of virtuosi, from the trumpeter who trilled and flourishes in an amazing manner in the high register to the ever-busy and resourceful "traps." Mr. Lopez is able to gain greater and more varied effects than are noticeable in other orchestras devoted to "jazz" for he admits a certain number of string instruments. The great audience was enthusiastic. There were additions to the program. One of them, a "Biblical Suite," led one to wonder why it was so entitled. Did Hebrew melodies furnish some of the thematic material? One could have easily spared this addition.

## PEOPLE'S CHORAL

Yesterday afternoon the People's Choral Union, George Sawyer Dunham, conductor, sang Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in Jordan hall, and also Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The soloists were Claire Maentz, soprano; Abbie Conley Rice, contralto; George H. Boynton, tenor, and Frederick Miller, baritone. The Boston orchestral players, Frank L. MacDonald, principal, furnished the accompaniments. The organist was Harold F. Schwab, the pianist Mildred Vinton.

Not being a wizard—although a conductor of his fine ability is not much less—Mr. Dunham cannot accomplish with inadequate resources what he is capable of doing if he had more abundant means at command. His material varies from season to season. The sopranos, weak last year, were yesterday on hand in force, with a full body of tone to their credit, clear and sweet. The basses also produced a firm tone of good quality. The small orchestra, large enough for Jordan hall, would sound better if the brasses played far less loud.

Mr. Dunham has worked wonders with his chorus. Sharp as duty they made their attacks, almost as neatly their releases. The sopranos especially sang every sentence as though they felt its meaning. In the "Ela Mater" they achieved an exceedingly good pianissimo, and here the tenors and basses did some fine shading, which is a marked improvement over what they could manage a year ago. With real sensitiveness to its significance they sang the opening sentence of the "Stabat Mater." Perhaps presently they will be able to pronounce their words more distinctly than they did always yesterday.

But if the People's Choral Union sang only half as well as they sang yesterday it would be a pleasure to hear them, for, unlike too many choruses and choirs, they appreciate the impropriety, when they are singing "unto God with the voice of melody," of slackness. They may not sing perfectly, but it is a safe guess that they sing just as well as they possibly can; more may be asked of nobody, but that much should be demanded of everybody. Often it is demanded in vain. The devotional warmth in Mendelssohn's chorale, the fervor in the Inflammatus, should be a pattern to many a body of singers. All praise to Mr. Dunham and his chorus, for setting the example.

The four solo singers, blessed with good voices, brought vigor and intelligence to their work. Mr. Boynton sang his Mendelssohn recitatives and airs most successfully, with a full understanding of their meaning and with clear enunciation. Mr. Miller sang the "Pro peccatis" nobly, and his part of the "Ela Mater" he made impressive. Mrs. Maentz and Mrs. Rice sang their duets particularly well. All the soloists, and the chorus too, were roundly applauded by a large audience. They deserved to be; they had conviction about them.

R. R. G.

Harry Levine, Pianist, Is the Soloist

At the St. James theatre yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony, conducted by Mr. Mollenhauer, gave its 12th concert. The soloist was Henry Levine, pianist. The program included: Lalo, overture "Le Roi d'Ys"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, concerto for piano in C-sharp minor, Op. 30; Nagel, symphonic poem, "Fairy Tale," and Rimsky-Korsakoff, caprice on Spanish themes, Op. 34.

This pianoforte concerto of Rimsky-Korsakoff's, the only one that he wrote for the pianoforte as a solo instrument with the orchestra, has been played here at one of the Cambridge concerts of the Boston symphony in 1914 when George Proctor was the soloist, and again at the New England Conservatory.

"A chip from Liszt's concertos," wrote Rimsky-Korsakoff in his autobiography, and its form is that of the

E flat major concertos of Liszt, to whom the composer dedicated his score. And it is a beautiful concerto, deserving of more frequent playing, for the charm of the Russian folk tune on which it is based and which makes its first appearance in the opening bassoon solo, for its brilliant cadenzas and soaring octave passages, its blithe allegretto in the guise of a polacca, its beautiful and exotic little Andante. Yesterday Mr. Levine, an excellent musician, played the piano solo with a technical facility that was never obtrusive, sensitively, poetically.

For the rest, there was Rudolph Nagel's pleasant and sonorous symphonic poem entitled "Fairy Tale," which Mr. Nagel conducted; the overture to Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," an overture of the pre-Wagnerian days, in the absence of "leit motifs," although it is dramatically characterizing the strange old Breton legend on which the libretto was based, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes," which Mr. Koussevitzky has already played this season. There was much applause for Mr. Levine.

Next week the conductor will be Henry Hadley, the soloist, Arthur Hadley, cellist, and the program as follows: Hadyn, Symphony No. 12, in B-flat; Hadley, Suite Ancienne for Violoncello (first time in Boston); Grieg, Two Norwegian Dances; Liszt, "Love's Dream" (arranged for orchestra by Vic-

## ROSA PONSELLE

At Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, the second concert of the Steiner series, Miss Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a recital, assisted at the piano by Stuart Ross. The program was as follows:

Aria, "D'amour sull' all rosee," (Il Trovatore), Verdi, Miss Ponselle; Amarilli, mia bella, Caccini, Chi vuol la Siringarella, G. Paisiello, Traume, Strauss, Hymne au Soliel, Georges, Miss Ponselle; Etude, E major, Etude, F major, Waltz, A flat major, Chopin, Mr. Ross; Aria, "Ah fors'è lui," (La Traviata), Verdi, Miss Ponselle; Rain Dance, Grunn, The Swan, Palmgren, Spoon River, Grainger, Mr. Ross; The Nightingale and the Rose, Rimsky-Korsakoff, The Night Wind, Roland Farley, Lithuanian Song, Chopin, Home to Spring, MacFayden, Miss Ponselle.

There are few singers on the concert stage, and certainly few sopranos, who have the range of voice and the power that are Miss Ponselle's. Hers is a rich, warm, dramatic soprano voice that, strangely enough reminds one in quality of Caruso's. Like him and unlike most sopranos, she is master of the beautiful full chest tones as well as the brilliant head tones, and her singing moves from register to register as easily and freely as an organist produces the tones on his instrument.

Miss Ponselle was in fine voice, despite her recent illness. In a hoop-skirt opalescent gown trimmed with pearls, pink head dress on her dark hair, and pink slippers peeping from beneath the shimmering lace edging the hoop, she was a beautiful picture, reminiscent of Jenny Lind. And when she sang it was as when a bird sings, so technically perfect and so simple in effect. Just one little sign of nervousness she displayed: the exit evidently seemed far from the piano to her, so that she took the distance on the run—not a very graceful effect, but one which the audience forgave readily. She was generous with encores, and played the accompaniment to the last one, "Old Folks at Home," herself.

Mr. Ross is an excellent accompanist, and his solo pieces, too, were much enjoyed by the audience, which he favored with a number of extra numbers.

H. L.

## "Grounds for Divorce"

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: The first performance in Boston of "Grounds for Divorce," a comedy in three acts, adapted by Guy Bolton from the Hungarian play by Erno Vajda. Produced at Atlantic City on Feb. 25, 1924. Presented by the Charles Frohman Corporation in association with Lee Shubert. Empire Theatre, New York, Sept. 23, 1924. At Atlantic City and in Chicago (March 24, 1924). Bruce McRae took the part of Maurice Sorbier.

Maurice Sorbier..... Gladys Burgess  
Marianne Regault..... Cora Witherspoon  
Felix Roget..... H. Reeves-Smith  
Denise Sorbier..... Ina Claire  
Labelle..... Edward Keene  
Maurice Sorbier..... Philip Merivale  
Marie Roget..... Gladys Wilson  
Henriette Deschamps..... Bertha Belmore  
Marchese Guido Longoni..... Georges Renavent

The comedy begins at a slow pace. This is the fault of the dramatist or the adaptation, not the players. There is a great deal of talk, and the talk is not witty, not of engrossing interest as the necessary exposition; it is more like the perfunctory conversation of guests at a dinner party, when some are late in arriving; when punctual ones are wondering whether there will be cocktails, whether the dinner will be spoiled; when there is the wearisome standing and weariness on the faces. But the tempo quickens midway in the act, and the manner, the voice and the significant smile of Mr. Reeves-Smith are always delightful even when a dramatist has given him only conventional lines of polite comedy. Mr. Reeves-Smith takes the part of Felix, a philosophical and pleasantly cynical house-friend and counsellor; the comedy man dear to Alexandre Dumas, the younger, and Sir Arthur Pinero who borrowed him from Dumas.

Maurice Sorbier is famous as a lawyer for obtaining divorces. Women meditate a divorce in the hope of retaining him in court. His clients, these women whose husbands are neglectful, poor providers, or unfaithful, brutal, are all handsome. Plain women do not seek to be divorced, the dramatist says, they are glad to keep what they have obtained. Maurice puts his work first. Unconsciously he neglects his wife; he forgets the second anniversary of the wedding day, does not join a theatre party, and thus wounds deeply his wife's feelings, all because he has a fascinating client in the next room. Denise has not been jealous, but

hurt and spurred on by the witty comments of her dear friend Marianne, she reproaches her husband bitterly, throws an inkstand at him, missing his head, but spotting his shirt front, and tears out of the house, threatening to divorce him.

A year passes. Sorbier is about to wed Marianne. On the day of the wedding Denise calls and asks him to procure a divorce from her Italian husband, to whom she has been a wife only in name. She has fled from Rome with Longoni in an aeroplane and purposes to make him No. 3. She tells an extraordinary, a preposterous story, which Maurice swallows, while with each detail of it his love for Denise returns. Marianne, treated as Denise was treated, sulks, rages and throws a bottle of ink, this time at the coolly aggravating Felix, but this time the ink is red, and Felix, dodging, saves both head and shirt.

The second act is the act, though the wives and the confession of Denise and the slowness of Maurice's comprehension in the third are stuff for comedy, made excellent by Miss Claire's art.

The subject of divorce is lightly, at times cynically treated, as befits these days when the succession of marriages among divorced couples reminds one of a progressive euchre party, say rather of a dinner where soup is eaten at one house, the fish at another, and so on through the courses; when divorce is regarded as one of the most entertaining of indoor sports. But Denise in her heart thinks nobly of marriage; Felix, in spite of his barbed words, is a patient, much enduring husband; while Maurice never had broken his marital vow. And so the moralities are saved, though we are not sure about Marianne's past, present or future.

The comedy was well-played. Miss Claire showed effective versatility in her portrayal: in her pride of her husband's pompous eloquence in a supposed argument for a woman seeking divorce from a neglectful husband—all the time he was unconsciously depicting himself; in her growing impatience, her vexation and then her grief at his forgetfulness of a day sacred to her; in her rage—though in the whirlwind of her passion she was too often verbally unintelligible; but above all in watching the effect of her story of the past year with all the harrowing details—the wonder is she kept a straight face—on her

credulous and irritated ex-husband. She was ardent, roguish, sentimental in turn, irresistible and adorable.

We have already spoken of the well-graced actor Mr. Reeves-Smith, whose significant diction with bearing, facial emphasis and quiet art are refreshing in these days. Mr. Merivale, earnest, virile, was at times conventional in verbal and physical expression, not always the perplexed husband of continental comedy, while Miss Claire has the Gallic grace and esprit. Mr. Renavent was amusing without extravagance as the impetuous air-pilot. Mr. Keene gave true character to a small part. Miss Witherspoon was pleasing to the eye; the part demanded of her only insinuations and high temper.

A large audience was warmly applaudive.

## Chicago Civic Opera

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aida," Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

The King..... Alexander Kipnis  
Amneris..... Cyrena Van Gordon  
Radames..... Charles Marshall  
Aida..... Rosa Raisa  
Ramfis..... Virgilio Lazzari  
Monsieur..... Cesare Formichi  
Priestess..... Elizabeth Kerr  
A Messenger..... Lodovico Oliviero  
Conductor..... Roberto Meranzoni

Since an opera season should open with pomp and circumstance, what more suitable opera to set on the stage than "Aida"? There is none, no far as the exigencies of an "opening night" are concerned. But after all there are others that would answer the purpose reasonably well, and Verdi's great opera would benefit if it could be laid aside for a few years, till opera managers have ceased to regard it as an opera of show and pageantry. When it came forward once more, after a decent rest, newly studied with care such as was lavished on the recent revival of "Falstaff," again the great old work would come into its own.

The opera last night was brilliant to see. No pains or expense had been spared that might magnify the opulence of the setting. The stage looked vast and mysterious. The pictures, rich in color, were genuinely suggestive of a "curious land that might well be Egypt; pyramids in the distance, "Cleopatra's Needle," a stretch of desert hot in the sun, all helped on the illusion, and for variety of pageantry in the scene of triumph, nobody could ask for more.

The performance, regarded from the point of view with which it was presented, was very good. All the principal singers had excellent voices, in varying degrees they knew how to sing, and they were all thoroughly at home in the routine of their roles. Of them all Miss Raisa carried off the honors, for within a year or so she has seen a great light, which has taught her to re-



from forcing her nose about. Last night she sang nearly all music with a splendor of tone that led.

There was a warm welcome for Mr. Anzoni. In his very young days a fellow of promise, he has indeed developed into a conductor of command. Firmly he held his forces in the last night and, except in the end scene of the second act, where he gave the trumpeters on the stage a way too generously, he succeeded in allowing the singers always to be heard—no small feat in "Aida" as it is today.

The audience was very large and husky.

R. R. G.

## 'MEET THE WIFE'

**HOLLIS THEATRE**—"Meet the Wife," a comedy in three acts, by Lynn Starling. Staged by Bert French. Produced by Stewart and French. First performance in New York at the Klav Theatre, Nov. 26, 1923. First time in Boston. The cast:

Gertrude Lennox.....Mary Boland  
Harvey Lennox.....Charles Dalton  
Doris.....Patricia Calvert  
Philip Lord.....Ralph Glover  
John Maroney.....John Maroney  
Philip Lord.....Ernest Lawford  
Margaret Bryn.....Margaret Bryn  
William.....David Munro

"Meet the Wife" is a most amusing story on the woman of stray affections, the woman with a passion for gathering in celebrities, for the pursuit of random cults, for provocative moroseness, for writing platitudes, and the manipulation of every one's affairs. A fascinating meddler, a hysterical faddist, she is an older sister of Duley.

And Lynn Starling has written a successful comedy about her and her aesthetic panderings, her changing devotions, her unanswerable repartee, her glibness. With the help of the artistic and flat-footed Victor Staunton she prepares for the lionizing of Philip Lord, the novelist who understands women, and whom she has obtained for her guest of three days after an exhausting three-hour session with his manager. She flutters about with flowers, accepts Victor's proposal for her daughter, wheedles her husband into meeting the novelist, weeps at the thought of her first husband, now dead, a "high minded man, but weak."

Philip Lord arrives, and she discovers that he is her first husband, whom she had thought dead, after his disappearance in the midst of the San Francisco earthquake. Harvey Lennox, knowing nothing of this, discovers that Philip Lord is interested in real estate, and not in the least the effeminate novelist he had expected. And Doris, the daughter, who refuses to marry the asthmatic and flat-footed Victor, discovers that her reporter, whom she loves, has arrived to interview the celebrity and to get a "scoop" for his paper.

And so the comedy runs through three acts, excellently contrived, a skilful bit of theatrical craftsmanship. There is confusion when Gertrude Lennox discovers that she is no better than a bigamist, and when Harvey Lennox discovers that he is still married to the woman whom Philip Lord had been skilful enough to desert. And as the play ends, Harvey Lennox is off in pursuit of another earthquake; Doris and her reporter, are married, and off to Egypt; Gertrude Lennox has been deserted on all sides.

E. G.

## ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

**COLONIAL THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of the 18th edition of Ziegfeld Follies. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Words by Paul Gerard Smith. Lyrics by Gene Buck. Music by Victor Herbert and Dave Stamper. Scenic investiture by Joseph Urban. Cassins Freeborn conducted. The principals were Hazel Dawn, Charles King, Johnny Dooley, the Mosconi family, William Roselle, James Kelso, Belle De Monte, Lou Hascall, Alexander, Yakovlev, Dave Stamper, Edna Leodon, Bert and Betty Wheeler.

Now comes Mr. Ziegfeld with his 18th production. Hitching his wagon to a high star in his earlier productions, he has excelled, treaded water, fallen—not very often. It is true—below his own standard, bobbed up serenely, which leads us up to last night's performance, by and large, head and shoulders, over anything he has previously attempted. The even balance of this performance will not be denied. Time and again he

has left the gap—something more often comedy—last night he gave us an uproarious comedy in full measure, the while the spectacular, the dancing, the staging ingredients of revue at its best had their play.

It is impossible to come away from this entertainment, first of all, without a compliment for Ned Wayburn; a moulder of show girls in the dance, in the art of manoeuvre, of evolution, of formation; over all these years he has done nothing better. Thus the ensemble were all a pleasure to the eye, in their unity, in enchanting rhythm, in their clock-like precision.

For the spectacular effects it is entirely too much to go into detail. Enough to say that Mr. Urban has again been at work, that there is the Ziegfeldian opulence, the lavish hand everywhere, a startling embroidery of the exotic, the bizarre.

Then for novelty, there was the Shadowgraph that had the house in an uproar. In each program there were Shadowgraph colored glasses for the onlooker. Adjusting the glasses as the shadows of the performers were thrown on the screen, there was the effect of the actors doing their stunts on the heads of the onlooker, pouring boiling water over us, disrobing acts right before our noses, with the discarded garments thrown on our laps.

The comedians had full play. Johnny Dooley, in his perilous and rugged style of comedy, was in his funniest mood, so, too, the gormandizing Bert Wheeler. Edna Leodon, in several scenes, notably that with Dave Stamper, offered a breezy style of comedy, nearing the line of demarcation, backing away distinctly, giving something new in "business," and giving it with the air of spontaneity. Charles King, our own Jerry Conway, with his ingratiating ways, always and forever personable, sang his many songs in his soft way, danced his many steps neatly and without pretense. Hazel Dawn fiddled again, and this time with the "Amachevers," and we behold her in a new style, as she essayed the role of the raucous voiced "bad" woman in the tragic-comic episode of the Sloppy Joneses.

And the girls, more girly than ever. Mr. Ziegfeld has surely this time, if ever, fine-combed the Garden of Pulehrude. Follies indeed it is, abounding in the trivial; and after all, it surely is the trivial that relieves the stress of our work-a-day world.

T. A. R.

## Lion and the Mouse

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"The Lion and the Mouse," a drama in four acts, by Charles Klein. The cast:

John Burket Ryder.....Louis Leon Hall  
Jefferson Ryder.....Bernard Nedell  
Judge Rosmore.....Frederick Murray  
Ex-Judge Stott.....Roy Perkins  
Senator Roberts.....Ralph M. Remley  
Rev. Pontifex Deele.....John Collier  
Hon. Filzroy Bagley.....Houston Richards  
Shirley Rosmore.....Elsie Hiltz  
Mrs. Ryder.....Anna Layne  
Mrs. Rosmore.....Roberta Lee Clark  
Jane Deele.....Olive Blakeney  
Miss Nesbit.....Marie Laloz

The St. James Theatre people produced an old-timer in the form of "The Lion and the Mouse," a drama that was first produced 20 years ago and was last seen here six years since. It was exceedingly popular then and

has been revived many times, but a fresh inspection convinces one that theatrical methods alter and tastes change with the passing of the years.

By far the most impressive personality on the stage was Mr. Hall, who took the part of the ruthless millionaire, bound at all costs to impeach the virtuous judge who stands in his way. He acted with a bluff force that carried well. Mr. Nedell struggled with the terribly mushy role of the hero, but was well high overcome by obvious handicaps. Mr. Richards as the "English" secretary contributed a successful bit.

Miss Hiltz, as the clever girl who outwits the wicked old financier, incidentally capturing his son, was the "mouse" who gnawed apart the entangling ropes. She played the part with earnestness and intelligence. But the role of Shirley Rosmore demands a strapping Junoesque young person, capable of dominating the scene and of rolling out the platitudes the author has put in her mouth as though they really meant something. Miss Hiltz is too slightly built for that.

A whole stageful of people who appeared in the first act promised well but disappeared utterly and completely thereafter. It was to be regretted.

J. E. P.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—"Uncle Anyhow," a comedy in three acts by Alfred Sutro, with the following cast:

Reginald Cloughton.....E. E. Clive  
Ermytrude Farndon.....Katherine Standing  
Richard Farndon.....C. Wordsley Hulse  
Christine Farndon.....May Ediss  
George Floyer.....Philip Tonge  
Lady Alex Floyer.....Elspeth Dudgeon  
Mr. Floyer.....Richard Whorf  
Fiza Jane.....Lucy Currier  
Mr. Petter.....Alan Mowbray

Varied is the career and changeable the title of this well-worn comedy from the pen of Mr. Sutro, and by a

strange fact some influence of the original cast carried through to the boards of the Copley last night. On May 21, 1917, the audience of the Gaiety Theatre at Manchester, Eng., first knew it as "The Two Miss Farndons," recognized in its evolution the usual tale of temporarily thwarted romance between two young things of unequal station, but applauded heartily the whimsical and pathetic old inventor as acted by Percy Foster.

In 1921 the Jewett Players presented it for the first time in America, under the title "Mr. Farndon's Daughters," and with the same delightful Mr. Foster carrying on his quavering back the burden of the play placed there irreparably by the author. Mr. Clive played the Oxford don in that production, and May Ediss played Christine.

Last night it was "Uncle Anyhow," which Copley patrons went to see, but it turned out to be the same story about the Farndons, with part of the last act clipped off. Clive and Miss Ediss repeated their former roles, and Mr. Hulse donned the gray beard and assumed the quavering voice of the inventor.

Farndon is an impractical but lovable old gentleman who is cursed with too much ambition. He wants to create marvelous airships which will solve the question of supremacy in the next war (this was supposed to be previous to the late conflict), but the government doesn't realize their importance. The result is that the butcher and the baker wait impatiently for their money, and the two daughters go to work, one in the chorus. The other falls in love with a scion of wealth. Enter a funny, bashful, stammering Oxford don, one Reginald, who talks higher metaphysics and is quite shocked at the sight of the silk stockings which Ermytrude (no less) deftly mends. He is the cousin who comes to announce that George's late parents are on the way, and then forgets it. They arrive, and with icy grandeur and insults declare that George shall not marry Christine. With Napoleonic dignity and trembling loyalty for his brood, the poor inventor dismisses them, and in his pride tells even George not to come back.

Then there is a period of hard times, with Ermy chorusing for all she is worth and wondering what's the good of it all, when a millionaire with no good intentions would aid her. Christine teaching dancing and the father, having met his Waterloo when he pried into the children's cash box to get money for material for his inventions, finally accepting a job making "expiring pigs" and other funny toys. At last the reunion—George comes back from abroad. His father, having shelved his truly disagreeable wife, consents to the match. Meanwhile the truly funny Reginald makes a coward and painful love to Ermytrude and wins her heart in the best scene in the play.

As Mr. Sutro wrote this piece, the much-longed-for officer in gold lace comes dashing in at the finish and deferentially requests the old inventor to part with his great inventions for a million or so. That was the way it was played in England, and also under the auspices of Mr. Jewett. It gave the poor, picked-on old man the last word—it justified his long years of striving, and proved that he wasn't a bit batty after all. One wonders why this reward was denied to him last night. When the curtain went down on the last act he was deprived of his one reason for living; he was suddenly knocked down from the sublime heights of the pathetic martyr and transformed into a pathetic and rather silly old man. In short, the part is knocked into smithereens.

H. P. M.

## B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Seldom are so many vaudeville favorites found on the same bill as are seen this week at B. F. Keith's Theatre. An exceptional variety of acts met with general approval. Large audiences attended the performances yesterday afternoon and last evening.

Robert Warwick renewed his popularity with Boston theatre-goers and received an especially warm greeting on his appearance in "Bonds That Separate," a drama in 2½ scenes, in which he is ably supported by Miss Mary Hilday, Colin Hunter and R. Yamamoto.

James J. Corbett, the former world's champion puglist, and Jack Norton presented a breezy comedy sketch, "Taking the Air," which kept the audience in continual laughter.

Another feature of the program was the appearance of Vera Lavrova (Baroness Royce-Garrett), coloratura prima donna, accompanied by Mark Smolzman.

Lee Rose and Katherine Moon, with their four dancing girls, Grace Heath, Miriam Conway, Evelyn Homme and Zella Madcap, gave an exhibition of some remarkable dancing.

Fred Galetti and Lola Kokin also gave an excellent exhibition of dancing and introduced the only dancing monkey in

vaudeville, as well as a cello, one of the animals trained to play musical instruments and cut capers for the amusement of the audience.

The program also included Ansell and Douglas, the "Fiddle Fandango," from London, the "Four Jangleys," acrobatic experts; E. E. Ford, "The President of the Face Trust"; Ralph Lohse and Nan Sterling, in feats of strength and agility on the flying rings; as well as several motion picture reels.

## "LOUISE"

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Charpentier's "Louise," given, with the omission of the atelier scene, by the Chicago Opera Company.

The Father.....Georges Baklanoff  
The Mother.....Marie Claessens  
Louise.....Mary Garden  
Julien.....Fernand Anseau  
King of Fools.....Jose Mojica  
Noctambulist.....Eduard Cotureau  
A Rag Picker.....Alexander Kipnis  
A Coal Picker.....Alexander Kipnis

It looks now as if Charpentier would

go down to the next generation as a man of one opera. "Louise" was produced in 1900. Since that date Charpentier has written little and that little is worthless. His "Julien," brought out in 1913, was a dismal failure, an opera based on a work composed before "Louise"; an opera in which Julien and Louise as human beings and "symbols" came to a sorry end; he a sullen wretch, she a woman of the streets. Where is the trilogy that Charpentier talked about—"L'Amour aux faubourgs," "Comediants," "Tragedians"? Mention his name today and the answer is "Louise." Even his brilliant orchestral piece, "Impressions of Italy," is regarded as "old hat." His songs are neglected, some of them unjustly.

Anber wished that Felician David, obsessed by Oriental subjects, would get down from his camel. Has Charpentier's devotion to Montmartre and free love been his ruin? Will he be known by his "Louise" as a sensual sentimentalist with a craze for symbolism?

"Louise" is by no means a negligible work. Forget the tiresome symbolism in the second act—what a pity that the atelier scene, with the flight of Louise to her lover's arms is omitted—probably to bring the end of the opera at a comparatively reasonable hour—forget the foolish shouting "Paris!" In the third act, with the adoration of the city of pleasure, and there is much that is beautiful, emotional and stirring. The first act is especially impressive, with its scene of humble domestic happiness opposed to the revolt of the girl against parental authority; and in this act the music given to the Father is the highest musical flight in the whole opera.

The performance last night was an effective one in every way. Miss Garden was vocally and dramatically closer to Charpentier's heroine than she has been for some seasons. Her voice was fresher, it was under firmer control, it was more expressive. There were fewer "Gardenisms" in her portrayal. There was a more life-like representation of the girl caught and ruined by the lure of Paris. Some might wish that she would acquire a new outfit of gestures, but her adorers would not have her otherwise, for to them Miss Garden is nearer and dearer than any character she endeavors to impersonate. If as Louise she occasionally reminds one of Thais and other heroines—always, excepting her exquisite Mel-

sande—she was nevertheless more than an interesting apparition.

Mr. Anseau confirmed the deep impression he made last season by the vigor and charm of his singing and by his spritely acting. Julien, however, is a shabby character, although he was Louise's ideal of a beau cavalier in the world of artists. It hardly seemed possible that Mr. Baklanoff could gain in artistic stature, so excellent has been his work in the past years, but his Father is an even more finished performance than when we last saw it and applauded. His unaffected tenderness in the first scene with his daughter, his by-play, the expression of his face as he observed her moods, the complete sinking of his own personality in that of the honest workman with the socialistic ideas put into his head by Charpentier—these were only a few of the features that distinguished a remarkable performance.

And there was our old friend, Mme. Claessens, now storming now pathetically dignified and sombre at the end of the third act, in the scene that, after the riotous joviality, almost redeems the act itself.

The chorus was well balanced and the orchestra, led by the accomplished Mr. Polacco, was eloquent. A very large audience was greatly pleased.

The opera this afternoon will be "Boris Godunov," with Mr. Chalkapin as Boris. Tonight the opera will be "La Boheme," with Mme. Mason, Messrs. Cortis, Rimini, Lazzari and Trevisan.



"President Coolidge does not approve the wide bottom, dangling colligate trousers affected by American students."

It is said that he even frowned on them when they were worn by Princeton men extending to him a courteous invitation.

This is a paternal and maternal government. You mustn't do this and you shall not do that. Sumptuary laws have not been unknown in this country; regulations of dress. Why should not a ukase be pronounced by Congress in the matter of trousers, with federal officers to snoop about with eyes fixed on the bottoms, whether the offending trousers are under the heels or at half mast?

Mr. Edward Hungerford told us last Sunday that sombreros in Mexico City reached such proportions that a man had to uncover in order to enter a street car, so the government placed a special tax on all hats of over a certain diameter. Here is a precedent from a sister republic. If hats, why not trousers?

They still have Christmas pantomimes in England. Are the prologues and the programs still stuffed with puns? Englishmen, a hardy race, used to roar with laughter and beat their sides when they read: "Mrs. Sinbad, Sinbad's mother, a lady who has sinbad-der days"—or heard these lines: "Fairly Queen: Let it be war, and 'fore long you will rue so! Demon King: Perhaps I will—but not as much as Crusoe."

Many of us remember the pantomimes at the old Theatre Comique when Maffitt and Bartholomew amused us youngsters. Would the children of Christmas, 1924, have been so easily pleased by Clown and Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin? Would they have wondered at the "gorgeous transformation scene"? We doubt it. Too many of them were born sophisticated. Yet we would gladly see again George L. Fox in "Humpty-Dumpty," kissing his hand to the audience after each exhibition of his powers as an elephant trainer. When we read some seasons ago that Fanny Bean, the Columbine, was in a New York police court and declared wretchedly poor, we felt a personal loss and would have rushed like a knight-errant to her had not chill penury repressed our noble rage.

And now, sad to relate, we do not remember whether Fanny spelled her surname "Bean" or "Beane."

A. M. F. of Moultonboro, N. H., writes: "Will The Herald please tell its readers about the snow storm that occurred in Boston on Jan. 17, 18 and 19, 1867? Thirty inches of snow fell in two nights and one day. There was a lot of snow with good sleighing before the big storm."

Gabriel Peignot of Dijon wrote a "Chronological Essay on the Severest Winters from 396 B. C. to 1820, Inclusive." So far as we know, there is no work of a similar nature concerning New England.

#### HIAWATHA AND THE LETTUCE

(On a rock on the site of an old Indian village the poet Longfellow found an inscription in the Algonquin picture language of the lettuce-spinach story, and from it wrote one of the most stirring chapters of the Song of Hiawatha. Unfortunately, however, this chapter appeared only in the first edition of Hiawatha—a book which is now extremely rare.)

Would you ask me how the story Of the lettuce-spinach started? Listen, then, and I will tell you As 'twas told by Imanuttie, Imanuttie, the gray squirrel, Told me that the story started In the wigwam of Nokoum. There it was that Hiawatha, At the great feast of Dundamin, Old Dundamin, the yellow corn, Sat beside the Indian princess, Sat beside sweet Minnehaha. "Min," said Hiawatha, laughing, "Will you have some white or dark meat Of this venison I'm carving? Will you have a wing or drumstick?" But the princess would not answer, Would not talk to Hiawatha. Cold she was a Geeshliver, Geeshliver, the great iceberg. Vainly then did Hiawatha Try to talk with Minnehaha. She but turned her head away. Suddenly Hi seized the lettuce, From the salad took the lettuce, Took the lettuce from the salad, Took the salad from the lettuce, Rubbed the lettuce in his hair, Rubbed his hair into the lettuce.

Rubbed the two of them together. "Why," said Minnehaha, wondering, "That is lettuce, Hiawatha!" "My mistake," said Hiawatha, "For I thought it was spinach!" Then Minnehaha smiled and chattered, But Hiawatha brooded sullen. Then he gave her mocking laughter, Gave to her derisive laughter, Gave to her the minnie ha ha! And straightway plunged into the forest. R. H. L.

A. D. E. writes to us: "They don't attract Jersey lightning with kites. They use motor boats."

"A falling barometer means a dead loss to me," said the instrument dealer when he knocked one down and broke it.

"Now that the cold wave has spread to sun-kist California, the Los Angeles Times has momentarily ceased front-paging the eastern blizzards, and calls attention to the invigorating atmosphere."

#### THE TRAVELERS' LAMENT

As you travel o'er the continent so lightly,  
You've dreamed (as I) you'd find in section 9  
A queen, a beaut, a darby, who, smiling slightly,  
Would stimulate the hardened heart of thine.  
Dream, dumb-one, of your goddess gay and gracious  
That Santa Claus will bring twixt Cal. and Maine,  
But take it from one bitter but sagacious—  
You never find a pippin on the train!

Eight thousand matrons, forty, fat, and chatty;  
Nine thousand splinters, solemn and austere,  
But not one darling, coy, alert, and natty,  
For whom the Shubert boys would raise a cheer;  
Ten thousand aunts, and, yes, a million mammas  
With offspring that appear to be insane,  
But not one babe you'd drag to the Bahamas—  
You never see a pippin on the train!

Two million trams at least I've boarded gayly  
With romance all a flutter in my eye;  
Two dozen aisles I've reconnoitered dally,  
My heart one languid, low, expansive sigh;  
To dining cars I've pleaded "bring me Beauty"  
To parlor cars as well, but all in vain—  
O, congressman, stand up; perform your duty  
And legislate for pippins on each train.

GORDON SEAGROVE.

## HYMAN ROVINSKY

At a concert in Jordan hall last night Hyman Rovinsky, pianist, gave the following program: Impromptu (Op. 90, No. 1), Schubert; two romances (Op. 28), Schuman; ballade in A-flat major, Chopin; prelude, chorale and fugue, Franck; etude (Op. 2), three pieces (Op. 51), prelude, winged poem, danse languide, poeme satanique, Scriabin; reflets dans l'eau, Debussy; two contrasts, Cassela; allegro barbare, Bartok; rubezahl, Korngold; furiant, Smetana.

For his first concert here Mr. Rovinsky chose an interesting and catholic program, although he did not range far afield and confined his choice of music to the 19th and 20th centuries. Yet within this small compass he ranged from Schubert to Cassela, from the prelude, chorale and fugue of Franck to the stridulous accents and furious rhythms of Bela Bartok.

But Mr. Rovinsky is primarily a pianist of the Impressionists, of the Chopin of the "Undine" ballade, graceful, elegant; of the Schumann of the second romance, the Scriabin of the brief prelude, the Winged Poem, the danse languide, rather than of the danse satanique, and the majestic beauty of Franck's music. He has a sensitive touch, an earnestness, but his playing was often erratic and febrile; and he had a tendency to exaggerate his tempos. A pianist of sensibilities, of nostalgia, there is too little virility in his playing; he has the sensitiveness of the romantic without the vigor and deep intensity. Yet when he has overcome this tendency to blur his outlines, to over-aesthetize in his playing, and when he has acquired more poise, he should play well, for he has both musical taste and sensibility. E. G.

In spite of the Chicago opera company being in town, there are two recitals this week. Kathleen McAllister, soprano, will sing tonight in Jordan hall. Born at Bangor, Me., she was educated musically in Boston; later at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau, where she took the first prize for singing. She gave a recital here on Nov. 13 of last year. Tonight she will sing songs by Bizet, G. Faure, Caplet, Ravel, Masse, Wagner, Wolf, Rimsky-Korsakov and Bishop.

Alexander Brailowsky will give his second recital in Jordan hall tomorrow afternoon. His program will comprise music by Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Scriabin, Moussorgsky, Balakirev.

#### PIERRE MONTEUX

The Musical Times of London for January has this to say apropos of a concert conducted by Mr. Monteux in London:

"With all respect to the great reputations of Furtwaengler and Bruno Walter, it must be said that Monteux's conducting on this particular occasion gave greater pleasure than theirs upon the recent occasions above alluded to." The Musical Times said that the prevailing quality of Mr. Monteux's conducting was clarity. "Every detail stood out well, yet the general or 'all-through' effect of each piece was well realized."

The opera tonight will be "Tannhauser," with Mmes. Forral and Van Gordon, and Messrs. Lamont, Schwarz and Klipnis. Mr. Weber will conduct.

Tomorrow night "Carmen," with Mmes. Garden and Mason, Messrs. Anseau and Baklanoff. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

Saturday matinee: "Romeo and Juliet," Mmes. Mason, Messrs. Hackett, Formachl, Cotreuil. Mr. Polacco, conductor. Saturday night: "Tosca," Mmes. Muzio, Messrs. Cortis and Schwarz. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Roland Hayes will give his third and last recital next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall before leaving for Europe. Henry Hadley will conduct the People's Symphony orchestra next Sunday afternoon at the St. James Theatre. Music by Haydn, Grieg and others. Arthur Hadley will play his brother's suite for violoncello.

The Portland (Me.) Press-Herald tells us that Mr. John Powell, pianist, on Jan. 24 "carved the musical thoughts" of Chopin. For Mr. Powell "seemed to penetrate the composer's powerful mind and luminous intensity, giving the lovely melodies soulful expressiveness that created an atmosphere of ethereal delicacy, also executing the delicate floriture which abound, with sensitive articulateness."

In other words, Mr. Powell went through Chopin with a dark lantern searching out the nooks and crannies of his poetic soul.

#### BORROWED?

Notes and Lines:

When Ethel Leginska was in Boston on Jan. 17, she left on the music rack of the piano at Jordan Hall the manuscript of the six nursery rhymes composed by her and which were to be sung the following evening by Greta Torpadie. The Green Room, after the concert, was crowded with more than the usual number of autograph seekers, one of whom probably saw the manuscript on the Green Room piano and noting that it was signed by Miss Leginska "borrowed" it. As an extended search conducted and notices posted around Jordan Hall have failed to bring it to light, Miss Leginska has asked me if I would write you this letter, thinking that perhaps you might say something in your column about the annoyance and inconvenience she has been put to by this mishap.

A. H. HANLEY.

#### "SING ME THE OLD SONGS"

Notes and Lines:

Think of the songs inflicted on us in Victorian days. That we enjoyed them is proved by their popularity at the time. When a disaster occurred, somebody would write a song. A lugubrious ditty was wailed by many singers: "Lost on the Lady Elgin." This boat was wrecked on Lake Michigan just off Racine, Wis., and 300 excursionists drowned. The song ran:

"Lost on the Lady Elgin,  
Sleeping to wake no more,  
Numbered with that three hundred  
Who failed to reach the shore."  
(And so on)

That "failed to reach the shore" was rendered in an Irish funeral keener's sort of moan and left us shudderingly happy as we envisioned the ill-fated passengers. And when a theatre or hotel burned—oh, boy! How the song writing fiends leaped to their work.

Here's another gem of local interest written to commemorate the Minot Light disaster:

"We are shut in a tomb, we are confined close.

"This the third long day, and the night comes on, etc."

And it goes on describing intimate details of the sad affair.

Then there were songs written for conventions. I remember two popular black-faced comedians, Hawkins and Collins, who sang on the variety the *atre d'opere*. Once there was a congress of photographers in Milwaukee, and Hawkins and Collins wrote an extraordinary song of 50 or more verses, called "Since the Picture Men Came to Town." Here is a fragment:

"They are going to take pictures of Freddy Gebhardt."

And Mrs. Langtry tied up in a sack, And a picture of Sullivan training for Slade

With a Milwaukee beer on his back."

The last line always worried me, but it made the necessary rhyme so it didn't matter. Another artistic gem composed by Hawkins and Collins went thus:

"General Grant takes a horn

Before breakfast each morn

While he smokes his Havana cheroot,

And Charley and Bob Ford

Drink it out of a gourd,

The juice of the forbidden fruit."

This appears cryptic toward the last, but the song had 25 or 50 more verses which the team ran off without intermission. Surely a pair of comedians singing stuff like that today would risk assassination, and yet before deciding one recalls features quite as impossible in current shows, so we shall have to call it 50-50 when comparing the Oak Hall clothing store period with the Sears-Roebuck era, in matters dramatic. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Charles Wakefield Cadman's one-act opera, "The Garden of Mystery," will be given at Carnegie Hall March 20. The libretto by Mrs. Eberhard is founded on Hawthorne's story, "Mosses from an Old Manse."—N. Y. Times.

So Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" is a "story."

Whom did Mr. Galsworthy have in mind when he introduced Woomans, the conductor, in "The White Monkey"? "Look at him," said Michael, "guy hung out of an Italian window, legs and arms all stuffed and flying."

## "BORIS"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Boris Godunoff," opera by Mussorgsky. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Boris Godunoff.....	Fedor Chaliapin
Fedor.....	Cladya Swarthout
Zenia.....	Elizabeth Kerr
Prince Shuisky.....	Jose Mojica
Gregory.....	Forrest Lamont
Pimen.....	Virgilio Lazzari
Varlam.....	Eduard Cotreuil
Missal.....	Louise Oltreuil
Marina.....	Greta Van Gordon
The Nurse.....	Maria Claessens
Tekekaloff.....	Desire Devere
Official of the Police.....	William Beck
The Bodard of the Court.....	Louis Derman
The Inn Keeper.....	Alice d'Hermanoy
Levski.....	Gildo Morelato
Technikovsky.....	Antonio Nicolich
Peasant Girl.....	Ruth Lewis
Conductor.....	Giorgio Polacco

Yesterday afternoon was an occasion of distinction at the Opera House, with a worth-while opera brought forward that is not yet by any means familiar, and with a performance thoroughly excellent. The vast audience would serve to point a moral: people will listen to a comparatively unknown work if they have reason to feel sure of good entertainment—and if the cast is made alluring by an illustrious name or two.

Even without the famous singers an audience could have rested secure of entertainment yesterday. Surely a more individual opera than this "Boris" has never held the stage. Granting all that may be justly said against it—its lack of continuity, the want of any character who holds the interest for more than a single scene, music that is sometimes commonplace and sometimes downright dull—the fact remains that many a scene makes a masterly little genre picture of ancient Russian life, and that much of the music, especially that based on tunes and rhythms of the folk-song type, is a delight to hear. The life it has, the color, so long as Mussorgsky dealt with the people, singly or in a mass! For the deeper emotions of higher folk he seemed unable to find the same fitting musical expression.

The stage settings yesterday were a triumph of beauty. Monastery cell, a room in the Kremlin, the country tavern. In the moonlight a formal garden at the foot of a stately castle half in shadow, as well as beauty, they all had atmosphere—sensitively felt, if it was all as true as a countryman knows the exquisite snowy forest to be. The scene in the Kremlin square, one blaze of brilliant color with the crowds superbly massed, people, clergy,



the court, the army and finally the czar—the picture is one not to be forgotten.

As brilliant as this scene, as full of color, was the orchestra under Mr. Polacco at his best. The chorus sang finely, though not with the freedom and ease which their music needs if it is to give the effect of a spontaneous outpouring of the people; probably only a Russian opera chorus can compass this feat. They made a valiant attempt to move about in character, an attempt by no means unsuccessful, though in this point again they cannot rival the Russians.

Russian artists, by the same argument, might improve upon the efforts of some of those who appeared yesterday, but it would be hard to imagine superior work, in characterization or in song, than that of Mr. Mojica. Mr. Cotreuil (he and Mr. Defrere did some of the best singing of the afternoon), Mr. Oliviero, Mme. Claessens and Miss d'Hermanoy. The smaller parts, too, were all well done.

Mr. Challauph, in fair voice, sang well. Though nobody could fail to admire his thoughtfully conceived and skillfully executed portrait of the unhappy czar, not everybody yesterday found it deeply moving. Of course he was tremendously applauded. If Mr. Lamont could learn from Mr. Challauph how needless is conventional operatic gesture, he would much improve his fine impersonation of Dmitri. On the other hand Mr. Lamont could teach nearly all the singing world what clear enunciation really means. R. R. G.

## "LA BOHEME" ENJOYED

Fuccini's Opera Ably Performed by Company

Boston Opera House—Chicago Opera Company in Fuccini's "La Boheme." Conductor, Mr. Moranzoni. The cast: Mme. Mason, Edith Mason; Rudolph, Antonio Cortis; Marcel, Giacomo Rimini; Colline, Virgilio Lazzari; Schaunard, Desire Defrere; Musette, Alice D'Hermanoy; Alcindore, Vittorio Trevisan; Benoit, Vittorio Trevisan; Parpignol, Lodovico Oliviero; First custom guard, Max Toft; Second custom guard, Guido Morelato. "La Boheme" is an opera that is almost actor proof; the Mme. is stout and unprovocative, or she may be the frail and lovely consumptive of Murger's romancing; the Musette may be a buxom and nagging woman, as she was last evening, or she may be a teasing and sharp-tongued coquette. Still there is pleasure in the boisterous philanderings of the Quartet, in the gaily and camaraderie of Rudolph, Schaunard, Colline and Marcel, in their heckling of the miserly Benoit, in the picturesque absurdities of the sidewalk cafe.

Last evening's performance was on the whole a good one, both vocally, and scenically, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted his excellent orchestra with musicianly skill and a fine sense of orchestral shading. Not once did he allow the singers to be overwhelmed by the orchestra. There was effective ensemble singing in the first act of the garret, and in all of the large choruses.

Miss Mason was a Mme. more appealing vocally than she was dramatically; she has a smooth and clear soprano voice and she sang her solo and the duet with Rudolph of the third act with a warmth and poignancy that she lacked earlier in the evening. Mr. Cortis was an amiable Rudolph, excellent in his duets with Mme. Mr. Rimini was a spirited Marcel. Mr. Trevisan made more of his few moments as Benoit than he did later as Alcindore. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

E. G.

## "TANNHAEUSER"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Tannhaeuser," the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Conductor, Henry G. Weber. The cast:

Herman, Alexander Kipnis; Elizabeth, Olga Forral; Tannhaeuser, Forrest Lamont; Wolfram, Joseph Schwarz; Walther, Romeo Bosacci; Elterolf, William Beck; Heinrich, Jose Mojica; Reinmar, Antonio Nicolich; Venus, Cyrena Van Gordon; A Shepherd, Gladys Swarthout; Pages, Elizabeth Kerr, Alice D'Hermanoy, Vassie Darnell, Gladys Swarthout.

"Die Walkure," "Siegfried," and now "Tannhaeuser"—so runs the Chicago Company's course through the Wagner list, an ambitious course even though the latest acquisition to the repertory takes a backward chronological step. For "Tannhaeuser," with its medley of styles hard to reconcile and cruel in its demands on singers, its many pages in the "grand opera" manner at which Wagner had not the desired Meyerbeer's lucky hand—"Tannhaeuser" comes more seldom to a satis-

fying performance than "Gottterdammerung" itself. The greater credit, therefore, to the very good performance of last night.

Mr. Weber, the youthful conductor, had much to do with the success. He dealt least happily, oddly enough, with such passages as made a call for poetry; he took them casually. Stirring music, music of climax and of sharp rhythm, like the march and the finale of the second act, he appeared to find most to his taste; he made it stirring. In music purely an accompaniment he showed a nice discretion, though, indeed, by undue noise he injured the effect of Tannhaeuser's shout of his hope in Mary, and again he did not plan aright for Tannhaeuser's outburst in praise of Venus. Mr. Weber, none the less, proved himself a conductor of ability and, still more, of promisingly hopeful talent.

The stage setting was very good. The transition from the lurid cavern of Venus to the valley worked smoothly; the valley scene, charming in itself, might well, in behalf of contrast, have been bathed in a brighter light. The scene of the hunt might have had more bustle about it. The Wartburg scene, once the guests were seated on their benches, made a brilliant and impressive picture.

The chorus sang admirably the pilgrims' chorus and also all the music of the second act, throughout which they showed a becoming animation. Thanks to unusually good voices and dramatic and musical intelligence, the five knights made their trying scenes sound far better than often happens.

Mr. Schwarz, with a face like a drawing by Albrecht Duerer, made Wolfram's dreary music tolerable by his noble voice and excellent singing. With a still harder task before him, Mr. Kipnis also did exceedingly well. Mme. Forral brought a beautiful voice to hearing and much vocal skill, after she had overcome a tendency to force tone. Though handicapped by a poverty of gesture, by means of a singularly expressive face, she showed a deep insight into the character of Elizabeth. Her impersonation was very moving.

Mr. Lamont has not yet made his Tannhaeuser equal to his excellent Siegfried. Successful in the dramatic moments, he overlooked the fact that much of his music should be sung lyrically. When he had something to do in the way of acting, he did it well. But if an actor playing Tannhaeuser cannot, by force of personality, hold the attention while singers sing their songs, and knights plunge at him with swords all drawn, and Elizabeth forces them back—the actor fails. It is Tannhaeuser alone who counts. Mr. Lamont, with a good beginning to his credit, has still far to go before he can make his Tannhaeuser what it can be made.

R. R. G.

## MISS McALISTER

Kathleen McAlister, soprano, gave a second recital at Jordan hall last evening. Her program was as follows: Vieille Chanson, Bizet; Le Pappillon et la Fleur, Faure; Foret, A. Caplet; La Flute enchantee, Ravel; Air du Rossignol, Masse; Traume, Wagner; Maussfallen-Spruchlein, Wolf; "Play, My Love, With Love Your Game," Wolf; "Song of Lehl," Rimsky-Korsakof; "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark," Bishop.

There is much beauty in Miss McAlister's voice, and there is proficiency in her technique. Briefly, she is an accomplished singer. She has not yet matched that accomplishment with her musicianship. Her singing reminds one of a person reciting perfect French without thinking in that language. In other words, she does not seem to think in terms of the musical medium she has chosen. She renders her songs as exactly as the black notes on the white paper can indicate them; but they remain studies in black and white, untouched by the colors of any emotion.

The storm and the opera season combined to keep many seats in the hall unturned, but the applause was not appreciably weakened thereby, and Miss McAlister responded to it several times with encores.

H. L.

## "CARMEN"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen," performed by the Chicago opera company. Mr. Polacco conductor. The cast:

Jose, Fernand Anseau; Morales, Antonio Nicolich; Zuniga, Edouard Cotreuil; Carmen, Mary Garden; Frasquita, Alice D'Hermanoy; Mercedes, Gladys Swarthout; Escamillo, Georges Baklanoff; Micaela, Edith Mason; Dancairo, Desire Defrere; Remendado, Jose Mojica; Millas Pastia, Eugenio Corrent.

Don Jose, the bandit, telling his story to Prosper Merimee, said that while seriously wounded by a soldier's bullet—the Dancairo was killed, as were two of his companions—he was hiding at

Grenada, there were four nights and Carmen went to them. "Coming back she had much to say about a very skillful leader named Lucas. She knew the name of his horse and how much his embroidered jacket cost him." When Don Jose finally stabbed Carmen in a lonely mountain gorge he first asked her whether she loved Lucas. "Yes, I loved him a moment, as I loved you, perhaps less than you. Just now I do not love anything and I hate myself for having loved you."

The librettists of "Carmen" turning Lucas into Escamillo, made him a more romantic figure; dramatically, but musically he is of comparatively little importance in spite of his too familiar and vulgar entrance song with an admiring and obliging chorus. Bizet destroyed the song that he first wrote for Escamillo. It was thought too dignified, too noble, too much in the grand style, so Bizet went to work on the air that now is thunderously applauded, no matter who sings it or how badly. When he had completed it he said to Charles Lamoureux: "Ah, they will like it. Well, here it is." Even Del Puente, for some years the most famous Escamillo in this country and in London, laughed scornfully when he first saw the air and exclaimed: "It's for a chorus man."

Sometimes an actor or a singer whose role was not intended to be dominating makes that role the conspicuous feature of a performance, as Richard Mansfield's Baron Chevalier. Sometimes, too, this unexpected domination is ill-advised, out of proportion, as Maurel's portrayal of Valentin, standing by while Mephistopheles sang his "Calf of Gold," as Maurel's bringing Lescart far forward in "Manon," for Maurel's personality was so towering that it at times disturbed his artistic intelligence.

To most baritones Escamillo is a man with a song, say rather an applause-trap, and the opportunity of wearing a handsome costume in the last act. At the end of the opera he is expected to make an appropriate gesture over the body of Carmen. The song is roared lustily, without thought of Bizet's indicated nuances, roared like a bull, not as Bizet would have the bull-fighter sing the refrain, "Con fatu!" To these baritones Escamillo is an incidental figure, subordinate to Don Jose and Carmen.

Mr. Baklanoff has a finer and also a more dramatic conception of the part. His Escamillo is really the central figure in the tragedy. For love of him—as Carmen understands the word "love,"—she tires of Don Jose, is bored by him, and not merely because he is always muttering about his mother. Jealousy and hatred of Escamillo, lead Don Jose to murder Carmen. And so when Escamillo enters at Lillas Pastia's, not knowing of Carmen's existence, he is a sinister apparition. One can see, as from a tower, the end of all. The tawdry refrain of his song might be considered, as it is heard at dramatic moments later, a typical theme, typical not only of Escamillo, but also of the tragedy inspired by his dash, bravado, fame; as the companion theme of fate, first sounded at the end of the orchestral prelude.

Mr. Baklanoff's portrayal of Escamillo is incomparable. How this torador, who had been singing, as if by way of self-introduction to the crowd, is suddenly electrified by the sight of Carmen. To win her he then is vocally intense and passionate as if they were alone. How dramatic the scene between him and Don Jose, with the jaunty narration of Carmen's short passion for the soldier checked by the surprise of meeting; then the avowal of his own love, the hot blood that leads to knife play. There was not a moment last night when Mr. Baklanoff was on the stage that was not dramatically significant. His presence was felt even when he was silent. And this domination was emphasized by a sobriety of gesture that Miss Garden might well study and imitate.

The whole performance was brilliant, although Miss Garden's Carmen in the first act was a madcap in operetta. Does she think that the gypsy girl was first of all an amusing person? There was much that was fine and impressive in the acts that followed. Too often dramatic intensity was weakened by her windmill gestures. She sang the music with more freedom and at the same time with firmer control, with more just emphasis and seductive suggestion than on previous occasions.

Mr. Anseau was an admirable Don Jose, thrice admirable. Mme. Mason gave a dramatic rendering of the aria that delays the action; but she preserved the melodic beauty and respected vocal art. The minor parts were well taken, and there was true ensemble.

We have never heard so eloquent an orchestral performance of Bizet's music as that led by Mr. Polacco last night.

An audience that completely filled the theatre was enthusiastic.

The opera this afternoon will be "Romeo and Juliet"; tonight, "Tosca."

By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Brailowsky, Russian pianist, gave a second recital this evening at Jordan hall. His program was as follows: Bach, "Praeludium and Fuga," C sharp minor; Scarlatti, "Pastorale and Capriccio"; Beethoven, "Sonata Appassionata"; Chopin, "Imromptu," A flat major, polonaise, F sharp minor, Nocturne, E flat major, Waltz op. 12, Scherzo E flat major; Schumann, "Kinderscenen"; Schubert, "Etude"; Moszkowsky, "Seamstress," "Balakiev," "Lamoy."

This program was conservative and orthodox. Scarlatti wrote over 500 pieces for the piano. Many of them are as worth playing and hearing as the best-known "Pastorale and Capriccio." Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata is not wholly unknown here; in fact, it has been played at numerous for many seasons. No modern composer was represented. With Mr. Brailowsky, as with too many pianists of his high education, the motto seems to be "Omnia deum adhibere." Schumann wrote 30 small pieces as an echo, so he said, of Clara once writing to him, "I seemed to thee often like a child." He selected 12 of them and called them "Kinderscenen," giving them sub-titles, as he gave sub-titles to "Carnaval" after he had written the music. The biographers of Moszkowsky say nothing about his "Seamstress" and do not even know when it was composed. Balakiev's "Islamey" years ago enjoyed the reputation, or suffered from it, as being the most difficult piece in the literature of the piano; but today, when technical runs in the street, the statement provokes a smile. Yet the program was for the most part of approved and well-seasoned compositions. Would that pianists of Mr. Brailowsky's calibre would acquaint us with the range of today, even though they might not so easily win the immediate applause of those who say: "I'm glad he played that. It's one of my favorite pieces. I used to play it myself."

Mr. Brailowsky has many excellent qualities as a virtuoso. He has exquisite delicacy—witness his playing of the "Pastorale"—as well as commanding vital strength. Elegance and grace are his when they are demanded by the composer. He has the rhythmic sense. He is a master of dynamic gradations. His brilliance is neither metallic nor brittle. His phrasing is musical but not stereotyped. His interpretation is individual. What then is lacking?

To us yesterday he made no emotional appeal, and in purely lyrical pages, while there was singing of melodic figures, an abiding euphony, the music for once was without poetic charm. We sat and admired; we were not moved, for his fingers did not weave a spell. The audience, which was of good size, was stormily applaudive, and so there were additions to the program.

We have received a letter from Mr. Jack Melone of Chicago, who writes freely about poems, especially his own; Mr. Jack Melone "author and contributor to Chicago Herald and Examiner."

"While perusing the Chicago Daily News last evening I observed in 'Hit or Miss' a statement concerning 'Column Poets.' Well, it is my opinion that Chicago's supply of poets is no greater than that of Boston in proportion to population. But as Chicago has about 3,000,000 people that gives it a larger population from which to draw. Many eminent critics have attempted to explain the difference between verse and poetry, but none of them agrees as to where Merit begins or ends. A poem may be given praise by one reviewer yet deemed balderdash by another! We see things with different eyes. Thus, Chicago is my residence and here I have worked (I am a night watchman in one of the big parks) for many years. Yet my own city never gave my poems a particle of attention until New York and Paris had paved the way! Garrett P. Serviss and Raymond Poincare were the first to indorse my effusions. I am enclosing the review given me by Mr. Serviss. Monsieur Poincare sent his letter of approbation before the review was printed."

"Don Marquis, who conducts 'The Lantern' in the American, says in his droll fashion: 'I love to see my things in print.' Well, he's right. We all do! We wouldn't be human if we did not enjoy opening the morning paper and finding our brain children adopted into its columns. It raises us up on a pedestal and makes us imagine, for a few hours at least, that we are no longer human insects but cousins to the gods. Of course it is hardly to be expected that one's neighbors will have any such



illusion. When they find us rising out of the settled rut of common, everyday labor, they feel disturbed; nay more, they become sneering and hostile; for lo, a heresy has been committed—the drudge of the plains is sprouting wings, aiming to reach yonder mountain height. I might explain it better in my own verse:

By slow degrees, 'gainst heavy odds,  
Opposed by ruthless foes,  
He scaled the mountains, where the  
gods

In festive bowers repose!  
"Well, it all comes to this: I am a prolific writer; I have hundreds of poems awaiting publication; why not get a few published in Boston, the city of real culture? Chicago is still crude—it being only 75 years since it started to be a town on this fresh-water sea. So I will enclose one of my poems, hoping you will publish it in *The Herald*. And I can supply many, many more. If you will publish these verses and send me a marked copy of *The Boston Herald* I will at once send in my subscription for one year and also I believe at least two of my friends, who are artists and have been in Boston, will also subscribe."

Bribery and corruption! But here is Mr. Melone's poem, subscription or no subscription:

#### FULL MOON OF JANUARY

Low on the southwest rim the winter sun  
Proclaims the January day is done;  
Already twilight sweeps with mystic hand,  
And darkness supervenes o'er lake and land.  
Then from the waters, glorious 'to behold,  
Appears fair Luna's face of burnished gold.  
Serenely, calmly beautiful her rise  
From out Lake Michigan before our eyes.  
Even as Helios rises there in June,  
So east-northeast appears the radiant moon!  
A witness to the progress of our race  
Since man evolved upon this planet's face,  
The ever-faithful Moon pursues her way  
With lustre borrowed from the god of day!

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss was especially impressed by Mr. Melone's address to the same moon, ending:  
"Long e'er man dwelt upon this sphere  
The great reptilian beasts you sped;  
The pterodactyl, shape of fear,  
That nested on the mountain side:

"Tyrannosaur, of stature grand,  
And brontosaur, of different breed,  
And diplodocus, trod the land  
E'er man's existence was decreed."

Mr. Serviss says, these verses "certainly have the merit of fastening scientific facts in the memory with the golden hammer of metrical diction."

"Once a-swing with the vibrant rhythm of this 'epitome in verse of the history of the world, beginning with the Mesozoic age and terminating with the discovery of radio,' the reader feels like letting his mental boat drift on and on with the cradling current. And who could ever forget that last verse, with its names and figures of Miltonic grandeur stalking majestic through the meter like elephants in harness!"

We learn from Mr. Serviss's review that Mr. Melone has said: "This form of poetry is needed by the American people at large"; that he writes in old and established form because free verse is to him only "that weird, elusive combination of words." If he had written in free verse his volume of poems, "Nature—Human and Real," Mr. Serviss thinks "the book would have received more attention, while conveying less intelligence."

#### A. D. E.'S CONTRIBUTION THIS MORNING

##### As the World Wags:

Photography is a great help to science. The moving pictures sometimes show a California sky over a North Atlantic ocean.

Southern California is proud of its dry climate, but it's curious how carefully her statisticians have figured out the exact disposal of every drop of rainfall.

Way back in nineteen-four the citizens of Winnipeg were awakened one cold night by cannon-like explosions to the southward, and early morning saw a motley array of people coming in all tied up in bed-ticks. It appeared they had built a town out on the prairie with green lumber, and when the frost drew the nails out the houses exploded. That was the winter when many voices were frozen in the air,

and when spring thawed them out the atmosphere abounded with radiolistic effects.

Some humanitarian society slipped when they distributed Christmas feeds to the spendthrift civilized common squirrels. They should have handed out pamphlets, "Saving Squirrels Sel-dom Starve." A. D. E.

#### SPOONERISMS

The Rev. William Archibald Spooner, warden of New College, Oxford, who gave his name to those accidental transpositions of initial sounds or other parts of two or more words, is retiring: "A blushing crow" for "a crushing blow"; for "well oiled bicycle" "give me a well balled kick." It is said he first became famous when he gave out the hymn, "Conquering Kings Their Titles Take" as "Klinkering Kongs Their Tlebles Tate." Probably many of the tongue-twisters ascribed to him were invented.

#### "ROMEO AND JULIET"

##### Gounod's Opera Sung at Matinee Performance

Boston Opera House: Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" performed at the matinee by the Chicago Opera Co. Mr. Polacco was the conductor.

Capulet.....William Beck  
Juliet.....Edith Mason  
Tybalt.....Jose Mojica  
Mercutio.....Charles Hackett  
Stephano.....Desire Defere  
Duke of Verona.....Gladys Swarthout  
Friar Lawrence.....Antonio Nicolich  
Gertrude.....Edouard Coteuill  
Gregorio.....Maria Claesena  
Gildardo.....Gildo Morelato

"Romeo and Juliet," produced at the Theatre-Lyrique, Paris, in 1867, did not find admission to the Paris Opera until 1889, and then in a revised form. It marked the apogee of Gounod's operatic career. Yet shortly before his death he insisted that "Polyeucte" was his greatest opera, and Saint-Saens made the strange statement that Gounod's oratorios would long outlive even "Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust." When this story of the Veronese lovers was first heard in the United States—it was in 1867—it met with no success. Only the waltz-song, which years later was regarded by many judges as a blemish, a sacrifice to brilliant prima donnas, then found favor.

But "Romeo and Juliet" became exceedingly popular here in the days when the de Reszke brothers, Plancon, Mmes. Melba and Eames and other stars sang together in Mechanics hall. Remembering those days it is not easy to refrain from comparisons, which, when opera is concerned, are especially "odorous."

The tragedy has tempted many composers, Verdi among them, but he had the courage or the prudence to resist; as he said, when he was ready to write the music he was too old; and so passing over "King Lear" and "Romeo and Juliet" he wrote that masterpiece of comic opera, "Falstaff."

Gounod's version has been condemned as being only a continuous, long drawn-out love duet. This reproach is baseless, for there is action in plenty. And not only is the love music sensuously beautiful, as finely and as passionately conceived as even the "Garden" scene in "Faust," but for scenes of the marriage and the potion Gounod wrote music worthy of the Shakespearean tragedy. That given to Mercutio and Stephano is, indeed, of little moment, but who could reproduce Mercutio's wit and fancy in music? The ball scene now seems conventional even with Capulet's couplets that Plancon used to sing with gusto, and Romeo's song of exile demands a heroic tenor to make it convincing.

The performance yesterday afternoon was excellent one that gave great pleasure to an audience that filled the theatre. The stage settings added much to the enjoyment, the garden scene and the tomb scene being perhaps especially worthy of note. The stage management was also warmly to be commended. In short, the scenic production of the opera was the finest that has been seen in Boston.

Mme. Mason sang Juliet's music with tonal purity and beauty; with warmth, and genuine expression, while she acted the part intelligently, with the becoming simplicity and ingenuousness in the earlier scenes and in the later scenes with dramatic feeling not exaggerated, for Gounod's Juliet is first of all a lyric role. Mr. Hackett sang and acted, not merely as a tenor, but as a romantic and poetic lover, fervent, passionate and always virile. The other parts were adequately filled. Mr. Mojica's beautiful voice and Mr. Coteuill's dignified and impressive Friar were features of a performance that will be remembered gratefully. Miss Swarthout was a charming Stephano, pleasing the eye and ear. The chorus was again effective, and Mr. Polacco conducted, as is his custom, in a masterly manner.

## A Note on Censorship

### Stray Thoughts Suggested by Octave Mirbeau's Bitterness

The question of censorship still leads to shedding of ink and the abuse of typewriting machines, which even when they are supposed to be noiseless, shriek with indignant protests or priggish advocacy. Only a month ago the Commonwealth contained a symposium on "Book Censorship" in which Messrs. Van Loon, Justice Ford and Thomas F. Woodlock each said his little say. The closing words of Mr. Van Loon's contribution might be applied to censorship of plays: "The strange quality of our official world, which makes a cannibal feast of a book when it contains the word, 'belly,' and which permits the publication and the dissemination of whole wagon loads of stories which Louis XV. would have ordered burned by the public hangman and which would have made Casanova blush with shame."

Another extract from Mr. Van Loon's article may also be applied to censorship of the stage:

"The poor publisher might try to give the world something new in literature. That fact in itself would assure the lynching party the sympathy of our half-literate millions. Their republic 'n'a pas besoin d'hommes de lettres!' But if they fail to appreciate nudity, they can understand nakedness. Hence while they would cheerfully impale the wretch who would dare to print a reproduction of some sublime bit of ancient statuary, they would just as eagerly rally to the defense of that well-beloved editor who presents them twice a week with a photograph of Lizzie the Cloak Model in diverse stages of semi-undressness."

And so censorship of the theatre is too often inconsistent. A play that treats a "sex problem" or a sociological problem in a dignified, one might say in a humanitarian, manner, is either forbidden or "revised" i. e. expurgated so that it is weakened and becomes pointless, stupid, while salacious songs, hints and winks at indecency as long as they are in a confessedly light entertainment, are allowed to pass without protest. At the same time there is strict censorship of unclothed legs. The Psalmist said that the Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man. (How the Psalmist found this out has not yet been explained by commentators.) The censor taketh no pleasure in the legs of a woman on the stage unless they are clothed, but he can sing with good old Bishop Still: "Back and side go bare, go bare."

Why this anatomical distinction? Are the bow-legged and the knock-kneed more attractive when they don tights?

Censorship is bound to be inconsistent, and being inconsistent it too often is ridiculous. It is a rather significant fact that the verb "censeo" from which "censor" is derived, the verb meaning "to judge of anything, to take anything to be, to consider, to think or esteem everything right, serviceable," etc., as an abbreviation for "succenseo" means "to be inflamed with anger."

We are not thinking of any recent and particular instance of theatrical censorship in Boston. We are reminded of the subject by reading an article in Octave Mirbeau's "Gens de Theatre," which is one of the volumes published after the death of that bitter novelist and playwright. The article appeared originally in the *Gaulois* (Paris) nearly 40 years ago.

Busnach had based a play on Zola's "Germinal" and it was to be produced at the Chatelet in 1885. The censor objected because, forsooth, the novel was "socialistic" and the play might provoke disturbance in the theatre. Some demanded the suppression of the play, others defended the drama and cried "outrageous"; the censor prevailed. Great excitement; torrents of ink. The play was finally produced at the Chatelet in 1888. According to "Les Annales du Theatre" for that year, the management had counted on all the readers of the novel rushing to the theatre, but there were only 17 performances. Zola, Busnach and the management offered a free performance to workmen, but that did not save the play, though the cast was a strong one and the scenic effects were remarkable.

The *Gaulois* came out strongly in favor of censorship as an institution, the natural protector of public morals, the dike against the flood of indecency, etc., etc. Mirbeau was not of this opinion. He freed his mind in a letter which the *Gaulois* printed. His argument was as follows:

The manager of a theatre is only the head of a commercial enterprise—"this is deplorable as far as art is concerned." Having in his hands the interests of stockholders or sleeping partners he thus incurs a serious responsibility. It is for his interest not to run the risk of producing dramas which could bring him into trouble with the police or the government, not to mention the moral discredit that would be attached to anyone wishing to exploit evil curiosity or shameful passions. Scandal does not pay in the theatre. And so a manager is a censor not at all inclined towards dangerous audacity, a censor who is nearly always too particular and severe. He willingly discovers compromising allusions where there are none, indecencies that the author never committed. "I see no necessity for passing from the manager's censorship to the censorship of the official censor. There is nothing left for the unfortunate censor to nibble at; the plate is empty. It is then a useless complication. The proper pride, the dignity of an author is put to new, hard, vain tests."



This argument is of little purport in this country, where many managers are by no means stern Catos; but Mirbeau had more to say.

"I distrust in a large measure the censors. Not that they are not very honorable and amiable persons. I like to think that they practise conscientiously all the bureaucratic virtues, which are—as everyone knows—to work as little as possible and to gain a bay window by their meagre share of the budget. They are functionaries who have worn their elbows shiny on official desks, and passed their time in dreaming of little ways to advance themselves, of decorations, of everything that could embellish their pecuniary condition and advance them socially.

"Dramatists have suffered long days and hard nights in the shaping of their dream, and this dream that has come from their brain, at the price of tormenting doubts, mortal anguish, known to them alone, this dream is to go, as the report of a country letter carrier, from bureau to bureau, from drawer to drawer. Hands accustomed to copy circulars, to dabble and paddle in the literature of head officials, are going to ill-treat, foul, stifle this dream in the wastepapers. These men who are, as a rule, gay, and pass, one to the other, the jocose story of the day and the song of the night before, do not hesitate to leave a licentious line in a music-hall ditty; but if they find in a play a fine human outburst they do not hesitate to squelch it.

"But I am losing my temper, and truly it's not worth while, for I'm not so foolish as to think that the suppression of censorship is going to regenerate the theatre. Nor do I believe that it will let loose the monster of filth. The theatre will remain without censorship what it was with it.

"Managers are, indeed, strange persons. They remind me of a man condemned to death, who on his way to the scaffold, asks for gum arabic to cure himself of a slight irritation of the larynx. They search the cause of a crisis . . . when this crisis of which they are unconsciously the authors has become today a social condition that can be changed only by a radical revolution in the public taste and in literature. The theatre does not die from free tickets, high prices, censorship; the theatre is dying of the theatre. For more than 30 years, every evening, in all the theatres, the same piece is played. Whether it be a comedy, a drama, a vaudeville, an opéra, it's always the same: a marriage opposed for four acts, occurring in the fifth, with the inevitable scene of the 'triangle,' prepared and led up to by the same theatrical means. And this one play, which has a thousand different titles, is the only one managers will accept; the only one that critics will consent to praise. We see in it only cardboard persons, badly jointed, gesturing by means of strings which no one attempts to hide. If by chance a bit of flesh appears on a mechanical figure, if a human cry bursts out of the mouths bored in these faces, then one is horrified, the critics veil their faces, there is confusion, failure, ruin."

We said, introducing Octave Mirbeau in this little article, that he was a bitter person. P. H.

Some Englishman, not a musician, said—was it Mr. Walkley, Mr. Bernard Shaw? Mr. Bennett, perhaps—that he knew no more entertaining book to pick up and read at random than a volume of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." He could hardly choose it for a bed-side book, for the volumes are heavy, and he no doubt would prefer for this night reading James Howell's Letters and a volume of Montaigne, which were Thackeray's night companions in spite of the fact that they contained anecdotes of a loose nature (perhaps because of this fact).

A dictionary of musicians would, indeed, be engrossing to a layman if the lives of the composers, singers, players of instruments were faithful and minute accounts, after the manner of old John Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men." We find Mr. F. W. Wallace regretting that the biographer of Joseph Conrad does not tell us whether the sailor Conrad chewed tobacco; whether he lifted his voice in the solo or chorus of a chanty. "Did he add his little quota to the universal fore-castle topics of tobacco, rum and women?" Did he "drink a farewell pot of beer with his ship-mates after paying off?"

If dictionaries of musicians were written after the manner of John Aubrey, the editions would necessarily be very limited, sold at a high price, and even then the snooping and shocked censor might interfere.

Dictionaries of musicians, however, are necessary though they be discreetly written without the admission of Casanovian gossip and scandal. First of all the information should be accurate. Complete accuracy can hardly be expected. Take the matter of dates. The official list of winners of prizes at the Paris Conservatory gives the dates of birth from the birth certificates required on admission. M. Vincent d'Indy says that in his case the date is wrong; he is a year younger. As we all know, the birthday of a soprano or a contralto is a movable feast. There are disputes about productions. Programs and newspapers often lead one into error.

Fetis said of his monumental "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," that it was undoubtedly imperfect in the matter of certain facts and dates: "This is necessarily so in works of this nature. If ten persons should set themselves to correct these imperfections, and spend ten years in research, there would still be errors."

Two dictionaries of music and musicians have recently been published which are indispensable, for this reason: They inform one about many composers and artists of today, concerning whom it is difficult elsewhere to gain knowledge. Composers, many of them with names hard to pronounce, have sprung up—in number like the frogs before the astonished Pharaoh. The English dictionaries in the past have neglected too many singers and players of instruments exercising their art during the last 15 years, and there has been a lack of proportion or a prejudiced selection in the biographical sketches of men and women known to the public for half a century. Perhaps the revision of Grove's Dictionary, now preparing, will show an improvement in these matters.

The editors of "A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians"—Dr. Eaglefield-Hull, general editor—published in London by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., and in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co., purposed "to supply the musician and the general musical reader with a concise and practical survey of all modern musical activities." They fixed the backward limit

at or about 1880. There is a long list of national committees that assisted in the work, men from Argentina to the United States; there is a still longer list of contributors.

This dictionary is so valuable, so indispensable as we have said, that it seems ungracious to point out at random a few inaccuracies or omissions.

Emile Sauret, the violinist, is represented as living. He died in London in 1920.

Pierre Monteux. "During the war, he was recalled from the front, and sent to U. S. A. to carry on a mus. propaganda in favor of the allied nations. He has now definitely settled there and conducts the Boston Symphony Orch. in that town or in New York." Two errors. He was not sent here; he was the conductor of French operas at the Metropolitan Opera House when he was chosen conductor of the Boston orchestra. And on page 282 of the dictionary we are told that Mr. Koussevitzky was appointed conductor in 1924.

There are sketches of Mme. Materna and of Mme. Malten; but Mme. Terpsia, the greatest of Isoldes, is not mentioned. On the other hand, there is information about Mmes. Jeritza, Galli-Curci, Kurz, Garden, Onegin, Hempel, Messrs. McCormack, Roland Hayes, Mosciwitsch; Myra Hess, Maria Gay, Giovanni Zenatello, Gabrilowitsch, Cortot, Grainger—we give names only to show how "modern" this Dictionary is, though many of the biographical articles are necessarily very short.

Contemporaneous composers are treated at greater length and in many cases with critical remarks. The reader will find excellent articles on Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Schreker, Scriabin, Bartok, Ravel, Honegger, Debussy, Milhaud, Szymanowski, de Falla, Busoni, Ireland, Casella, Vaughan Williams, Satie, Chapi, Cyril Scott. There is hardly any composer now living, North American, South American, British, Irish or Continental, whose music is heard in opera house or concert hall, about whom there is not some information.

Orchestral and chamber music is discussed according to the nations. There is a catalogue of chamber music players from Buenos Ayres to Boston. Choral societies the world over are named, but we are surprised at reading that Henry Gideon was a conductor of the Cecilia Society in Boston. There are articles on German opera since Wagner, German orchestral music from 1880, German song from 1880. The same is done for France.

The essay on harmony is especially noteworthy with its historical introduction, the account of the development, the number of examples in notation taken from music by Debussy, Stravinsky, Bax, Scriabin, Strauss, Franck, Malipiero, Schoenberg, Webern and other modern and ultra-modern composers. Eight composers and theorists prepared this article.

Turn where you will, there is something not easily to be found in other dictionaries, as in the article "Instruments Invented or Modified Since 1880." Who knew for instance about the Menchaca keyboard for the piano and organ? Yet it is in use in Buenos Ayres, La Plata and Montevideo. The article on "Musical Notations" ends: "The right way of reform undoubtedly lies in the directions of a completely new notation, but the great obstacle in the way is the cost of reprinting all the best of the existing music in the new notation, when the most advantageous has been found."

Other special articles of interest are "Pianoforte music from 1880," with this tribute to Chopin: "Until his advent, it (the piano) had been used mainly as a percussive instrument, and most of the music written for it either demanded harsh noises from it, or else should have been written for another instrument or collection of instruments. He was the first composer to think of the beauty that it contained, and the most emphatic in desiring it to express the poetical side of music, so it was obvious that until another genius was born he would have hundreds of imitators. Claude Debussy was the genius, and to him entirely is due the tremendous change in the outlook of the pianist and composer in the way of technic." The writer then analyzes at some length the Debussyan manner, and discusses Ravel, Albeniz, Scriabin and others in masterly fashion.

"Rachmaninoff's goodly number of pieces are extremely effective, but they are cast in the old mould, and offer no new ideas. Metner has been spoken of as the Russian Brahms—a safe assertion. The enormous sense of detail of the Russian is too apparent in all his work. . . . Prokofiev and several others whom one encounters have as yet shown us nothing original in what we are seeking. In fact, since Balakiref there have been no pioneers in Russian music." (A rather sweeping assertion. How about Stravinsky?) "Germany has given us nothing since Brahms—and we are beyond that period."

We have not dwelt upon the critical observations of the contributors, for in a dictionary statements of facts are of more importance. Yet we cannot refrain from quoting this remark about Strauss: "Strauss's limitations lie in the sphere of the psychological. He is in the finest and highest sense of the word, a composer depending on externals. . . . His best works are those, in which intellect and wit, rather than 'pure sentiment,' are pre-eminent, as in the symphonic poem 'Till Eulenspiegel.'" (It is a rondo, not a symphonic poem.)

The article on Verdi ends with the consideration of "Otello," in which "dramatic expression reaches the highest degree of emotional truth" and "Falstaff," "the greatest of modern comic operas. . . . These latest works of Verdi have exercised a profound influence on contemporary and foreign operatic composers; indeed it is clear that 'Falstaff' can still teach something to composers who have definitely abandoned the school of Wagner."

The other work to which we have referred is "The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians," edited by Waldo Seldon Pratt, and published by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York. It is on a different plan than the one we have reviewed. This encyclopedia is a work of such scope and importance that we shall speak of it at a later date. P. H.

## CONCERTS AND OPERAS

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Henry Hadley, guest conductor. Arthur Hadley, solo violoncellist. See special notice.



MONDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Second and last week of Chicago Opera Co. "Faust." Mmes. Mason and Claessens; Messrs. Hackett and Chailapin. Mr. St. Leger, conductor.

TUESDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Thais." Miss Garden; Messrs. Cotreuil, Mojica and Kipnis. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

WEDNESDAY—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Madama Butterfly." Mmes. Mason and Perini; Messrs. Lamont and Rimini. Mr. Polacco, conductor.

8 P. M. "Rigoletto." Mme. Toti Dal Monte, Messrs. Hackett, Schwarz, Lazzari. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

THURSDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Miss Garden; Messrs. Anseau, Baklanoff, Lazzari. Mr. Polacco, conductor. Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Cecilia Society concert. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Henry Hadley, guest conductor. Mme. Matzenauer will sing. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Pelleas and Melisande." Mmes. Garden and Claessens, Messrs. Mojica, Baklanoff and Kipnis. Mr. Polacco, conductor. 8 P. M. "The Jewels of the Madonna." Mmes. Raisa and Claessens; Messrs. Lamont, Rimini, Mojica and Trevisan. Mr. Cimini, conductor. Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

## "TOSCA" SUNG

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Company in Puccini's "Tosca." Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni. The cast:

Floria Tosca, an opera singer. Claudia Muzio  
Marlo Cavaradossi, an artist. Antonio Cortis  
Baron Scarpia, chief of police. Joseph Schwarz  
Cesare Angelotti, an escaped political prisoner. Antonio Nicolich  
The Sacristan of St. Andrea Della Vale. Vittorio Trevisan  
Spoletto, agent of the police. Lodovico Oliviero  
Sclarrone, a gendarme. Gildo Morelato  
A Shepherd. Gladys Swarthout  
A Jailor. Max Toft

Jules Lemaitre, after seeing the first performance of Sardou's "La Tosca" in Paris, called him "the Caligula of the drama." And in the abbreviated version of the play that Puccini used as his libretto there is still the Caligulan taint, intensified by the terse phrases, the nervous ejaculations, the sharp ebb and flow, the occasional bombast of his score. Some have condemned "La Boheme," his most spontaneous and least pretentious opera, for being too episodic; they have deplored his musical peniveness. But there is no meditation in "Tosca"; from the first tense chords of the introduction, it is taut, compact, strenuous.

Yet when it is given, as pungently as the Chicago company presented it last evening, despite the chawber of horrors glimpsed intermittently and delightfully by the audience, the ripened melodramatics, "Tosca" still glows and reverberates. And last evening Mme. Muzio made her only appearance of the season here, as Tosca. An opulent woman and singer, her voice was beautifully shaded, full of eloquent modulations, effulgent, clear, alike in her lyric passages and in her dramatic moments. There was beauty and expressiveness in her "Vissi d'arte," although, unlike Jeritza, she did not sing it from the floor. There were no loose gestures, tortured facial pantomime; yet she brought both horror and tragic feeling to her singing of the second act.

About her there was a capable company. Mr. Schwarz's Scarpia was a leering embodiment of the "smiling damned villain," subtly pouncing rather than blatantly unctuous as some Scarpia have been. His voice was suave, demanding; he made no attempt to caricature. Mr. Cortis, a capable light tenor, was an effective Mario. And as always there were many excellences in the ensemble singing, in the work of the orchestra. In the lesser roles. A pity that Mme. Muzio does not sing again here this season.

E. G.

as low-brows raucously exclaim, is the life."—Thomas L. Masson.

### LIVING THOUGH DEAD

(From the Bangor Daily News)  
Oldest Living Past Grand of Ammon-cogin Lodge, I. O. O. F., Dead.

### WHAT IS THE FORMULA?

(From a Prize Letter in Collier's)  
I married at 26, after graduation from college, and being in business for myself for five years. I have four children, each born when I wanted it, and of a sex predetermined. No accidents, and I never intend to have any more.

### SEEING THE ECLIPSE

As the World Wags:

Here are the true facts.  
Rikki and I stood on a hill at 8 in the morning. He was forlorn at immobility; I tried not to feel foolish. The papers had promised crowds. But nobody was about. In the distance, automobile chains rapped unconcernedly over the icy streets and a trolley whined around the curve. It was bitter cold.

Yet, strictly for my benefit and for the first time in a hundred and nineteen years, the sun was up to something. A thin curved slice had been shorn off its upper right edge. The next time I looked through my little square of black negative (a seagull snapshot that had turned out mostly sea) the sun was half-gone. It was as if God had taken a bite out of that cookie.

The next time, there was nothing left but a scintilla. Daylight had a filtered look. The west was black. A bird called pathetically, as if alarmed. The snowy world turned a strange thin greenish yellow. At an instant of dead silence one could wonder if this might not actually prove what the ancients feared—the end. The thought gripped, and was gone.

For the light waxed, mellowed to familiar tone. The papers, I remembered, had said the "path of totality," edged west of here. "Bally's beads," "contacts," "the corona" . . . I couldn't feel these were so great a loss. Was this, then, the "most spectacular natural free show in all existence"? I doubted it. In sum, if occasion arose I might say I'd seen the eclipse of 1925. Yes, it was all right. Something like full moonlight and a good deal like sore eyes and a stiff neck.

Rikki had raised a suspicious trail in a thicket. It was high time to go to work.

K. P. K.

### AND INTO THE GREAT BEYOND

(Teton Valley, Idaho, News)

Dr. Martin informs us that he has invested in a horoscope for the X-ray machine at the County Hospital. This enables the surgeon to look directly at the part of the body operated on.

### A CHAIR FOR TWO

(For As the World Wags)

When Cassiopea's chair is right-side up I shouldn't mind  
To sit thereon, with Cassie near enough  
her hand to find  
A place, in mine, to feel the thrill that  
comes with love so pure  
It raises high above the earth a lover  
with its lure.

And if the Little Bear should growl  
about the way we sat,  
We surely wouldn't mind an ursine minor  
thing like that.  
For louder than his din would be, and  
sweeter, Cassie's song.  
"A chair for two, awaited you, my dear,  
for ages long." M. F. SHEA.  
Newport, R. I.

### SOMEWHERE HEARTS ARE LIGHT

As the World Wags:

A friend writes me from Tampa, Fla., to describe a lightsome period of merry-making of the Mardi Gras order which occurs there each year and makes one long to enroll in the joyous band, and take part in the highly diverting ceremonies. The letter reads:

"The Gasparilla is a sort of carnival, taking its name from one Gasparilla, who was, it seems, a pirate of the Spanish main, captured in Tampa, by ruse, and hanged. For some 16 years the Tamponos have been celebrating the event. One hundred of the business men who form the pirate crew, sail out of the harbor in a ship the night before the beginning of the festival, and there are rumors of copious libations, so that when the ship sails into the bay the next morning the pirates, in 'Penzance' costume, swarm the rigging, and they do say that in many cases those who have spliced the main brace a bit freely, are fastened to the rigging, to prevent accident. 'Braced to the Main' railines, as it were. Not a bad scheme."

"Then follow the cortege, balls n' everything. Some pirates, lacking confidence in their ability to remain seated on horseback, use the same precautionary methods employed on board ship. The name Gasparilla was perhaps the diminutive of Gasparo, in which case it should be Gasparillo, but the Floridians don't bother about small details. For example, they pronounce Miami, Myamah. Heaven knows why; it does not end in 'a' nor do I know of any rule that could twist 'i' into 'ah'."

"There are more pretty girls in Tampa to the square inch than in any town I know of, at least in these United States." LANSING R. ROBINSON.

### TANTALUS IN NO MAN'S LAND

(After reading a sales list, addressed to myself)

Shantung, charming, Zenana,  
Upset a man's mens sana.  
Of crepe-de-Chine and bonveleen  
With bated breath I speak,  
From molleton to gingham,  
My tongue begins to sing 'em.  
O crepe Georgene and princelene,  
To me you're worse than Greek!

Canton and sponge and ripple,  
How well might Rudyard kipple,  
Anent the urge of Botany serge,  
Hopsack, chiffon, bonclette,  
I see the wives of princes  
Adjudicating winecys.  
And ever since, the cheque-book vince,  
In me its teeth has set! —A. W.

### As the World Wags:

One's appetite is often affected by surroundings. Prices of dishes are also fixed according to certain outward conditions.

There is a little dining-room in the Back Bay "presided" over by a woman who, though not favored with facial beauty is an admirable cook. I stepped in one day and ordered a chicken sandwich and a cup of coffee. Paying my check, I said: "How is it that you charge only 30 cents for your excellent and good-sized sandwich, and downtown at — they ask 40 cents?" She answered: "Oh, you pay there for good looks." F. M. B.

## People's Symphony Concert Gives Pleasure

Henry Hadley conducted the People's Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon at the St. James Theatre; he conducted, as a guest, for the second time this season. The program was of a popular nature. It included Haydn's Symphony, B flat, No. 12; Liszt's "Love's Dream," known to all pianists, skilfully arranged by Victor Herbert, and a Strauss waltz. Arthur Hadley, violoncellist, played his brother Henry's Suite Ancienne, a pleasing composition which was heard in Boston for the first time. The symphony was a familiar one, the ninth of those composed by Haydn for Salomon's concerts in London. It is interesting to know that the orchestra at these London concerts was comparatively small: 12 to 16 violins, four violas, three violoncellos, four double basses, flute, oboe, bassoon, horns, trumpets and kettle drums; in all about 40 players. It was good to hear a Strauss waltz again at a Symphony concert.

Mr. Hadley's ability as a conductor has often been proved here. He has the gift of inspiring his men without forgetting that composers, after all, have certain rights, which should be respected.

## ROLAND HAYES

The Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Roland Hayes, tenor, gave his third recital this season. Program: Grune Matten, Kuhle Haine, Handel; Ragion Sempre Addita, Stradella; Ah, Quel Tourment (from the opera "Roland"), Gluck; Neugierige, Schubert; Ich Hab im Trauh Geweiht, Schumann; Botschaft, Brahms; Waldesheimelkelt, Brahms; Recl. et Air D'Azael (L'Enfant Prodigue), Debussy; Tout Gai (from Greek Folk Airs), Ravel; In Myrtle Shade (special request), Griffes; Wade in de Water, arranged by Edward Boatner; Peter, Go Ring a Bell, arranged by H. T. Bur-

leigh; Nobody Knows de Trouble I See, arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson; I Done Done What You Told Me to Do, arranged by Edward Boatner.

It is only eight or nine short years ago that Roland Hayes first ventured a recital in Symphony Hall, but ever since that first concert no program announced by him has failed to produce an audience so large that not another human being could be allowed into the hall. On the platform there is barely room left for a passageway between the door and the piano. Yesterday was no exception.

It is easy enough to understand this popularity when one hears Mr. Hayes. He is a singer of the soul; he succeeds in reaching the souls of his listeners. It is not a matter of technique, of mere voice production. It is the directing of technique, the use of the voice, in obedience to a poetic imagination and a sympathy with the mood of each song, by which he makes that song give its full message to the hearer.

The Hallel "Grune Matten" did not prove a good start yesterday, or perhaps Mr. Hayes did not quite warm up to his program until after the first selection. To one listener, at least, it seemed that the piece was not a good one for his voice, that the piano dominated and the voice struggled along somewhere in its lower registers. Things went better with the Stradella song, but one felt the concert was not in full swing until the piece by Gluck had been reached.

Incidentally, it would be interesting to know where Mr. Hayes found the air from Gluck's "Roland." Gluck in Paris was at work on an opera thus entitled when Puccini's opera of the same name was brought out in 1878. At that time, as is well known, there was a war in Paris between the Gluckists and the Puccinists. Puccini's opera pleased, especially the airs for the ballet, although Puccini disliked dancing and was not pleased at the idea of writing dance tunes. It is said that Gluck destroyed the sketches he had made for his own "Roland."

Mr. Hayes sang one or two encores at the end of each section of the program, and, strangely enough, though few in the hall moved to go at the end of the concert proper, the people seemed contented with but two extra negro spirituals. Immediately after the concert Mr. Hayes left for his western tour.

H. L.

A. M. W. asked about the snow storm that occurred in Boston on Jan. 17, 18, 19, 1897. The Herald is indebted to Mr. J. Vaughan Merrill for the following description:

"I well remember the big snow storm of 1897. I was then a clerk in the wholesale grocery firm of Winchester, Talbot & Upham on Kilby street, Boston. I lived with my mother in Jamaica Plain and went in and out by train to Boston.

"The storm began on the 17th of January, 1897, Thursday. It was not very bad when I started for work early in the morning, but increased soon to a blizzard. I asked permission to go home about 11 o'clock. I ploughed my way to the old Providence railroad station. No trains going out. I then foolishly started to walk home. I was not at all strong. I struggled as far as Roxbury, and went in an exhausted condition, to the shelter of a flour mill there. They did not clear out then the tracks of the street car lines, but there were omnibuses on runners. I was fortunate enough to catch a Roxbury one going to Boston. I was the only passenger, far 10 cents. I spent the night at my father's sister's house. If I had not waited until 6 o'clock, I could have reached home, for a Dedham train started then and reached Forest Hill where it stuck, and the West Roxbury and Dedham passengers spent the night on the train.

"Friday was clear and very cold. I did not go to the office, but went home on a Jamaica Plain bus. Some one had shovelled out the paths to our house and the piles were as high as my shoulder.

"There was more snow on Saturday and I stayed at home. I don't remember about Sunday. Monday morning was clear. I started for Boston by walking on the railroad track with two young men, one of whom was, I think, Mr. Ratcliffe, now the treasurer of the Boston & Albany railroad, who kindly sends me a check every quarter."

Miss Louise M. Taylor, librarian the Essex Institute, Salem, writes: "In connection with your paragraph on storms in New England, may I call your attention to the book, 'Histo Storms in New England,' by Sidi Parley, published in Salem in 1891. Though this book does not mention the storm of 1897, it describes most of the important ones during the period from 1635 to 1890; no doubt it could be found at the Boston Public Library."



alem Register of Jan. 23, 1887, gives long account of the storm of the preceding week; a train from Boston to Salem was 14 hours on the road, the 350 passengers being served refreshments by the railroad company at Lynn."

GOOD OLD SPOT

T. P. H. asked what had become of the spotted coach dog.  
"Canine" of Brockton writes: "Look for him at the Eastern Dog Show, Feb. 3, 24, 25, benched and catalogued under Dalmatians."  
J. P. L., Jr.: "You will find the spotted coach dog at Jameson Bros.' stable, 39 Laurence street."

As the World Wags:

Generically, I know nothing of the appearance of the spotted coach-dog. He has merely sunk to the background along with other simple though pleasant features of pre-automobile times.  
But individually, I do. There is a pathetic case in my own neighborhood. An ancient spot-hound dwells across the street—in a cellar. He emerges each day for a glimpse of sunlight and a breath of air. His eyes wear a mournful look, his ears flop dejectedly, his tail droops, and, owing to his damp surroundings, his legs are warped. We even call him "Warpy." There is something strangely moving in watching him bow-leg his way up Ashford street. He shudders at the passage of automobiles. His tail wags feebly at the approach of a horse, but he soon sinks again into gloom as he realizes that the horse is pulling a common delivery wagon, and never a polished carriage, or spider-wheeled sporting cart.  
His era is gone, poor "Warpy." There is no place for Dalmatian spot-hounds in our modern world. He is not even the hope of a dying race—we do not need his kind. He is just another "has-been."

CATHERINE PAULLA ROBINSON.

In our boyhood we were warned against patting a spotted coach dog on the head or taking any other liberty with him. "He is a treacherous beast," was the reason why. We never heard him in those days called a Dalmatian. Bewick, a hundred years ago, described him in his "Quadrupeds": "The Dalmatian, or Coach Dog . . . has been erroneously called the Danish Dog . . . It is frequently kept in genteel houses, as an elegant attendant on a carriage."  
Happy country is this Dalmatia, especially happy for dogs, for there is the Dalmatian Flea Powder.

N. J. L. R. asks if oxen ever drew railway cars into the old Fitchburg station.

Mr. Frank W. Amazeen of Haverhill writes:

"I have ridden in passenger trains drawn by horses into the Boston & Maine railroad station, Haymarket square, many times. The horses, two in number, tandem style, were attached to the train by a rope. Impetus enough was given to the train so that when the horses were detached the train rolled into the depot, with the baggagemaster at the hand brake on the front end of the train. I imagine that passenger trains on the Fitchburg railroad were drawn into that station by like means. Locomotives never entered the station in those days."

Now let us hear from Mr. Charles A. Rice: "My memory goes back over 70 years. I do not remember any case of oxen being used except possibly at the time of the 'epizootic' when horses could not be had. When the B. & M. station was in Haymarket square the city of Boston made a rule forbidding the use of locomotives beyond Causeway street, and the trains were hauled from there to the station by tandem team of four horses attached to the sides of the cars. The whole train was hauled together, and not by single cars, as was done in New York. This hook can still be seen on some of the older B. & M. cars."

We were at school in New York in 1868. We remember railway cars entering the city being hauled by horses to—was it Twenty-first street?

ADD "K. P. K.'s" STORY OF THE ECLIPSE

As the World Wags:

All the sequel is as follows:  
All the neighbors, having dining-rooms with southeasterly exposure, took smug peeps at "the most awe-inspiring natural free show in all experience" between mouthfuls of oatmeal. They, too, can tell their grandchildren they saw it—"and without getting half-frozen, either."  
They chuckled, did these neighbors, at Rikki and me on the hill. K. P. K.

BARNUM WAS WRONG

As the World Wags:

"West Swansey, N. H., Jan. 15.  
"More than 1000 suckers got into the intake and blocked the water at the grate leading to the water wheel at the Homestead Woolen Mills, causing a shut-down of the mill."

This sudden broad seems to indicate that there must be an error in the carefully calculated birthrate of suckers, as one born every minute. A new problem is presented to statisticians of the 17th century.  
T. G. F.

"FAUST"

By PHILIP HALE  
Boston Opera House — Gounod's "Faust" performed by the Chicago Opera Company. Frank St. Leger, conductor.

Faust.....Charles Hackett  
Mephistopheles.....Feodor Chaliapin  
Marguerite.....Edith Mason  
Valentin.....Desire Defrere  
Martha.....Maria Claessens  
Sleibel.....Madya Swarthout  
Wagner.....Gildo Morelato

An enthusiastic audience again; one that filled the house from top to bottom. There were features in the performance that justly provoked enthusiasm.

Mme. Mason, first of all, gave a memorable portrayal of Marguerite, vocally and dramatically. There have been many Marguerites who sang the lyric measures with exquisite tonal quality and consummate art; they were brilliant in the Jewel song introduced by Gounod as a sacrifice to the vanity of a prima donna who wished to trill and shine in bravura passages. They, too, often failed in the dramatic moments and were cool or sophisticated in the scene where Marguerite first meets Faust and also in the garden. There have been other Marguerites who were restlessly dramatic and sang poorly.

Mme. Mason gave a performance that was dramatically nearer the ideal Marguerite of the librettists than any that has been seen within recent years with the exception of Mme. Calve's impersonation. In the early scenes simplicity and native purity were suggested without effort as was the gradual awakening of passion that at last mastered her. Her confusion, her reception of Faust's fervent wooing, her ill-concealed joy, and then her doubt, hesitation and final abandonment were pictured so that one forgot the artist in the woman. And the voice itself was the voice of Marguerite from the time she met the "grand seigneur" and could not put him out of mind to the time that the horror of her remorse and the terror inspired by her brother's curse bereft her of reason.

Faust in the opera is not infrequently a tenor who saves his voice in the first scene, is later unconscious of an extraordinary costume with frillery including a hat that was never seen save on the stage, and, while he is supposed to be addressing Marguerite's cottage with at least the interest of a real estate agent, turns his back to the house and faces the audience with his cavatina, a little anxious about the high note at the end, but hoping for applause whether he takes it with full voice or in falsetto. In the village square and in the garden he is a walking gentleman. Mr. Hackett thinks differently of Faust. Dressed becomingly, not fantastically, he was youthful, virile and ardent, never a lay figure, but one who gave significance to text, song and situation. He was not merely vocally expressive; not over-acting, not theatrically restless; there was character in what he did and in what he abstained from doing. His singing was free, never labored, never for the purpose of only personal display. His voice, at times, especially in the first scene, had an unnecessarily nasal quality, but this was not so noticeable later, and it could easily be corrected.

There are several ways of playing Mephistopheles. Some give him undue elegance; others make him too familiar. It is not necessary to name names. No one has sung Gounod's music with such beauty of tone and such vocal art as were displayed by Pol Plancon, but his Mephistopheles never strayed far from the grand boulevards. Mr. Marcoux, whose dramatic performance was unusual and extremely interesting, did not have the voice for the role and the music, demanding a basso cantante not a baritone, frequently suffered. Mr. Chaliapin gave a singularly vivid and picturesque impersonation, one charged with ingenious and effective detail, admirable in its rhetoric, surprising in its variety of moods. This is true of his singing as well as of his acting. It is to be regretted that he could not resist the temptation to drop into burlesque by presenting Martha with an enormous sunflower plucked from a garden bed. He gained his laugh; but one does not go to "Faust" to guffaw.

Miss Swarthout, who has given pleasure in other roles, was not at vocal ease as Sleibel, though she again charmed the eye. How seldom is the "Flower" song sung with perfect intonation! Sleibel, however well the music is sung, is rather a ridiculous figure, although she may be blessed with Atlanta's better part. When the Rochester (N. Y.) American opera company gave "Faust" last month the part of Sleibel was taken by a tenor, Mr. Steele, and it is said that he sang the notes exactly as Gounod wrote them.

Mr. Defrere did not as Valentin sing the air that Gounod wrote after the performances in Paris for Santley in London.

The church scene was outside of the church, and the effect was thereby lessened, although time was saved by not shifting scenery.

Mr. St. Leger, a young Englishman, conducted with a nice appreciation of the score and with regard for the singers.

The opera tonight will be "Thais," in which Miss Garden will take the part of the Alexandrian courtesan who repented, much to the disgust of the monk that converted her.

"IN THE NEXT ROOM"

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"In the Next Room," a mystery play, in three acts, by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford, cast with the following personages:

Philip Vantine, a collector of art treasures.  
Lorna Webster, his niece.  
James Godfrey, a reporter on the staff of the New York Advertiser.  
Parks, the butler.  
Rogers, a servant.  
Felix Armand, dealer in art objects.  
Inspector Grady.  
Simmonds.  
Tim Morel.  
Mme. de Carriere.  
Julia, her maid.  
Col. Figgot, English detective.

Stock performances grow to be real homey affairs; so the program at the St. James this week lists only the characters, leaving the identification of the actors to the audience. Last night as each player appeared he or she was greeted with the applause of recognition.

"In the Next Room" has the usual characters of a mystery play, but the adroit use of the material holds suspense to the end. Those who recognized the players through their parts were perhaps able to solve the mystery a little sooner than others, but even they were kept guessing until within a few minutes of the final curtain. The parts were well taken and well executed.

This first play by Eleanor Robson (Mrs. August Belmont) and Harriet Ford was produced in Boston only a few weeks ago by a visiting company, and was fully reported in these columns at that time. It is quite probable that neither because of this fact nor in spite of it was there keen interest and lively anticipation at the St. James last evening. Stock companies have their own peculiar audiences. Plainly last night the people came to be thrilled, and audibly they voiced their every emotion.

"THE DARK ANGEL"

WILBUR THEATRE—"The Dark Angel," a play in three acts by H. V. Trevelyan, adapted by Guy Bolton. Produced by Robert Milton. The cast:

Kitty Fahnestock.....Patricia Collinge  
Hilary Trent.....Reginald Mason  
Roma.....Florence Edney  
Sir Evelyn Fahnestock.....Stanley Logan  
Gerald Shannon.....John Williams  
Lord Francis Beaumont.....Claud Allister  
"Viv" Beaumont.....Aurilio Lee  
Madge Milmerling.....Elsie MacKaye  
Winnie Mitcham.....Joan MacLean  
Tom Trowbridge.....Barry O'Neill  
Jowett.....J. H. Brewer  
Miss Smallwood.....Molly Pearson

There is little that is new or strange in the theme of "The Dark Angel," or even in its working out, but it is an intelligent play, well written, a strange mingling of sophisticated comedy, and of the lighter sentimental vein of a Milne or of the Pinero of "The Enchanted Cottage." And with the exception of a second and third act that would bear cutting, it plays excellently. A new piece, stopping here briefly before it arrives in New York, the cast is still unexurgated.

An English play, although it has been adapted by Guy Bolton, it still sees the war glamorously, bravely as does Mr. Milne, problematically as does Pinero in "The Enchanted Cottage." It begins with an effectively staged prologue in a bedroom of a questionable Vinery Inn on the channel coast, in 1918, where Kitty Fahnestock and Hilary Trent, their marriage prevented by his abrupt summons to the front, have spent the night. She is young, impressionable, naive, and they make pledges in the event of his return, an event of which she has had strange forebodings, in her dream of a dark angel that protects him.

The first act proper then commenced in a markedly different vein, with the banter and innuendoes of week-end guests at the home of Kitty's father, Sir Evelyn Fahnestock. There is a wise and informative butler, in this instance, to settle a dispute at Mah Jongg; the traditional stage gathering of sophisticates, discussing the romance of Gerald Shannon, one of their members, and of Kitty, who refuses to marry, and devotes herself to a home for wayward girls, one of whom she has brought to the house.

Lord Francis Beaumont had known of Hilary Trent's registering at Vinery Inn before his departure for France, he tells of it, taunts Kitty with mistaken

hero worship, until she announces to them all that it was she who had spent the night with Hilary, who is now supposedly dead. Sir Evelyn suavely prevents any of his guests from telling the news that they are eager to dispatch, diversely. By chance the young man who had come to call for Winnie, the girl whom Kitty has befriended, recognizes the picture of Hilary Trent, and says that he is still living.

And here, lapsing from the verbosity of his earlier acts, Mr. Trevelyan has written an adroit and interesting last act, a practice none too common today. Kitty goes to Hilary, ignorant of his blindness, asks to be released from her pledge, and leaves him to his writing of boys' books and his amorous secretary, none too skilful in punctuating, thinking that he no longer cares for her. Then she discovers that he is blind, that he has been concealing it, offers to marry him. He refuses her bluntly, disparaging her and himself. So she returns to Gerald.

There is admirable characterization here, in the girl, somewhat too sensitive and naive to have lived in her father's company for so long, in the jovial and tactful Sir Evelyn, in Hilary Trent, as amiable and humorous in his blindness as he had been before, a sentimentalist who refuses to allow his sentiments to interfere with Kitty's life. An interesting play that might have been better had it been more salient, more consistent in its sophistication.

The cast is an excellent one, and unusually well rounded. Miss Collinge, as is her custom, plays Kitty with a quiet charm, a wistful delicacy, a gentleness of voice and gesture. Mr. Mason played Hilary with an admirable restraint, and lack of theatricality, both in his first amorous moments of the prologue, and again as the resigned and humorous writer of boy's tales, pursued by kindly secretaries. There were varied excellences in others of the cast, in Joan MacLean's few moments as Winnie, in the malodorous "Viv" Beaumont of Aurilio Lee, in the African adventuress of Elsie MacKaye, in the straightforwardness of John Williams's Gerald Shannon, who seemed at times a little too naive for an ex-rake. Much credit is due Mr. Livingston Platt for the artistic settings. There was a large and very enthusiastic audience.

"New Brooms" Pleases Large Audience

NEW PARK THEATRE—"New Brooms," comedy by Frank Craven. Presented by Frank Craven. The cast: Thomas Bates.....Robert McWade  
Mr. Kneeland.....Harry Leighton  
Margaret.....Helen Weathersby  
Williams.....John Ravold  
George Morrow.....Jack Devereaux  
Thomas Bates, Jr.....Frank Craven  
Ethel Bates.....Doris Kelly  
Florence Wheeler.....Dorothy Blackburn  
"Walter" Nowell.....John Diggs  
Rev. Philip Dow.....Albert G. Andrews  
Geraldine Marsh.....Blyth Daly  
Simpson.....James Kearney  
Nelson.....Charles MacDonald

If Sheridan's plays must always be termed, "the artificial comedy of the 18th century," Mr. Craven's "New Brooms" may be called an artificial comedy of the 20th, a veritable comedy of artifice and manners as they obtain today in town and country both.

The artifice lies in the basic idea of the theme, the whim of a middle-aged ban of business, to make over this business—he manufactured brooms—to his son, to run it for a year as he saw fit. The father, a man of few words and those mighty tests, would have it nothing else in business would do. The cheerful son was all for urbanity, sweetness and light. That the boy in his pleasant conceit of himself drove his father mad is creditable enough. That the father, a man of vigor and might, "set down" ever give over the reins—Sheridan never built on more wanton artifice.

To the satisfaction of middle-aged folk and older, Mr. Craven let not youth triumph. The son, with cares heavy upon him, grew uglier than ever his father was. And the father turned out the jolliest soul alive. Under the unusual circumstances no doubt both men would change their manners and even to a degree their natures. But completely to change their spots—there is artifice again.

Once granting it, one could not ask a more entertaining play. The people move about and speak the speech of today in nasal tones, and giggle and laugh, "get mad" at each other and patch up the row—it is all as homely and closely observed as though Howells had written it himself. And the observation penetrates the surface; the characters, though most of them are lightly sketched, are genuine human beings. Some people may find the father too continuously snappish. They are to be congratulated on their experience; he seemed plausible enough to some in the audience.

Since there is much talk, luckily it is always good of its kind, with wit to brighten it. Mr. Craven has written a



ally-amazing play, one well worth seeing.

Delightfully he played the young son's part, with humor, charm, and, in the final scene with his father, with pathos; the last touch of sentiment in this scene seems exaggerated in the case of Anglo-Saxons. In a speech he stated he is playing the part only till he can replace the actor who fell ill. It would be hard to better Mr. Craven's performance.

Mr. McWade, barring a slight monotony of facial expression, impersonated the father with authority and a strong sense of character. Miss Daly, an actress of charm and skill, made much of her part, even to the point of wearing plain clothes, she being a poor orphan. The others were all good, some excellent. The large audience laughed heartily. R. R. G.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—"Three Live Ghosts," a farcical comedy in three acts, by Guy Bolton. The cast: Mrs. Gubbins (Known as Old Sweetheart).....May Ediss  
Miss Woofers.....Katherine Standing  
Bolton.....Francis Compton  
Jimmy Gubbins.....E. E. Clive  
William Foster.....Philip Tenke  
Spoofo.....Alan Mowbray  
Rose Gordon.....Marianne Daxer  
Briggs.....C. Wardley Hulce  
Benson.....Franklyn Francis  
Lair Leister.....Elapheth Dudgeon  
Since Mr. Bolton's farce was produced only a few weeks ago at this theatre, there is hardly need of retelling its story; likewise it is easy to account for its reappearance in so short a time, for seldom is given to theatregoers of our day such a happy combination of output of both playwright and players. Not often is it given to playgoers the pleasure of hearing an exposition that is not tiresome; seldom, again, is it their good fortune to witness a climax and final curtain that does not smack of artifice of the theatre.

So again we followed the sodden Mrs. Gubbins through the three acts; followed again the kindly and enigmatic Spoofo; listened to the caustic speech of Jimmy Gubbins; admired again the interrogatories of the baffled Briggs. Live ghosts, indeed, were this trinity—Jimmy, Spoofo and Bill—types of the war, war play again, passively, without a bitter recollection.

Of Miss Ediss's Mrs. Gubbins much has been said, much more could be written in praise of this striking addition to her already admirable gallery of characterizations. Mr. Clive, too, offering a type of cockney that might have left the frame of a Cruikshank. And all the others, each in his or her turn, in perfect accord with the pattern. Fortunate, indeed, is Boston, in her repertory company, headed by Mr. Clive. More power to him and his associates, for the good of the theatre is behind the wish. T. A. R.

### The Hannefords a Feature

A splendid and varied bill of entertainment is given at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. There is plenty of excellent dancing, good singing and a wealth of comedy. The chief fun-maker is Ted Healy, assisted by Betty Healy. From the moment he appears until the conclusion of his act and then into another number called "Syncopeated Toes," Healy has the audience in roars.

The famous Hanneford family, known the world over as the leaders in equestrian acts, feature the famous "Poodles" Hanneford with his remarkable tumbling from one horse to another. Charles Purcell, musical comedy star, has several entertaining numbers that he puts across with his usual style, while Block and Dunlap have an offering called "Orchids" that is well done. Their dancing was heartily received. Elizabeth Brown and her dancing partner, M. Sedano, scored heavily in modern and classical dance numbers. They have a string quintet that furnished some excellent music.

Bill Robinson, "the Dark Cloud of Joy," has a funny line of chatter augmented by his peculiar style of dancing. He was a riot in last night's show.

Others on the bill include the Zoe Delphine Company, wire artists; the Kanazawa Trio, Japanese foot jugglers; the news reel, fables and topics of the day.

## FILM "THE LOST WORLD" SCORES

That is what happened before an impressed audience last night at Tremont Temple at the world premiere of "The Lost World," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story transferred to film and presented by First National. "Made for your amazement" is the slogan on the program, and never was a more spectacular and amazing motion picture presented.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

**COLONIAL**—"Ziegfeld Follies," annual revue with Hazel Dawn, Johnny Dooley, Charles King and others. Second week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Grounds for Divorce," Ina Claire starring in Valda comedy adapted by Guy Bolton. Second week.

**HOLLIS**—"Meet the Wife," comedy by Lyn Starling with Mary Boland. Second week.

**SELWYN**—"White Cargo," Leon Gordon in his own play. Third week.

**SHUBERT**—"Greenwich Village Follies," sixth annual revue with Moran and Mack, Toto, the clown, and Mordkin, Russian dancer. Third week.

**TREMONT**—"Be Yourself," Kaufman and Connolly musical comedy with Jack Donahue and Queenie Smith. Seventh week.

## MARY GARDEN SINGS IN 'THAIS'

By PHILIP HALE

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—Massenet's "Thais," performed by the Chicago Opera Company. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Thais.....Mary Garden  
Niclas.....Jose Modica  
Athanasel.....Edouard Cotreuil  
Palemon.....Alexander Kipnis  
Myrtale.....Lucile Westen  
Crobyle.....Gladys Swarthout  
Albine.....Maria Claessens  
A Slave of Niclas.....Gildo Morelato

When "Thais" was produced it was reckoned among Massenet's more or less pornographic operas. There was much more interest in Thais the courtesan than in Thais the penitent. The success of a performance depended largely on the extent of the anatomical exhibition. To be sure, there was "sacred" music of a kind, as dry as the sands of the desert in which dwelt the Cenobites and the White Sisters. And there was the popular "Meditation" for the fiddle, the sentimental tune in which the composer is supposed to portray in tones the profound reflections of Thais on her giddy life and her determination to eschew the works of the world, the flesh and the devil and turn to prayer and fasting.

Massenet's "Call to the Unconverted." It was Ernest Newman who described this "Meditation" in fitting terms: "It is the sort of emotional outpouring one might expect from a rather soulful Pekingese as it mused upon a promised piece of chocolate."

The years have passed and "Thais" no longer is regarded as an effusion of Massenet's audaciously erotic spirit. Even Miss Garden no longer undresses Thais in a manner to bring Uncle Amos, reading a review, to come in post-haste from Hockanum Ferry to see the show. "Dang the expense." Yet Miss Garden last night set out for her hike in the desert in a costume that was tropical, but hardly suited to the arduous exhibition.

The music for the greater part is unworthy of the composer of "Manon," "Werther" and "Le Jongleur." The most spontaneous pages, as those for the slave girls and the entrance of Thais, are of an operetta order. Offenbach did this sort of a thing much better. There is little that is truly seductive or sensuous in the music for Thais the courtesan, and Miss Garden has to make up for it by amorous glances and bodily contortions. Athanasel's remarks on arriving at Alexandria are pompously futile, and not until the two last acts is the composer generous to him.

The description of the little statue and Thais's entreaty to take Amor with her—for she was to journey without even a scrip, and her music in the first scene of the last act, have indisputable charm. This music was sung by Miss Garden with unaffected simplicity and genuine expression. Her portrayal of the character is familiar and now needs no analysis. It is enough

to say that she was well equipped vocally; that she acted in two scenes with her customary vivacity and in those that followed she was appropriately subdued.

Mr. Cotreuil's enunciation was admirably distinct; his histrionic diction significant, but all Athanasels who come after Renaud suffer by recalling to the mind his remarkable portrayal. Mr. Modica gave the impression of high birth, elegance, and joyous companionship, and sang his operetta music with his two little slaves with the requisite ease and grace.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted eloquently and the solo by the concert master was duly appreciated. The Opera House was crowded, and the crowd was evidently pleased. The opera this afternoon will be "Madama Butterfly"; tonight "Rigoletto."

After hearing "Thais" one should reread Anatole France's ironical romance to note again the impossibility of turning it into libretto for an opera.

### LA BELLE STUART

A Famous Beauty of the Days of Charles II

La Belle Stuart, by Cyril Hughes Hartmann: E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The sub-title of this book is: "Memoire of Court and Society in the Times of Frances Teresa Stuart, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox." Mr. Hartmann's purpose, however, seems to be the refutation of charges brought against this famous beauty by Count Grammont in his cynical, at times malicious, but most entertaining memoirs. The Count accused her of being childish, silly; he would not admit that her figure was good: it was "more showy than engaging"; but she "possessed in perfection that air of dress which is so much admired." Mr. Hartmann is inclined to believe that Frances never yielded herself to Charles II, although that merry monarch pursued her night and day. This question has long exercised writers about her court. Contemporaries of Frances were not in agreement. Pepys was for some time convinced that she was the mistress of Charles. The sober-minded John Evelyn, who knew her well, believed her "up to her leaving the court to be as virtuous as any woman in the world," and he finally converted Pepys to his opinion.

Frances was undoubtedly radiantly handsome. The testimony on this point is overwhelming. She knew that she was handsome, and was not shy in rather intimate revelations of her beauty. She was naturally light-hearted, fond of merriment in others, delighting in blind-man's buff and building castles with cards. Her beauty, her high spirits, her good-nature drew all men to her—except Grammont. But she was by no means always frivolous; she often showed shrewdness, especially in keeping Charles and his noblemen at a distance. She was flirtatious, and it must be said that she thus encouraged the monarch. Did she hope that the queen would die? Charles was willing to marry Frances, he was so infatuated with her. Mr. Hartmann advances the theory for her behavior that her "passionate chastity" was due to a purely "aesthetic revulsion" rather than "high ideas of the essential worth of morality." Yet she married a drunken duke, was devoted to him, cared diligently and shrewdly for his estate when he was ambassador at Denmark. Her marriage angered the king, who was a long time in forgiving her. To use her own words, as reported to Evelyn, she at last realized "that she could not longer continue at court without prostituting herself to the king, whom she had so long kept off." She knew the evil reports about her.

The scenes at the court, the long war between Frances and Lady Castlemaine, the friendship between Frances and the Queen, the attentions paid Frances by courtiers hoping by flattering her to gain advancement, the downfall of Clarendon—these and other descriptions of life, manners and lack of morals, with graphic sketches of characters lacking character yet having a certain charm, fill a most readable volume. There are portraits of Frances, Charles II, the Queen, the Duke of Richmond, "Madame," Lord Mulgrave, who wooed Frances when she was a widow, but wooed in vain—with other illustrations, among them the medals for which the Duchess of Richmond represented Britannia. There is also an index.

"It is for her beauty," says Mr. Hartmann, "that Frances always has been and always will be remembered. There is nothing less evanescent than beauty; it dies only when it is forgotten."

This life of her should stand as a supplement and a corrective on a shelf with the Grammont Memoirs.

Col. George M. Napier was crowned on Jan. 24, at Union City, Ga., champion chitterling eater of the state, while Judge Alex Stephens was declared to be the champion 'possum eater. We are sorry to learn from the graphic report of proceedings that Mayor C. H.

Gullatt—auspicious name—who weighed 250 pounds, did not enter for either contest. It is said that the eating of chitterlings clears one's conscience, while the eating of 'possums makes one love everybody.

Chitterlings. The first time we saw the word was when in boyhood days we read Itabelais, not we fear on account of the satire, the erudition, the deep philosophy that appealed to S. T. Coleridge. In that wonderful book—it should be on every drawing table with the illustrations by Gustave Dore—we read that Grangousier, who "loved to drink neat, as much as any man that then was in the world, and would willingly eat salt meat," was ordinarily well furnished with gammons of bacon, score of dried neat's tongues, plenty of links, chitterlings and puddings, salt beef and mustard, not forgetting botargos.

Not quite sure about chitterlings, we consulted our esteemed friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who generously put at our disposal rough notes for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription). From them we learned that chitterlings were small intestines, usually pig's, dressed for food, boiled or fried, eaten with mustard and vinegar. They were sometimes filled with mince meat or force meat as a kind of sausage. Small chitterlings are called in French friquenelles; but an andouille is "a links or chitterling; a big hog's gut, stuffed with small guts cut into small pieces and seasoned with pepper and salt." Thus old Cotgrave.

The word chitterlings has found its way into poetry. In "Hudibras," Crowders is described:

"His warped ear hung o'er the strings, Which was but souse to chitterlings."

For Crowders was a fiddler.

"A squealing engine he apply'd Unto his neck, on northeast side."

Dr. Zachary Grey, annotating this passage, asks: "Why the northeast side? Do fiddlers always, or most generally, stand or sit according to the points of the compass, so as to answer this description? No, surely. I lately heard an ingenious explanation of this passage, taken from the position of a body when it is buried, which being always the head to the west, and the feet to the east, consequently the left side of the neck, that part where the fiddle is usually placed, must be due northeast. Perhaps the fiddler and company were marching toward the east, which would occasion the same position of the fiddle."

From this explanation one sees why good old Dr. Grey was characterized by some of his contemporaries, envious, no doubt, of his learning, as a wise ass.

It seems that the round table at which Col. Napier and Judge Stephens sat at "Uncle Jake" Patton's was six feet across, with a "hickey" in the centre that turns around. "You put the grub on this 'hickey' and whenever you want something, you turn it around to your plate, provided somebody hasn't already beat you to it."

"Hickey?" We have seen this ingenious machine on the breakfast tables of the vaunting rich, but it was not called by that name. The only "hickey" in English dialect is a Nottinghamshire nickname for the devil.

Chitterling was a name given to an old-fashioned shirt frill. Peter Pindar wrote:

"A man may ha the best o' hearts Although no chitterlins to his shirts."

This reminds us of a passage in the complete works of Artemus Ward (his second letter to Punch).

"But as the ballad says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new suit of black close and white kid gloves sing t'other night), Never don't let us Despise a Man because he wears a Ragged Coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'rally get out of his way pretty rapid; prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our bosoms for his unhappy condition."

### MANY WILL SECOND THE NOMINATION

As the World Wags:

Another name for the Hall of Fame: Mr. Bumford, authorized Ford agent, Concord, Mass. AN OWNER.

M. Stephane Louzanne, in the Matin, speaks of "The king of finance, Jack Pierpont Morgan."

### KING TUT'S TOMB

(For As the World Wags.) They are opening his tomb again! Three thousand years is a long silence, Faithfully the wooden dog has kept his watch.

Standing guard upon the sarcophagus lid, A living dog, too, would have kept the trust, Did but his life endure that long.

For a dog's love is eternal, like the Great Pyramid.

It is strange what these scientists can do.



id not be called to account for it. Perhaps in some equally remote era scientists with some ourishing yellow or brown horde, ill violate the tomb of Grant, the Silent Warrior, leping peacefully beside Hendrick Hudson's stream.

id carry away his revered earthly body, sleep just as peacefully in a museum, beside some sluggish Mongolian river, in a temple of richly carved teak-wood, ung with tinkling brass gongs, ously tapped by dainty brown maidens.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

PROBABLY THE BLACK MASS

the World Wags:

FOR SALE

72 FOLDING chairs, have been used hall for short time, at a real sacrifice.

Does this, or does it not, show a tendency toward a revival of demoniacal tes?

H. P. M.

THE FLAT LOQ.

s the World Wags:

I am a small folding flat. Known to be "high brows" as a non-housekeeping apartment. Likewise regarded by comach specialists as their most fertile proving ground, for my record of rolled dispositions and ruined digestive apparatus has never been equalled. Still have a few redeeming features: Nothing can outshine me for compactness. o other place can boast of the need or so little work. No shrine commands ore silence, for silence must maintain, st your next-door neighbor know your ightest wish. With every modern ap- lance for cleanliness, you need only pen my windows, start the vacuum. eaner and blow my dirt into your ighbor's flat. You need only exercise eat care that the neighbor doesn't e you; then close the windows quick- until next time. I'm easy to ight. ard to heat, worse to get. All in all, m a helluva place to be in, but a most ecessary modern evil for childless uples. So make the best of what I ave to offer, even if I don't measure p to the agent's description.

J. E. SCHLOSS.

It was "Sandy" Browne who feelingly poke of "the folding Bedouins of the streets."—ED.

We are told that Mme. Leginska, whose name has been recently mentioned in the newspapers at least several times, pronounces it with the "g" not writ as in "gin," but hard as in "gout."

Henry Hadley will conduct the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. He has conducted his own compositions: "The Culpit Pay" and "Lucifer" at these concerts in Boston, but he will now have the whole concert to himself. His program will comprise his Symphony No. 4, "North, East, South and West"—the title might be "Boxing the Compass"—Strauss's "Don Juan" and Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride." Mme. Matzenauer will lift up her voice in Beethoven's "Ah, Perfidio!" and the air, "Parto," from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito."

Mr. Hadley wrote his symphony for the Litchfield (Ct.) County Choral Union and the first performance was in the Music Shed on the grounds of Carl Stoekel's residence at Norfolk, Ct., on June 6, 1911. Mr. Hadley conducted. He wishes it to be understood that "East" does not here refer to New England scenery, climate or character—but to the far east, the Orient. The symphony will be the seventh work of Mr. Hadley's to be performed at these concerts since 1905. "The second symphony, "The Four Seasons," was performed in 1905; the third, without a title, in 1908. Mr. Hadley will also conduct the symphony concert in Cambridge.

And so Mr. Koussevitzky will have a rest for a week. This brings up the question of an associate conductor. It is unquestionably a strain on a man to prepare and conduct the number of concerts now demanded for Boston and the towns outside. Maj. Higgins thought it advisable to give Ernst Schmidt, a violinist in the orchestra, to Dr. Muck as an associate, and so in the season of 1917-18 Mr. Schmidt conducted six pairs of concerts in a perfunctory and dull manner. Mr. Koussevitzky conducts at high pressure. How long will he be able to do his work so brilliantly?

No one wishes to see him suffer physically from his musical intensity. No one would welcome a "sound and safe" associate conductor who would be only a beater of long approved, orthodox templ. As for the towns outside, the people naturally expect to see Mr. Koussevitzky at the head of the orchestra. They want the whole show. For in these days, the conductor comes first—the orchestra is second—and the poor devil of a composer is a bad third. Sometimes a Stravinsky comes

Third. Sometimes there is curiosity to see him, but as a rule there is less interest in a new work than in what a conductor may contrive to do with or to, an old one.

Audiences naturally want the best. They do not welcome a substitute for the original leading woman in a play. They go to our Symphony concerts to see Mr. Koussevitzky, to feel his magnetic influence. And audiences are unwilling to spare a man's strength though by pleasing them he wears himself out.

Next Monday night, John Charles Thomas will sing at the extra Symphony concert. He has chosen two favorite arias: "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Hérodiade," and "Eri tu" from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera."

There will not be any concert by the People's Symphony Orchestra next Sunday, for the orchestra will take part in the Handel and Haydn's performance of Verdi's "Requiem" mass in Symphony hall. The solo singers in this great work will be Cora Chase, Merle Alcock, Richard Crooks and William Gustafson. Miss Chase, now of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was born at Haverhill. Mrs. Alcock and Mr. Crooks are favorably known. Mr. Gustafson used to live in Arlington and he was a member of the Apollo Club in Boston. Now he belongs to the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cecilia Society will give a concert tonight in Jordan hall. Malcolm Long will conduct it for the first time. There should be a sentimental as well as a musical interest in his appearance, for his father founded the society and by his untiring work, energy and enthusiasm gave it the high reputation that it long enjoyed. The program includes choral numbers by Bach, Brockway, Converse, Cui, Gretchaninov, Henschel, Rachmaninov, Shvedo (a name unknown to us), Sibelius and Strauss. Albert Snow, organist, will play pieces by Bach and Bonnet.

An unusually interesting concert will be given by the Flute Players' Club next Sunday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. The program will include a sextet for flute (Georges Laurent), and strings by Boccherini, Chausson's piano quartet (Laura Hawkins, pianist); Florent Schmitt's "Lied and Scherzo" for horn (Mat Hess) and piano; Three Fragments from Honegger's "Les Paques a New York," text by Blaise Cendrass, for soprano (Mrs. Wyman Whittemore) and string quartet.

The "Lied and Scherzo" was originally, if we are not mistaken, for a double quintet of wind instruments, one a solo horn, and in this shape it was performed at a concert of the Longy Club in 1913.

The opera tonight is "The Love of Three Kings" in which Miss Garden, Messrs. Anseau and Baklanoff will take part. Friday, "The Barber of Seville" with Elvira Hidalgo, Messrs. Hackett, Rimini and Chaliapin.

Mme. Hidalgo, a Spanish coloratura singer, was born about 1892. Having sung at Madrid, Barcelona, Milan, she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, as Rosina on March 7, 1910. She sang at Covent Garden in February, 1924, and the London journals said that it was her first appearance in England.

"Pelleas and Melisande" will be the opera Saturday afternoon: Miss Garden, Messrs. Mojica and Baklanoff. The season of a fortnight will close Saturday night with "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Rosa Raisa, Forrest Lamont and Giacomo Rimini.

The Wolfsohn News reports Thamar Karsavina as talking in Toronto.

"It may be noted that she said 'Petersburg' and not Petrograd. And when she spoke of Moscow she did not call it Leningrad."

An accomplished geographer is this dancer. Mentioning New York she did not call it Terre Haute.

Apropos of Alfred Cortot, pianist, playing in London:

"The art of playing the piano is mainly one of concealing its defects. Chords easily sound heavy, arpeggios flimsy, the percussion irritating, and the melodies unsubstantial. The good player is continually creating for us illusions by which these things do not happen. He will make his chords crisp or languishing, and net never allow the tone to fail, and make the melody go straight home without hammering it. He makes up his mind early what he considers important, and then sticks to his point; he does not make the mistake of thinking everything important and reducing them all to nonentities. He is ready to subordinate a passage that cost him immense trouble to the requirements of the whole, and allow it even to be completely drowned by a figure or a theme which is, for the moment, more characteristic. Above all, he looks and thinks ahead, and after he has thought out the

thing, he will play it. Call with him eye on the last bar. The audience hears a sign of delight at the fuscious moments and breaks into involuntary applause at the agitation and tumult, both of which are easy, the balance and restraint and judgment which go to make that lever from which they were excrucious it takes for granted."

# "RIGOLETTO"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto," opera by Verdi. The Chicago Civic Opera Company, Roberto Moranzoni, conductor. The cast:

Duke of Mantua.....Charles Hackett  
Rigoletto.....Joseph Schwarz  
Gilda.....Tori dal Monte  
Giovanna.....Anna Correnti  
Sparafucile.....Vittorio Lazzari  
Maddalena.....Flora Perini  
Monte.....Antonio Nicolich  
Marullo.....Gildo Morelato  
Borsa.....Lodovico Oliviero  
Count Ceprano.....William Beck  
Countess Ceprano.....Lucie Westen  
Page.....Elizabeth Kerr

If it is Mr. Moranzoni who is responsible for the vein in which last night's performance was conceived and the mastery with which it was put into execution, hats should go off before him. At least "Rigoletto" came to the stage in the way some of its staunch admirers have been looking for this many a year.

It must be Mr. Moranzoni who planned it, for with the very first bars of the prelude he awoke a sense of tragedy to come. With every bar that followed the gloomy foreboding deepened, darkened, ill, with scarce a second of pause, the skittish dance music behind the scenes broke in, and up went the curtain on the brilliant stage set for a ball at court. The effect seems obvious enough; Verdi must have had in mind the striking contrast. How many conductors note it?

So it went the evening long. Not only did Mr. Moranzoni accompany the singers with the nicest discretion, but he made of the orchestral score a thing of unflattering beauty, delicate and sonorous both, to be listened to as attentively as a Wagner score. He did more: he made it almost continuously dramatic. In many a passage that has always sounded trivial he found a poetic meaning, and to others, often regarded as vulgar in their noise, he gave an eloquent significance other conductors overlook. Warm thanks are due Mr. Moranzoni for his vision of what "Rigoletto" may be, and also admiration for his high skill in execution.

On the stage he had good help. The settings were pretty and suggestive, the chorus sang remarkably well and, for an Italian chorus, they showed more interest in the proceedings than might have been expected.

And there was Mr. Schwarz to play "Rigoletto," a person so repulsive in the scenes where his malignity is most to the fore that the role is fast becoming almost out of the question. Less unpleasant than most baritones in the first act, there and also in the second, Mr. Schwarz was not notably effective. The scene with the courtiers, on the other hand, he managed superbly, and also the following scene with Gilda. His face, where, a broken old man, he leaned back in his chair haggard and blank with the exhaustion that follows desperation, will stay fast in the memory.

As excellent a singer as actor, Mr. Schwarz proved, if proof were necessary, that the most effective way to sing Verdi's music, or any other music, is to sing it in time and tune, with fine tone and with musical phrasing. There are singers in plenty who could learn a thing or two from Mr. Schwarz's masterly performance.

Mme. dal Monte, at this her first appearance here, though showing meagre ability as an actress, none the less, by simple and conventional means, succeeded in making Gilda's pathos felt. She has a clear, small voice, as pure as crystal and as cold, though it has a sweetness to it; extreme upper tones she forces till they grow shrill. Otherwise she is an admirable singer of her type, one who would probably appear to advantage in a role offering greater opportunity for display. She was especially happy in her share of the second scene duet while Rigoletto was instructing Giovanna, in the opening lines of "Caro nome," and in her narrative in the following scene. She has at her command a singularly beautiful trill.

Mr. Hackett, by his clever variation of manner toward Gilda and Maddalena, showed intuitions into the character of the duke, and to the duet with Gilda he brought real fervor. Becoming elegance he did not achieve. In this same duet he sang with a relaxation of the hard tone which marred his singing the rest of the evening.

Miss Perini made an unusually good Maddalena, and Mr. Lazzari an excellent Sparafucile. A large audience was highly enthusiastic; they had reason to be.

R. R. G.

# "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"

## Edith Mason Sings Cio-Cio-San—Lamont Is Pinkerton

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Company in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Conductor, Giorgio Polacco. The cast:

Cio-Cio-San.....Edith Mason  
Suzuki.....Flora Perini  
F. F. Pinkerton.....Forrest Lamont  
B. F. Pinkerton.....Elizabeth Kerr  
Kate Pinkerton.....Giacomo Rimini  
Sharpless.....Lodovico Oliviero  
Prince Yamadori.....Joe Mojica  
The Bouzo.....William Beck  
Goro.....Antonio Nicolich  
The Imperial Commissioner.....Gildo Morelato  
The Registrar.....Gildo Morelato

"Madama Butterfly" has not the inclusion, the deep and cumulative passion, the dramatic vigor of Puccini's "Tosca," nor has it the freshness, the lack of artifice of his "Boheme," from which he borrowed so generously for Cio-Cio-San. Here Puccini is primarily the sentimentalist, the lyrical, writing the most eloquently for the orchestra and in the sensuous love scene of the first act, the "vigli" music of the second.

The "mousme" of the opera is the pathetic Cio-Cio-San of Belasco's play; she has nothing of the gentle irony, the reality of Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysantheme" that suggested her. But for the American she is probably a more appealing and palatable figure than the sophisticated geisha who sat ringing her coins to see if they were false as the officer departed.

It is her naivete, her desolation that have made her so tragic. And the

success of the opera depends on the Cio-Cio-San. At best Pinkerton is an impossible puppet, even when he drinks his whiskey and soda to the accompaniment of an orchestral "Star Spangled Banner." His only real moment is in the love duet. In Paris, at the Opera Comique, the absurd Mrs. Kate Pinkerton has been deleted, an excellent precedent.

Yesterday afternoon the Chicago company gave an admirable performance, both musically and dramatically. Mme. Mason's Cio-Cio-San was charming in her first naivete, her shy confidences to Pinkerton, her timorousness, her ardor. She sang always with vocal beauty and expressiveness; with the second act her voice seemed to take on a new deepness, a tragic note that the younger Cio-Cio-San only suggests. A Cio-Cio-San of lightness in her tilts with Goro, a luminous and piteous geisha, dying resolutely.

Mr. Lamont sang his role of Pinkerton robustly, at his best in the duet of the first act, although his posturing was awkward. Mr. Mojica in his brief appearance as the wooing prince, gave an amazingly vivid characterization. Mr. Beck's Goro was malevolent, shrewd and unctuous, vocally effective.

Mr. Rimini was a sympathetic Sharpless, and Miss Perini sang and mimed Suzuki eloquently. For the rest there is only praise for the excellence of the orchestra, led by Mr. Polacco, for the opulence and exotic beauty of the settings, the skill in lighting, effectiveness of the singing of the chorus, both in their on and off stage moments. There was a large, enthusiastic audience.

E. G.

The late John Lane, the publisher, often visited Boston. On one of his early visits he came soon after Mr. H. G. Wells. The two of them were entertained in turn at a club, where they talked at ease and amused the members by descriptions of the literary life in London and the whims, caprices and follies of authors and publishers.

Mr. Wells preceded Mr. Lane. Warned by the hot juice of the Tuscan grape i.e. the wine of Scotland—or was it Rye?—Mr. Wells spoke in acid tones of grasping publishers, dwelling with emphasis on Mr. Lane. A few weeks later and after the departure of Mr. Wells our friend Lane disported himself at this club. A rash or mischievous member asked Mr. Lane if he had met Mr. Wells, who at that time was known as a writer of extraordinary novels and curious short tales. (He had not then begun to rewrite history, settle the affairs of the universe, or explain divine mysteries.) Thereupon Mr. Lane freed his mind about exacting and ungrateful authors, and when he came to Mr. Wells he was malevolently eloquent, sniffing and snorting in his noble rage. Author vs. publisher. It was a pity that they were not brought together in the club. No doubt they would have hobnobbed in private and taken a low view of American literature.

(Can and will any of our readers who appreciate the lofty line in poetry tell us the author of these magnificent lines? "Ten thousand Micks laid down their picks At the rising of the moon.")

They are surely from some stirring epic.

## CHICAGO SUNSETS

As the World Wags:



I was greatly impressed with the poetry and wisdom of Mr. Malone, the Chicago poet, as set forth in extracts from his educational poems in your column last week. What particularly impressed me, got me in fact, was his low descending January sun in the southwest. On Jan. 21 in order to give the sun and the poet every possible chance I watched that royal star which rose in the southeast. Whether it went round by the south I cannot say with any degree of certitude, but at about the usual time for the sun to fall below the horizon it had somehow got into the northwest for its final dip for the month. Is it possible that the poet was in error or is this the point of the compass, the southwest, where the Chicago sun usually sinks in January? G. F. S.

Newton Centre.

As the World Wags:

I invite your attention to the following sentence in the literary column of a local newspaper: "Zona Gale visits Boston this time under more favorable auspices than when she came last fall trying to stir interest in La Fayette's presidential candidacy."

Was it not Gen. Pershing who said, "La Fayette, nous voila!" A. H. GLEASON.

#### THAT GREAT SNOW STORM

As the World Wags:

Well I remember the great storm of Jan. 17-19, 1867. It was the greatest I have known. Wednesday night (16th) was one of the finest—"light as day." Thursday morning opened with a blizzard, and several inches of fallen snow. It snowed all Thursday and Thursday night; about three feet of snow fell, but so badly drifted that it was nearer 10 feet in places. Most vivid in memory was the view from Tremont row, down Cornhill. Two great banks, eight feet high, with a rough furrow between. Some snow storm. In February, 1893, and in March, 1916, there were snowfalls of 33 inches, but never another like the great storm of January, 1867. The hardest thing for me ever to recall has been that in the "blizzard of '88" in New York not a wheel turned for two days. We had but about a foot here, and in the "Portland" storm of '98 we had about 13 inches.

JAMES B. RUSSELL.

Lowell, Jan. 29, 1925.

#### RAPID TRANSIT

As the World Wags:

When I was a very small boy in New York passenger cars of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. started from what is now the Madison Square Garden and were hauled by four or six horses up Fourth avenue through the tunnel to Forty-second street, where the engine was put on. We lived at Rye in summers, and I suppose I have made this journey in this manner 100 times.

I also well remember coming into New York from Rye with my father; it must have been about 1870, the first day the conductors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford were put in "uniform." At this time it is impossible to imagine what a furore this caused and how it was supposed to be an unspeakable degradation. I vividly recall the conductor of this train, one Lockwood, getting down on the Rye platform when the train stopped and being surrounded by an indignant group of the station employees (field, the then and for many years thereafter, station master leading) and habitual passengers, who commiserated him on being "put into livery."

ANTHONY ARNOUX.

#### THE LAST FEAST

I have nibbled crusts with the worst of men.

I have broken bread with the best: I've been winned and dined by wealthy hosts

And have been the lowly's guest.

I have drunk red wine with a Hessian count,

Sipped tea with an English chap; Have bolted shellac with a Cossack chief,

Spouged gin where the flappers flap.

But my soul cries out for just one more feast

Before this old bark is sunk— A steaming cup and a roll or bun To gedunk, and gedunk, and gedunk.

DESDEMONA.

#### GOOD OLD SPOT

As the World Wags:

"Every dog has his day." Some have two, or even more, as evidence the Spitz or Pomeranian. Some lover of the old "plum pudding dog" will probably "bob up" one of these near-by dogs and start to popularize the Dalmatian again; but averaging the cycles of the popularity of the various breeds as I remember them since about 1865 I should say perhaps from 5 to 15 years from now we may expect the more or

less return of the popularity of the coach dog; there are yet really good specimens to use. I see one pass my house quite frequently, which except for black ears is a good representative specimen, and it is only two or three years since I have seen several in town. My early recollections of the breed calls to mind what was said to be a Yankee medicine peddler in England who traveled with a fine pair of road horses attached to an English wagonette and having from three to six of the spotted dogs running with, not always under, the vehicle. If I remember rightly, on one occasion one of the specimens was liver spotted as distinct from black spotted, which is quite permissible, and being less common often valued more. It is not so long, perhaps 25 years, since we had a well known breeder of bloodhounds and mastiffs who lived in the Back Bay who took up Dalmatians. Since then only sporadically would we see them around, although most of the larger dog shows would attract them; maybe there will be some specimens at the coming show.

JAMES M. PULLEY

## L'AMORE DEITRE RE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"L'Amore del Tre Re," opera by Montemezzi. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco. The cast:

Flora.....Mary Garden  
Archibaldo.....Virgilio Lazzari  
Manfredo.....Georges Baklanoff  
Avito.....Fernand Anseau  
Flaminio.....Lodovico Oliviero  
A Youth.....Jose Mojica  
A Handmaiden.....Gladys Swarthout  
A Young Girl.....Elizabeth Kerr  
An Old Woman.....Maria Claessens

It was a bonfire night yesterday at the opera. The world was there in force. There was Miss Mary Garden in "The Love of the Three Kings," with Mr. Polacco to conduct, and to crown all, Mr. Montemezzi was present in person, a man of modest bearing and distinguished appearance, the centre of attention, whether he would or no, after the close of the second act, when Mr. Polacco, from the stage, introduced him to the audience as the "greatest living Italian composer." The people, led by Miss Garden, applauded cordially, to which tribute Mr. Montemezzi made suitable acknowledgment.

Probably Mr. Polacco has the right of it. If Mr. Montemezzi is not the greatest Italian composer, who, after all, is greater? His opera last night sounded indeed very beautiful, one long flow from the orchestra of melody and color, lovely in itself to hear, skilful in its suggestion of such material conditions as serve an illustrative purpose—the waving of Flora's veil, for instance, the beat of horses' hoofs—and with the true emotional force that intensifies the passions that rock on the stage.

Keenly sensitive to the beauty and dramatic power of this wonderful orchestral score, Mr. Polacco read it with loving care and ardor; he made it glow and flash; he made it sing and throb. For the good of Benelli's verses, through, which presumably Mr. Montemezzi planned to be heard, Mr. Polacco loved his orchestra not wisely but too well. Time and again he drowned the singers' voices with a surge of sound. Mr. Lazzari had hard ado to make his tones heard in the splendid apostrophe to Italy, let alone his words; Miss Garden could not make a word understandable when she finally turned on the blind old man, and even Mr. Baklanoff found difficulty in his touching appeal to Flora. And there the melody stood, carefully written to be sung, and to be sung, one may guess, with distinct enunciation!

The performance, while effective enough, was curiously lacking in poetry and beauty. The first scene-setting and the last, both strikingly impressive, should have served as background for a series of beautiful pictures. But the actors, with the exception of Mr. Mojica, had but faint understanding of the art of beautiful and expressive pose. Mr. Anseau, nevertheless, though conventional in gesture, made of Avito a romantic figure out of the past and a truly ardent lover; he sang with genuine fervor.

Miss Garden sang much of her music well. Of Flora, the piteous girl scarce more than a child who loved and for honor's sake struggled against her love, she made a passionate woman stirred by the very wrath of love, a woman in her quiet moments sullen. Even in her wildest abandon, tormented often by a disturbing self-consciousness, she had one instant of emotion that carried conviction, that when, moved by pity, she laid her hand on Manfredo's breast.

Mr. Baklanoff sang the appeal to Flora movingly, when he could be heard, and he and Mr. Lazzari made the close of the second act truly impressive. The audience was enthusiastic.

R. R. G.

## CECELIA SOCIETY

Last evening, in Jordan hall, the Cecilia Society, with Malcom Lang, conductor, Laura Littlefield and Albert Snow, as soloists, gave the following program: I Will Praise Thee. O Lord (Converse); first performance.

The Cherubic Hymn (Gretchaninov); organ, (a) Andante in E minor (Bach). (b) Matin Provencal (Bonnet), Mr. Snow; We Praise Thee (Shvedof); Cherubim Song (Rachmaninov); songs by Mrs. Littlefield, Ernest Harrison, accompanist; Dusk (Gretchaninov); Wings of a Dove (Brockway); Spread Your Wings (Cull); The Answer of the Stars (Converse).

Both because of his skill as a choral conductor and for the sentimental interest in his succeeding to the place that his father held for so long, Malcom Lang was welcomed last evening. Although for this concert there was a tendency towards the sentimental, and a preponderance of Russian liturgical music of a monotonous sameness rather than to the largeness and vigor that were characteristic of the regime of B. J. Lang, one could not expect more for a first concert.

Mr. Lang has a chorus of many excellences, of full and sonorous tone, of beauty and expressiveness in their tonal gradations, of exquisite shadings, a precision of attack, and during the first half of the concert, a clearness in diction that was not so noticeable during the singing of Gretchaninov's "Dusk," and Howard Brockway's "Wings of a Dove," the latter supposedly for a chorus of eight unaccompanied voices, although it was sung by the entire body last evening. To the strident blaze of glory of Mr. Converse's setting for the "Ninth Psalm" they brought buoyancy and vocal strength, although at times the accompanying trumpet, trombone, organ and piano, completely engulfed their voices.

For the rest, Mrs. Littlefield and Mr. Snow, the organist, were soloists. Mrs. Littlefield sang two Strauss songs, one of Sibelius, another, a sentimental vocalise of Henachel; and for encore Martin Shaw's "Song of the Palanquin Bearer" that she gave here earlier in the season. And she sang with her customary cool vocal beauty. Mr. Snow played the Bach andante in E minor and a "Matin Provencal" of the French organist Bonnet, its melancholy air developed in one of the Greek modes.

There was a large audience, enthusiastic in its applause. E. G.

## Henry Hadley of New York Philharmonic Conducts by Invitation

By PHILIP HALE

Henry Hadley, associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, conducted, as a guest, yesterday afternoon the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The program was as follows: Hadley, Symphony, No. 4, D minor, "North, East, South and West" (first time in Boston); Beethoven "Ah, perfido!" (Mme. Matzenauer); Strauss, "Don Juan"; Mozart, "Papa" from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Mme. Matzenauer); Smetana, Overture to "The Sold Bride."

Mr. Koussevitzky, we hear, urged Mr. Hadley to conduct one of his own works, surely a courteous act on Mr. Koussevitzky's part. Seven of Mr. Hadley's compositions, including two symphonies, had been played at these concerts during the last 19 years. He chose for performance yesterday the symphony that he composed for the festival of the Litchfield County (Ct.) Union in 1911. One might easily infer from the title of the work what Mr. Hadley has taken pains to say in his notes contributed to the program book: that the music suggests "the frozen North, the Far East, Southern negro ragtime rhythms, and the spirit of the West of our Pacific coast." He was anxious that no one, hearing the second movement, should think of New England as the "East" and try to find in the music the Puritan spirit, possibly a Salem witchcraft episode, colonial psalmody, or the suggestion of east wind, codfish and twanging speech. No, Mr. Hadley's "East" should be the Orient of waving palms, camels, dancing girls, languorous, voluptuous strains of music in strange modes, not to mention dates, narghiles, afrites and genell.

As a composer Mr. Hadley has facility, fluency, a knowledge of instrumental resources. In a word he has orchestral technic in considerable measure. He can write suave or impetuous themes and develop them with assurance and with euphonious or tempestuous results. What one misses in this symphony as in other works of his are motives with a decided profile,

pregnant thematic material revealing individuality, and individuality in the treatment of the material. This does not mean that he is not capable of often writing agreeable music or music that quickens the pulse—for the moment. Yesterday the audience enjoyed with good reason certain pages of the second movement, pages of an exotic nature, the rhythmic gaiety of the scherzo and the pages in the finale that were especially characteristic of North American Indian music as we have been taught to recognize it by ethnologists who have devoted themselves laboriously to this branch of their industry.

As a conductor Mr. Hadley has authoritative control of the orchestra. He knows what he wishes as an interpreter and succeeds in obtaining it. He insists on rhythmic values; on the singing of lyric measures. He is spirited, enthusiastic. What he wished yesterday and what he did not wish to obtain from the players might be subjects for academic discussion. In "Don Juan" he seemed more insistent on showing the hero's strenuous, robust nature than caring for delicate nuances or fine poetic expression, except in the section with the love song for the oboe, which was beautifully played by Mr. Longy.

The orchestra was heartily responsive to Mr. Hadley's wishes. He was recalled by the appreciative audience several times.

Mme. Matzenauer sang the dramatic recitative, "Ah, perfido," and the lyric measures of the two arias with incomparable beauty of tone, surpassing vocal skill and deep and contagious emotion. Nor in the florid measures at the end of Mozart's aria was she found wanting. The greater part of "Ah, perfido" is uninspired and boring. We have read that Beethoven himself did not care greatly for this score with aria and thought it unsuitable for the concert hall. Mr. Hadley's orchestral accompaniment was sympathetic and supporting.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week—Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct—is as follows: Rabaud, "Nocturnal Procession"; Roussel, "For a Spring Festival"; Dukas, "The Pearl"—Dance Poem; and d'Indy, Symphony No. 2, B flat major.

In a biographical sketch of Igor Stravinsky, published in a program book of the Boston Symphony orchestra, this statement was made:

"On Jan. 11, 1906, he married. He has since devoted himself to composition."

S. H. E. writes to us: "Is this responsible for the many discords in his music?"

#### MAGAZINE RHETORIC

X. Y. Z. of Cambridge read this sentence in a recent issue of a popular periodical: "In the dark he felt the staggering breath of her unutterable relief."

#### BEST SELLERS

I asked my bookman, could he tell The volumes selling extra well, In this new winter season. Whether the biographic sort, The novel or the story short, Philosophy or reason?

The book purveyor shook his head, "Not one that you have named," he said.

"Nor tales of spooks and fables; The books for which the public cares Are of plain paper ruled in squares And pocket dictionaries."

A. W.

Mr. Paderewski giving one recital in London (Feb. 17) and other recitals in England will place the whole of the proceeds of the series in the hands of the directors of the British Legion (the Haig fund).

As the World Wags:

A gent comes up to my aisle in the theatre last nite with 'is lady friend han asts fer a coupla seats in the centah. 'E is all duked up in a wing and stiff, don't y' know, 'an 'is lady 'as one of them without sleeves dresses on. So hi sends 'im inside th' aisle han' tells th' guy inside t' give 'im the best that there was. Five minutes later the gent comes hout han' says t' me says 'e: "Say bud, where kin I get a package uv chewin' gum in this here joint?"

THE EARL OF USHER.

#### CHIROPRACTIC PREPARATION

(From "How I Am Bringing Up My Physical Culture Baby," by Mrs. Bertha L. Nelson, in the November Physical Culture.)

My husband, too, contributed his share in health building. He was of Scandinavian extraction and when a young man was an iron puddler in a mill where he developed his body by lifting iron ladles. Later, when he became a chiropractor, he fitted up an outdoor gymnasium in our backyard and every day took a series of exercises that kept him physically fit.



IN OUR HALL OF FAME

We voted enthusiastically for Mr. Upper Bier, a butcher of Hoboken, N. J., who is still actively in business. His name was enough to excite admiration and respect. Add to it the fact that on his 100th birthday he ate a party dinner, smoked a strong cigar and gave no advice on how to live a long and happy life. That he has 142 descendants was unnoticed in the consideration of his claim for membership.

LACK OF TACT AND COURTESY

As the World Wags:  
Talk about embarrassing moments. I am holding up a guy in an alley last night when a cop steps up and says: Hey! What's going on here? Honest! I was so mortified I could a died!  
SIG NILLI.

WHAT'S THE WEIGHT OF THE ROPE?

R. L. W. sends to us a problem that, he says, is exercising the wits and mathematical acumen of dwellers in dear old Union. The problem is an agreeable relief from the cross-word puzzle:  
Suppose there were a rope hanging over a pulley with a weight on one end of the rope and at the other end a monkey the same weight as the weight. Now suppose the rope weighed 4 ounces per foot and the age of the monkey and the monkey's mother together was years and the weight of the monkey as many pounds as the monkey's mother was years old and the monkey's mother was twice as old as the monkey was when the monkey's mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkey's mother was when the monkey's mother was three times as old as the monkey; and the weight of the weight and the weight of the rope was half as much again as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight of the weight and the weight of the monkey.

OUR QUESTION BOX

As the World Wags:  
Some years ago Henry Elchheim, now living at Santa Barbara, was conducting an "Orchestra of Boston Symphony soloists" at a summer hotel. He was asked whether "Songs Without Words" were cheaper than songs with words. She got off easily because she was good-looking.  
Ever since those B. U. girls flunked that difficult and unfair test, certain questions have come up which should be answered in your column.  
1-Is d'Indy a hair tonic or a cure for dandruff?  
2-Is Handel's Largo a patented beverage or not?  
3-When did Richard Strauss quit writing waltzes? Wasn't it about the time he composed "The Chocolate Soldier" or "The Rose Cavalier"?  
4-To decide a bet. Were the first names of the James boys Jesse and Frank, or William and Henry?  
5-Does Prof. George Copeland really hate freshmen or not? Some Harvard graduates say "Yes," some "No."  
N. H. J. N.

O TEMPORAL O MORES

As the World Wags:  
It is passing queer how great a part contrast plays in this life we live. Of equal surprise is the fact that we miss a lot of contrasts, just as we blink at many opportunities.  
Quite recently my wife, who has a true feminine fondness for ices which are found in no college, hinted that the best in the city were to be had at "The Pale Light," which, for information purpose, is located within the golden shadow of the State House dome. Thither we went. I submit a bit of life sensed in the pale glimmers.  
Mildred and Millicent, done with business for the week, were crowding the events of three months into a six minutes' conversation. They were fast workers with the spoons and with the tongue. If Nurmi had their speed no record would be safe from demolition.  
Mildred finished first, two spoonfuls ahead of Millicent. She then announced, as she totalled her sixty-seven check, that she was on her way to a well known bargain basement where she intended to purchase a solid silver monogrammed cigarette case for her friend Maximilian, who carelessly comported his in the original package.  
Thus, from where Money shrieks to where Money talks—while "Maxy" missed the contrast.  
Boston. J. D. RUSSELL.

MISS HIDALGO IS CHARMING ROSINA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Barber of Seville," opera by Rossini. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. Conductor, Pietro Cimlini. The cast:  
Count Almaviva.....Charles Hackett  
Don Bartolo.....Vittorio Trevian  
Rosina.....Elvira Hidalgo  
Dr. Basilio.....Feodor Chelapin  
Figaro.....Giacomo Rimini  
Berta.....Maria Claessens

André.....Lodovico Oliviero  
Mortlio.....Odo Morelato  
A Sergeant.....

Last night at the opera it came the turn of comedy, or, to be precise, let us call it farce—or yet, to be more accurate still, we may say low comedy. Tradition has it that "The Barber" should be played in riotous vein, and no less an authority than the late Clara Louise Kellogg, in the comic book who wrote of reminiscences, lays down the law that a "classic" opera must be performed in accordance with the traditions.

No doubt in general her ruling is sound. To prove it, she would only have to point to last night's performance, traditional enough to content the soul of the oldest opera-goer in town, and yet so lively and droll it had the vast audience shouting with laughter almost every minute.  
But if a person fond of research went far enough back into operatic history, it seems quite possible he might unearth traces of an earlier tradition. The Beaumarchais play does not read like slap-stick comedy, nor is there any report that they played it like one in France a hundred years or so ago. When opera composers choose to set a libretto made from a play, they usually try to express in their music as well as they can the spirit of the play. Rossini, by the evidence of his delightful music, was no exception to the rule. Then, the question is, would he have been a man to tolerate in his masterpiece overmuch horseplay?

Miss Kellogg to the contrary and all tradition, too, it would be interesting to see how the "Barber" would march if it were treated as a comedy of people and not of freaks. Bartolo, though the saying is true that there is no fool like an old fool, could be played like a man of substance and authority, not a clown. The count could have a little the air of a young nobleman engaged in intrigue; his manners when in disguise would seem the funnier by contrast. Basilio, a minor personage, could keep the place the dramatist gave him—and still be amusing, if nature blessed him with a sense of character. And Figaro, let him be sprightly as he can, might remember his position in the household and refrain from too many liberties. A performance so conceived might prove more amusing than that of the usual type. Who knows?

That of last night, in its own way, was full of life and spirits. Mr. Cimlini made the orchestra sound exquisite, and he let the singers be heard. Miss Hidalgo, a newcomer to town, was well worth the hearing, a singer of charming voice when she did not damage its bloom by forcing tone, with a smooth legato and a pretty knack at turning a phrase, a fine skill in recitative, and coloratura very neat and precise though not remarkably brilliant. She was also worth the seeing, a charmingly pretty Rosina who moved about the stage with the grace and rhythm of a ballerina, a comedian endowed with real comic force. Nervousness early in the evening made her needlessly vivacious. After the shadow song from "Dinorah," which she sang in the lesson scene, she was roundly applauded.

Mr. Rimini, that actor whose spirits never fail, made an extremely good Figaro, one able to sing with ease and full tone the barber's voluble chatter. Mr. Hackett was happiest in his second disguise, showing himself a very good comedian. Mr. Trevian, singing the music better than most, played Don Bartolo like a dozen or so buffos before him. Mr. Chelapin, grotesque in appearance beyond the limits of humor, determined at all cost to make his presence felt, had his funny moments. His singing brought no new light to the subject of what is effective in song. Of course all he did was much applauded.  
R. R. G.

Feb 8 1925  
'PELLEAS'

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House—Matinee: Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," performed by the Chicago Opera Company, Mr. Polacco, conductor.  
Melisande.....Mary Garden  
Genevieve.....Maria Claessens  
Little Ynold.....Heien Freund  
Pelleas.....Jose Mojica  
Golaud.....Georges Baklanoff  
Arkel.....Alexander Klonis  
The Doctor.....Antonio Nicolich

The Chicago company gave a remarkably poetic performance of a most poetically beautiful opera, an opera that, to use the phrase of Swinburne in praise of Coleridge, is "lonely and incomparable" in the literature of the lyric stage.  
For in "Pelleas and Melisande" text, situations, moods, emotions and action are as one. Thus, this opera has no parallel, nor is there any operatic music surpassing Debussy's for sheer emotional and dramatic beauty. The play appealed to the composer's peculiar genius. This tragedy in Noman's Land, with its old castle by an un-

known sea, with a prince and heroine whose birth and early years are left in mystery, with a venerable monarch brooding over the problems of life and death, this young Pelleas about to leave the scene, but detained by fate, the grim Golaud, who found out to his cost that age and youth should never wed, even the physician and the retainers who appear only to be by a death-bed—all and everything are of a fantastic dream world, fantastic, perhaps symbolical, yet in quality very human. To underline, emphasize, annotate this play with music—who was there but Debussy?

Miss Garden has been Melisande, not merely taking the role, for over 20 years. Others have been seen here as the maiden that lost her crown and was found weeping in the forest by the curious and perplexed Golaud. There was Mme. Gergette Leblanc with her stained-glass attitudes. There was Mme. Edvina, pleasing to eye and ear, but not the Melisande of drama—artist or composer. No, there is only one Melisande, a strange, arresting, indescribably pathetic figure in life, in love, in death. Only Miss Garden has brought one close to Melisande; only Miss Garden has her face, her voice. She knows of her what neither Masterlinck nor Debussy has revealed, if it was ever known to them. And for this portrayal, her dramatic sins in certain other operatic roles should be forgiven her.

The first Pelleas, Jean Perier, came to New York, but not to Boston. No one approached him in this country until yesterday. We see him now as we saw him at the Manhattan Opera House—as if he had stepped out from an old tapestry. Dalmores was miscast in the role, a too robust, a too operatic figure. Riddez was not romantic. Yesterday Mr. Mojica almost made us forget Perier, and Mr. Mojica has this advantage, his youthful appearance, grace, personal charm. Add to all this his artistic sensitiveness, his eloquence in bearing and gesture, a reserve that foretold the tragedy to come, his fervent declaration and his ecstasy before Golaud gave the fatal thrust. Is there a more exquisite scene in all opera than the one in which Pelleas announces his departure and Melisande asks why he must go? And was a scene of this quiet and suppressed emotion ever more beautifully played than it was yesterday?

Boston has seen Dufranno and Marcou as Golaud. Did either give so strong a portrayal as that of Mr. Baklanoff? Not in Boston, at least. Neither one had so thoughtfully composed the role. The word psychological as applied to a dramatic performance has been abused, but yesterday for the first time one knew Golaud's soul, saw its workings, the growing jealousy, the increasing desire to kill so that he himself might be put out of torment; the desperate efforts at self-restraint and at last the searing red. There were times when Mr. Baklanoff rose to tragic heights, when his passion had epic grandeur.

No one ever read the letter as the lamented Gerville-Reache read it; there have been as impressively majestic Arkel, little Ynolds with more distinct enunciation; but, all in all, the performance of yesterday was the finest that we have seen, not excepting the first in New York with Jean Perier. Mr. Polacco and the excellent orchestra gave an inspired interpretation of the score. No wonder that the great audience was most enthusiastic.

A few remarks about certain features of the all-too-short season will be found in another section of this morning's Herald.

J. H. W. asks the origin of the phrase "chewing the rag," and how it came into colloquial speech.

Various explanations have been given, some of them far-fetched. "To chew the rag of fat" is, or was, in British military slang, meaning "to grumble."

"Rag," or "red rag" has been for over a century a slang term for tongue. To "rag" a man has long meant in England to chaff or tease him. In 1888 some one quoted "chewing the rag at me" in Notes and Queries. The phrase was defined as "to scold," also "to sulk."

That the prevailing craze in this country is devastating England is shown by these verses published in the Daily Chronicle of London.

IN THE MINORITY

I fancy I'm unique—at all  
Events I'm very rare;  
With me, I'm sure, few people in  
The country can compare.  
From Shetland to the Scilly Isles,  
From John o' Groat's to Start,  
Distinguished from my fellow-men  
I'm in a class apart.

"Why—how . . ." I hear you murmuring  
In tube and train and tram,  
"You LOOK—er—rather commonplace!"  
My dear old thing, I am!  
But, notwithstanding, I'm unique,

Because I have not let  
Myself so much as TRY to solve  
A cross-word puzzle . . . yet.  
E. L. E.

UNKNOWN TO US

As the World Wags:  
During the coldest part of the recent cold spell, a friend of mine happened to be in Framingham. He had on an old-fashioned ulster with the high collar buttoned beneath his chin, and thick woolen mittens, but still felt cold. As he approached the railway station a couple of workmen passed him on their way to the freight yard. Both were in their shirtsleeves with the hands and arms bare, and the upper part of the chest as well. As they passed by, my friend heard one of them say to the other: "You can say what you like, Bill, there's nothing like a farmer's fizz to warm you up."

My friend and I are wondering if a farmer's fizz is in any way akin to what we older folk used to know as a gin fizz. Can that eminent archaeologist, Prof. Longshot, who has been charming the readers of this column with his fascinating lectures on "Customs of the Ancients," throw any light on this subject?  
CHARLES ST. C. WADE.

Taunton.

In Albany, N. Y., the farmers who drove into the market held in State street, drank large quantities of hard cider at Capron & Pike's, whose drinkery—an excellent one, by the way, renowned for ale, old and new, also milk punches—was opened at 5 o'clock in the summer mornings.

In our boyhood, farmers in the haying field drank switchel out of a pail beneath a shading tree. Molasses and water, ginger, a little vinegar, and once in a while a dash of New England rum. Way back in 1800, the Rev. Mason L. Weems wrote in his life of Gen. George Washington: "The dauntless Yankees still drank their switchel." Not that he himself was a toad-pot; far from it. Did he not write against the Demon, as in his "Drunkard's Looking Glass," published at Baltimore? And we find in Judge Halliburton's "Clock-maker" this cheering invitation: "What will you have? Cocktail, sling, julp (sic) sherry cobbler, pure talabogus, clear sheer or switchell (sic)?" "Clear sheer" is understandable; undiluted with water; but what in the world was "talabogus"?—Ed.

THAT WAS GOLDWIN'S OPINION

As the World Wags:  
In view of the recent appointment of Mr. Kellogg (now at the Court of St. James) to succeed our present secretary of state it is of interest to read the following admonition from the Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith:  
"Lowell was also one of the 10. His anti-British prejudice was at that time still rather strong. I found him more sociable when I afterwards met him as an American ambassador in England. He was not only cured of his anti-British prejudice, but largely Anglicized, as American ambassadors to England are apt to be. It is hardly wise to make them afterwards American secretaries of state."  
Washington papers please copy.  
UNQUITY.

HOUSECLEANING

(For As the World Wags)

Today I dusted my books,  
Soft red poetry books, tall blue history books,  
Circumspect classic novels in green and gold,  
Solemn books and saucy books,  
Battered old text-books, dropping out pages;  
Rows and rows of books I used to carry about and love,  
Fragrant, for all their dust, with spring-times I can never forget.  
I took them down, one by one, and felt of them.  
Here and there I turned a page.  
Ideas crowded around me, those old new ideas that are in my books;  
Silent voices filled my ears. I dusted in a glow of glory.  
Now they are back again, blue and gold red,  
Gleaming discreetly behind their glass doors;  
And I am getting ready to cook supper.  
At the thought of bean soup and apple sauce my soul sings.  
Who can deny the advantages of a higher education?  
Hartford, Vt. ALICE C. PERRY.

SPREAD YOUR ASHES

As the World Wags:  
There are apparently people so weak of limb that they never shovel the snow from their sidewalks, and there are some that do, but leave little patches of ice here and there that are more dangerous than snow, as I discovered when I slipped upon some congealed water the other night and found myself later with a dislocated shoulder and a broken forearm. I know that coal



Our village operatic festival ended last night. Sixteen operas in two weeks, with no unfamiliar opera in the repertoire chosen by the Boston committee: only those operas that are fondly supposed to act as magnets at the box office. No doubt the committee thus acted wisely, in view of the inevitable pecuniary risk. Fortunately the chosen repertoire included "Pelleas and Melisande."

The performances were of a high average in quality. The orchestra was an excellent one, led ably, for the most part, by the several conductors. Mr. Polacco was a tower of strength. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Moranzoni again in the conductor's chair; it brought to mind the dear dead days beyond recall when Boston boasted of its own opera company in the house built expressly for it. The chorus was vocally effective, and in action showed signs of life. The stage management was able, and the stage settings were, as a rule, handsome and appropriate. There was one noteworthy exception: the garden scene in "Faust," with its gaudy, staring, vulgar flower beds, its general unromantic aspect.

Are the managers of the Chicago Opera Company afraid of Mr. Chaliapin, that they allow him to mar the beauty of this important episode in Gounod's opera by resorting to the burlesque action of picking a farce-comedy sunflower and presenting it to Martha? We are told that Mr. Chaliapin insists on this piece of pitiable business; that this sunflower is touted about as an indispensable property. This shows that in his inmost soul Mr. Chaliapin, however impressive he may be as Boris or the Mephistopheles of Boito, is not an artist from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head; that he is restless and disturbed on the stage unless he is the centre of attraction. Nor was his Mephistopheles last week, excellent as it was in many ways dramatically, and vocal nuances rather than in tonal beauty or art in song, by any means an incomparable portrayal.

A good many years ago there was a bass singer named Hermanns. He was what the Germans call a beer-bass; he had a tremendous voice which would go down into the cellar. We heard him in New York in 1868 as Sarastro in "The Magic Flute." As the high priest of the mysteries he was obliged to be dignified. But he was reproached for his vulgarity, his clowning as Mephistopheles. Hermanns sang in concert also with a rich, thick, fruity accent. One of his songs was "The Storm King," with which he shook the chandelier. Another favorite song of his was "I'm Afloat, I'm Afloat," which his pronunciation turned into "I'm a float, I'm a float," which, indeed, he was to outward view.

The Emperor Diocletian, weary of persecuting the Christians, remarking that it was difficult to rule well, abdicated and went to his villa in Dalmatia, where he enjoyed himself by gardening.

Hermanns followed his example. He left the stage and, retiring to the recesses of New Jersey, raised cabbages.

One might ask, with all due respect, why the chamber of Thais in her Alexandrian house was fitted up in supposedly Egyptian style. Alexandria was and is in Egypt, it is true, but it was practically a foreign city, dominated by Romans, frequented by Greeks, and in philosophic and literary thought influenced by Greeks. Thais was not an Egyptian in the old legend. Her name is Greek. We read in "The Golden Legend": "Thais is said taphos, that is to say death, for she was cause of the death of many that died for her in sin. Or she is said of thallos, that is to say delight, for she was delicious to men and accomplished all worldly delights, or she is said of thalamo, that is will or affection of marriage, for at the last she had will to be married to God by great penance."

In Anatole France's novel, Thais was born of poor but free parents, given to idolatry. When she was a little girl her father kept a tavern frequented by sailors. In "The Golden Legend" there is nothing about her parentage. "She was a common woman, and of so great beauty that many followed her and sold all their substance, that they came into the uttermost poverty. And they that were her lovers fought for her, and strove for jealousy, so that they otherwhile slew each other, and thereof her house was oft full of blood of young men that drew to her." And when the holy abbot, Pafuntius, heard of this "he took on him secular habit and a shilling in his purse, and went to her in a city of Egypt."

Again we saw Micaela with high-heeled shoes; Carmen, the gypsy cigarette maker, in more or less expensive clothes.

There were many pleasant features in the performances, a few that will be long remembered, as the portrayal of the lovers of Verona and the Faust and Marguerite of Mr. Hackett and Edith Mason; the Boris of Mr. Chaliapin; the orchestra: the intelligence and grace of Mr. Mojica; the fervent singing of Mr. Anseau, and above all the dominating, yet always artistic, presence of Mr. Baklanoff.

We suppose it will be necessary to endure Mr. Rimini, the baritone, as long as Rosa Raisa is in the company. Could she not persuade him, a truly devoted wife, to confine his activities to looking after her baggage or keeping a watchful eye on the box office?

As for Miss Garden, she is always a variable quantity, like the little girl in the nursery rhyme. When she is sincere, when she does not feel herself obliged to please the public, when she forgets herself and does not deliberately set out to be "cute," she adorns the operatic stage. She still has to learn that her mannerisms, which she can discard when she pleases, her often absurd and disturbing gestures, her prancing walk, her twisting and wriggling, as in her attempt as Thais to lead poor Athanael from the narrow path of virtue, are unworthy of her. It is a pleasure to add that her voice was never—that is, within recent years—more expressive and under firmer control.

Naturally the Boston committee relied chiefly on her and Mr. Chaliapin to crowd the opera house, but, we are glad to say, that performances in which they did not take part delighted great audiences

and in some instances were as a whole artistically even more satisfactory. The committee is to be congratulated on the result of its work.

One could not help thinking of the years gone by, when Mr. Baklanoff and Mr. Moranzoni were associated with Boston's own opera. It was on Nov. 8, 1909, that the opera house was opened by a performance of "La Gioconda," in which Mr. Baklanoff took the part of Barnaba, the spy. Of his co-mates on that night, Lillian Nordica and Florencio Constantino are dead. Mme. Homer is living and still singing. What has become of Giusto Nivette, a faithful but uninspired singer? Where is Anna Meitschick? Where is Attilio Pulcini, so joyous in "La Boheme"? Arnaldo Conti, the conductor, who worked hard and earnestly to put the Boston opera on a firm foundation, he, too, has joined the great majority. The last heard from Delfino Mercotti, whose stage settings and stage management were worthy of all praise, was from Odessa, where he suffered with the rest after the Russian revolution.

What a pity that the original operatic plan was abandoned, that prices were raised, that expenses became extravagant, that there was waste on every hand. And so the public spirit and the generosity of Eben Jordan at last came to nought, and he withdrew from the operatic field, sadly disappointed, if not embittered.

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Verdi's "Requiem" performed by the Boston Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club. Georges Laurent, director. See special notice.

**MONDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

**TUESDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Pablo Casals, violoncellist. See special notice.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet, assisted by Ernest Schelling, pianist. Beethoven, Quartet, B flat major, op. 18, No. 6; Brahms, Quartet, C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Schelling, Divertimento (mss.).

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 11 A. M. Children's concert. Ernest Schelling, conductor.

Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Andrew Haig, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor; Schumann, "Papillons"; Medtner, Sonata, G minor; Brahms, Rhapsodie op. 119, Intermezzo op. 118, No. 2; Dohnanyi, Etude-Caprice; Debussy, "Reflets Dans l'Eau"; Liszt, Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 113, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 15.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

## The Case of M. Picard

### Extraordinary Adventure of a Treasurer and Belated Amorist

Because M. Picard, of the Opera Comique in Paris, at the age of sixty-three fell desperately in love with a light-skirt, he stole 523,633 francs and 29 centimes from the box office receipts. The story of his adventure and his trial is told in Figaro.

Picard is a little man, bald, yellow faced, with a dirty gray moustache, wrinkled forehead, hollow cheeks, a man apparently bent and broken. With his black cravat he has the air of an aged sheriff's officer. At the trial he was gentle, humble, courteous. He said "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," replying to the judge. He once was an actor, a leading young man in the theatres. Ambitious for a stage career, he was a pupil in a Swiss conservatory. At Rouen he became acquainted with George Grand, who was afterward a member of the Comedie Francaise, and he married Grand's sister. Having played at Rouen, at the Cluny in Paris, where he remained seven years, at the Ambigu, where he played for 17 years in roles of lovers, he became treasurer and stage manager at the Ambigu, and in 1910 entered the employ of the Opera Comique, where he proved himself to be a model official. He was the incarnation of neatness and accuracy, respected and admired by all. He came to the theatre in a bus, and ate two poached eggs for his luncheon at a little restaurant. A correct, orderly, frugal person.

It was finally noticed that once a week on a fixed day he did not arrive at the Opera Comique until half-past three.

This pink of humble respectability had a mistress. His luncheon with Mlle. Syriex cost him 100 francs a plate. A motor car was at her service. A room that he rented was at 170 francs a month. As soon as his daily task was over, he went to this room, changed his clothes, donned a wig, made himself young and called on Mlle. Syriex. Rejuvenated, he sat for photographers.

He said at the trial: "Ah, Mr. President, my metamorphoses have been somewhat exaggerated. The wig was only a toupet, and I did not make up my face. Yes, it was a toupet."

The wigs were on a table in the court room, three of them in pasteboard boxes by the side of some indecent books found in his rented chamber. Mlle. Syriex did not appear at the trial, for as the presiding official said her physical condition was such that "emotions were forbidden her." When Picard first met her she was a woman of the streets with a police card. The good maid hoped to regenerate her. He furnished an apartment for her, allowed her 2000 francs a month, visited her three times a week, for he was a man of regular habits. He ate with her. And thus he led a double life.

We regret to say that Mlle. Syriex deceived him cruelly. She still kept her friendship with an old and disreputable lover whom she kept in a lumber-room in her apartment. He possessed a motor car and diamonds.

When Picard's misfortunes were related in court he sighed and wrung his hands. His forehead was the more wrinkled. He loved the woman; he addressed poems, songs of love to her, and in his best handwriting he wrote: "I love you . . . today more than yesterday and much less than I shall love you tomorrow."



For five years, he had taken 2000 francs, then 10,000, then 200,000 from the subscriptions. "If I had been better watched," he said, "I should not now be here." It is, indeed, surprising that one could take 500,000 and more francs from the treasury of a theatre without being detected in the course of five years.

What became of all this money? It was charged that he had kept none of it, about 80,000 francs. At this accusation Picard jumped up, made a sweeping gesture, perhaps it was rather theatrical, and exclaimed: "No, not that! I swear it. Then I should have been a criminal. I have spent it all on Mlle. Syriex. How do you expect that I should know exactly what I could spend in five years?" His lawyer observed that if Picard had made a reservation, he would have hastened in 1924 to make good the deficit, which was about to be discovered, if Picard had not been the first to make himself a prisoner. But this man of precision, who wrote a visiting card the amount of his embezzlements, could not, or did not wish to say what he had stolen during the last year. They found only 600 francs put by at Mlle. Syriex's apartment.

There was a procession of witnesses. There was Mme. Blin, who collected the subscriptions. She said that the management had nothing to do with the receipts which she turned over to Picard; the management was wholly ignorant. The directors said that they had had the greatest confidence in Picard, a model treasurer. "Nothing could make us suspect his honesty." Two of Picard's associates, with trembling voices, did not believe him capable of having stolen for his own advantage to put a man aside.

Then came a pitiable little old woman, bowed, clad in black, a lamentable person. It was Mme. Picard. Tears rolled down her withered cheeks. She had forgiven the wigs, the room where her husband went to dress himself as a young leading man to meet ridicule and shame. And she spoke these sorrowful words:

"He has been good to me. He worked. He has always made me happy. He was attentive to me in every way."

In his box the guilty husband wept in his handkerchief. This man who had stolen could not help being moved. Victor Hugo wrote: "The heart for loving never passes, never does the heart grow old." Even the lawyer for the Opera Comique's civil action, said in a short and emotional address: "This man should be punished, but I ask pity for him."

The attorney-general demanded condemnation, but not a severe one for this old lover of sixty-three years, a Marquis de Priola in a wig, M. de Gaultier, in his plea, well considered and of a literary character, demanded an acquittal and pardon. According to him the truly guilty persons, those who would remain unpunished, were the woman Syriex and her curious lover, an old deserter, Charlot, who would have profited by Picard's thefts.

The jury deliberated for a long time. They brought in a verdict of guilty, but disregarding the fact that Picard was a salaried man, they decreed that there was not what the French law called a crime but only a misdemeanor, and they found extenuating circumstances. O gallant, cavalier juryman!

The court sentenced Picard, the belated amorist, to an imprisonment of a year, and a fine of 100 francs. And it was decreed that the Opera Comique should receive back the 523,633 francs with the 29 centimes. But how can M. Picard ever raise the sum?

The story in Figaro of this pathetic incident in operatic life is told at length by Georges Claretie, the son of Jules Claretie, director of the Comedie-Francaise from 1885 till August, 1913. (He died in December of that year.) Jules wrote in June of that year that he had decided to resign the position. "I shall no doubt miss the theatre, yet I am in a hurry to leave it. Yes, though groaning, scolding, protesting over it, I regret the life that I am going to leave, the life that is murdering me. It has become a habit. Habit! To have been twenty-eight years in the same shell is to have been an oyster. All this saddens me. And the future disquiets me. Germany—her armaments, her ambitions. I fear for my country." These prophetic words end "Souvenirs du Diner Bixio," a readable volume compiled with pious care by Georges Claretie, from note books left by his father. It is supplementary to the series "La Vie a Paris" in 15 volumes (1895-1913) collected by Jules from his feuilletons and other writings, a graphic picture of French artistic, literary, social and political life during those years.

The terminology of musical criticism is limited. Critics should welcome a new word. Not long ago a comrade in arms, plying his trade in New York, spoke of a singer appearing under certain circumstances as "fogous." It's a good word, one that can enter into cross-word puzzles. It reminds us, to use Abraham Lincoln's formula, of a little story.

Years ago in Chelsea, Vt., the leading villager was in the habit of entertaining stray clergymen, or ministers of the gospel, as they were known. Family prayers were the rule in those good old days. One morning the guest was asked to lead in prayer. He prayed long and loud and wound up by hoping that two young sons of the host would grow up to be "two hemispheres." The father, having complimented the minister on his prayer, said: "But what did you mean by hoping my sons would be like hemispheres?"

"O nothing particular; but I thought it would please the boys."

Now was this singer pleased?

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra on May 11 and 25. At the first concert the program will comprise Corelli's Concerto Grosso, No. 2; the Venusberg music in "Tannhauser"; de Falla's Suite, "Love the Sorcerer," and Beethoven's 7th Symphony. The program of the second will include Mozart's Symphony, major, and Beethoven's 9th.

Is high, but after it has become ashes it has little or no commercial worth in the market. So spread your ashes and be angels of mercy. BAIZE.

ASK IN TROY, N. Y.  
In The Sunday Herald Feb. 1 appeared an erudite editorial on the Detachable Collar. As this sartorial matter properly belongs in your column, I am moved to inquire if you can shed any light on the paradoxical failure of its boon companion, the Detachable

Cuff. The same virtues apply to one as to the other, the same motive gave them both birth, but while the D. C. has become a standard item of What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear, the D. Cf. has sunk into ignominious oblivion with the Prince Albert coat and Congress gaiters. Why? ANXIOUS.

Who invented the reversible cuff? With a Stanley cravat to cover completely the shirt, laundry bills were greatly reduced? Are paper collars still worn on a Sunday by stern, brave men who do the world's rough work?—Ed.

As the World Wags.  
I hate to inflict pain on you, but it seems plain that it must be so. These things that the Finn does seem to indicate that there is Mutton in Paavo.  
MURRAY G. THOMPSON.

END OF THE OPERA  
The opera last night at the Boston Opera House, the last performance of the Chicago Opera Company's fortnight, was "The Jewels of the Madonna" by Wolf-Ferrari. The chief singers were Mme. Raisa and Messrs. Lamont and Rimini. The spectacular brilliance of the music, the dramatic interest of the story, and the spectacle greatly pleased the audience.

Some of our correspondents are in the inquiring mood. And so we welcome Mr. Alfred C. Lane, who has written to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, addressing the letter to that eminent sociologist in care of The Herald. Mr. Lane writes as follows:

"This evening, reading in the January Michigan History Magazine an article copied from Charles Hoffman's 'A Winter in the West' (Harper's, 1838), on page 75, line 9, I found the words: 'He with the woolen cap that is quit raising his blue cotton frock to thrust his hand into the fob of his sherrivalleys.' What are sherrivalleys? Overalls? And, if so, 'how come'?"

Mr. Johnson is not in town today. He went to Long Island to see the world come to an end on last Friday night, and now is probably disappointed and reckoning the futile expense. In his absence—he instructed us to open his mail, as he might stay a few days in New York, to attend the Great Wild East Show—we will attempt to answer Mr. Lane's question.

Sherryvilles (also shorrevalls, sherrivalleys) were "pantalons made of thick velvet or leather, buttoned on the outside of each leg and generally worn over other pantalons. They are now (1848) chiefly worn by teamsters. Many years ago, when . . . journeys were made on horseback, sherryvalls were indispensable to the traveler."

Gen. Charles Lee, in 1778, wrote in a letter: "If you find them to be green breeches patched with leather, and not actually legitimate sherry valls, such as his Majesty of Poland wears . . . I will submit in silence to all the scurrility (etc.)."

This illusion has led lexicographers to infer that Polish is the probable proximate source for the United States word. Gen. Lee had been aide-de-camp for the King of Poland. The Oxford Dictionary says the proximate history is obscure, "but the word must be an adoption of some one of the many forms of a widely diffused word of oriental origin, signifying a kind of trousers."

Charles Fenno Hoffman's "Winter in the West" was first published in 1835. He wrote another book of travel, a novel, "Greyslaer," once popular—it was founded on the trial of Beauchamp for the murder of Col. Sharpe of Kentucky—William Gilmore Sims's "Beauchamp" deals with this murder—and he wrote many poems. One of them, beginning:

"Sparkling and bright in liquid light,  
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;  
With hue as red as the rosy bed  
Which a bee would choose to dream in."  
is to be found in nearly all of the American anthologies of poetry.

AGIDE JACCHIA  
A rumor is going about that Mr. Jacchia, known to all as an operatic, orchestral and choral conductor, and director of a Conservatory of Music, purposes to leave Boston and settle in New York. Mr. Jacchia writes to The Herald: "I shall deeply appreciate your kindness if you will give the strongest denial to this report, which has absolutely no foundation."

SOFT COAL  
(Sung to "Good Old Summer Time")  
(Dedicated to Fuel Economy Commissioner, Boston Chamber of Commerce)  
Soft coal, soft coal, all around the town,  
When you fill the furnace full,  
The whole mass tumbles down,  
It smooches all the curtains,  
And fills the house with grime;  
Everybody use it, please,  
In the good old winter time.

When night's black pall has fallen,  
And it's time to go to bed,  
After lots of prodding it shows a little red,  
You shovel in two dollars' worth,  
Then sing a thankful rhyme,  
And think 'twill surely burn all night,  
In the good old winter time.

"Midnight" strikes the old hall clock,  
The glass reads ten below,  
You know you'll freeze to death in bed,  
So down below you go,  
You open wide the furnace door,

The cat is feeling prime,  
Sleeping on the soft coal there,  
In the good old winter time.  
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

ALL SPECIALISTS PULL THEM  
(Letter Received at Medical School, University of Minnesota)  
Gentlemen: Would you kindly advise me name of a first class leg specialist in your city, and thank you kindly.

O. M. O. writes: "I wish to nominate for president of the Gedunkers one Ozark mountain lad from southern Missouri who cut wood for me one winter. When asked to come into the house and eat some lunch, he replied: 'No, thanks, mam, I fetched some corn dodgers in a poke.' Later he came to the door and said: 'If you please, mam, I will take a cup of coffee to wallop my corn dodgers in.'"

Dear As the World Wags:  
I have always been under the impression that the priceless gem, "The short and simple flannels of the poor," was one of Oliver Herford's bon mots. I am sure that poor Christopher Morley is hardly guilty of plagiarism. He merely quoted it in his poem, as Shakespeare once did, using a line from Christopher Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." Perhaps Carolyn Wells was quoting it as well. Let's get it straight.  
INTERESTED.

M. F. H. sends us a picture of a pink-footed goose, "North European bird recently identified here, and presented to the Boston Society of Natural History by Ben P. P. Mosely."

And M. F. H. writes: "It has seemed to me for some time that pink-footed female geese were by no means a rarity here, even in the streets of Boston. But I believe that they are of a tame variety."

CHITTERLINGS ET AL.  
As the World Wags:  
Chitterlings ("Cockney 'chitlins'") are still to be had at all cooked food shops in the poorer parts of London, and, presumably, other large cities. After boiling and while pliable they are braided in three strands, much as a woman braids her hair, and when cold are sold at so much a pound. The old price used to be three pence a pound. A pound of this with two hot baked potatoes, one penny, with two rolls, another penny, and a pint of porter, two pence more—a total of sixpence (12 cents). This was the late 9 o'clock supper of many working people. Of course, if one wanted a blow out, one might add two saveloys and a section of hot peas pudding (made from split peas). This would cost another three pence for both (six cents), or if one fancied hot faggots, or cow heel, trotters, or tripe, all could be found at the food shop and at moderate cost, not to forget the individual hot steak and kidney puddings at sixpence each, dear to every cockney since the time of Pepys and Dr. Johnson.  
Point of Pines. V. F.

Our valued correspondent surely does not mean to call Dr. Johnson who was not born within sound of Bow Bells, and not even in London, a cockney.—Ed.

And Mr. C. H. Osborne of Whitman, having read our comments on the report that Col. George M. Napier of Union City, Ga., has been crowned champion chitterling eater of the state, writes: "Perhaps when you are reminded, you will remember the rather important part which chitterlings played in the career of Jude, the Obscure. It seems to me the episode occurred somewhere about the third or fourth chapter of Thomas Hardy's novel."

## FLUTE PLAYERS'

There was a Flute Players' Club concert yesterday afternoon, another of those occasions for which music lovers ought to be grateful, since they are pretty much the only ones where chamber music, for once not regarded austere, offers music of both variety and novelty. And the best of it is that these wisely planned concerts, very well attended, prove the point that there is a dependable public in Boston for chamber music if only it is offered with judgment instead of with a conventionality forced to the pitch of fanaticism.

For yesterday's program Mr. Laurent unearthed a sextet by Boccherini for flute, two violins, viola, two 'celli. Though delightfully played by Mr. Laurent himself, Fernand Thillois and Vincenzo Mariotti, violin; Louis Artieres, viola, and Georges Miquelle and Leon Marjollet, 'cello, it seemed for two movements dull music indeed, of the empty naivete many people who ought to know better attribute to Mozart. The grace of the minuet, the brightness of the prestissimo saved it, charming music with varied color about it lent by the flute, music as fresh to the ear today as though it were not some hundred and fifty years old.

Very different music followed it, a Lied and Scherzo, op. 54, by Florent



Schmitt, originally written for horn and double quintet (so produced by Mr. Longy in Boston), arranged yesterday for horn and piano. It might well be entitled a ballad, a romantic one at that, for what sound exists like that of the horn so sure to suggest romance? If a cello played this music of Florent Schmitt, or a violin, perhaps the opening pages would not have sounded so mysterious, the long, slow song so beautiful, the close so poetic. At a first hearing the scherzo appeared less firm of texture than the beginning and the end. Mr. Max Hess played the music for horn exquisitely, and Miss Laura Hawkins showed imagination and a fine sensitivity to tonal color. Though she played with the lid of the piano open, not once did she injure thereby the balance of the ensemble.

Odd music came next to its first hearing in Boston, three fragments from "Les Paques a New York," a poem by Blaise Andrars, for soprano and string quartet, by Arthur Honegger. It may be good music; time will tell. But judiciously written music it surely is not, for, though Mr. Malcolm Lang had given a clear summary of the text of each song, and Mrs. Wyman Whittemore has a strong voice and distinct enunciation, Mr. Honegger had chosen to write the vocal part in so low a register against a rattling and crackling accompaniment far higher that scarcely a word could be understood. The songs are very short, so short they have not time enough to establish a mood. Mrs. Whittemore, a singer with beautiful notes in her voice, seemed firm as a rock in music that must have been very difficult to sing.

The Chausson piano quartet, of 30, closed the concert. It was given an unusually admirable performance by Mr. San Roma, Mr. Thillois, Mr. Artieres and Mr. Miquelle, a performance distinguished by good tone, keen rhythm and warmth of feeling. A delight to listen to, the noble slow movement especially and the one that came dancing after, it set some people to pondering. Time was, and not a century ago, when this quartet seemed a reasonably tough nut to crack; those who admired it felt a fine conceit of themselves. In 10 years' time, the question is, will those songs of Honegger's sound simple and impressive? They may. Some listeners, nevertheless, don't believe a word of it.

R. R. G.

## VERDI REQUIEM

The Handel and Haydn Society, with Mr. Mollenhauer, as conductor, Frank H. Luker, the organist, gave the Verdi Requiem in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The soloists were Cora Chase, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto; Richard Crooks, tenor, and William Gustafson as the bass. The orchestra was the Boston Festival orchestra.

With each performance of the Verdi Requiem there is discussion of its religious tone, or of its lack of it; of its absence of contrapuntal design that has characterized liturgical music; of its dramatic fullness, its theatricality in the tumultuous climaxes of the Dies Irae, intensified by the re-enforcing trumpets suggestive of the second act of "Aida."

Yet the text is that of the traditional Latin mass, and chorally there is the customary division of parts, with the exception of the Sanctus, which is written for a double mixed chorus. And from the overwhelming terrors of the Dies Irae, suggesting the now faded frescoes of Orcagna in the Campo Santo of Pisa, with their tortures of the damned, to the gentle ecstasy of the Agnus Dei and the half chanted, half sung "Libera," it is deeply human, personal music, eloquent of the emotionalism of the Catholic church and its beauty of ritual.

Although yesterday the music was not always conceived in a religious vein, there were moments of tragic grandeur, of vast and torturous upheaval, of a deep pity, a radiant calm. And in the fervent singing of Richard Crooks and of Merle Alcock, there was the more personal lament, which at times was overshadowed by the playing of the orchestra. The choruses were well rounded, sure in their attack, sonorous and full bodied; adept in the subtleties of vocal dynamics, obedient to the dictates of Mr. Mollenhauer in the working up of dramatic climaxes, and in the slowly-falling decrescendos. Occasionally there was a harshness in the voices of the soprano choir.

Of the four soloists, Richard Crooks and Merle Alcock sang with most warmth and expressiveness. Miss Alcock has a lovely and well trained voice, a richness of tone, musical ardour. The excellences of Mr. Crooks are too well known for more than reiteration now, yet he has a tendency to force his tones, to tenorize. Miss Chase was apparently not in good voice, for her tones were brittle at times and she

forced her high notes unnecessarily; yet she has moments of lyric delicacy. Mr. Gustafson was variable, at times his tones were round and full, and again he sang with harshness, and a suggestion of tremolo.

The audience was large and responsive, and there was great applause for Mr. Mollenhauer, for his choruses and for the soloists. E. G.

205.00.925

A correspondent asked a few days ago concerning the authorship and occasion of those Homeric lines:

"Ten thousand Micks laid down their picks  
At the rising of the moon."

It now appears that the lines were not quoted correctly. The Herald has received several letters in answer:

### THAT OLD SONG

A. C. gives the lines

"Ten thousand Micks  
Laid down their picks (picks)"

At the battle of the Boyne water

"They were written in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, fought in Ireland. Charles of Scotland and William of Orange."

And J. C. adds: "At the Rising of the Moon" is an Irish patriotic song of '98, beginning: "Pray tell me Shaun O Farrell," and ending:

"The boys will all be meeting at the rising of the moon."

H. M. K. does not know the name of the author. "I think the song must be one on which some Orangeman may be able to throw light, as in a downtown building in which I formerly had an office the boys employed there used to enrage the elderly Irish scrubwoman by singing to her:

"Ten thousand Micks  
Laid down their sticks

At the battle of the Boyne water

Then down with the green.

The dirty, dirty green,

And up with the bright, bright yellow."

As the World Wags:

I remember my father sometimes declaimed what must have been a fragment of this mysterious epopee, or of another strangely like it.

"Ten thousand Micks picked up their sticks

At the battle of the Boy-ne wather."

With variant as follows:

"Ten thousand Micks laid down their sticks

At the battle of the Boy-ne wather."

Variants used according to the singer's orange or green political affiliations.

LITTLE WILLIE WALKER.

As the World Wags:

As I remember it, the lines used to run somewhat like this:

"Prince Charles he dum de dum de dum

And then he dum de daughter.

Ten thousand Micks laid down their sticks

At the battle of the Boyne water."

There were these incongruous and anachronistic additions, as I heard the song roared in my earlier and regretted years:

"Be good, my boy," my father said.

"Though the way be dark and stormy."

Some day you may be Pre-si-dent

Or a general in the army."

"And this advice I'll give to you.

I'll make it most emphatic.

Beware of the Republicans.

And vote the Democratic."

The words were sung as the singers

marched up and down, to the command

of the least intoxicated of the group:

"Right, left, right, left," etc., until it

was time for another drink. At the end

of every four lines the commanding officer

called out: "Shift!" and everybody

changed step simultaneously.

Only men of Irish blood were allowed

to sing the song, and then only in the

presence of others of the same blood.

Let a black A. P. A. try the stuff, and

the fight was on.

SEYMUS CABOT.

### DEATH AND THE TIDES

As the World Wags:

Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his so-

journs at Clamport heard the sailors'

belief that the dying are likely to "go

out with the tide"? Does he believe it?

Has Abel Seaman anything to say on

the matter?

Another question for the author of the

"Social and Political Beast" (elephant

folio). Hasn't something happened

within a generation, to our English re-

flexive verbs? I have heard a man past

80 make constant use of the phrases:

"I must shave me, wash me" and the

like. Hasn't the usage almost disap-

peared? CAPE CODDER.

Boston.

Alas, our friend, Mr. Abel Seaman, whose sprightly and informing contributions were always welcome, died some years ago, joining the great majority with other contributors, the Rev. Eabington Brook, Col. Marshall Tredd and Miss Sarah Hepatica. That the dying

often go out with the tide is a very old belief. Dickens made use of it in his description of Barkis dying: "He's a-going out with the tide," said Mr. Peggotty. "People can't die along the coast except when the tide's pretty high out. They can't be born, unless it's pretty high in—not properly born till flood. He's a-going out with the tide. It's ebb at half-arter three, slack water half an hour. If he lives till it turns, he'll hold his own till past the flood, and go out with the next tide. . . . And, it being low water, he went out with the tide."

"Tyde flowing" is feared for many a thing. Great danger to such as be sick it doth bring. Sea ebb, by long ebbing, some respite doth give. And sendeth good comfort, to such as shal live."

Strange to say, there is no allusion to the popular belief in the section "Tide" in "Weather Lore" by Richard Lardner. Mr. George Lyman Kittredge, in his entertaining book, "The Old Farmer and His Almanack," quotes a curious passage from Cotton Mather's "Magnalia":

"One Abigail Eliot had an iron struck into her head, which drew out part of her brains with it, a silver plate she afterwards wore on her skull where the orifice remain'd as big as an half-crown. The brains left in the child's head would swell and savage, according to the tides; her intellectuals were not hurt by this disaster; and she lived to be a mother of several children."

### THAT GREAT STORM

S. R. F. writes:

"Apropos of the big storm of '67, I well remember that the opera was in Boston. I saw carriages with the snow up to the horses' bellies, and the drivers carried the persons to the door. It was said that there were 50 people in the Boston Theatre. For days afterwards the snow was banked so high on Bowdoin street where I lived that one could not see persons on the opposite sidewalk."

Mr. Phil Rosen gives some interesting information about mixing drinks in film plays. "Cocktails must look like cocktails. Our property men are experts at mixing soda and ginger ale to look like wines, ale and whiskey. Coffee makes excellent brandy. Strong tea makes a fair substitute for rye. Near beer with a little shaking looks real in the old-fashioned big glasses. We use sparkling mineral water for champagne. Capable actors can simulate the effect of real drinking."

### STRICTLY PERSONAL

New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal  
THE SUGGESTION OCCURS TO US THAT PHYSICIANS MAY PROMOTE AN INCREASED RATIO OF AUTOPSIES BY FAMILIARIZING THE PUBLIC WITH SUCH EXAMINATIONS IN THEIR OWN PERSONS.

### HOW SHE WON HER DEGREE

Cornell Alumni News

In 1922 she graduated with the degree of A. B. She was a member of the sophomore hockey team, the freshman banquet committee, and the freshman dramatics committee.

To go back to V. F.'s letter. We knew that a "saveloy" was a highly seasoned cooked and dried sausage—Mr. Solomon Pell in "Pickwick" ate one with an Abernethy hiscuit—but "faggots"? We had to consult Mayhew's "London Labor." "A sort of cake, roll or ball made of chopped liver and lights, mixed with gravy and wrapped in pieces of pig's caul." How many things there are that we do not wish to eat!

### "Beggar on Horseback"

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Beggar on Horseback," a play in two parts by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, suggested by a play by Paul Appel. Staged by Winthrop Ames. Pantomime in part by Winthrop Ames. Produced by H. music by Deems Taylor. Produced at Wilmington, Del., February, 1924. Broadhurst Theatre, New York, Feb. 12, 1924.

Dr. Albert Rice.....Richard Barbee  
Cynthia Mason.....Kay Johnson  
Nell McRae.....Roland Young  
Mrs. Cady.....George W. Barbier  
Mrs. Cady.....Spring Byington  
Gladys Cady.....Ann Carpenter  
Homer Cady.....Osgood Perkins  
A Butler.....Pascal Cowan  
A Business Man.....Malcolm Hicks  
Miss Hey.....Florence Maye  
Miss You.....Harriet MacGibbon  
A Waiter.....Charles A. Wilton  
A Dancing Teacher.....Clinton Tustin  
A Reporter.....Henry F. Lawrence  
A Juror.....Haynes Earle  
A Sightseer.....Gordon Trebor  
A Novelist.....Henry Parish  
A Song Writer.....James Sumner  
An Artist.....Paul K. Elwell  
A Poet.....Arthur Flanagan  
H. R. H., the Crown Prince of Xanadu.....Ivan Kronoff  
H. R. H., the Crown Princess of Xanadu.....Karolya Savari  
First Lady in Waiting.....Spring Byington  
First Lord of the Bedchamber.....Drake McKay

A Lamp-lighter.....Tom Rayner  
A Policeman.....Malcolm Hicks  
Caesar and Pompey.....L. Dewey and M. Callan

We are told that Appel's comedy, written a dozen years ago, was entitled "Hans Soennenstossers Hoellenfahrt"; that Mr. Ames told Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly what Appel's scheme had been and then asked them to write an American satire along the same lines. Neither one of the Americans, it is said, wished to read the original or any translation of it. And so we have been spared an "adaptation," which too often does grievous injury to the original playwright and results in an absurd hodgepodge concocted "to suit American taste."

Although the hero, McRae, is poor, a composer of high ambition, doomed to orchestrate jingling tunes, he is never on horseback, according to the old saw, and so the title seems far-fetched. McRae is in love with pretty Cynthia, as poor as he is. An old friend, Dr. Rice, happens in and finds McRae worn out by lack of sleep and too much work, painfully nervous. The Cady family also come in. The father is aggressively rich; he, his wife, and silly Gladys might have figured in one of Sinclair Lewis's novels. Rice sees that this family would like McRae as one of them, for Gladys is not backward in showing her affection. There is talk of the musician going into the business and writing music, popular music, on the side. Self-sacrificing Cynthia urges the doctor in urging McRae to wed. The poor wretch offers himself over the telephone. And then, sad at heart, having taken quieting pills, he falls asleep and dreams of what happened after his marriage.

Here satire enters; the pompous life of the newly rich; restaurant scenes; a most amusing burlesque of "big business" dealings and conferences, the manner in which newspapers handle a murder case, for in desperation McRae murders the whole Cady family, including the invalid Homer; the trial by jury, treated as a show. To prove justification McRae gives his pantomime, "A Kiss in Xanadu," based on the idea that stolen kisses are the sweetest; the judge fears it is all too highbrow, and the jury bring in the verdict "guilty." The composer is condemned to join others at hard labor. In cells one sees him writing enormously popular songs, another at work on best sellers, a third painting pictures, a fourth America's greatest poet. McRae finally rebels. About to be beheaded he awakes. Gladys after all does not love him; he

and Cynthia will go into the country.

All the fantastic happenings in the dream are the workings of the hero's sub-conscious mind. These ludicrous and satirical scenes are suggested to the sleeper by the preceding talk of the Cady family, the father blowing about his business, the mother a chatterbox and fond of hymns, Homer openly disliking McRae. Even the fact that the composer could not find a penell haunts him in sleep. All this is worked out most ingeniously. The wedding mixed in the dream with the wedding journey to the accompaniment of the jazzed Mendelssohn March, with male ushers wearing white vests; this is intensely funny. Throughout the scenes the doctor appears in various forms and Cynthia is ever close at hand. What dreams did come! As strange a revelation of sub-conscious minglings of facts and capriciously absurd consequences as in Joyce's "Ulysses."

Did the dramatists wish to point the moral that the methods of "big business" kill the artistic soul? That genius must bow to mediocrity? Or did they have in mind to satirize the beliefs, proceedings, amusements, extravagances of contemporary life? Into this it is not necessary to inquire. They have produced an unusual and most amusing play.

Perhaps the pantomime is a little long, interrupting the interest, in spite of Mr. Taylor's pretty and expressive music. In New York the chief pantomimists were Grethe Ruz-Nissen and George Mitchell.

Mr. Young has genuine humor and does not allow it to run away with him. Miss Johnson was a charmingly simple Cynthia. The insufferable Cady family was drawn to the life. We shall not soon forget Mr. Barbier presiding at the conference. In fact, all the players contributed to the enjoyment of a large audience. The stage management was excellent.

### MAJESTIC THEATRE—"I'll Say She Is"

a musical revue with the Marx Brothers. Book and lyrics by Will B. Johnstone. Music by Tom Johnstone.

Produced under the direction of James P. Beury. The cast:

Theatrical Agent (Richman).....Edward McElfee

Office Girl.....Crisis Melvin

Doctor.....Herbert Marx

Poorman.....Leonard Marx

Lawyer.....Julius H. Marx

Beggarman.....Arthur Marx

Chief.....Lloyd Barthel

Merchant.....Philip Barthel

Thief.....Edgar Barthel

Chorus Girl.....Hazel Gaudreau

Nanette.....Florence Arledge







White street. The Harlem road also sent one passenger train a day to Grand street.

The Hudson River railroad station was then on Thirtieth street, reached via Tenth avenue.

I was not going to school at that time but was baggage man from Boston to New York. Part of my duty in New York was to pull the pin to let the train free, and then to bring the car to a stop at the baggage room door with the hand brake.

CHARLES A. RICE.

Melsoire.

J. A. M. writes that the four horses drew the car down Fourth av. to '28-29th st., where Madison Garden now stands. Freight cars were moved the same way down to the freight station of the R. R. Co. in Centre st. In 1866-67 sleeping cars from New York to Boston in the lavatory had a toothbrush in a prominent place, attached to the washstand by a cord. Later I found the cord discarded, and a metal chain attached. Evidently the cord was not strong enough to prevent appropriation.

#### PROGRESS

(A Washington telegram says that the United States army air service is in possession of "a pilotless, bomb-carrying miniature aeroplane controlled by radio." According to the chief of service, "this aerial torpedo is a sure thing. All we need is the money to perfect it.")

When Auntie This and Uncle That went hurtling round the hemispheres, When Pa and Ma in silence sat

With headphone to their earnest ears, Though wireless plainly brought them joy,

It seemed a trivial sort of toy.

For song and dance and play and speech  
However far and fast they speed  
Are feeble things and do not reach  
Man's deepest, fundamental need.  
One felt inclined to say, "Pooh-pooh—  
And this is all your stunt can do?"

But, lo, if bombers ride the sky  
Directed by this artful force  
And play with safety from on high,  
Opinions must be changed, of course;  
The most exacting must allow  
Some purpose in the notion now.

When man can blot his neighbors out  
In comfort from an easy chair,  
And none below can hope to rout  
The crewless terror of the air,  
Then wireless, all its follies past,  
Is clearly justified at last.

LUCIE.

#### WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT?

As the World Wags:

While trying recently to remove a tire bead in all the harlequin shades I took to wondering who it was that invented the word "automobile," anyhow, a word which is now used more than commonly and one which is considerably more than a common mouthful. Are there any rules governing the formation of new words, and is there any penalty for the inventor of a word which teaches us to stutter and which is bringing a violation of ethics to so many of our respectable people?

Possibly the inventor of the original automobile invented also this word, and likely enough (in all charity) he had no wicked designs on us in searching the depths of amalgamation for a name for his invention. This crude affair, an impracticable thing which required neither horse nor ox as motive power; this crazy contraption on which a few imbeciles were permitted to rattle through the streets and frighten our horses; this smelly, impossible machine which struck puddles in the streets and splashed mud on us as it chugged by; this theoretical monstrosity. The inventor, having invented, knew he must find a name for his invention. He succeeded—and behold a word which just fitted (past tense)!

But in these latter days of mortgaged homes and filling stations of pantheon type must we submit to such a heritage? The inventor's machine is now in a museum, but the authorities, through rank oversight, have neglected to place the invented word in the museum along with the machine. The word is still at large, and as a result we become belligerent and we use our axes in destruction, even changing the word into "can" and "car" and "boat." We take refuge in "machine" and some day we may live even unto "vehicle." The French had their easy "diligence" of three syllables and our fathers had their matter-of-fact "stage," but we must have the mouthfully "automobile" and he called "automobilist." 'Tis an outrage, sir, an outrage!

Your purists should recall to mind the fate of the humble word "omnibus,"

and they should take the initiative in giving us a more condensed name for a conveyance that has become more common than the cat and dog. It is no wonder that the d. wipheus was driven from off the earth; folks refused to accept the name. In amazing prophecy, our ancestors placed handy trees and poles along the streets. They may have suspected even a return of the dryopithecus, but at least they visualized the time coming when we, their children's children, would have occasion to study and to develop within ourselves the dryopithecus instinct. Your purists should understand clearly, however, that our modern dryopithecus would be the plain ape. When reaching as humble pedestrians for a handy tree of a humming street, we might not have time to rehearse "dryopithecus," consumed as we would be by the pressure of ape speed.

The motorcycle is still another vehicle howling for a name. Some of us have private names for this vehicle, but they are private. Heard above the din of a traffic jam, these names might suggest that we were rehearsing "dryopithecus"; let it go at that.

We have the short "door" and "motor" and "wheel" and "gas," but together they are handed to us as an "automobile." Somebody has slipped. "Automobile" is acceptable in the social tea of the roof garden, but down in the street where mechanical signals fan us across burning concrete we need a word lighter of weight. We are not asking for something more; we are asking merely for something less.

Fitchburg.

H. C. P.

Again we ask, who wrote that pathetic ballad of home life: "Who Put the Overalls in Mrs. Crowley's Chowder?"

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is devoted to contemporary French composers. It comprises Ravel's "Nocturnal Procession," Roussel's "For a Spring Festival," which will be played in Boston for the first time; "The Berli," Dance Poem by Dukas, and d'Indy's Second Symphony. B flat major Roussel's piece has been performed in New York by the Philharmonic Society, led by Mr. Mengelberg. Mr. Montoux thought of bringing it out in Boston, and the announcement was made, but he substituted Roussel's "La Ville Rose." "For a Spring Festival" was composed early in 1920 near Grenoble about the time of Roussel's Symphony which Mr. Koussevitzky conducted early this season. The music is said to be in the composer's "new manner."

Next week Miss Nadia Boulanger, organist, will be the soloist. She will play a concerto in D minor by Handel, and take part in the performance of her sister Lili's "Pour les Funerailles d'un Soldat," and Aaron Copland's symphony for organ and orchestra. The program will also include Mozart's Serenade, "Kleine Nachtmusik" (K. No. 525), and Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Tasso."

On Jan. 30 in Paris Mme. Janacopoulos sang nothing but songs by Stravinsky. There was an audience. France has its heroes and heroines in peace as well as in war.

Meanwhile in New York the lions of the press, old and young, are endeavoring to assign Stravinsky his proper place among contemporary composers.

Alfred Bruneau has been chosen as successor to the late Gabriel Faure in the Institute. Years ago there was a foolish rumor that Bruneau was a natural son of Emile Zola. One of the reasons given was that librettos derived from Zola's novels had led Bruneau to compose music for them. As far as we know "L'Assommoir" and "Nana" have escaped this honor.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give a concert tonight in Jordan hall. Beethoven's Quartet, B flat major, op. 18, No. 6; Brahms, Quartet, C minor, op. 51, No. 1, and Ernest Schelling's Divertimento for piano and quartet. Mr. Schelling wrote this suite, which is said to be brilliant, for the Flonzaleys and he will play the piano part.

Burton Holmes tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will give the first Travelogue of his series for this season. His subject is "Rome." It should be particularly interesting, for this is "Hilgrin Year."

And on Saturday afternoon Andrew Haigh, pianist, will play in Jordan hall, music by Bach, Schumann (Capillons), Medner (Sonata, G minor, op. 22), Brahms, Dohnanyi, Debussy, Liszt.

Mr. Kreisler will give next Sunday afternoon's concert in Symphony hall. Wallace Goodrich will conduct the People's Symphony orchestra at the St. James Theatre that afternoon, and at

night Rudolf Laubenthal, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House will sing in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association.

Jose Melica was "discovered" by Boston's opera-goers last Saturday when he gave his admirable portrayal of Pelléas. Yet this excellent, well-graced tenor has been taking part in performances of the Chicago company in Boston for two seasons, since "L'Africaine" was given.

And so Edith Mason was "discovered" this season. But as Edith Barnes she was a member of the Boston Opera Company during the season of 1912-13. She then sang Irma's song in "Louise" and once took the part of Nedda in "Pagliacci." It's a pity that the Chicago company throws overboard the act in "Louise," showing the dress-makers at work. It contains some of Charpentier's best music, and shows Louise leaving to join her lover. Without this act one finds her suddenly on Montmartre as if for the express purpose of singing her celebrated air, voicing her joy in free love—free love and dying grace.

When this air was first sung in Boston by Marie Decca—it was at Steinert hall on Dec. 11, 1900—the program gave an English translation in which Louise was represented as having been led to the altar!

"Houses of Sand," a play brought out at Atlantic City, is said to be a sequel of "Madame Butterfly," showing the son of "Jo-Jo-San" and the cad, Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, arrived at manhood. Well, there have been sequels to "Cavalleria Rusticana." By the way, what became of Tonio after Camio slew Nedda in "Pagliacci"? Charpentier's continuation of "Louise" was a dismal failure in Paris and New York.

Miss M. J. Cope has been organist at

Holy Trinity, Kingsway, for 60 years. Apart from holidays she has been absent on only four occasions: three times through sickness, once from fug. She began to take organ lessons when she was about seven years old.

Mrs. Lillian Buffum Chace Wyman is still vigorously maintaining that Hamlet's mother was a shamefully maligned woman. And so Hamlet was not a perfect gentleman when he talked to her as he did in her chamber.

And there is Mr. John F. Forbis. He has written a book, "The Shakespearean Enigma and an Elizabethan Mania," to prove that Shakespeare's sonnets were addressed not to any human being, but to the personification of wine; that they express his passion for strong and rebellious liquors, his faith in drink as an inspiration, "and the alternate exhilaration and despair which he experienced as a worshiper and victim."

The Crapouillot (Paris) makes the incredible statement that a Yankee film play magnate bought at a high price the right to "present" the last moments of Sarah Bernhardt. The writer, M. Galtier-Boissière, does not believe the story, but he says that a Parisian named Pett, gives an equally shocking example of bad taste by putting on the screen Sarah's "artistic death."

"Grounds for Divorce" has been produced in London. Mentioning "he ink-throwing, the Times says of the comedy. "Altogether very well worth the spoiling of a couple of panels every night."

The Times said of Dryden's "Assignment" (originally produced in 1673), revived late last month in London: "From the play itself every sparkle has died out—if a sparkle was ever there. . . . The play is exceptionally coarse, even for its date, a characteristic which, it is only fair to say, did not seem in the least to embarrass an audience consisting largely of the gentler sex. Our sympathy on these occasions is for the ladies on the stage, who have to deliver the text."

"Anxious" asked recently. What has become of the detachable cuff? "Cuff," by the way, is a vile word. One must say that no gentleman says "pudden" that no gentleman wears "pants" or "cuffs," unless, going back to days of gorgeous dress, he wears a band of lace; but, mark you, sewed on. Nor does he "phone," nor does he "send a wire." Was not a member of Queen Victoria's family called "Collars and Cuffs" by some irreverent, low-born demagogue?

Now comes F. C. G. with his answer: "It may interest 'Anxious' to know that there are still gentlemen who wear the 'detachable cuff' and that the manufacturers of shirts and collars still condescend to make them, and that there are places in Boston where they may be obtained. Furthermore, there are

still extant, gentlemen who wear white shirts, at other times than when full dress or dinner suits are called for. It is true that the "Prince Albert" coat, a very "dressy" coat, nevertheless, and the "congress" boot, and the silk hat—the only dress hat in existence, as well as the lightest and most comfortable—have to a very large extent gone in search of the plesiosaurus, the ichthiosaurus, and the dinosaur, but the "DCF" and the "DCI" still inhabit the earth."

We regret to say that the eminent sociologist Mr. Herkimer Johnson wears reversible cuffs, when he wears any at all. We have seen men wearing "Congress" boots within the last year. It is true that they were along in years and rather fat. Perhaps they also drink Congress water.

#### FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

As the World Wags:

Messrs. Pfeiffer and Awsumb are associated in architecture in Memphis. Would it make you feel that way to introduce them to the Academy?

M. G. B.

T. W. F. writes:

"Mr. Mount has two cottages on Tloga avenue, Ocean Park, Me. I do occasional work for him. This is his winter address:

Mr. W. H. Mount,  
High St. Summit, N. J.

#### CRUEL, BUT NOT UNUSUAL

(From the New York Commercial)

Washington—President Coolidge signed bill abolishing the ancient punishment of hanging in the District of Columbia. Hereafter, death sentences will be imposed by elocution.

#### TUT! TUT!

(Advt. in Sterling City, Texas, Times) We would like to see every girl in Sterling with our Common Sense corsets on.—Sterling Mercantile Co.

#### REMEMBERING HAPPY DAYS

As the World Wags:

Has the demon rum-suppressor the right to demand that nothing be written about liquor and barkeeps lest the rising generation be sullied? As well prohibit writing about Old Masters and their art. Just see how the late Victorians survived the perils of the eighties (along about 1855 P. V.) when barkeeps were defiled and their merits shouted in song.

Remember the four natty chorus girls in the Rentz-Santley show, who wore blue silk tights, blue silk plug hats, carried canes and sported monocles? Just the right costume for a stroll down Piccadilly, and they walked back and forth in that step peculiar to chorus girls, and sang:

"Oh, give us a drink, bar-tender, bar-tender,

'Cause you know we love you so,  
And surely you will oblige us, oblige us,  
With another drink or two.  
We don't ask wine of a foreign vintage,  
Nor beer of a special brew,  
But just one glass of that good old liquor

Is all we ask of you."

(Chorus)

"Then give us, etc., etc."

And later in the performance a bulbous-nosed comedian was sure to sing that classic:

"I never drink behind the bar  
Although I'll take a mild cigar  
Or else a glass of 'pollnar',  
I never drink behind the bar."

And after the show some of the boys would drop over to that little narrow street where the San Francisco Mint stands (the name escapes me) and across the way was a cosy French restaurant specializing in hot "mint salads." Um-m-m—tiny shrimps with skins peeled away and cooked with wine and a hot sauce poured over it, and a bottle of Chateau and Bon California sparkling Chablis frapped to a cold hiss (fermented in the bottle and not cheap Rhine wine carbonated, like some American champagne), to sip between bites. The wine cost a dollar, salad 50 cents, tip 25 cents. Afterward it was customary to drop across the street to that old bar which had stood there since '49, the mahogany dark and rich like a well-colored meerschaum, and just one after-dinner drink, a tumbler of hot coffee and rum prepared in some seductive manner and named "Champeroo" (can any one tell why?) and this was consumed while matters of state were discussed with the bar-keeper. . . . but anguish surges my soul—what's the use?

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

"Surges my soul." And so old Thomas Walkington, D. D., wrote in his "Optic Glasse of Humors"; "Wine calms the roughest tempest of whatsoever more vehement imagination surgeth in any man."—Ed.



OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

The World Wags:  
The answers given in the Brockton Intelligence test remind me of many which my small daughter used to en- en her family. Her translation in a onch lesson of "une grand'mere" was "large female horse." One Sunday, on ing asked what she had learned in anday school, she replied that the les- son was about "Princess Sarah." Her other scoffed at this bit of informa- on. Miss Pert said, "Well, anyway, e was a Baron." F. I. P.

WE PREFER LAUGHING GAS

(From the Kalamazoo Gazette)  
Miss Maxine Davis will give private uning lesson, Ballroom and anaesthe- s, at her home, 118 Catherine-st. For appointments phone 3885-M.

YELLOWLEGS IN BOSTON

As the World Wags:  
The notice taken of the female pink- oted goose recently installed in the atural History Society calls to mind e number of specimens of Totanus melanoleucus, or Winter Yellowlegs, ob- served in your city on a recent visit. ever have I seen them so common at his time of year, for they are not gen- rally winter residents in New England. Audubon speaks of the variety as being so known as the Humility, but that eems a bit old-fashioned for present application. Ordinarily they leave New England on their southern migration ot later than early November, spend- ing the winter about the beaches and et places until spring. They belong o the family of Waders, so the condi- on of your streets seemed in no way o inconvenience those who had tarried on their flight to fit and twitter up and down Tremont street, where they eemed most to congregate.

Ernest Schelling Assists in His 'Divertimento'

Feb 13, 1925

At their second concert last night in Jordan hall, the Fonzalety quartet contented themselves with two out of the three quartets they usually offer their public. After the Beethoven B flat quartet, op. 18, and the Brahms C minor, op. 51, they produced a "Divertimento" by Ernest Schelling for string quartet and piano obligato. Mr. Schelling him- self playing the piano part.

If one may judge by his title, Mr. Schelling set out to be diverting in this new music. Admirably he succeeded. He wrote seven unconnected little pieces, the first, "Le Jet d'Eau," with delightful music for the pianoforte so vividly illustrative that to listen to it of a hot afternoon would surely keep one cool. A hint of what Mr. Schelling had in mind might have made the rather puzzling music for the quartet easier to grasp. The piano, with its brilliant rhythm, also had the best of the "Evocation, Catalane," though there was melody for the strings, Spanish enough in character as we in America have been taught to think of Spain, and yet not of the obvious sort.

The next three pieces the quartet had to itself, a Kashmiri song first, "Raga," by name, a charming, simple melody, as oriental in atmosphere as a tale from the Arabian Nights, with an accompaniment highly fitting, its sugges- tion secured by the ingenious device of rhythmic taps on the box of the violins. The second piece, Persian in character and called Gazal, though not so im- mediately attractive as that of Kashmir, carried none the less its charm, and it might well wear the better. The third, "A Lullaby for a Sick Child," while pretty enough, seemed of a sought simplicity.

For the "Irlandaise" the piano came forward again, in a wild Irish song which turned into a glorious jig, pres- ently to give way to the song again and an engaging close. Though Mr. Schelling by no means limited himself to such harmonies as an old Irish harp could supply, by some means or other he contrived to infuse his music with a spirit as genuinely Hibernian as those odd folk songs Miss Jean Nolan sings; not all Irish songs, as we hear them furnished up, possess that pec- liar racial quality, and in the seventh piece, "The Last Flight," Mr. Schelling wrote music of a surge and rhythmic vigor that swept everything before it. Audiences may feel thankful that he preferred writing agreeable music to airing a theory or two.

The Fonzalety quartet played Mr. Schelling's pieces admirably, while Mr. Schelling himself, with the piano lid left sagaciously half open, played with a brilliancy of rhythm and a splendor of tone a treat to hear. In both the Bee- thoven and the Brahms the quartet ap- peared happiest and most well-sound- ing in the slow movements and in the entrancing allegretto of Brahms, all three very beautifully played.

At the last concert of the season, March 5, Harold Bauer, pianist, will play. R. R. G.

15TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th Symphony concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, was devoted to contemporaneous French composers. It comprised Ra- baud's "Nocturnal Procession," d'Indy's Symphony, B flat major, No. 2; Rou- sset's "For a Spring Festival"; Dukas's "The Peril: Dance Poem."

Although d'Indy's symphony is one of the greatest of modern works; although Rousset's symphonic poem, fantastic, what-you-call-it, was performed for the first time in Boston, the feature of the concert, as far as interpretation and performance were concerned, was Ra- baud's "Nocturnal Procession," inspired by the poem of Leconte, an episode in his "Faust" that also led Liszt to compose illustrative music.

Rabaud's symphonic poem had been played twice at the Symphony con- certs: conducted by Mr. Rabaud, later by Mr. Montoux. It had been performed in Boston before Mr. Rabaud was per- suaded to put it on a program: by the Orchestral Club led by Mr. Longy in 1903; by the N. E. Conservatory Or- chestra, led by Mr. Chadwick in 1909.

The reprinted article in the program- book stated that the excellent Rabaud was now living in Boston, although he has not visited this city since his de- parture as conductor in the spring of 1919. This carelessness in proof-read- ing led some persons yesterday to wonder why he did not stand up in the hall or rush impetuously to the plat- form in order to acknowledge the long- protracted applause.

As we have said, the performance of this music yesterday was remarkable in every way, technically and poetically; one of Mr. Koussevitzky's most note- worthy achievements. The music itself deserved the care the conductor and the players bestowed upon it. It is true that in the music preceding the section portraying the solemn procession the influence of Wagner is shown, for there are suggestions of motifs in "Parsifal" and the hearer is reminded of Amfortas and his sufferings but this is not dis- turbing, nor does it detract from the fine and imaginative quality of the work. It might be interesting to hear Liszt's treatment of the same subject.

From the performance of d'Indy's Symphony one might reasonably infer that the music did not appeal strongly to Mr. Koussevitzky's nature, for the interpretation was disappointing, es- pecially in regard to the treatment of the musical structure, which did not stand out boldly, was not well defined. One might also say that the inherent nobility of this symphony was not re- vealed. D'Indy is anything but a melo- dramatic composer; he is neither spec- tacular nor a seeker after external decoration. The pure and lofty soul of Vincent d'Indy was not in this per- formance.

One hardly knows what to say of the hardly respectable Rousset's "Spring Festival." He is undoubtedly a man of high ideals and faithful to them, but we have yet to hear music by him that warms the cockles of the heart or leads one to forget the carking cares of this too daily life. His admirers have found much to praise in this "Spring Festival"; one speaks of the joy being tempered by dreamy melancholy (yes, the word is "dreamy," not "dreary"); and then speaks of the work as an "idyl"; while a third is reminded of oriental fes- tivals. Thus do learned doctors dis- agree even in praise. Mr. Henderson of New York is sure that the festival was in Paris; that Pan was leaping about sporting a plug-hat with dryads masquerading as midnights. From our recollection of the Neuilly festival, with its merry-go-rounds and horns, and shouting, we should say that M. Rou- sset's spring had come up, not slowly as in Coleridge's "Christabel," but with a rush and a bang up the Avenue du Roule. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the festival with gusto. The concert ended with a rather hoisterous per- formance of "The Peri."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be an unusual one, with the organ a prom- inent instrument. Mozart, Elne Kleine Naehntmusik; Handel, Concerto, D minor for organ and strings; Lili Boulanger, "For the Funeral of a Soldier"; Cop- land, Symphony for organ and orches- tra; Liszt, "Tasso: Lament and Tri- umph." Nadia Boulanger will be the organist.

BURTON HOLMES

Burton Holmes gave the first of his series of Travelogues this season last night in Symphony Hall. There was a large and deeply interested audience. The subject was Rome, Part I, 'im- mortal Rome.' Mr. Holmes in his inter- esting prefatory remarks pointed out

how Rome, of all the great cities of ancient days, Athens, Thebes, Alexan- dria, Carthage, Bernares, Babylon, was the only one great today, great in contin- uous historic associations, great as the capitol of powerful nation, great as the city of the long line of heads of the Catholic Church. He then showed pic- tures, still and motion, of great beauty and interest: The Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's, the Vatican with the private gardens of the Pope, several churches among them St. John Lateran with its charming cloisters, the gruesome cata- combs of the Capuchins, the gardens where Lucullus feasted and Messallus disported herself in a truly shocking manner, the Villa Medici, now the home of fortunate takers of the Prix de Rome, the remains of many once famous build- ings of the ancient city.

There were also street scenes showing the life of the people; a restaurant celebrated for its fettuccini. The enor- mous crowd blessed by a Pope; the popu- lar tribute to Mussolini of whose abili- ty in keeping Italy from bolshevism, Mr. Holmes spoke highly. Nor did he hesitate to say that if Julius Caesar had not been stabbed on the Capitoline hill, the world might have been spared the dark ages.

Mr. Holmes gave much information in a pleasing manner, not too statistical, not with a show of pedantry, but as an experienced traveler with appreciation of the beautiful describing to a familiar friend what he had seen and experi- enced.

This travelogue will be shown this afternoon. The subject next Friday evening and the following Sunday after- noon will be "Rome, Part II: Round About Rome." P. H.

Sinfonia Fraternity Gives 'The Pirate's Daughter'

JORDAN HALL—"The Pirate's Daughter," musical comedy in three acts, given by the Sinfonia frater- nity of the New England Conserva- tory. Book and lyrics by George M. Brown and Dorothea Bassett. Music by Keith Brown. Directed by Clay- ton D. Gilbert. Musical director, Harland Riker. The cast:

- |                   |       |                               |
|-------------------|-------|-------------------------------|
| Mrs. Schuyler     | ..... | Muriel MacLachlan             |
| Mrs. van der Meer | ..... | Elsa Evans                    |
| Elsie             | ..... | Yvonne Desrosiers             |
| Willberg          | ..... | Donald Sellev                 |
| Peter             | ..... | Ben Russell                   |
| Jaqueline         | ..... | June Palmer                   |
| Mrs. La Rue       | ..... | Victor Wrenn                  |
| Hans              | ..... | Mortimer Bowe                 |
| Katrinka          | ..... | May Silver                    |
| Mahmat Singh      | ..... | Joseph Lopez                  |
| Valeka            | ..... | Naomi Andrews                 |
| Mr. van der Meer  | ..... | Charles Pearson               |
| Dolores and Andre | ..... | John Conkley and Ruth Chilton |
| Mate              | ..... | Joseph Lopez                  |
| Dub               | ..... | Luke Gaskell                  |
| Gub               | ..... | Gennaro d'Alessandro          |
| Mitie             | ..... | Louise Beach                  |
| Fritie            | ..... | Florence Owen                 |
| Gretchen          | ..... | Aleene Grossart               |
| Villager          | ..... | Norman Strauss                |

Although the book is slim and at times rough-hewn, and it was amus- ing to hear the woden shoood gossips of Leydenkirch burst into sudden com- ment on the foibles of examination time at the conservatory, "The Pirate's Daughter" has a musical score that is rhythmic, fluent, melodious and zestful. And both the principals and chorus sang spontaneously, pleasurably. It is rarely that the chorus of a musical comedy is so fresh and sonorous in tone.

The appeal of the musical comedy is to the eye and the ear; it is seldom that there is either coherence or body to the book. It is enough that the libretto give pretext for song and dance, for an interplay of costume and setting, for the suggestiveness of color and lights. And, commencing with a con- ventional house party on the banks of the Hudson where, for a diversion, a hostess summons a ballet dancer, two eccentric dancers, a Hindu necromancer, "The Pirate's Daughter" through the conjuring of the necromancer harks back with its second act to Holland of 300 years ago; to a stalwart burgo- master dealing justice to his villagers, to a strange and fascinating hoyden who has appeared to perplex the gossips, to tantalize the men, and to an incu- sion of pirates with the help of the hoyden, the chieftain's daughter is dis- guise.

There was the stamp of the amateur in much of their pantomime, in the ges- turing, in the groupings, but it was a pleasurable performance owing to the excellence of the singing, the enthusiasm of the orchestra, the attractiveness and pleasing voices of Miss Desrosiers and Miss Palmer; the sturdiness and deep voice of Mr. Pearson as the burgo- master, the amusingness of Mr. Russell's prefect of police. The dancing was bet- ter than is customary in an amateur performance. And the indirect light- ing of Mr. Peavey did much to create the proper atmosphere, without neces- sitating the harsh glare of the foot- lights. There was a large and friendly audience. The performance will be re- peated this evening. E. G.

The Herald has received this extraor- dinary letter:

As the World Wags:  
The song that you profess to be inter- ested in is a dirty dig at the Irish, and, as a Bostonian, I resent it.  
O'MACK ABOO.

As the World Wags:

Seems to me I saw some reference in your column the other day about  
"Ten thousand Micks  
Laid down their picks."

but I failed to understand the motive. Was it a strike or did the 5 o'clock whistle blow?

To all good ex-marines the following version, once popular in Brig.-Gen. "Fire-Eater" Smedley Butler's outfit, seems more conclusive:

"Ten thousand gobs  
Laid down their swabs  
To lick one sick marine."

H. F. M.

MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER

As the World Wags:  
About those overalls. I remember that song very well, though the com- poser's name I never knew. I always admired it, too, for its forthrightness, its scorn of affectation, its true tinge of the soil. A real folk-song. I think that your title is not quite right. As I re- member it, the authentic version is "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Mur- phy's chowder?" A little better and more natural title, you'll agree. The chorus ran—

"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Mur- phy's chowder?"

Nobody answered, so he shouted all the louder—

"'Twas a dirty trick to do, and I can lick the mick that threw (fermata ad lib.)

The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chow- der."

Melrose. G. G.

in 1886

As the World Wags:

A correspondent refers to the great snowstorm of January 17-19, 1867, which he declares the greatest he ever knew. I remember the storm very well indeed, and agree with him as to its magnitude. He also refers to the great storms of 1888, 1893 and 1916, but makes no men- tion of the storm of April, 1886. We hired a cottage at Ocean Spray that year, and, in order to have a long sea- son, took possession on April 11. A few days after our arrival there came a fu- rious snowstorm which buried us half- way to the eaves. We had a young child critically sick with membranous croup and had to summon our family physi- cian from Boston. It was with the greatest difficulty he reached the house in time to save the child's life.

GEORGE DANA BURRAGE.

HOLLYWOODCUTS III

The Star

"Lights! Ready! Camera!"—thusly The boss orders action to start: The story's of life in the Ghetto, Of a pure little gal set apart. And swiftly the action sweeps onward Till life brings its sweet recompense, And the little girl, stalwart in virtue, At last weds a guy, rich but dense. And Oh, the ethereal beauty When starlet and juvenile clasp; Though dainty and pure is her motive, The gold-bag at last's in her grasp!

And I can't for the life of me help it, But I think as I watch her proud face, Of the last time I saw her presiding O'er the till in a Bronx eating place.

HOLLYWOOD TOMMY.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

As the World Wags:

About the time that Assistant Chief Henry A. Fox of the Boston fire depart- ment was serving his apprenticeship with engine 4 on Bulfinch street, West end, Howard street was a busy thor- oughfare. The slogan was "Always something doing on Howard street." What with Johnny Campbell's and various other "liquid refreshment emporiums" running full blast, several hotels, poolrooms, etc., doing a land office business, things were lively on that street. Many an after 11 P. M. fight have I witnessed that was the real goods.

At 20 Howard street was J. Tinkham's undertaking rooms. It was not a funeral home or funeral parlor, nor ye a mortuary, just plain undertaking es- tablishment. The front shop on How- ard street was office, show room and chapel, the back shop in the rear came almost up to Austin & Stone's Museum. Just across a narrow alley was the smoking room, where the talent loafed between acts. Tinkham's was sort of a clearing house for news of the day, and the boys would drop in at any and all hours of the day or night for the local news.

Many a game was invented in that



back shop, and this was one of them—"Seeing the Tarantula." Bill would drop in to get the news, and Fred or Jimmy or Charlie, whichever happened to be on duty, would say to him, "Bill, did you ever see a tarantula?" "No," would be the reply. "Well, Joe found one in a bunch of bananas this morning, let's go and look at it." And then the game was on. The gang would adjourn to Joe's fruit store, and Fred would say—"Joe, Bill wants to see the tarantula." "All right go in the store and look at him." So in they would go and find a half-barrel that had held Malaga grapes covered with a wire netting. The shop was fairly dark, so Bill would have to bend over until nearly double to get a look. While he was trying hard to see the tarantula, one of the boys would hold his coat tails up and another one would hit him with a board where his trousers were tight. Bill "got his" and then the stage was set for the next victim. "Behold what havoc the Scythe of Time makes"—the "Ancient Landmarks" have vanished. Tinkham's, the fruit store, Johnnie's, all gone, and only The Old Howard remains. Vale. OLD TIMER.

#### JANUARY SUNSETS

As the World Wags:

Being indirectly concerned in the school book business, I read with interest G. F. S.'s letter in which he sets a Chicago poet right about the setting of the January sun.

By the almanac the declination of the sun on Jan. 31 is 17 deg. 22 min. 17 sec. Consequently in the latitude of Boston it will set a very little south of west-southwest. If there is any irregularity about the setting, because of uneven horizon or because of clouds, it will set so much farther south; it will also set farther south if the date is taken earlier in January.

I have so much faith in the almanac, and in the general principle that winter is the time when the sun is furthest from our hemisphere, that I am convinced that G. F. S., who thought it set in the northwest on the above date, is misinformed as to which of the objects around his home are west and which are south. If he will watch the sunset on Bunker Hill day he will see it in what he supposes to be almost due north.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

## ORGANIST C

Nadia Boulanger, who will appear as organist at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, belongs to a very musical family. Her grandfather and father were instructors in the Paris conservatory and her sister, Lili, the younger of the two, won a high reputation as a composer before she died. Miss Nadia won many honors as a student in the conservatory, chief among them a first prize in harmony, a first prize in piano accompaniment, organ, counterpoint, fugue, and in 1908 the second "Grand Prix de Rome." She was graduated when she was 16 years old.

For the last 14 years she has been the assistant of Dallier, professor of harmony at the Paris conservatory, and his assistant as organist at the Madeleine. She is professor of harmony at the American conservatory, Fontainebleau; professor of organ, harmony, counterpoint and fugue at the Paris Normal Music school, critic of the Monde Musical. She is associated with several musical societies.

She is favorably known also as a composer. She and the late Itaou Pugno, who is remembered in Boston by his brilliant piano playing, wrote an opera, "The Dead City" for which d'Annunzio made a special version of the play in which Duse gave a memorable performance.

She will not appear at the Symphony concerts this week as a composer, but as an organist and a teacher, for she taught Mr. Copland, whose symphony for organ and orchestra is dedicated to her, and she gave lessons to her sister Lili, whose "For the Funeral of a Soldier" will be performed. She

will also play an organ concert, edited by Gullmatt who was her organ teacher.

The life of Lili Boulanger, who, born in 1892, died in 1918, was triumphant and tragic. Constant

ill-health prevented her from having regular musical instruction until she was 16 years, although she was musically precocious. Nadia formed her taste and disciplined her. Then Lili studied with Georges Caussade; later with Paul Vidal, and in 1913, she did what no woman had ever done from the time the Paris Conservatory was founded. She was awarded the first "Grand Prix de Rome." There was a long standing prejudice against the admission of women to the Villa Medici at Rome, but jury and audience were unanimous in awarding the prize to Lili before her competing cantata, "Faust and Helen," had been one-third performed.

She went to Rome and there worked diligently for a year in spite of her wretched health. The war obliged her to return to Paris. In 1915-16, sick as she was, she was busy as a member of a Franco-American committee in aid of French musicians. She was once again in Rome, but only for a little time. Her courage was indomitable. Even on her sick bed she busied herself by sketching musical ideas. The list of her compositions includes works for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, the 129th psalm, a "Hindu Prayer," a "Pie Jesu," songs, etc. She had nearly completed a lyric drama, Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine."

"For the Funeral of a Soldier" was composed when she was 18 years old. It was suggested by a poem of de Mésse's.

Henri Prunieres said of Lili: "Her sublime resignation in the face of death seemed to bring forth the full beauty of her genius."

P. H.

## THIRD CONCERT FOR CHILDREN

### Schelling and Symphony Musicians Play to Large Jordan Hall Audience

At Jordan hall yesterday morning, Ernest Schelling, with members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, gave the third of his concerts for children. His program included the following orchestral excerpts: Quilter, Overture; Holy, Romance for the Harp; Weber, Romance, from Second Concerto; Schubert, Moment Musical; Brahms, Hungarian Dance; Handel, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"; Stravinsky, "Berceuse" from "L'Oiseau de Feu"; Haydn, Farewell Symphony.

For this concert Mr. Schelling continued his discussion of the wood wind section, choosing for his soloists Mr. Holy, the harpist; Mr. Sand, clarinetist, and Mr. Laus as the bassoon player. As in his previous concerts, Mr. Schelling made interesting and amusing his brief tales on the development of the harp, telling of how its tonalities were changed; of the clarinet, the B flat, the A and the bass; and of the bassoon and the contrabassoon, illustrating each comment with picturesque slides and a soloist from the orchestra.

Preluding his playing of the Children's Overture from Quilter's "Baby's Opera," he played on the piano each of the folk songs incorporated in it, demanded that his audience hum them, he amused with his quaint pictures. And so his concert ranged from this overture to the "Berceuse" from Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," and the Presto and Adagio of Haydn's "Farewell Symphony," with each player following his score by the light of a candle, and one by one slipping out of the concert hall, until at the last, there were only the first of the first violins and the first of the second and Mr. Schelling to bear the burden of Haydn's farewell.

Rare concerts, made engrossing by the personality and the sympathy of Mr. Schelling and the intense interest of his large audience who have entered quite into his mood, and respond to each of his inquiries.

Had those who enjoyed Shary's "Androcles and the Lion" at the Copley Theatre last week read "The Lion and the Unicorn" by Octavus Roy Cohen, published in the Saturday Evening Post on Jan. 31? We hope so, for their enjoyment would have been doubled. How the Mid-night Pictures Corporation, Inc., got rid of that "Hop," Mr. Eustace Gribble, by insisting that in a new picture he should fight with a lion? How the wily Florian Slappey persuaded Mr. Gribble to play the heroic part by telling him the story of Androcles and promising him that he, Slappey, would put a thorn in the lion's paw? It's a most amusing story.

Some one has said that in these years audiences do not appreciate satirical plays; that the age of satire has passed, though never was there greater need for it. We are old enough to remember the stir caused by Richard Grant White's "New Gospel of Peace"; and later the reception of "Ginx's Baby." Bernard Shaw is satirical enough, but he is also in turn humorous and witty, and an audience plumes itself on its intelligence in attending his better plays.

The satire in "Beggars on Horseback" is delightful. It does not seem possible that Bostonians will be slow to appreciate it. Has there been anything funnier than the business conference with its boast of business success, the speech of the young man who describes his series of promotions, the remarks of those at the table? And this is only one of the scenes in which modern life and thought are satirized.

We are told that Mr. Perkins, who plays the part of Homer Cady so well—"Homer is sick"—distinguished himself as an actor in his days at Harvard University.

Quick sellers, the craze for "popular" music as a commercial proposition, newspaper serial poets, the dancing mania, the court proceedings of the present day, the beliefs and strivings of the suddenly rich—are not these legitimate subjects for satirical thrusts?

Miss Boulanger will play the organ at the Symphony concerts this week. Before the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its concerts in Symphony hall, the performance of pieces in which the organ took a prominent part was impossible, for the organ in Music hall was a wretched affair. In Symphony hall Messrs. Goodrich, Marshall, Bonnet and Dupre have been soloists. Mr. Goodrich played a concerto by Handel at the first subscription concert of the organ in Symphony hall, Oct. 19, 1900.

In November, 1893, a French woman, Mme. Lucie Palicot, coming to Boston, gave a concert in which she played on a pedal-piano, and thereby hangs a curious tale. In his latter years Gounod became interested in "the artistic career" of Mme. Georges Palicot, who, as a maiden, rejoiced in the name of Lucie Schneckenburger. (Louis Pagnerre in his life of "Gounod" says that her baptismal name was Marie, but he was mistaken.) Born at Batignolles in 1857, she entered the Paris Conservatory, where she took a minor prize for piano playing. She studied the organ with Guilmant and officiated at times as organist of St. Marie des Batignolles and the Trinite, but her specialty was playing the pedal-piano. Gounod wished "to flatter her talent"—a courteous way of putting it—so he wrote for her a suite, a concerto for the instrument and orchestra, and other pieces. Prudhomme and Dandelot in their excellent life of Gounod, allow themselves to say that Gounod was "interested first of all in his interpreter."

She gave a concert in the Salle Erard with players from Colonne's orchestra in 1890. This led the facetious "Willy" (Henri Gauthier-Villars) to write disrespectfully about it.

"After a flirtation with the Madonna and sentimental passages with the Fathers of the Church, M. Gounod has wished to show us his actual Muse, Mlle. Lucie Palicot, who, thin enough for a Lenten artist, came to dance her legs on a pedal-piano under the pretext of a Concerto, excellent for the education of the big toe. In fact it was, indeed, music to trample under foot and she stamped it out with an undeniable heel. Well done, Miss!"

It was about 1890 that Gounod, in spite of his age, thought of touring the United States for four months. It is said that he was offered 1,000,000 francs for a series of concerts in this country; in addition, his traveling expenses and the cost of his living during his stay and all the expenses for a companion. Did Mme. Palicot beg him to come with her in 1893? At any rate his relatives dissuaded him from the journey; they thought it better for him to pass the summer of 1890 in Normandy. He wrote: "I think, I read, I meditate, I write. I pull myself together as best I can before the last hour that approaches for us all, especially for me, who have made a long journey. I feel more and more each day how life is encumbered with little things and devoid of grandeur."

One reads in newspapers of London that film plays increase enormously the sale of books on which the plays are based, and the income of authors.

"We hear," says the Daily Chronicle, "of a country book-shop which has sold 900 copies of 'Notre Dame,' as a result of the showing of the film, 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame.' Judging by the popularity of the Hunchback game among the small boys in the suburbs, experience has probably been many times repeated. In the same way the boom in the bow and arrow trade must have been enormous since Fairbanks made his bow as Robin Hood."

These readers of Hugo's "Notre Dame" must be surprised to find out how the film deals havoc with the characters and scenes of the novel.

Many of us read Conan Doyle's novel, "The Lost World," when it was first published and now find pleasure in re-reading it due to the screen play. In the novel, the beloved one, Gladys Hungerton, becomes Mrs. Potts during the absence of Malone, and this woman who wished her lover to do some daring and romantic deed, weds the little ginger-haired man who is a solicitor's clerk, while Malone joins Lord Roxton for another expedition. But a film play must have what is shown in the jargon of the press-agent, as "love interest," and the adapters of Doyle's novel were wise in their day and generation.



A museum containing letters and manuscripts written by famous musicians, also pictures and personal souvenirs of singers, conductors and composers, has been established at the Covent Garden Opera House and is to be open daily to the public. There are only two similar collections in the world, it is said; one at the Opera in Paris; the other at La Scala in Milan. Letters from Gounod about the production of "Faust" at Covent Garden recall the fact that Mme. Carvalho, the original Marguerite, taking the part in London drew this remark from the Times: "She walks the stage with the placid composure and muscular rigidity of a somnambulist."

Mme. Melba will enrich this museum. She will present to it a marble bust of herself.

Would that some one could and would write a history of The Boston Opera House under the management of Henry Russell! It would of course be published in a very limited edition and at a price that would discourage the lovers of back-stage, dressing-room and foyer scandal. The book would make what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading."

Mr. Clive spared the public a revival of "The Private Secretary" at Christmas time, but London saw the farce in the supposedly joyous season. The man who first played the part of the Secretary is still living. His name is Arthur Helmore. The son of a former minor canon of Canterbury Cathedral, he now goes round with the bag during the offertory at St. Barnabas in Pimlico. He is seldom seen on the stage, but is still a "mighty entertainer."

Bernard Shaw, translating "Jitta's Atonement" by Trebitsch—the translation was produced in London on Jan. 26—says that Viennese music might be unintelligible to an Anglo-American audience without a musical accompaniment; so he has planned away "the turgid presences of emotion which he thinks England would not endure." The third act began "to fade away entirely beneath the pressure of Savian 'atmosphere,' and a drama in the grand style became a domestic interior, with Mr. Shaw as majordomo. . . . Mr. Shaw drives home the point that the results of infidelity are neither so serious as romantic drama would make out nor so trivial as conventional farce presents them. He does it with a considerable discharge of his best squibs, and Lenkum, a vain, blustering little creature of the academic world, becomes a bit for the best kind of Shavian invective against the mandarins of letters."

P. H.

## From a Bundle of Letters

### The Old Continental and "Black Crook," "Jimmy" Ring at the Museum

The Herald has received several letters which should interest the older generation of theatregoers. And here is a letter of contemporaneous interest:

To the Editor of The Herald:

I recall the old Continental, in its first season under the management of B. F. Whitman—the season of 1866 and 1867, and what a memorable company he had. That was in my "shining morning face," schoolboy days, "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school"—the old Dwight school—still doing business at the old stand on Springfield street, at the "South end," then known also as "The Neck." Pretty fat neck now.

The lure of the theatre got me even then, and with a classmate, Charley Waterman, we trudged down to nearly every matinee at the Continental to "supe" for the imaginary stipend of 25 cents, which proved to be a chimera, literally "an incongruous conception of the fancy," for not a penny of that appropriation ever reached the inner recesses of my trousers.

I wonder if the night watchman at Osgood's Furniture Store ever hears the wail of "The Black Crook," for there is where its first production in Boston occurred, and what was then thought to be so very wicked, ran for 21 weeks.

Jan. 7, 1867, was the date of the first performance, and I lost no time in becoming a matinee demon, as well as a "Retainer," whatever that is, but at all events, I wore a uniform, several sizes too large for me, and I carried a spear, but I do not recall that I ever went into action with it, or covered myself with any particular glory by my prowess.

After many years I began to realize the value of the recompense I received in the memories I have of James Lewis, the Greppo, fascinating, dainty Kitty Blanchard as Carline, and I can still hear her sing "You Naughty, Naughty Men"; Fanny Davenport, the sumptuous, as Amina; sweet, gentle Louisa Meyers, the modest Stalacta; H. A. Weaver, the "Crook," whose descent I assisted in when he paid the penalty just before the "Transformation Scene," by jabbing him with my red-hot pitchfork, as he disappeared down the trap; John Davies, the inexorable Zamiel; W. H. Sedley Smith, a fine old man then, the Von Puffengruntz; Mrs. L. B. Perrin, the only lady who ever played Rudolphe, I think, and Dan Maginnis, "Handsome Dan," the man of many friends, as Dragonfin, the athletic demon.

The memory of those people is worth the sacrifice of the two bits now that all are gone—unless it be that Louisa Meyers may still inhabit the earth. She after several seasons at the Boston Museum married Eaton S. Drone, the managing editor of the New York Herald. I wonder if she be still living.

The "Transformation Scene" in those days was thought to be a fitting and necessary climax to every spectacle—Cinderella had provided

one of considerable splendor and therefore the "Crook" must surpass it and it did. I can see Nape Lothian leading the orchestra, and even now hear the strains of "William Tell," so beautifully rendered, under his skillful leadership.

There were real orchestras—those day orchestras often containing soloists of rare distinction. The overtures and the entre acte music at that time was often well worth the price paid for the entire entertainment. There must be people who recall, as I do, Koppitz and Catlin and John Braham.

Many also will recall the many years of genial and kindly Nape Lothian while at the Boston Theatre, a feature of every entertainment, the back of whose head was a "landmark" to the audience. It was said that once on presenting himself at the window of some bank to get a check cashed, where he was not known, the clerk told him he would have to be identified, but finally after an explanation the clerk said: "Please take off your hat and turn your back to me," which he did, when the clerk said: "That will do, I'm satisfied."

I recall the gentleness and harm of manner of William Warren, undoubtedly one of the greatest actors this country has ever produced, but to the present generation, in the "who the devil is he?" class. The courtesy he ever showed to the minor members of the company, entirely without condescension, and the aid and advice he was always willing to give yet never forced upon anyone, is something to recall with feelings of gratitude.

And "Jimmy" Ring—I dare to call him that now, although I would not have presumed to do so at that time; dear, fat, chubby, good-natured Jimmy Ring, he too was always kindly and helpful. Among the many things that I recall in those early days of struggle was one occasion at rehearsal; I had been on for one scene, and standing at the back, watching the progress of the play, and incidentally waiting for my next entrance cue, when I felt a hand placed gently upon my shoulder, and upon looking around, the kindly face of Mr. Ring was near my own.

To me, at that time, this in itself was a great honor for one of his position to so distinguish me, but he soon modified my surprise by saying:

"My boy, there is a man sitting up there in the gallery," pointing with his finger, "and he has paid 25 cents for his seat. That man is just as much entitled to hear what you have to say as the man down there who has paid a dollar. Don't forget that."

That was all, and he moved away as I hastened to thank him, and I never ceased to thank him, for I never forgot it.

Another member of that company was Miss M. Parker, the "second old woman," who played the parts after Mrs. Vincent, and the recent death of the son of Jimmy Ring brings to mind an incident concerning the three—Ring, his son and Miss Parker.

They lived up on the western slope of Beacon Hill, the Rings and Miss Parker, not far from each other, and one morning, after an evening when Mr. Ring was out of the bill, he wished to know what the "call" was for that morning—and telephones had not then been invented.

Being aware of the fact that Miss Parker had been concerned in the previous night's play, and that she would be likely to know what was to be rehearsed that morning, if anything, he dispatched his son over to her and on ringing her bell the lady herself appeared at the door.

Recognizing the child, she inquired to know what she could do for him.

"Father wants to know what the call is."

Miss Parker, being tall and majestic, and little Jimmy quite the reverse, aside from the fact that she did not always hear distinctly, even when lips and ears were on the level, replied:

"The gall? The gall is a little sack containing the bile that is very bitter, which is discharged through a duct into the duodenum. I am surprised that your father did not know that."

Jimmy Ring was a comedian and if he did not appreciate the humor of that message my memory is at fault.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I am departing from my usual custom in sending you the enclosed comment upon Mr. Craven's play. I do this for two reasons: First, Mr. Craven's amusing comedy, embodying a helpful truth of life as it concerns fathers and sons, who need a little light upon their problem at this moment, is well worth seeing and deserves better support than it is having from the ranks of those who seek the better things in our theatres.

Second, I feel that any lever that can be applied in order to lift back into our theatre seats the older playgoers who have lost heart and reduced their attendance to rather a deplorable state, for the good of drama in general in Boston, ought to be brought into service. Now is a good time to rally to the support of good dramatic undertakings on our stages.

Tufts College.

ALBERT H. GILMER.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, as guest. See special notice.

Boston Athletic Association, 8 P. M. Rudolf Laubenthal, tenor, and the Vannini Symphony Ensemble. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Felix Salmond, violoncellist, assisted by Frank Sheridan, pianist. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Tina Filippini, young Italian pianist. Bach-Liszt, Fantasie and Fugue, G minor; Chopin, Sonata, B minor; Granados, Cologino; Albeniz, Trilana; Infante, El Vito; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second and last concert of the Fox-Burgin-Beditt Trio. Beethoven, Trio, op. 97; Mendelssohn, Trio, D minor, and, for the first time in Boston, Paul Juon's "Litanie."



THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor, assisted by Dusolina Giannini. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, and Marie Mikova, pianist. The program will include Grieg's violin sonata, G major; piano pieces by Rachmaninov, Scott, Chopin, Schubert-Liszt; violin piece by Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Karganov, and at the end Brahms's violin sonata, D minor, op. 108.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Nadia Boulanger, solo organist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Walter Hansen, pianist, member of the N. E. Conservatory faculty and a prize winner. P. E. Bach's Rondo El pressivo; MacDowell, Norse Sonata; Gluck-Friedman, Ballet of Blessed Spirits; Liszt, Concert Etude, F minor, and Petrarch's Sonnet No. 104; Gabrielowitch, Caprice Burlesque; Scriabin, Prelude, G flat, op. 16; Chopin, Prelude, F major; Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

H. S. M. writes: "A United States senator who says 'avocation' when he means 'vocation' should keep away from Massachusetts."

Well, this United States senator sins in good company—with Defoe, Macaulay, Thomas Moore, Charles Dickens, Buckle. We admit that they misused the word, but few today are "beastly particular in their English."

"Avocation" first meant the calling away or withdrawal of a person from an employment, diversion of the thoughts. In this sense the word is obsolete or archaic. It came to mean the condition of being called away, or having one's attention diverted; distraction.

Then "that which has the effect of calling away or withdrawing one from an occupation. Hence, a minor or less important occupation, a bywork."

"But, as in many cases, the business which called away was one of equal or greater importance, the new meaning was improperly foisted upon the word: ordinary employment, usual occupation, vocation, calling."

Richard Grant White, protesting against the misuse of "avocation," said in his superior manner: "How it was that 'avocation' came to be used in a sense directly opposed to its real meaning I cannot, of course, say positively; but I have no doubt that it was merely through that pretentious ignorance or that slovenliness in speech to which we owe the greater number of the perversions of language." He admits that the misuse in his day (1880) was to be found in such journals as the London Times, the Saturday Review, the Spectator, the Pall Mall Gazette, "which represent the best English of the day," and also in the books of writers of high reputation. But he insisted that this use of "avocation" by hundreds of good writers, as Buckle, "so learned and so painstaking about his style," does not and cannot make it right. "There goes something beside the mere repetition of a word in a certain sense to the making of normal language. . . . And the word itself might well be dropped, whether used rightly or wrongly, in favor of a plainer and simpler one. Thus, where, in 'The Cruise of the Galatea' it is said 'The laborers are able in the hottest weather to carry on their usual avocations without danger,' it might much better have been written that they were able to 'do their daily work,' etc."

As the World Wags:

A sign in a cobbler's shop on Charles street reads as follows:

"Pedal ligaments artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of 10 cents."

It makes even Bostonians sit up and take notice.

ISABEL M. BILLINGS.

#### ONLY A SCRUB WOMAN

(Adv. in Camden Daily Courier)

WOMAN—Lavatory technician, preferably resident of Camden or vicinity. Apply Cooper Hospital.

#### APPROPRIATE MUSIC

As the World Wags:

Has this subject ever been properly treated? Examples are many, and the following at once occurs to me:

(1) When the Union army toward the end of the civil war emerged from the scene of the protracted and murderous Battle of the Wilderness the first band struck up a then popular camp-meeting tune, "Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness."

(2) When Wilhelm II, German Emperor, went to visit his grandmother after a long estrangement, as his imperial yacht steamed into Southampton the welcoming British band struck up a tune, then familiar: "Oh, Willie, We Have Missed You."

(3) In a prominent Boston church a Sunday or two ago, the visiting preacher gave a pacifist discourse, setting out how wrong it is to foster the militarist spirit by Defense day and the like, concluding: "We will close our service by singing hymn so-and-so—of which the tune was 'Deutschland Ueber Alles.' However fitting, this was unscriptional, for (Prov. 1, 17) 'Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.'"

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Is Mr. Aab unacquainted with Mark Twain's story about the Biblical panorama? How the wretched man hired to grind the hand-organ ground out "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" to accompany the beautiful picture, "The Return of the Prodigal Son"; how "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was singularly inappropriate; how the raising of Lazarus was accompanied by "Come, Rise Up, William Ridley (or was it 'Riley') and come along with me."

#### EDITORIAL RECOLLECTIONS

As the World Wags:

Economy in municipal affairs is generally a virtue, but sometimes it is quite the contrary. For instance: For three months I have been trying to get from the Public Branch Library of Boston a copy of Edward P. Mitchell's "Recollections of an Editor." I have been able to obtain a history of the Springfield Republican under the superior management of the three Bowles, "Forty Years of Newspaperdom," and other works pertaining to the public press, but Mitchell's popular work has evaded me. I am told that there is only one copy of it in the whole Boston Public Library. It seems to be poor judgment economically failing to buy another copy of a work so much sought after.

I was the editor of the Boston Courier when Mr. Mitchell did night locals for the Sunday edition, and also wrote for other papers on various topics, including "The Woman in the Gallery," an amusing satire on proceedings in our local House of Representatives, giving the feminine view of the often ridiculous doings of Bay state legislative representatives.

Frank Millet was also a prominent figure in the old Courier office. He went down bravely in the wreck of the Titanic after the women passengers' safety had been assured. He was a finished wielder of the journalistic pen as well as an artist of note.

Then there was Joseph Bradford, who wrote over the nom de plume of Jay Bee. He was a cadet of the United States Naval Academy who was allowed to resign from the service on account of some apparently slight breach of discipline. He was a Tennessean, had the southern gift of expression and was as amusing as his friend Stuart Robson, who wrote for the Courier an entertaining skit about his peculiarities of historic speech. Then there was Robert Craig, whose impersonation of the heroine of his own extravaganza, "Don Juan," at the old Boston Museum is pleasantly remembered by playgoers of half a century ago.

His visits to the Courier office were always heartily welcomed by Warren L. Brigham and his editorial associates. I recall in this connection a "sit-down" at Ober's in Winter place at which Brigham, Bradford, Craig and my humble self were present, and that did not say "hold, enough" until the relentless eye of morning said it was time to reluctantly depart.

Sylvester Baxter is not of a convivial type, but he is a right royal companion, nevertheless, and an accomplished journalist whose recent letters from Porto Rico have been brimful of entertaining and highly interesting information. Long may he live "ere yet the hateful crow shall tread the corners of his eyes." All except him are gone, "the old familiar faces," not including Joseph F. Travers, the business head of the old Boston Courier.

JOHN W. RYAN.

## ANDREW HAIGH

Andrew Haigh, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, before a well pleased audience of good size. Since of all his program Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau" came nearest to the hackneyed (now that the "Papillons" are no longer frequently brought forward), it may be inferred that Mr. Haigh was successful in planning an original program.

He began with the C-sharp minor prelude and fugue of Bach, not yet beloved of pianists like that in C-sharp major. Yet it is lovely music, in which Mr. Haigh, be it said to his musical credit, found more than mere design—not but what he set out the pattern clearly.

He followed it with Schumann's "Papillons." Though to his own conception of it he might have brought a warmer ardor, it was a pleasure to hear for once this music rightly conceived, music small in scale, with a suggestion about it always, be it in the bass or in the treble, however strong the rhythmic beat, of airiness or fancy. The title, after all, though few pianists heed it, does offer a hint as to how the piece should be played. Mr. Haigh did heed it.

Presently he played a sonata, op. 22, in G minor, by Medtner. In one movement, it appeared to one who did not know it, to follow the meandering course of a fantasy rather than the straight and narrow path of a sonata. Though somewhat incoherent and by no means impressive, in all its twists and turns it sounded agreeable enough. Mr. Haigh played it with energy and a nice variety of tonal color. Since the audience liked it, he added another piece by Medtner, less pretentious, very graceful and pretty.

The last group Mr. Haigh began with the Brahms rhapsody in E flat, opus 119, that with the stirring opening theme which the distinguished Leschetizky, no warm admirer of Brahms's piano music, would have it was originally the theme of an old Russian march. If Brahms borrowed the theme—in all probability he did nothing of the sort—he made grand use of it. Much of the

piece Mr. Haigh played excellently, though by his extreme variations of tempo he did away with the force of the rhapsodical character. Very beautifully, on the other hand, he played the second intermezzo, opus 118, with fine tone, a notable sensitiveness to melody and phrase, and with a marked skill in the accompaniment of a melody. Always a musician, at his best Mr. Haigh is also an exceedingly able pianist.

For the rest of his program, Mr. Haigh announced two pieces by Dohnanyi, a study and a caprice, the Debussy piece, and, true to his keen sense of the unusual, by Liszt the Petrarcha sonnet, No. 123, and, of the Hungarian rhapsodies, the seldom heard 15th.

R. R. G.

#### B. A. A. CONCERT

Rudolf Laubenthal, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with the Vannini symphony ensemble, Augusto Vannini, conductor, will give a concert in the gymnasium of the Boston Athletic Association tonight at 8 o'clock. The program will be as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" . . . . . Nicolai  
(a) Dreams . . . . . Wagner  
(b) Woodland Whispers . . . . . Czibulka  
Narrative from "Lohengrin" . . . . . Wagner  
Mr. Laubenthal with orchestra  
Hebrew Melodies—(first time):  
(a) Love Song . . . . . Rimsky-Korsakov  
(b) Oriental Chant . . . . . Moussersky  
(c) Dance . . . . . Karganov

Songs:  
(a) Alt Heideberg . . . . . Jensen  
(b) Minnelied . . . . . Brahms  
(c) Hildaigo . . . . . Schumann  
Mr. Laubenthal with piano  
Excerpts from "Madama Butterfly" . . . . . Puccini

Aria, "O Paradiso" from "L'Africain" . . . . . Meyerbeer  
Mr. Laubenthal with orchestra

Mr. Laubenthal was born at Duesseldorf in the Rheinland district. For eight years he studied medicine in Munich, Strassburg and Berlin and intended to follow that profession. While in Berlin it was discovered that he had a voice. Through good fortune he had Lili Lehmann for a teacher. He made his debut as a tenor at the German Opera House. His first appearance at the Metropolitan was on Nov. 9, 1923, as Walthar in "Die Meistersinger." Later in the season he appeared as Tannhauser, Parsifal, Siegmund, Lohengrin.

So Aristide Bruant is dead, whose songs and cabaret and red shirt, red cravat, velvet coat and wide brimmed hat drew foreigners of high and low degree to his dingy haunt where he insulted them with horrid oaths as they entered, to the great joy of highly respectable dames who wished to know the underworld of Paris. The N. Y. Times says that he wrote "the complete dictionary of slang in the French language." The writer is evidently unacquainted with French slang dictionaries. Bruant was the author of "L'Argot au XXe Siecle," published in 1901, but the second volume, "Dictionnaire Francais-Argot," never appeared. The first volume is neither so complete nor so interesting as Hector France's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte." Then there are the slang dictionaries of Delvan and by Loredan

Larchey, which are not so modern as France's. Slang changes daily; new terms and phrases pop up, and the latest dictionary is soon old.

Bruant will long be known by his verses which he sang. There are two volumes of them illustrated con amore by Steinlen. It is hard to say which are the more remarkable, the verses or the illustrations. Although there were many editions, the volumes are not now easily obtainable. Some of the songs were first sung here by Yvette Guilbert in 1896. Bostonians rocked with laughter at the grimly pathetic ones and sat with solemn faces while Yvette sang imitatively those grossly humorous. This perplexed the singer. She had been told that audiences in Boston were famed for intelligence, receptivity and acquaintance with foreign languages.

#### "CHERRYDERRY"

As the World Wags:

Regarding the discussion of the word "sherryvillies," can any one inform me as to whether it has the same meaning as "cherryderry"?

In the diary of Joshua Hempstead of New London, Ct. (1711-1758), frequent mention is made of "cherryderry" breeches.

There is a striking similarity between the words "cherryderry" and "sherryvillies."

#### CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Windham, Ct.

Hempstead's Diary, it seems, was ended in 1758. The earliest use of the word "sherryvillies" found by the editors of the Oxford English Dictionary is dated 1778 in a letter written by Gen. Charles Lee. In 1825 a Springfield tailor advertised that he would make "short-revals" and overalls and pantaloons.—ED.

We said apropos of Alfred Bruneau being elected to the French Institute, there was once a rumor that he was a natural son of Zola, some of whose novels had furnished librettos for Bruneau's operas. Mr. Hugo Gorlitz writes to The Herald: "When 'L'Attaque du Moulin' was first performed at Covent Garden, London, Paderewski and I occupied a box, and later at supper met a well known critic who asked Paderewski what he thought of the opera. 'The libretto,' Paderewski said, 'is by Zola and the music by Gorgonzola.' The critic published the remark and later, in Paris, the composer Bruneau retaliated."

This libretto was by Louis Gallet, who based it on a story by Zola.

#### HOT AFTERNOONS IN MONTANA

As the World Wags:

On the Friday dedicated by the elect to the finish of all mundane activities, Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana came to your capital city to instruct the mercurial morons of Massachusetts as to their error in putting the black curse on the proposed child labor amendment. Mr. Martin Lomasney and Col. Charles R. Dow were among those present on the reception committee, and one enjoyable time seemed to be had by all except Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana.

I have received my copy of the New York Nation, containing its prize poem for 1925. Honest to goodness, it seems to me a terrible thing to start a perfectly good new year like that! The title of the poem is

#### "HOT AFTERNOONS HAVE BEEN IN MONTANA."

I think that after that Friday afternoon Senator Thomas J. Walsh would be willing to agree that Hot Forenoons Have Been Had in Massachusetts, and I can think of no more graceful gesture for Mr. Lomasney to add to those with which he is so well equipped than for him to send a marked copy of the current Nation to Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, as a memento of his visit and the home-brewed weather of New England.

It is interesting to consider what the emotional reaction of this epic on a native son of Montana would be. Senator Thomas J. Walsh is not a native son of Montana, but of Wisconsin, I think he said where the La Follettes come from, so he would hardly get the full kick of it. Some native son of Butte or Billings, one who could say, "This is my own, my native land" as an old timer should say it would be the chosen one for such a test. There seems to be but a single alternative as to the result of the experiment. The citizen in question would either be overcome with severe nausea and incapacitated for further effort or the subsequent proceedings after his reading of his work would interest the poet no more.

It is a deceptive piece of writing. It starts off as a gentle as a May morning. "Quiet and green was the grass of the field."

What could be sweeter? And the next minute he thinks of Injuns.

"Here once Indians shouted in battle 'Indians, Indians went through Montana'"



were all over the place, for a little while says:

adlans killed each other near Cape Cod, near Boston, in Louisiana, too."

ed, there is an Indian left-motif going through the whole thing. at that is not all.

in Montana men eat and have bodies paining them because they eat. anas, with Montana, in America, has, too, men pained by their eating."

line as these lines are I find them being in inspiration compared to those of the poetess Betsey Ann Smith Robeson, late of Patchogue, L. I., whose lines on "A Stomach Ache" have never been surpassed:

"I have had an aching heart and an aching brain, but they are no comparison to my present pain."

"Oath I can conscientiously take, there is no pain so excruciating as the stomach ache."

So sang the poetess in the '80s and I submit the 1925 model has nothing on it whatever.

"Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" explains much that has happened in and come out of Montana since Senator Thomas J. Walsh and his confrere, Senator Wheeler, have represented her at Washington, but an indication of his art is the high point to which the poet attains:

Oh, what their poetry can do; what poetry can do.

here is the brain of man, a soft, puzzling, weak affair."

That's all, but there is the perfect picture after Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

## KREISLER PLAYS

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, gave a second recital, yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, before an audience that packed the place, stage and all, to the doors. To the skilful accompaniment of Carl Lamson, he played Corelli's "La Folia," that famous piece of 10 per cent. music to 90 per cent. display, a commonplace Rondo by Schubert, Lalo's Spanish Symphony the delightful Scherzando included, a Cavatina by Beethoven, a Brahms Hungarian dance arranged by himself, and Wienlawski's slow Polonaise in A-major. Though enthusiasm ran high, Mr. Kreisler declined to interrupt the course of the program with encores.

Mr. Kreisler played songful passages with that beauty of tone which has long been his, with all his fine musicianship; his incisive rhythm he had with him still. That he played with his former armth of style cannot truthfully be said. Those splendid flourishes of savura which he used to make electrifying, and to which he gave a significance beyond the power of other violinists, he played yesterday as so much mere technique, and not always with beautiful tone.

Can anything else be expected of a virtuoso of many years' standing? An artist can scarcely continue to grow in his art after it has lost its zest. Surely rest must needs die when all things come with ease. To maintain his present repertory cannot cost a violinist of Mr. Kreisler's great technique and musicianship vast effort.

If only he would broaden his field to the inclusion of more sonatas and also trios and quartets, Mr. Kreisler would not only lend his musical life a new ease, but he would do music itself a noble turn. Young artists would profit much from association with Mr. Kreisler, and the public, rightfully eager to listen to anything he might choose to do, would come to know fine music they now never hear.

R. R. G.

## People's Symphony Players Perform Admirably

At the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony, conducted by Wallace Goodrich, gave their 14th concert this season. The soloist was Mrs. Allee Huston Stevens, soprano. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, Overture from "La Princesse Jaune"; Mascagni, Aria "Cavalleria Rusticana"; F. S. Copse, "Pastoral Reverie" from music to Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc"; Wagner, Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"; Goldmark, Symphony, "A Rustic Wedding."

Although the program seemed haphazard in its ligne, and with the exception of the Wagner prelude, more inconsequential than profound, the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Goodrich, played admirably. There was a fluency, a nicety in phrasing, a more subtleebb and flow, a lack of bombast in dramatic climaxes, that have not always marked

their playing. Mr. Goodrich is an authoritative, yet sensitive conductor. Mrs. Stevens, whose voice is ample and resonant, sang Santuzza's air agreeably, although without poignancy.

There is languor, grace, and sophistication in the overture to Saint-Saens's brief opera of "La Princesse Jaune"; its orientalism, like that of Puccini, is pale and reminiscent. Fragile music, yet it has enough saliency to create its mood; a saliency that the reverie of Mr. Copse lacks.

Although there was warmth and sensuous flow, a slow cumulativeness in Mr. Goodrich's performance of the prelude to "Tristan," it seemed restrained, robbed of its molten passion, its overwhelming ecstasy and it was in the ingenious episodes of Goldmark's perennial "Rustic Wedding" that the performance was best; in the roistering; the light hearted capers; the clamor of the celebrants; the sentimental meditation in the garden. Not a suggestion here of the Goldmark of the perfumed "Sakuntala."

Next week, Mr. Mollenhauer will again conduct, and the soloist will be Ethel Woodman, contralto. The program will include: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1 in C major; Saint-Saens, A Night in Lisbon; Saint-Saens, Aria, from "Samson and Delilah"; Strauss, "Don Juan" Tono Poem.

E. G.

One might reasonably infer from the reviews of books that Miss Amy Lowell has answered in a satisfactory manner the old question: "What are Keats?"

Maj. Harmon Pumpelly Read of Albany, N. Y., is sorely distressed because the eagle on the new quarter of a dollar is facing backward, and instead of standing up, it is flying.

Maj. Read believes that there should be a secretary of heraldry at Washington. "Present day Americans are more interested in trade marks than in heraldry," he said in a clear bell-like voice, "but their forefathers understood it well." Yes, we recall Abraham Lincoln's remark that the American's coat-of-arms was a pair of shirt-sleeves. And, if we are not mistaken, Benjamin Franklin protested against the choice of the American eagle as this country's national bird, for he thought it a rapacious bird, one of deplorable character and manners.

It is true that there are not public officials enough at Washington, so all up for Maj. Harmon Pumpelly Read, secretary of heraldry. We see, as from a tower, his office crowded by the suddenly rich.

### SECONDED AND POSTED

As the World Wags:

Excuse me, but the architects are still bearing gifts to lay at the Academy shrine:

Walk Jones & Furbringer, also of Memphis, and C. A. Tarwater of Knoxville. As to H. W. Witcover of Savannah do you-all reckon him as a hard-worker?

M. G. B.

As the World Wags:

We have a late addition to our office force who is keen in her summing up of persons: For instance—One of our telephone girls said to this Late Addition after a particularly trying telephone call, "Ain't he the limit?"

The Late Addition: "You tell 'em. I bet he wears lace on his underwear."

THE PENCIL PUSHER.

### MAY HE REST IN PEACE

(From Direct Reflections)

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said: "My trade of late is getting bad, I'll try another ten-inch ad."

If such there be, go mark him well. For him no bank account shall swell;

No angel watch the golden stair To welcome home a millionaire.

The man who never asks for trade By local line or ad displayed

Cares more for rest than worldly gain, And patronage but gives him pain.

Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound

Disturb his solitude profound;

Here let him live in calm repose

Unthought except by men he owes.

And when he dies go plant him deep, That naught may break his dreamless sleep;

Wherein no clamor may dispel The quiet that he loved so well;

And that the world may know its loss Place on his grave a wreath of moss,

And on a stone above: "Here lies A Chump who wouldn't advertise."

This should have been recited at the business conference in "Beggar on Horseback."

B. W. F., having enjoyed this comedy hugely, writes: "But why did not the men in the conference all carry big leather brief cases?"

### A TALE OF JOHNNY CAKE

As the World Wags:

It is with deep regret that I learn you are still unable to name that gifted author of the touching ballad, "Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

I feel sure this poet could immortalize the following authentic incident:

"Marm" L— was a notorious character in her vicinity, especially for the high-handed, if not high-minded, way in which she handled the "old man." One night after he had gone to bed she washed his woolen socks and hung them by the fireplace to dry that he might have a pair to wear the next day. The following morning on kindling the fire he inadvertently knocked one of his socks into the fireplace and lighted the fire. When "Marm" arose, enraged at finding the remains of a charred sock, she hid her time. Search and questioning by the old man failed to reveal his "other stocking," so he breakfasted with one stocking off and one stocking on. The meal consisted of johnny cake and glowering silence on the part of "Marm." The old man found his piece of johnny cake of unusual resistance. On investigation he discovered the whereabouts of the missing "stockin'." "Marm" had "loaned him better to burn up his stockin's" she had laboriously knitted.

SARAH ELOISE GREENE.

(The Daily Chronicle, London) Cross-words who are getting on familiar terms with the best dictionaries must not become too proud. There are quite a number of sound English words on which the professional puzzlers have only just begun to draw. Group nouns are likely to prove the worst hurdles in the near future. Some of these, like flock, brood and litter, are commonplaces, but what of some of the following: A skulk of flars, an observance of hermits, a subtlety of sergeants, a safeguard of porters, a stalk of foresters, a blast of hunters, a draught of butlers, a temperance of cooks, a melody of harpers, a poverty of pipers, a drunkenness of cobblers, a disguising of tallors, a wandering of thinkers, a fighting of beggars, a ragful of knaves, a blush of boys, a nonpatience of wives and a gaggle of women?

### TALABOGUS (OR "AS")

As the World Wags:

Talabogus (XVIII cent. anglicized E. Indian. v. talaria for its analogy) must not be confused with such beverages as Alabazam, The Bramapootra, and Kajowsky, or Sloe Ratafia. It should be classed with Hoppelpoppel, Wischniak, and The Giffofee, though of course not to be partaken of so freely as this latter.

Perhaps Talabogus is more nearly akin to Crambambull than any other noble shot we can recall at the moment, the recipe for which, according to "The Only William," is as follows: "Pour one bottle of arrack (the best arrack comes from Java and is called the Kiji, a little juice of the areca palm tree combined with New England rum makes a very good substitute) into a pot, light the fluid with burning paper, and melt one pound of lump sugar over this flame, so as to make the melting sugar drip into the fluid."

Talabogus may be made in a similar manner by using New England, Vera Cruz, or Jamaica Rum.

BERIAH BOWSER.

As the World Wags:

"Talabogas," perhaps variant form of Calabogus—Rum and spruce beer, mixed; in use in Newfoundland.

BOX 141.

P. S.—??North American Indian.

The catalogue of a French bookseller lists Andre Gide's "Les Nourritures terrestres" under the heading "Geological." It has been suggested that Gide's "Porte etrole" should be listed under "Carpentry" and his "L'Immoraliste" under "Sociological."

In a library on Cape Cod we found Hilaire Belloc's delightful "Path to Rome" in a shelf-section marked "Theological."

## "SIMON CALLED PETER" OPENS

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Simon Called Peter," a dramatization in five episodes of Robert Keable's novel by Jules Eckert Goodman, presented by William A. Brady. After various adventures, with differing casts as far as the chief roles were concerned, the play came to the Klaw Theatre, New York, Nov. 10, 1924. When the play was first produced Edward Knoblock was named as Mr. Goodman's collaborator. The cast:

Peter Graham.....Leonard Willey  
Wilkins.....John Barry  
Madeleine.....June Webster  
Alden Gay.....Alden Gay  
Hilda Lessing.....Ulrick Collins  
George Lessing.....Ralph Sumpter  
Lt. Bobby Jenks.....Ricardo De Sylva  
Lt. Pennel.....Douglas Mapes  
Capt. Fraser.....Henry Crosby  
Capt. Mackay.....John Gray  
Capt. Dryton.....John Gray

Cap. J. Jones.....George Barry  
Lt. J. Jones.....George Barry  
Priv. Sharp.....Hugo J. Barry  
Lt. Donovan.....William J. Barry  
Maj. Langton.....Albert E. Barry  
Julia Langton.....Charlotte W. Barry  
Tommy.....John J. Barry  
Louise.....Leta J. Barry  
The Leader of the Band.....Merryman

There are several reasons why this play, in spite of its loose construction and its flimsy arguments, will in all probability succeed in Boston as it has met favor in other cities. As a war play it is not of the conventional kind. There is a scene in which a clergyman is tempted in a tawdry cafe, as St. Anthony was tempted in the sandy desert. There is a vivid scene in which an aeroplane does its deadly work. Miss Willard sings a song about a tattooed woman. (We wish there had been a second verse). One of the English soldiers, struck by a bomb outside, dies on the stage like a traditionally game Tommy. There is a highly emotional love scene. Furthermore, the dialogue is often free. As many were shocked by the movie, they will wish to be shocked again by the play. Does not the bill call the piece "A daring play that calls a spade a spade?" Certainly no one of the characters calls a spade "that instrument with which the Theban husbandman lays bare the breast of our great Mother."

With the novel we are not now concerned. Whether incidents in the play are faithfully reproduced from the novel, whether the ending has been changed—all this is a matter of indifference. The play, and only the play, is now the thing.

Peter, a clergyman, goes to France as an army chaplain. He wishes to give ministerial comfort, to encourage religious feeling in the breasts of the soldiers. Disappointed in himself, disgusted by the reckless life of those about to die, he wonders why, though he is liked personally, his sermons are not more effective. Officers tell him that he should mingle with the men in their relaxed life, so that he can understand them. Julia, a nurse, encourages him in his departure from clerical sobriety. He, who expected to preach against the world, the flesh and the devil, willingly forms a close acquaintance with them. He drinks, he is severely tempted for a few minutes by the shameless Madeleine, he spends a week with Julia in a London hotel without troubling to obtain a marriage license. True, he wishes to marry her. She is not willing. Maj. Langton calls unexpectedly to warn him against this marriage. Julia confesses to a slip in her younger years. In the epilogue Peter preaches his last sermon, tells the congregation that he has sinned, that the sin has broadened him, made him more charitable—how he knows that there is good in everyone, but he will preach no more. And Julia, who sits in the audience-congregation, rushes down an aisle, goes on the stage and says, in effect: "Peter, now I understand," whereupon the audience-congregation applauds the sermon, the sentiment and Julia.

It's a play of jumbled scenes, some of them mediocre, a few engrossing. The inferior ones will undoubtedly be called realistic, as the one in the French cafe. There are some surprisingly old tricks, as that of Langton suspecting Julia's presence in the next room by seeing her glove on the table, after Peter had looked about him in order to remove any incriminating evidence. Only Miss Willard's wit saved the scene in which she sang softly of two little lambs gone astray. The audience—it crowded the theatre—here was silent, though it had, snickered while the clergyman was tempted, especially when Miss Webster let down her back hair and loosened her waist—and laughed during the bombing, also at the entrance of the officer wounded to death. We doubt if the audience heeded the "great moral lesson" to be drawn from this "daring drama." And if any clergyman was present, he will not be likely to rush into haunts of sin that he may better appreciate the inherent goodness that lurks in every one.

Miss Willard was a welcome apparition. She gave reasonableness and character to a part that, played by another, might easily have been laughable, absurdly sentimental, or impossible. Her first meeting with Peter hinted at what would inevitably happen. She shone brilliantly in the scenes of shabby gaiety, in her defense of Peter against those believing that he had fallen victim to Madeleine's amorous onslaught, and was as admirable in the emotional scenes as in those where her native sense of humor gave importance to the dramatist's dialogue.

Mr. Willey was successful in saving Peter from the reproach of being a solemn prig who later turned out to be reckless of the world's opinion. He gave a certain dignity and charm to the dramatist's conception. The soldiers were well played and Miss Webster did her best, or her worst, to revenge herself on the chaplain who had sized her up in the first episode. She made love in a frankly, seductive manner, but the irresistible love-making was done by Miss Willard in the London hotel.



# REMONT THEATRE—"Peter Pan."

James Barrie, with Marilyn Miller.  
Presented by Charles Dillingham. The cast:

Little Billy Liza ..... Thomas Bell  
Nana ..... Olive Behrens  
Michael ..... Audrey Ridgewell  
Mrs. Darling ..... Dorothy Hope  
Wendy ..... Charles Eaton  
John ..... Wilfrid Seagram  
Mr. Darling ..... Jane Wren  
Tinker Bell ..... Marilyn Miller  
Peter Pan ..... Virginia Smith  
Tootles ..... Donald Searle  
Slightly ..... Katherine Moore  
Curly ..... Sylvia Darling  
First Twin ..... Harriet Darling  
Second Twin ..... Virginia Lloyd  
Nibs ..... Leslie Banks  
James Hook ..... Wilfrid Seagram  
Starkey ..... Edward Rigby  
Smee ..... Carl Rosa  
Cocco ..... J. B. Scott  
Mullins ..... John Trisalt  
Noodler ..... Fred Lennox  
Jukes ..... Eugene Weber  
Cookson ..... Trial Pye  
Blackman ..... Frederick Nelson  
First Pirate ..... John A. Regan  
Second Pirate ..... John A. Regan

Tiger Lily ..... Geraldine Barhardt  
Great Big Little Panther ..... Eugene Weber

Of course the proper way to write of Miss Marilyn Miller in "Peter Pan" is to discourse at length of Miss Maude Adams's prowess in the past. But what can one do who was not fortunate enough to witness Miss Adams's performance? The only resource would seem to be to let last night's production stand on its own legs. It can, and might stoutly, too.

Probably the spirit of the revival is not quite that which pervaded Miss Adams's representation. Though some people (20 years ago) brought home from the play tempting reports of pirate chiefs, and crocodiles with clocks on their insides that ticked, sighs of rapture were more to the fore over Barrie's exquisite sentiment and fancy, his poetry, his charming comedy, his pathos.

Of these higher qualities there was not, in the course of four acts, much to be seen last night. The first act's comedy of the home seemed rather thin and obvious, the sentiment something too sentimental, the fancy not quite fantastical enough to bewitch.

Poetry and pathos did not stand out in high lights. But in their place the performers last night found other qualities to stress. They saw the play as a good old-fashioned pantomime, and a rarely successful one at that. A pirate crew—they were a motley crew—made their entrance in stately march, the while they sang a chorus. They danced a hornpipe, the only pity was they would not dance it again. Indians danced with character and skill; "ugh!" they growled, just as every reader of Mayne Reid would wish them to; and when they had nothing to do they sat still in statuesque repose many an actor might envy. But when they fought conclusions with the pirates, then they thrilled.

The children danced, so did the ostrich. The children sang. They flew through the air with ease, grace and verisimilitude. And they did it all with spirit. There was not a dull moment the evening long.

Miss Miller, a charming figure to look upon, also looked like a boy, and, what is more unusual, she carried herself like a boy. Whether flying, dancing or merely walking, she moved with grace and she sang with sweet voice. Delightful in the lighter moments, she was not without a gentle pathos in the scene of the fairy's peril and in Peter's desertion by his followers. To some of the text she could not give its due force, because of indistinct speech.

Her companions were mostly excellent, some were more. Surely nobody acted with the humor and skill of Mr. Rigby, a rascally old pirate with the face of a bog-trotter in steel spectacles and a brogue to suit, who danced with the agility of a prima ballerina. To see him running up pillow-cases on the sewing machine while the captain stood making a speech!

Donald Searle, with true comic force in his nature, gave point to his unexpected remarks. Dorothy Hope found grace and charm for her Wendy, and Audrey Ridgewell played nicely. Thomas Bell knows intimately the ways of dogs. Leslie Banks made the pirate captain look like the Duke of Marlborough the first. They all furnished fine diversion.

R. R. G.

# HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Swan."

comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Translated from the Hungarian by Melville Baker. Produced by Charles Frohman. Staged by David Burton. The cast:

Dr. Nicholas Agi ..... Basil Rathbone  
George ..... Paul Jones  
Aurea ..... Spencer Bentley  
Princess Beatrice ..... Katherine Emmet  
Alexandra ..... Eva LeGallienne  
Father Hyacinth ..... Halliwell Hobbes  
Symphorosa ..... Winifred Fraser  
Prince Albert ..... Reginald Owen  
Princess Maria Dominika ..... Alison Skipworth

There is wit and a hint of whimsical irony, a cool loveliness that is sheer romanticism in "The Swan": a soft-edged satire on the ways and means of royalty that is housed and dull-witted, and of royalty that is unsentimental and myeloid in its pursuit of reinstatement; a satire that is never bludgeoning or touched with contempt.

Here is again the ancient legend of the princess who falls in love with the young tutor, of a shrewd and demanding queen mother, or rather a princess who would be a queen again, or see her daughter one, of the dull and royal prince, of a kindly and worldly wise Father Hyacinth, brother to the Princess Beatrice, benignly tolerant of her obvious designs, at times suggestive of Anatole France's Abbe Colignard.

And despite the slim loveliness, the cool grace of the princess, the prince has shown no signs of interest; his visit is to end on the next day; the Princess Beatrice insists on drastic measures. Alexandra has not appealed to him as a woman; she must invite the tutor to the dinner, show him occasional attentions, excite the interest of the prince.

And then there is the dinner, an occasion of exquisite edginess, or horrific boredom, upset by the mild intoxication of the tutor, now disillusioned by the princess who has told him why she has favored him.

And because she is sorry for him and because the others are so disdainful, she too drinks her first glass of tokay, becomes slightly animated, increasingly interested in his disquisitions on astral chemistry and his sister, until the Princess Beatrice disperses the gathering with a well timed faint.

Mr. Hyacinth is left to smooth matters over; the young people, now quite irresponsible, are in love, and as Prince Albert returns, now infatuated with the princess, he taunts the tutor with disrespect to her princess, with his boundless knowledge. The princess kisses the tutor; the second act is over. And this is the end of the romance, for on the next day the mother of the prince arrives, and with his last ironic touch, Molnar sends the tutor away, completes the royal suit.

Miss Le Gallienne, who has not been here since "Lilium," plays with a beautiful restraint a cold passion, a slowly increasing intensity that replaces the aloofness of the Alexandra of the first act before she has known love. A restrained and exquisite characterization. And of the rest of the act, although slightly changed from its original, there is nothing but praise. It is rarely that a play comes to us so well staged, so carefully directed, and excellently cast, even to the smallest member. Mr. Rathbone played the tutor with diffidence, a becoming modesty and restraint even in his ardour.

Mr. Hobbes's Mr. Hyacinth was a kindly, worldly wise old abbe, sympathetic, tactful, possessed of a sense of humor. Of the others one must mention the shrewd and self-possessed Princess Beatrice of Miss Emmet, the delightful Princess of Miss Skipworth, the fatuous, literal-minded Prince Albert of Regina Owen. A play of rare charm, admirably cast, and produced. The audience, which was large, was vociferous in its applause, and there were many curtain calls. E. G.

# ST. JAMES THEATRE—Boston

Stock company in "Expressing Willie," a comedy in three acts, by Rachel Crothers. Staged by Samner Godfrey. The cast:

Mrs. Smith ..... Anna Layng  
Minnie Whitcomb ..... Elsie Hitz  
Simpson ..... Louis Leon Hall  
Willie Smith ..... Bernard Nedell  
Reynolds ..... Ralph Remley  
Tallaferro ..... John Collier  
Dolly Cadwalader ..... Roberta Lee Clark  
George Cadwalader ..... Houston Richards  
Frances Sylvester ..... Olive Blake  
Madison ..... Ralph Morehouse  
Jean ..... Kate Smith

Only a few weeks ago, Mr. Giles ventured for production a play that had only left Boston, giving it its first presentation in Boston in "stock." Now he repeats the experiment, for Miss Crothers' comedy is still fresh in the mind. This is setting pace indeed. Let none say that as far as stock productions go, Boston is not getting full and overflowing measure.

For theme Miss Crothers finds her outlet in "expressionists." In another day we described them as a group full of "notions." Today the nouveau riche are plentiful, and among these mushroom growths—for the dramatist—there is rich material.

Miss Crothers knows her people, and she has sketched without caricature many neat characterizations. This is notably true of the mother, admirable in the wisdom of her maturity, in her authority—and authority that baffles the "expressionists," the while exciting their thinly concealed admiration. The dialogue is often crisp, and the introduction of Minnie in the exposition was skilfully contrived. Why did Minnie venture into Willie's bedroom? Why did Frances follow so closely on her heels? All this a logical and obvious outcome, yet now that we have witnessed it, admitting our agreeable surprise. And a bedroom scene that did not prompt one to hold his nostrils!

Miss Layng played with quiet assurance the role of Mrs. Smith. Her determination to down the flappers was nicely worked out. The old-fashioned girl, in the person of Minnie, was her objective for Willie. She never left the rudder, while the "expressionists" had their fling.

Miss Hitz played the "gawk" with never a tendency to overplay. Her consternation at her continued rebuffs by all except Mrs. Smith was given a nice facial play, and there were moments when in repose she was eloquent.

As Willie, Mr. Nedell neatly differentiated his icyness in the beginning as the shallowness of the "expressionists" dawned upon him, from that of his creeping and warming toward Minnie. Mr. Richards was a comical Cadwalader, and sang his one song with real comic flavor, and Mr. Collier as the aesthetic Tallaferro had many amusing moments in his queer philosophicings. The settings gave pleasure to the eye, in the extravagance, assisting the illusion. All in all a smooth performance, giving the road companies measure for measure.

# COPLEY THEATRE—"O'Flaherty, V. C."

A play in one act by G. Bernard Shaw, presented as a curtain raiser to "Androcles and the Lion."

Sir Pearce ..... Francis Compton  
Denny O'Flaherty ..... E. E. Clive  
Mrs. O'Flaherty ..... May Ediss  
Teresa ..... Katherine Standing  
Thoroughly Irish in mood and feeling, O'Flaherty, V. C., tells the story of an exuberant soldier, who, after a series of spectacular exploits at the front, was decorated by his King and sent back to Ireland to assist in the recruiting. Invited to tea at the home of his landlord, now his commanding officer, he met his mother, for his first time since his return.

The shock which followed when she discovered that her son had fought, not against the English, but for them, was almost more than the good woman could endure.

She had raised Denny O'Flaherty on Parnell, taught him to thrive from his English masters. Yet here he was fighting their battles, and what was worse, urging others to do it. Once away from home, he had learned that the English were occasionally right, the Germans sometimes human, and his return proved it. In the end, he looked toward his return to the front as a blessed relief, vowing that if the fortunes of war spared him, he would settle abroad.

Mr. Shaw's kernel for thought is contained in the single line:

"There never will be any peace for the human race till patriotism is knocked out of 'em."

Mr. Clive's performance as the genial O'Flaherty, who had found the war a source for the most racy philosophy, was a joy to behold. As a foil for his sparkle and gaiety, Miss Ediss did excellent work in the part of the soldier's mother, while Mr. Compton and Miss Standing helped to round out and finish this delightful quarter of an hour.

"Androcles and the Lion" shows the results of its week's polish in every way, giving good reason to be thankful for the revival of a splendid play, seen all too seldom. G. R. L.

# ACTS AT KEITH'S

Harry Timberg was a two-letter man on the Keith aggregation of stars last night, and proved himself worthy of the unusual distinction of appearing in two separate acts on the same bill. First in "Little Bits," more or less by himself, he startled the audience into continuous laughter with the nimbleness of his tongue and feet. Then a band of cynopators, himself the most synful, produced "The Rebellion," written and staged by him, in which the musicians and dancers defied the death threat of a bearded "Public Opinion" so zestfully, that Sonia even took off her red rubber gloves.

Dorothy Jardon, diva of the Chicago and San Carlo grand opera companies, after a somewhat formal introduction as Carmen, won the audience into her confidence with chat tending to depreciate the appearance of a prima donna in vaudeville and boost a catchy song which she and Jerry Jarnagin, her accompanist, had written. Encore after encore of selections from opera and of popular songs found her winning increasing favor.

In a new act of rural sophistication by Jimmie Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Barry evoked repeated response with lifelike discussion of Hensfoot scandal and portrayal of awkward courtship beside the barber pole. Mankin, "The Frog Man," weird and fascinating, in full amphibian costume, gave an unbelievable display of contortion.

There were acts with Spanish flavor by the La Pilarica trio and by Pepito, Spanish clown. Other able performers

were Al Espe and Chas. Dutton, versatile acrobats; Mary Haynes in recitations, and the ever-interesting screen features—Arsop's Fables, Topics of the Day and Pathe News.

# PLAYS CONTINUING

WILBUR—"Beggar on Horseback," satirical comedy by Kaufman and Connolly, with Roland Young. Second week.

MAJESTIC—"I'll Say She Is," musical revue with the four Marx brothers. Second week.

NEW PARK—"New Brooms," Frank Craven's play in which he stars. Third week.

COLONIAL—"Ziegfeld Follies," 1923 edition with Hazel Dawn, Johnny Dooley, Charles King and others. Last week.

SELWYN—"White Cargo," Leon Gordon's play in which he appears. Fourth week.

SHUBERT—"Greenwich Village Follies," 25th annual revue with Moran Mack, Mordkin, the dancer, and Toto, the clown. Fifth week.

COPLEY—"Androcles and the Lion," Shaw's play held over for another week, preceded by O'Flaherty, V. C., a one act, also by Shaw.

# Feb 18 1925 SALMOND

By PHILIP HALE

Felix Salmond, violoncellist, assisted by Frank Sheridan, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. The program read as follows: Nardini, Adagio; Veracini, Sicilienne; Guerini, Allegro con brio; Bach, Arioso; Planelli, Villanelle; Senaille, Vivace; Dvorak, Adagio from the violoncello concerto; Franck, Sonata A major; the London-derry Air arranged by E. O'Connor-Morris; Frank Bridge, Melodie.

So the program read, but Mr. Salmond announced that by request he would substitute a Grave by Henry Eccles for Nardini's Adagio. This Grave proved to be a piece noble in its gravity and dignity, a fit prelude for a concert that gave constant pleasure.

First of all, the smaller pieces in the first group were something more than the customary bits of sentimentalism and bravure that are too often selected by violoncellists. Here was pure music of various sorts by composers of ancient days. Guerini, of Naples is not to be confounded with Guerini, a modern writer of operas, orchestral pieces and a violoncello concerto, who spells his name with two "r's." Mr. Salmond's Guerini, a Neapolitan of the 18th century, was in the service of the Prince of Orange at The Hague and afterwards made London his home.

The Sicilienne and the Villanelle were each charming in its own way while the pieces by Guerini and Senaille were brilliant, not mere froth. The Arioso by Bach, stately in its tenderness, emotional in its simplicity, was a commanding feature of the program and the performance.

Some have protested against the arrangement of Cesar Franck's violin sonata for the violoncello; but Franck himself countenanced it. The arranger was Jules Delsart, a virtuoso, and a teacher at the Paris Conservatory. Mr. Salmond, we are told, revised the arrangement in some respects. If the music loses a little; if, for instance, the E string of the violin is occasionally missed, especially in the Finale, the music also gains in other places. And as this sonata was performed last night, no one could have objected to the transcription. Seldom, if ever, have we heard a more eloquent reading of this work which still holds its proud position

in the literature of music; a performance characterized by a sense of perfect proportion, tonal beauty, exquisite phrasing, and an ever-present appreciation of the structure, the lyric pages, the dramatic outbursts, the purity and loftiness of the musical thought. Violoncellist and pianist were as one.

It would be idle to speak of Mr. Salmond's technical proficiency. He is a master of the finer qualities. He is warmly emotional without ever sinking into the slough of sentimentalism. He appeals to the heart as well as to the mind. Nor with all his ability does he stand between the music and the hearer. Personality is no doubt an important factor in popular success, the true artist leads one to forget the individual interpreter; to be conscious only of the composer's music.



Sheridan is an accomplished actor who has also mastered the art of accompaniment so that the accompaniment is not subsidiary, not obtrusive but an inherent part of the whole in composition and performance. An audience of good size was justly enthusiastic.

Arbiters of fashion in London consisting on nightcaps for "smart women"—an odious phrase—not the albatross or malt nightcaps of the good old days, but a covering for bobbed and ringled hair which "soon gets in the way while sleeping."

Long ago Taylor, the "Water Boy" declared that "a nightcap is a sign of high state." Queen Elizabeth was presented with night-caps but work flourished with silver and with spangles. A son of the Earl of Newbury surprised her walking in the tilt-yard with one of them on her head. She pretended to be angry and gave him "a good flap" on the head. Mr. Caudle, according to the pictures in Punch, also wore a night-

cap in colonial times women's nightcaps were often made of silk, gold laced and embroidered, but early in the 19th century they were always of some valuable material. When Ralph Verelst, a dearly beloved Mary died he ordered "black taffety Night-clothes, black Night caps, and black gowns and Brush," also slippers of black velvet. Alice Morse Earle adds: "He never married again; this at least when all men remarried."

In the 16th century even East Indian "niggers" delighted in red nightcaps, and they gave in exchange to Europeans bracelets of ivory.

The World Wags:  
From the Sunday Issue of a newspaper, not The Herald:  
Including monsignori, clergy, merchants, business men, former public officials, clerks, stenographers, telephone operators, and persons of ordinary means." J. F. P.

#### PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ECLIPSE

The World Wags:  
roused to action by the knowledge that scientists were to use the eclipse to establish all sorts of various phenomena. It was decided to carry out an experiment to find the psychological effect of one moon passing between the sun and some of the various parts of the earth's population.  
A table was drawn up to the office window so that the observer's line of vision might clear an adjacent roof and hold the spectacle. A chair served as a medium for mounting to the table top. A piece of smoked glass was placed to each observer as he or she arrived at sighting position.  
The impressions received by the observers called forth the following remarks:

Stratum No. 1—Technical Graduate:  
1—"I was sure that they made a mistake in calculating this thing."  
NOTE—No more trials were made from this stratum because it was felt that this would be the composite remark were a thousand recorded.

Stratum No. 2—Clerical:  
1—"Isn't it funny."  
2—"Oh, it's perfect. It will be more perfect later on."  
3—"Isn't it fine."  
4—"Isn't it great."  
5—"You wouldn't think you could see much would you?"  
6—"I see it, isn't that corker, isn't it great? It's great."

Stratum No. 3—Mill Operators:  
1—"All I can see is a piece of the moon."  
2—"It hurts your eyes, don't it? You can't see much. It's all red."  
3—"Oh, shut your eyes, you can see better."  
4—"It's different than it was, huh?"  
5—"It's almost covered. The moon is covered."  
6—"I can't even see anything. Oh, I see it—ain't it grand, ain't it swell!"  
7—"I can see it swell—ain't it grand! Well, I'll never get my work done, the end of the world is coming."  
8—"Give us a look. Where do ya look? Isn't it small."  
9—"I'm no piker—give us your hand. Oh, ain't it swell."  
10—"Ain't it swell. I guess I'll take my overshoes off now. I guess the world ain't coming to an end."  
11—"Ain't it swell, huh?"  
12—"Oh, for the love of God close your eyes you can see it better."

13—"Oh you'd be surprised!"  
14—"I can see it better without this thing—Isn't this terrible?"  
15—"Oh, that's swell."  
It was decided that further observations were unnecessary because (1) Technical men were skeptical; (2) the clerical genera reacted as they would toward a moving picture, a raise, a dance, a fellow, or anything at all; (3) to the salt of the earth it was swell; and (4) a swell lino was had by all.  
East Watertown. P. R. P.

#### SOFT COAL

(Sung to "Good Old Summer Time")  
(Dedicated to Fuel Economy Commissioners, Boston Chamber of Commerce, with apologies to James L. Edwards.)  
Soft coal, soft coal, all around the town,  
When you put a little in the furnace,  
The tiny pile stays right in place,  
It never smooches curtains,  
Nor fills the house with grime;  
Everybody use it, please,  
In the good old winter time.

When night's black pall has fallen,  
And it's time to go to bed,  
After very little prodding it shows a glorious red,  
You shovel in 10-cents' worth,  
And sing a thankful rhyme,  
And know 'twill surely burn all night,  
In the good old winter time.

"Midnight" strikes the old hall clock,  
The glass reads 10 below,  
You know that you are warm in bed,  
So don't go down below.  
No need to open wide the furnace door,  
The cat is feeling prime,  
Sleeping in the warmth of the soft coal fire,  
In the good old winter time.  
—Lillian Brown.

#### LONDON "PARTICULAR"

A London laundry sends out this:

#### FOG NOTICE

If any of the linen is spotted, streaked or yellow kindly return for rewash.  
It is impossible to see true condition of linen by artificial light.

#### 'Twas Burgess

As the World Wags:  
The discussion as to the authorship of "the short and simple flannels of the poor" has roused me to action. 'Tis neither Oliver Herford, nor Christopher Morley, nor even Carolyn Wells that I wish to praise. Have you ever seen a delightful little book called the "Cat's Elegy," written by one Gelett Burgess? This parody is one of the most amusing things that he has written—even more amusing than the limonics about the "Purple Cow" and "My Feet." In this parody, written quite a few years ago, the disputed line appears.  
HERBERT W. HILL.

#### A LOST ILLUSION

As the World Wags:  
I had heard he was so different. After dancing with him I found—oh, horrors!—he was one of that kind of men who say: "Where have you been all my life?"  
EMMY.

Paul Draper, the tenor, whose death is reported, sang Mahler's "Songs of a Traveling Journeyman" at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Feb. 5, 6, 1915. Nature had not given him a sensuous or appealing voice, but he sang intelligently as an interpreter. In his younger years he hoped to be a pianist. A foreign teacher discouraged him by saying that his hands were not sufficiently flexible; so he turned to singing. He lived in England for a time and there became greatly interested in horse racing. He was a brother of Miss Ruth Draper, famed for her monologues.

The Symphony concert tomorrow afternoon and Saturday night is for the glory of the remarkable Boulanger Sisters; Lilli, who is dead, and Nadia, who will play the organ in a concerto by Handel, edited by Gullmunt, her teacher, and in a symphony for organ and orchestra by Aaron Copland of New York, who studied with her. Lilli Boulanger will be represented by her piece "For the Funeral of a Soldier," which was performed privately at the Paris Conservatory early in 1913 by the Orchestra Class, M. d'Indy, conductor; publicly at a Lamoureux concert in 1915. The program will also include Mozart's Suite "Elne kleine Nachtmusik" which Georg Schnees-volght brought out here at a symphony concert on March 7, 8 of last year when he conducted as a guest. The concert will end with a performance of Liszt's "Tasso" depicting at some length his Lamentation and his Triumph.

The program of next week will be Russian: Glinka's overture to "Russian and Lloudmilla"; Glazounov's Symphony No. 8 (first time here); Lladov, "Kikimora," also and for the first time

his "Eight Russian Popular Melodies," and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

Margaret Sittig, a young violinist, will play in Jordan Hall this afternoon. She has played in Germany, Austria and elsewhere on the continent, and she recently gave a recital in New York.

Marie Mikova, pianist, and Arthur Hartmann, violinist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall tonight, while the Harvard Glee Club, with Miss Glannin, soprano, has prepared an interesting concert in Symphony hall.

Burton Holmes will give the second part of his travelogue, "Rome," in Symphony hall tomorrow night and on Saturday afternoon. On Saturday afternoon Walter Hansen, pianist, will play in Jordan hall.

Frieda Hempel will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. The People's Symphony orchestra will be assisted next Sunday afternoon by Ethel Woodman, contralto. Mr. Mollenhauer will conduct.

The Chesterian (London) for January-February says: "Among orchestral concerts we have had the finely conceived and finely interpreted program of International Musio presented by Monteaux at Covent Garden, an excellent and sensitive artist, who possesses the rare combination of temperament and control which makes for balanced taste."

J. O.G. sends to The Herald the following verses:

The sleeping old lady of Symphony hall,  
She bows and she blinks from her orchestra stall.  
Her lorgnette she raises and puffs out straight lips,  
Stravinsky, she finds, is not taken in slips.  
She scowls and she glowers 'til far down below,  
At "Beethoven's" coming she's happy to know,  
But sighs as she lowers her glass guard of war,  
Lamenting, atapping, for good times of yore,  
When home could she sweep while galleries waited,  
For then last were "moderns" left to be prated.  
Pretending indifference to naughty performers,  
She sniffs applause pealing "clack" from all corners!  
When bells ring and files buzz busily back,  
She comfortably settles, her chin becomes slack.  
Sleeping? Forgive her! Her diamonds sparkle.  
Her pearls and her ruff, they enter the picture.  
How softly she breathes—a Symphony fixture!  
What more can one ask than such condescending?  
"All's right with the world!" A Beethoven ending!

A friend of mine brings up memories of glorious days of the theatre. Some time ago he wrote from Milwaukee:

"Seems strange none of the Boston old timers make mention of the Colville Folly Company. It antedated Ed Rice and is my earliest recollection at the Academy of Music. Played 'Babes in the Wood,' 'Cinderella' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' with Alice Atherton (strolling in the woodland), Willie Edouin, William Gill (who wrote 'Adonis' for Dixey), George Fortescue, Lina Merville and a prima donna whose name escapes me, Marie Rosand or something like that, sang 'Baby Mine' and played the Fairy Queen in 'Babes.' A sister of Lina Merville, little blonde English girl, played opposite Edouin and was very clever; cannot remember her name. Mary Williams also played with the company, taking I think, the place of Alice Atherton. Perhaps some gray-beard in Boston will recall these clever people."

Some of us don't wear beards and our stubble doesn't show signs of graying, but we saw that company. Lovely Alice Atherton, who married Edouin and lived in England 20 years or so, returned to the stage when widowed and made a great success in monologue. Did she not die suddenly, to the regret of a wide circle of theatre goers? Would anybody understand a genuine song and dance now? Did you ever hear Alice sing:

"Strolling in the Woodland  
Where the rippling waters glide,  
'Twas there my Marlanthus  
Said she'd become my bride.  
Her eyes outshone the starlight,  
Her voice was mel-o-dee,  
Do you remember, loved one, when—  
I won a smile from thee?"  
(Dance)

Alice played the Bad Man in "Babes in the Wood," Gill the Very Bad Man,

Fortescue the Abnt and the Babes were Edouin and the little blonde English girl. The music included "Johnny Morgan Played the Organ," "The Man in the Moon" and "Baby Mine," all favorites with sidewalk whistlers of those days. The company played "Cinderella" and Robinson Crusoe, Miss Atherton Robinson, Edouin Friday and I think Roland Reed was Jim Cox. Reed, after playing the Jew in "The World," with its raft scene (see the collection of pictures in the Boston Theatre lobby) and appearing in a number of other more or less unimportant plays, did the Lord High Executioner in one of the first "Mikado" companies and later gave every indication of becoming, if he really did not, another John T. Raymond.  
LANSING R. ROBINSON.

## TINA FILIPPONI

At Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, Tina Filipponi, pianist, gave the following program: Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Bach-Liszt; Sonata in B minor, Chopin; Cologino, Granados; Triana, Albeniz; El Vito, Infante; Rhapsody No. XIII, Liszt.

Although Miss Filipponi is a young pianist and her program was a difficult one, there was maturity in her playing, musical intelligence, a sensitiveness to mood and style, to the shades of difference between the sombre mysticism and the structural integrity of Bach, the lyricism and dramatic intensities of Chopin, and the Catalan rhythms of the Spaniards, Granados and Albeniz.

In the Chopin sonata, which Necks has called "affiliated but not cognate," she played the largo pensively, imaginatively; there was virility in her finale which she played with amazing rapidity despite the warning of "presto-tanto." Her technique is fluent and ample, and although she had a tendency to harden the notes of the melody, to deal vigorously rather than beautifully with it, her tones were never harsh or her sentiments languishing.

But it was in the three Spanish pieces, the Cologino of Granados, the Triana of Albeniz and the El Vito of Manuel Infante of the younger Spanish school living in Paris, that she played with most ardor and individuality. Here there was a keen sensitiveness to rhythm, to the warm pulsing of the Granados, to the harder, more vigorous dance of Albeniz. The El Vito with its variations on a popular theme and dance, first introduced to Paris in 1921 by the pianist Jose Iturbi, is a curious farrago of Andalusian rhythms and Chopin etudism. Why will pianists insist on blocs when they play Spanish music, for there is so much similarity that one piece negates the other?  
E. G.

## Fox-Burgin-Bedette Play at Jordan Hall

There was delightful music delightfully played in Jordan hall last night, when the Fox-Burgin-Bedette Trio gave their second concert of the season. They began it with the Mendelssohn D minor trio, with new music to follow, a "Litany" by the Russian Luon, with the Beethoven great B-flat trio to close.

These players as usual brought forward something new, or at all events something that may be fairly called so, since the Russian's "Litany," so far as anybody can discover, has never been played in Boston before. It is interesting music, effectively written for the instruments, and successful in rousing moods; surely it must have been written with a definite program in mind. Violently it makes its start, with uncouth chords for half a page suggestive of a youthful Russian instead of a man of Juon's respectable and rational years. They soon make way for a prayerful melody, firm in contour, with a lively and attractive scherzando episode to follow.

A curious passage comes after, ecclesiastical in its suggestion, liturgical, after which the song that might be a prayer is heard again, or one of similar character. A slow passage of real beauty, with picturesque writing for the piano, ends the pieces. How well it would wear is another matter, but it is music well worth hearing once, unusually pleasant to listen to. The trio played it admirably, with dramatic fervor and poetically.

Admirably indeed they played the evening through, with brilliancy of tone and sparkle from Mr. Fox, exquisite song from Mr. Burgin, noble tone and emotional warmth from Mr. Bedette; and from all three a finish of ensemble that calls for no less a term than perfect. To this fine ensemble they added an even greater merit. They played every bar the program through as though they relished it. How their

melodies sang, their scherzos danced! Nobly they read the Beethoven andante. By their just distribution of emphasis and their well planned design they made interesting passages



both the Mendelssohn and Beethoven trios that would not at the hands of everybody hold the attention firmly. Their remarkable work was followed with notable absorbed interest by an audience it must have been a pleasure to play to.

The trio having given two public concerts, announces no more this year. The Flonzaley quartet have given three, the Darrell quartet one. So six public concerts of chamber music are all Boston can support. "Awake as in the ancient days, in the generation of old,"

R. R. G.

A correspondent sends us a clipping from a Boston newspaper in which Adam Smith is described as a "posthumous" son of a lawyer. Our correspondent has underscored the word "posthumous," either in derision or questioning the statement. Why?

Adam Smith was born a few months after the death of his father and he was therefore a posthumous child, as were Ben Jonson and some other celebrated men. A statute of King William put posthumous children in England on the same footing with children born in the lifetime of their ancestors.

#### MISQUOTED

Vice Dee writes: "That poem of Congressman Vinson's (Cal's Hobby Horse) puts me in mind of Artemus Ward's 'pome'—rhythmical scheme, metre, and all that sort of thing. As near as I can remember, it runs as follows:

Uncle Bill he  
Clum up a tree,  
Uncle Jim  
Clum up by him,  
And set down by he.

"I won't go ball for the punctuation not having the text before me, and, as A. Ward said of the printers of Vanity Fair, I can't 'punctooate with a sent.'"

Now Artemus's verses, a juvenile composition "suggested by 2 of my uncles" runs as follows:

"Uncle Simon he  
Clum up a tree  
To see what he could see  
When prescintlee  
Uncle Jim  
Clum beside of him  
"And squatted down by he"

Let us have the verses of immortal bars in their integrity. The poem by Artemus is wholly without punctuation.

#### "ON THE ELEPHANT"

The young poet also wrote in prose. We find this composition in the complete works of Artemus Ward:

"The Elephant is the most largest Annymile in the whole world. He eats hay and kakes. You must not give the Elephant Tobacker, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest Annymile in the world; but as for Me, give Me the American Egil and The Stars & Stripes. Alexander Pottles, his Peace."

#### COMMON USAGE IN ENGLISH

As the World Wags:  
If we are to make common usage the criterion of good English, just where do we get off? A majority of persons in this country insist upon saying "I seen it," "I done it," "Let it lay," "Do you mean to infer that I am a pie-faced nut?" I can't for the life of me see why we should not sanction these locutions if we sanction the use of "avocation" when we mean "vocation," and vice versa.

In one edition of Webster's Dictionary, but not in the unabridged one, I find the word "infer" set down as a synonym of "imply," which is news to me. It is true that the statement, "Do you mean to infer that I am a liar?" may be perfectly correct English if the speaker's thought is "Do you mean to infer (from what you have heard) that I am a liar?" But the common practice in nine cases out of ten is to use "infer" when "imply" is clearly meant. It seems to me that the word "avocation" has just as much right as "imply" and "infer" to be used to say exactly what it means. If Macaulay and Dickens and Buckle used "avocation" when they meant "vocation" they were wrong, whether they did so deliberately or carelessly. Tennyson's use of "proven" for "proved" does not give the word the stamp of good English.

Shall we assume that because Congressman Vinson rhymes "proud" with "renown," "task" and "pest," like the song-blasters of the variety stage, and commits other frightful crimes against the laws of prosody, that he therefore becomes the arbiter of what is good form in poetry? Must we incontinently declare that W. S. Gilbert and Algernon Charles Swinburne were, after all, poor rhymesters?

When we can put an old word to new use in giving a fresh slant to an idea for which there is not already the exact word of equal pith and color, that is a mighty good thing. When an under-

taker solemnly calls himself a "mortician," he should be hanged, drawn and quartered. When a writer seizes upon it with malice aforethought to describe a pompous undertaker, he is adding to the richness of the language and the gaiety of nations.

W. E. K.

#### DOWN THE CORRIDORS OF TIME

As the World Wags:  
It is interesting to note the progress of an old wheeze down the years, occasionally reappearing, usually somewhat changed, and occasionally distorted, but always timed in the present of that date.

Thirty years ago a friend told of a bootblack sign on Charles street, Boston, which read: "Pedal legaments, artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of five cents for operation."

And now it reappears in your column, "somewhat battered, but still in the ring."

I wonder if such a sign is really to be seen today.

Lowell.

JAS. E. RUSSELL.

#### "OF" NOT "AT," NOT "IN"

As the World Wags:  
I was interested in the letter of the venerable Obadiah Williams in The Sunday Herald as I had heard him discuss the same mortuary prepositions at the luncheon of the Syntax Club on Saturday. He was sitting at table next to the erudite president of the Scotch-Irish University of the New Hampshire Hinterland, Prof. Calvin Brannigan, to whom he proposed the question: "Which is the more correct phraseology, 'He died in Boston' or 'he died at Boston'?"

Prof. Brannigan came back in a flash: "Both are wrong, Dr. Williams. Truth and syntax are both served better by saying, 'He died of Boston.'"

Is this erudition or prejudice?

JOSEPH SMITH.

And yet as the late Truman Bartlett said to an Austrian visitor who was sounding the praise of Boston: "Yes, Boston is a good place to live in if you can escape its influence."—Ed.

#### THE REMEDY

(Mr. Arthur Ponsonby suggests that "bushy whiskers" are a sign of virility and that, if they were more cultivated by men of today, less might be heard of the unmanageable characteristics of the modern young woman.)

From souls that are slavish and craven,  
From minds that are mildewed and meek,  
From cheeks that are shamelessly shaven

And gills that are beardless and bleak,  
Let us turn once again, O my brothers,  
To modes that may frighten the fair,  
To the fashion that buries and smotherers

Our features in hair!

Young women may powder and shingle,  
But will they not keep to their place  
When man looks abroad from a dingle  
Of whiskers instead of a face?

Grown braver and brighter and brisker  
The male will then rule in their stead—  
Oh, yes, let us urge on the whisker!  
(For preference, red.)

So here's to the days that will "feature,"  
All hairy and hearty and hale,  
That resolute, conquering creature,  
The fuzzy and furious male;

When woman, beneath his tuition,  
Will sit, very still, in the house,  
Aware of her proper position  
And meek as a mouse!

Lucio.

## HARVARD GLEE CLUB

The Harvard Glee Club had some unusual features at its concert last night in Symphony hall. Dr. Davison, beginning it orthodoxly enough with an Ave Maria ascribed to Arcadelt, brought forward next music with a Latin text, "Tribulationes," written recently by Virgil Thomson of the music division at Harvard. While dealing with the tribulations themselves, Mr. Thomson wrote music that might have been written some 300 years ago. To express the meaning of "Domina Misereere" he drew inspiration rather from the Russian churchly composers, producing music that may or may not be poignant, but which surely is not sonorous. In his demands on high tenors and low basses Mr. Thomson was inexorable. The familiar Credo of Gretchaninov, E. T. Knauth, Jr., singing the solo, closed the group.

Miss Dusolina Giannini, soprano, to the accompaniments of Miss Meta Schumann, sang Handel's "Sommi Del," "Non so piu" from Mozart's "Figaro," Schumann's "Widmung" and the grand air from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba." By no means a dramatic soprano at present, whatever she may grow to be in the future, Miss Giannini was most comfortable in the Mozart song, which she sang delightfully.

For the second group the redoubtable Francis Poulenc of Paris had written for the Glee club a "Chanson a Boire." For their greater contentment he had conscientiously investigated, it would seem, the literature of glees, to learn what was wanted. Anything so obvious as his effort one would hardly have expected of one of the "Six." Nor, on the other hand, would one have looked for the charming setting and the excellent vocal writing of the second stanza. At the close Mr. Poulenc, truer to form, made use of a hearty laugh, noises like barks and other odd sounds. The song none the less was agreeable in its liveliness, and the Glee club sang it with the brightest of spirit.

They followed it with "Sun and Moon," by Gretchaninov, "We Be Soldiers Three" by Ravenscroft, very pretty, and the Polish fete from Chabrier's "Le Roi Malgre Lui." With the women's voices done away with and Chabrier's orchestration too of all men's, the scene lost much of its brilliancy, but nevertheless much remained. F. W. Ramseyer and L. P. Beverage played the accompaniment exceedingly well.

Miss Giannini sang folk songs next, or some that might be called popular, three in Italian, "Cari, Curuzzu," "Fa la Pana" and "In Mezzo al Mar," and one in Spanish, "Cielito Lindo." At home, at last, in this type of song, with a voice perhaps as beautiful as Emmy Destinn's and of something the same strongly individual quality, Miss Giannini sang these pretty songs with a finish of vocal technique, a skill in use of tonal color and a mastery of interpretation worthy of her illustrious teacher's singing in its best days. The audience raised an uproar; the concert could not go on for many minutes.

Ancient music closed the evening. Morley's "Now Is the Month of Maying," Dofland's "Come Again, Sweet Love," and Bach's "Grant Us to Do With Zeal." The concert evidently gave much pleasure, above all, to judge by the applause, the Poulenc piece and the Chabrier.

R. R. G.

## MARGARET SITTIG

Yesterday afternoon Margaret Sittig, violinist, gave a recital in Jordan hall. She played a Chaconne by Vivaldi; a concerto, Op. 31, by Vieuxtemps; a concerto by Cecil Burrell, Op. 43; two Kreisler arrangements, "Grave," by Friedemann Bach, and a "Serenade Espagnole," by Chaminade; Auer's arrangement of the Lenzli air from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," and a mazurka by Zarzzycki.

The wonder is that the Burrell concerto has not been pounced upon eagerly by violinists, in the apparent dearth of agreeable new music that will answer for a recital program. The concerto answers very well, indeed, for it is short, amply furnished with variety of melody and of rhythm, and, although parts of it derive over-openly from MacDowell, it has an honesty about it, a vitality, that inspire liking and respect. Aborigines, American Indians most like, seem to have stirred Mr. Burrell's imagination, as they stirred MacDowell's before him. His Indian themes, the opening one especially, have a sturdy vigor of their own.

Miss Sittig played the concerto with true romantic ardor.

She has much in her favor. Except in a very few instances of over-stress, she produces singularly beautiful tone, strong, sweet and rich. She maintains a quite unusual purity of intonation. Fully able to rise to the nobility demanded for the best of the chaconne, by her fine musicianship and her emotional warmth she made those varia-

tions in a style outmoded not only tolerable but absorbing.

With two movements of the Vieuxtemps concerto Miss Sittig also dealt successfully. Well she understood the elegance in order in the introduction; true dramatic accents she found for its recitative. By force of rare poetical feeling and a beautiful flow of song she lent the sentimental adagio a value twice its own. Only to the brilliancy and the rhythm needed for the finale could Miss Sittig scarcely rise. Though she played the movement very well, she had not the air of glorying in it.

It speaks well for a young musician who plays her best music best. Much more might be said in praise of Miss Sittig, a violinist of rare talent and ability whom it would be a pleasure to hear again, and that soon.

Frederick V. Sittig proved an accompanist of remarkable merit, a man who understands the art of accompanying as do few others, and as well an accomplished pianist and a sound musician. In his impressive opening of the Chaconne he showed what his quality would be.

R. R. G.

## HARTMANN PLAYS AT JORDAN HALL

### He and Marie Mikova Give

At Jordan hall last evening Arthur Hartmann, violinist, and Marie Mikova, pianist, gave a combined concert of solo and of ensemble playing. Arthur Fiedler was the accompanist for Mr. Hartmann. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 13, G major, Grieg, played by Miss Mikova and Mr. Hartmann; Prelude, D minor, Rachmaninoff; Lotus Land, Cyril Scott; Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert-Liszt; Scherzo, B minor, Chopin; played by Miss Mikova; Nocturne, C sharp minor, Tschalkowsky; The Flight of the Bumble Bee, Rimsky-Korsakoff; Berceuse, Kargonoff; Danse Russe, Tschalkowsky, played by Mr. Hartmann; Sonata, Op. 103, D minor, Brahms, Mr. Hartmann and Miss Mikova.

There was a monotony in the concert last evening, a sameness of mood, a deep and pervading melancholy that commenced with the Lento doloroso and the gloomish melody of the Grieg sonata, drifted through the "Lotus Land" and the Chopin scherzo of Miss Mikova's playing, to the group of four Russian pieces transcribed by Mr. Hartmann.

The group included the minor Nocturne of Tschalkowsky and his more animated Danse Russe of Pavlowa's dancing; a mournful little Berceuse of Kargonoff, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's lithe, nervous chattering as in the orchestral version, although somewhat paler. And Mr. Hartmann repeated it.

An excellent musician and a skilled violinist, Mr. Hartmann played throughout with technical proficiency, with a musical sensitiveness, a smoothness of tone that was occasionally very beautiful; a mood that caught the sombre colors of his music. It is to be hoped that another time he will choose a more catholic program, of more varying moods.

Miss Mikova is a good technician, but there was no gentleness in her playing, no musical ardor or imagination. She played the Chopin scherzo as if it were merely food for technical prowess; she saw in it no biting irony, no tragic beauty. Mr. Fiedler played Mr. Hartmann's accompaniments in a musicianly way. The audience was of good size and appreciative of Mr. Hartmann's playing.

E. G.

## Copland and Lili Boulanger Works Heard First Time in Boston

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; Handel, concert, D minor, for organ and strings; Copland, symphony for organ and orchestra (first time in Boston); Lili Boulanger, "For the Funeral of a Soldier" (first time in Boston); Liszt, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph." Nadia Boulanger, the organist, made her first appearance in Boston.

Mr. Koussevitzky has a genius for interpreting music of the 18th century. He is not obsequious in the presence of Dame Tradition, a lady of a doubtful reputation, though some bow down to her as the heathen to gods of wood and stone. He does not seek to modernize this old music by swelling it out of all proportion. He sings the melodies of Mozart, beautiful in their lines; the lively pages are not mere bustle and confusion; they have grace, elegance, aristocratic distinction, however swift the pace. Instrumental music in Mozart's time was not expected to be intensely passionate. Mr. Koussevitzky knows this; he knows how foolish it would be to pour new, heady, and heating wine into old musical bottles; he serves the wine of Mozart that is today fresh, sparkling and of exquisite bouquet. Hearing this little Serenade, which to Mozart was no doubt of slight importance, interpreted and played as it was yesterday, one realizes why composers of all nations and of all schools, including even the wild-eyed ultra-moderns, unite in homage to Mozart, as the greatest of composers.

Mr. Copland, born in Brooklyn, now living in New York, having studied in this country, went to Paris in 1921, where he continued to study, returning to this country last summer. His teacher in Paris was Miss Nadia Boulanger, who yesterday played the organ part of the symphony dedicated to her.

A good many were yesterday shocked by this symphony; perhaps affronted, regarding it as a personal insult to sub-

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rs eager to hear music that they and liked. Yes, there are some, they are voluble, who resent the of unfamiliar works on Sym- programs. They have no curi- about what is going on in the al world. They have ears, but do not hear, and they are un- to hear, unless the new com- is by a local composer with they have at least a bowing ac- quittance.

Konasevitzky is to be thanked for co- geously introducing new works when they are of a strong de- even if they are apparently ngly first hearing, provided always that composers have really something ny, however raucous or hysterical speech; but these composers must manner; they must not be detected act of experimenting.

Copland is now 24 years old. His phony, written in 1924, was pro- in New York last month. The le is definitely planned and gives of the composer's talent. It is honest work, this symphony, though may with equal honesty think talent is here misguided. They cry out against pages that are not sound; of acid harmonies that do not the saving grace of exciting orise, that leave the hearer indiffer- or bored. But the Prelude, in the ro of a reverie, has decided char- ; it establishes and maintains a d. Here the composer is simplest most effective. His stormy out- sts later are too often futile orches- ragings with occasional measures are grotesque in their puffing and erting. The rhythmic freedom with constant changes is noteworthy as wing the influence of Stravinsky, influence observable in other ways.

is not an atrocious crime for a oposer to be young; but youth is ystic in its strivings, and it has its ls. The Stravinsky idol towers in the sical cathedral, and many are the yng worshippers. Its brightness is ecellent and the form thereof terrible, ain the image seen by the dreaming ouchadnezar. Its head may be of g; its breast and arms of silver; but ffect are part of clay.

a Mr. Copeland's Symphony there is nch brass, there is clay; but there is o something of fine silver, if not a lile gold.

he performance of this difficult rk was brilliant.

Al Boulanger, the younger sister of es-Nadia, died in her 25th year, hav- won the greatest musical prize in nce, the prix de Roma, and a high utation for composition achieved in face of constant ill-health. "For the lneral of a Soldier," written before es was 20 years old, was performed at e Paris Conservatory by the conver- tory class led by d' Indy early in '33. It was performed at a Colonne- moureux concert in 1915. It is a tistic lamentation, epic in its grief, th the sonorous chanting of the "Dies ke," a dirge for the last rites paid a ighty conqueror.

Miss Nadia Boulanger, an organist established reputation in Paris, ayed solo and ensemble pages with chnical skill and as an accomplished usician.

The concert ended by a superb per- rmance of Liszt's "Tasso," one of his ost eloquent symphonic poems, one at still proudly and defiantly bears its years and more.

The concert will be repeated tonight. he program of next week is all-Rus- an: Glinka, Overture to "Russian and loudmilla"; Glazourzov, Symphony, E at, No. 3 (first time in Boston); Lia- ov, "Kikimora," "The Enchanted ke" and "Baba-Yagu"; Tchaikovsky, Reméo and Juliet.

# URTON HOLMES

urton Holmes gave the second of his relogues descriptive of Rome and its rphs. He first reviewed briefly the t important subjects of last week, trating the greater sights. Then audience visited the gates, having the aqueducts that bring in the r for which Rome is famous. Many resting buildings are near these s. The parks were shown. Mr. lmes took pains to say that "villa" t Italian means "estate," so it is per to speak of the palace of the a Borghese. And how beautiful the parks with noble pines!

he American Academy of Art was own; the Villa Farhesina with Raph- frescoes in the palace. The cliff ers are now no more, for the gov- ernment has walled up their dwellings. ere were many views of street life, the markets, among them the ag Market"; old Roman temples that been robbed for building material where. In the Villa Strohl-Fern sta are living, a modeler of dogs, a sable Dalmatian painter. An Eng- lish newspaper correspondent with his ally lives in a tower of the Borgias. e "Lux Perpetua" Co. sees it that they are lighted constantly by electric g. The resting place of Shelley's as the grave of Keats, were seen

as well as the entrance to the Ch- combs with Trappist guides speaking all languages. On the Applan Way eartners slept above wine casks while horses jogged along and dogs kept watch. Frascuti, a veritable fairyland; the pool of the Villa Falconeri; the amazing cypresses of the Villa d'Este; the cascades of Tivoli—these were only a few of the interesting sights seen by an audience listening to Mr. Holmes's graphic descriptions couched in well chosen language, but at times not easily heard. The iloly Festival in Tivoli re- minded one of the procession in "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Mr. Holmes ended by evoking the gorgeous pagentry of the past, sug- gested by the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, the Baths of Caracalla and the gay life over the Applan Way. And then Ostia, once a busy port, now forsaken by the sea. One of the most charming views was that of Lako Nemi, in which luxurious barges were sunk. Modern and ancient Rome in close juxtaposition. Rome, the Eternal City!

The Travelogue will be given again this afternoon. Next week, "The Italian Alps."

Obviously no Americans—or very few —have time to think or express their thoughts. They are all too busy learn- ing set speeches about "how to put things over," or "get things across" or "how to sell an 'idea.'" They have never been trained to see beauty, and in the places where it might force itself upon them they have hidden it behind signs which say, "Chesterfield—They Satisfy," or "Camel—I'd Walk a Mile to get One," or "Fatima—What a Whale of a Difference Just a Few Cents Make," or, best of all, "See Dante's In- ferno. Dore's Masterpieces of Art Faith- fully Reproduced in Motion Pictures. Sin! Hell! The Road to Happiness!" These signs which illuminate our every highway in brilliant parade are the most significant symbols of the aes- thetic blindness which permeates Amer- icans.—Mina Kirstein in the Nation and the Athenaeum.

## WHAT IS A COCKNEY?

As the World Wags:  
Your query as to my calling Dr. Johnson a cockney because he was not born within sound of Bow bells has set me thinking. I have seen the statue of the learned doctor so many times in the marketplace at Lichfield as not to know his birthplace. The question arises, What is cockney? I was born a couple of miles west of Temple Bar. Bow bells do not carry that far, and I am also out of that other class who are defined as cockneys if born within the ancient city limits, say from Temple Bar to Aldgate pump. For all that I am going to stick to it that I am a cockney. W. M. Thackeray, who knew his London about as well as Dickens, says a cockney is a dweller in London and suburbs. That is a pretty wide area. Brewer supports to Bow bells view, but kindly adds, "a person who knows nothing outside of London." What about Shelley, Keats and others who are termed members of the cockney school? This, I take it, alludes to their literary style. I have no consolation that if I am not a cockney by birth perhaps Macaulay's definition of a cockney as a rural curiosity; or that of Nash, a spoiled darling; or our good friend Shakespeare who calls him a lubber, might fit my case. So I con- clude as I began, "What is a cockney?" By the way old Camden says the River Thames was once called Cockney. Point of Pines. V.F.

## THE SCHOLIAST

Dr. Murray gave the history of the word "cockney" in the Academy of May 10, 1890.

"We have the senses (1) 'cockered or pet child,' 'nestle-cock,' 'mother's darling,' 'milkop,' the name being ap- plicable primarily to the child, but continued to the squamish and effemi- nate man into which he grows up. (2) A nickname applied by country people to the inhabitants of great towns, whom they consider 'milkops' from their daintier habits and incapacity for rough work. York, London, Perngia, werc, according to Harman, all nests of cockneys. (3) By about 1600 the name began to be attached especially to Londoners, as the representatives par excellence of the city milkop. One understands the disgust with which a cavalier in 1641 wrote that he was 'obliged to quit Oxford at the approach of Essex and Waller, with their prod- igious number of cockneys.'"

The Oxford English Dictionary: "One born in the city of London; strictly (according to Minsheu) 'one born with- in the sound of Bow Bells.' See the elaborate notes and quotations under "Cockney."

"Slang and Its Analogues" by Farmer and Henley: "Cockney: One born within the sound of Bow Bells." This quotation from Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book" is given: "You 'ad such an 'eadache, sir," said British, sternly, who piques him- self on his grammar and pronunciation, and scorns a cockney."

## THE ICE GOES OUT IN BOSTON

As the World Wags:  
May I offer the following seasonal verses inspired by February's fore- closure:

When the ice goes out in Boston  
As a tear slips from the eye,  
Who will say the world is lovelier  
Than the surface of a sty;  
Who will ring the cheeriest God-speed  
From the pool where he doth lie?

On that earlier glacial pavement  
In the snap before the rain,  
There was grandeur in our going,  
And a fall brought only pain;  
And if nothing much was broken,  
We were up and off again.

Now the rivers wind forever,  
And a man can't know for sure  
If it's footing he'll be finding  
Or a casual water cure;  
Such are the apprehensions  
He must humbly endure.

God wot, there is lean salvation  
When the farther curb is won  
And this strength that swam the high- way

Is for the moment done:  
For when ice goes out in Boston . . .  
Winter has only just begun.  
SAGE OF DONHAM'S GATE.

H. G. C. sends to The Herald "the first true account of a Radio Concert" published in a Boston newspaper:  
"The overture ended. The announcer came on the air again. The next number would be by the state prison choir of 25 voices under the direction of Mr. Lester Bartlett. They would sing Ver- di's 'All Hail, Our Native Land' From 'Aida.' Is it not?

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:  
I found in The Boston Herald in the columns of advertisements, a new word "diningette," which should receive at- tention. K. M.

Worcester.  
"\$70 HEATED apartment for \$60 to party willing to take over lease March 1 to Oct; 3-room apartment on 1st floor consisting of living room, bedroom, bath, kitchen and diningette; janitor service," etc.

(From the Salem Evening News)

Austin, Tex. . . . Mr. Ferguson announced a number of appointments last evening, including seven members of the board of regents of the University of Texas.

## FAITH, AND I'M IN LOVE AGAIN

Faith, and I'm in love again, though none there is to guess it—  
Splendors on the city streets and roses in the air—  
All my heart's afire again, but why should I confess it?  
What's the gain of getting back the chains I used to wear?

Ache of empty arms again, but I'll not let her know it—  
Books beneath the balcony and wine beneath the stair—  
All the world's at odds again, but how am I to show it?  
Where's the good of being caught in coils of tumbled hair?

Faith, and I'm in love again, and I'll be gay about it—  
Friends and many plays to see and gaudy clothes to wear—  
All my days are glad again, and I can live without it.

But oh, the face that follows me and haunts me everywhere!  
—The King of the Black Isles.

One hundred years ago last month there was a newspaper in London called the English Gentleman, and 100 years ago last month the case of Cox v. Kean was exciting great attention; the crim- con, case of an alderman against the famous tragedian.

An advertisement published in the English Gentleman of Jan. 27, 1825, read as follows:

"We present to our readers this Sup- plement (containing the trial of Cox v. Kean) gratis. Our private judgment had at first decided to notice this profligate transaction as briefly as possible, and follow it up with the charge of the Lord Chief Justice to the jury; but not feeling ourselves old enough in public estimation to hope that our contempt would be imbibed by individuals, so as to counteract their curiosity, we deter- mined to lay the whole before the pub- lic; but not to contaminate our regular paper with such a record of infamy. We considered that the heads of fam- ilies have under their care minds yet unpolluted—that to open upon them the floodgate of unblushing vice and sickly sentiment, is to spread a plague, a pestilence among youth. Those, there- fore, whose minds are formed, and who can read and imbibe no poison, but on the contrary confirm themselves in the principles of honor and chastity, may peruse this Supplement, and hand over,

without fear of offense, the English Gentleman to their children."

Why should not American newspapers publish a supplement containing all the news about murders, murder trials, lynching bees, divorce trials and other matters unfit for family reading? Then prudent parents could hand over at once the "all the news that's fit to print" section to wife and daughter, or throw it away, and then read this sup- plement without the pulsance of hunt- ing for what really interests them in the many columns of the customary pages.

## "ITOISTS"

As the World Wags:

I notice a letter to The Herald in which the winner of a cross-word puzzle prize evidently pleased herself by in- sorting a hard word that is not in any dictionary and thus winning: the word "Itoists." Now I am not maddened by this word because I did not guess it, for I have tackled only one of these puzzles and it took me no more than a minute to solve it, nor did I have to invent a word. If we are going to have words like "Itoists" plastered on the English language, let me suggest the following new list to begin with, to people who wish to make some new cross-word puzzles to spite the guessing world. What do you think of "Coolidgeists," "Hamiltonists," "Rooseveltists," "Phil- pottists," "Allenists," "Zamiatinists," "Anthonyists," "Powysists," to say nothing of "Lagerloists," "De Maupas- santists" and "Washingtonists"? J. A. S. IST.

## BRISTLING WITH DANGER

(Ginger beer is now stated to be less dangerous than Dr. Schofield's analysis suggested.)

Sandy Junlor signed the pledge, Though his parents deemed it queer, With his Scotsman's privilege He should gargle ginger beer As the thin end of the wedge. Yet they saw him persevere.

He could order fours of "pop," Not inebriate but cheered, Mountain dew his sire would mop Till a canine course he steered; Sandy kept a steady top But—he grew a ginger beard. A. W.

As the World Wags:

Replying to N. J. L. R. regarding the use of oxen in railway stations, I will say that there were none at the old Boston & Worcester R. R. station dur- ing the early years of my employment, which began in June, 1861. I never heard any "old-timer" of the previous period mention the subject. I cannot answer about the Boston & Maine.

Tradition has it that soon after the opening of the Boston & Worcester R. R. in 1835, one of its newly imported English locomotives ran into the ditch just west of Southville. As the road had use for its other locomotive, four yoke of oxen were employed to draw it back to the track. Query: How many oxen would be required to draw a mod- ern "Pacific type" locomotive back to the track? J. W. C.

Pensioned Engineer.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

## A "NESSAY" ON DOGS

The following essay, written by a schoolboy in DeKalb county, was pub- lished by the Anderson (S. C.) Daily Mail:

"A doug is a 4 legged anaml. It haz one tale an 2 years exceptin he haz bln in a fite and got one of them blt off. "Dougls is more like humans than enny other kinds of varmlnts er insects. For they live in houses an they sometimes sleep in peoples beds an eat often thr tables which no hoss, ner chicken, ner fish ain't allowed to do.

"Then the dougs can make a lot more noise than ennything elst, lessen it is a train fer all dougs can bark at least one way an some of them can bark a lot of ways. So I say that dougs con- tributes most of the noise some folks hears, at least they make more noise than a cat fish er a turpkin which I ain't never heerd of one sayin' nuthin. "Dougns not only takes up house room an wears out a lot of bed clothes an eats up as much as some families, but they add a lot to the transportation question fer some great big dougs has to be hauled in ottimobiles all over the country so they can see the senryy. So fur as I can see the dougs belongs to the leisure class of animals fer they don't have to pull no plows ner give mlk ner set on nests."

## GARDEN AND COMMON

We are indebted to Mr. F. J. Taylor of Worcester for a program, dated Aug. 11, 1879, of Oakland Garden, Columbia street and Blue Hill avenue, near Grove Hall. A. H. Clapp was the proprietor; Charles H. Hicks, the manager. The program pictures a Highland street car drawn by two spirited, not to say foam- ing, steeds. The show was "H. M. S.



The story of "Weber and Fields; Their Tribulations, Triumphs and their Associates," related by Felix Isman aided by Wesley W. Stout, is published by Boni and Liveright, New York. It is a large volume of 345 pages with many illustrations and the music of eight songs with verses by the Smiths (three of them) and music by John Stromberg. There is no index, we regret to say, and the lover of statistical information about dates of theatrical productions and length of runs will be disappointed; but the book is mighty entertaining reading. It is more than that: it gives a vivid picture of life in certain districts of New York and in the world of vaudeville. Published originally in the Saturday Evening Post, these pages, now collected, and possibly with additions, are a valuable contribution to the history of the American stage.

Mr. Isman writes with gusto, as Hazlitt would have said. He writes breezily, amusingly and is not afraid to let his enthusiastic appreciation of his biographical subjects run riot. In his introduction he says that Messrs. Weber and Fields "are but the mediums to tell the story of two young American boys born in the ghetto, raised in the slums, with all the disadvantages of foreign parentage of that particular period, who by their lives and their living became shining examples of true American manhood. Through all the pitfalls and snares of life Messrs. Weber and Fields came through untarnished and unstained, to rise to the greatest height of their profession. Well may it be said that neither before nor since has there been such a tremendous vogue for any theatrical organization in any branch of its many ramifications, as that enjoyed by the Weberfeldians."

It is only fair to Mr. Isman to say that in the pages that follow he does not blow these furious, these "tremendous" blasts through his rhetorical trumpet. He has a great deal to say about Weber and Fields as actors in vaudeville and not as shining examples of true American manhood, untarnished, unstained, unspotted and all the other praiseworthy "uns."

First of all we become intimately acquainted with the families of Weber and Fields; the cellar in which the Webers, father and mother and seventeen children, "in stepladder sizes" lived after the arrival from Poland by way of Birmingham, England. Round the corner on the second floor of a "walk-up" tenement, lived the Schanfields, also a Polish family, for Lew Fields dropped the "Schan" from his name and added an "s." He, like Weber, was born in this country. Weber's name was not "Joseph"; Fields' name was not "Lew." They were named "Moscs."

The early life of the boys, their squabbles, fights and frolics with boys of the East Side are related *con amore*. The future heroes of vaudeville and burlesque took to the theatre as ducks to water. There were galleries then, and actors played to them, courting applause and dreading hissing and ironical laughter. Mr. Isman gives a picture of theatrical life in the Middle Seventies, not disdaining the dime museums with their shillabars and barkers. And from these museums came men and women afterwards famous on the variety stage, and in the so-called higher drama. This was the theatrical world known to the two boys. As children they were determined to enter it. Nor were they scrupulous as to the manner of entering. They were shrewd, without a high sense of honor, bluffers, compelled by poverty to "check" their way, on the stage, traveling, in boarding houses. The book is crowded with anecdotes of their resourcefulness, to give their conduct a courteous name.

In their teens there were behind them five years of song and dance in dime museums, variety theatres and beer gardens. They called themselves, as occasion demanded, a negro pair, an Irish pair, a German pair. They dressed to suit their assumed nationality, and when they shouted "Here we are, an Irish pair," they put their hands over their noses. But their fame was established as Germans in knockabout scenes. It must be confessed that in their later and glorious days they relied a great deal on physical violence, on Fields bashing Weber. Do we not now hear a complaining voice off-stage: "Don't poosh me, Myer?"

When they first came to Boston in 1883 and reported for work at 535 Washington street, in the concert section of Keith & Batchelder's Dime Museum, with Albee as the ballyhooser, they went on eight times a day at \$40 a week. "Freaks and performers slept, ate and dressed in the attic and paid \$6 a week to Mom Keith, who oversaw that floor."

Mike: I am delightfulness to meet you.

Myer: Der disgust is all mine.

Mr. Isman gives some pages of the dialogue that made these comedians famous and convulsed audiences even in the brilliant years. These twistings of the English language in German dialect, this misuse of English words—does a reader laugh at seeing them in print? He laughed uproariously when he heard them spoken.

We are told at great length how the boys climbed higher and higher; how they sold buns in Harlem, and what they made; how they would follow street car tracks and pick up nearly a dollar in nickels and pennies; how they bilked this one and eluded righteous vengeance; there is an endless amount of anecdote. Pick up the book, open it at random and you will read with pleasure and drop it unwillingly, whether the story is of

their adventures in the East or in the West, whether the boys are making their way or as men have their own theatre in New York, with fashionable audiences clamoring for admission on first nights. And what a company of comedians was seen at this little theatre! Sam Bernard, John T. Kelly, Mabel Fenton, Charles Ross, Peter Dailey, Frankie Bailey, whose "legs were copyrighted at the Library of Congress," David Warfield, Willie Collier, Fay Templeton, Lillian Russell, Ethel Levey, Lee Harrison, De Wolf Hopper, Bessie Clayton, Fritz Williams—what a list; and there were others. Would the burlesques that were once the talk of the town seem funny today? (What would the theatregoer of today say to Tony Pastor's show or to Harrigan and Hart in their sketches of New York life?) Or if Weber and Fields now had a playhouse would burlesques of plays now popular find favor?

Mr. Isman has awakened many pleasant memories. There are advantages in growing old. It is a pleasure to say to a youth enthusiastic over a popular actor or actress: "You should have seen E. L. Davenport as Brutus or Sir Giles. You like John Barrymore's Hamlet, you should have seen Fichter or Booth, or Davenport, or Rossi. What a pity you never saw the first French companies in opera-bouffe; Geo. L. Fox in his Shakesperian burlesques, or as Humpty Dumpty; Harrigan singing Dave Braham's tunes; Lester Wallack in polite or romantic comedy; Agnes Ethel as Frou-Frou; the Vokes Family and the Majiltons." And so you might go on until the young man was bored to extinction, not believing that these men and women of the past were all you painted them. If he should say, "I have seen Weber and Fields," your answer would be, "but not in their high estate."

From Mr. Isman's book the young doubting Thomas can gain a fuller, better knowledge of the Weberfeldian glory that has departed.

Thus though living, though they are still active, they have a monument to their past.

And they were funny, indescribably funny. Looking over the illustrations in Mr. Isman's book we again laugh at the poolroom scene and hear the lines: "Vatever I don't know, I teach you"; "Who gets the money first, vins," with Weber putting his \$10 on the lower shelf of the ball rack, and Fields removing it with his own \$5 to the top shelf. "Dot's no scratch. Dot's an itch. Scratches is in corner pockets, itches in side pockets. Itches is bad. One itch by you gifs me your balls more."

Again we see Fields protesting his affection for Weber while he chokes him.

Absurd fooling, you say? Rough and tumble, you say? Silly dialogue, you say? Not if you had been in that little theatre. Reading Mr. Isman's book you will live again the nights of your enjoyment in those past years, or, a young man, will exclaim with Hamlet, "I would I had been there!"

P. H.

## Gordon's "White Cargo"

### What They Thought in South Africa About Its Reported Realism

Much has been written about "White Cargo," and the play has received even judicial attention. The Herald now publishes an interesting letter, showing how the play, or rather a description of its nature, was received in South Africa.

To the Editor of The Herald:

It was, as I remember, nearly a year ago. The Krooboyas at Seccondee were holding a parade in honor of the Prince of Wales, who had just finished his jail term, or "tin-helmet duty," as we call it on the Gold Coast. It was, therefore, a native holiday, and Fry-pan, my cook, had left to join the procession, along with Whiskey-soda and Hell, the house-boys. Thus bereft of all service, I strolled over to the club and found young Devonshire, just returned from London, the centre of an amused group of ivory and mahogany traders.

"Devvy's got the wind up," they told me. "Saw a play in London called 'White Cargo.' Go on, Dev."

He went on, passionately and profanely. Some blighter called Leon Gordon, who had probably got the sack from some rubber camp down river, had written a play, a dashed silly play, showing that all of us on the west coast of Africa were rotters and drunkards and what not. And Dev's girl, who had been to see the play, had suddenly become cool towards him, and everything was mouldy.

It seemed quite funny at the time. I remembered Leon Gordon pleasantly as an actor with the Jewett Players here. A rather charming fellow, I thought, and a great favorite with the young ladies. I was glad that he had written a successful play, glad that the club was so cool, the whiskey so mellow.

Later, other traders, back from furlough, began to speak about the play. The coast papers attacked it bitterly. The young men with girls at home became strangely irritable, and glared malevolently at every native mammy. Finally, the most famous mahogany trader, the vice-president of a Charlestown lumber company, and one of the most genial and popular men on the coast, spoke of it in a manner which, I must confess, was disturbing.

Two weeks ago, I arrived in Boston, and had a curious reception. The girls with whom I grew up, now usually described as "charming young matrons," observed me silently and gravely for minutes at a time. Then they would ask me if I had never thought of settling down, of marrying some nice girl, of entering the bond business. Young men would back me into a corner, and with strange winks and grimaces, question me about my African experiences. Vivid young girls, with the dress and manners of courtesans, would fling themselves at me, and ask beguilingly about "mammy palaver."

I decided that it was quite time for me to see the show. On Saturday last, an unbearably muggy day, quite typical of this unmentionable climate, I had the pleasure of seeing Leon Gordon in his own play, "White



It is an excellent play, I think, though I confess I know little about things. It is original, emotional, and pleasantly profane. The men, the woman screams, everyone gets drunk. I had a wonderful time, and so did everyone around me. It was good to see Leon Gordon in the show that has brought him a fortune. He did a very good job of theatrical acting, and received volleys of applause. Miss Margules, though rather slim and over-dressed for a native beauty, was pleasantly exotic and primitive. The padre was a poor sort, as most African missionaries are. The Doctor, Ashley, the Skipper, and the Engineer are all familiar types. A dashed good show, and reasonably true to life. I am always ready to believe the worst of these down-river rubber johnnies.

My only quarrel with Mr. Gordon is his appalling innocence of our West Coast immorality. No white man ever did, ever does, or ever will marry a native. No white missionary would ever consent to perform the ceremony. And no other white man would allow him to do so. You recall King's story of the young Englishman who intended to marry a perfect girl who was a little brownish in the finger-nails? That is precisely what would happen on the coast. The British and Americans have a pride of race that is stronger than pride of morality. Of course, Mr. Gordon knows this, but unfortunately, some of my friends do not, and I am tired of explaining that I have no coffee-colored encumbrances.

"White Cargo" is only a sensational side show as compared with the real drama of African life. Really, sir, we are a simple, kindly folk. To know us is to love us. Ask Leon Gordon. He knows.

JOHN GRIM.

The Dramatic Editor of The Herald:

I have been interested in the errors which occur quite frequently in dramatic literature. For instance, Messrs. Clapp and Edgett in that very interesting series, "Players of the Present," published by the Dunlap Society, in a biography of Louis L. James, state that he made his first appearance in Boston at the Boston Theatre, May 21, 1877, in "The Incheffs." As a matter of fact, Mr. James made his first appearance in Boston at a much earlier date. He made his debut in 1864, and in 1865 joined the stock company at Mrs. John Drew's Arch street theatre in Philadelphia, and remained there six years. In the summer of 1870 Mr. Robert Craig, the comedian of the company, came to Boston to play an engagement at the Boston Museum, and Mr. James came with him. They made their first appearance in Boston in July, 1870. The bill for that week of July 18 was "The Irish Emigrant" and the burlesque, "Don Juan." I think the season opened a week earlier, but am not sure. Mr. Craig, an excellent comedian and mimic, had in his support with Mr. James, Mary Cary, Fred Williams, Harry Josephs, Nate Salisbury, Harry Meredith, Medora Becker, James Nolan and Betty and Emily Rigl, comedians.

July 6, 1871, Mr. Craig played another engagement at the Boston Museum, opening in "Toodles" and the burlesque "Faust and Marguerite." During the rest of the engagement "The Widow's Victim" was always in the bill, introducing Mr. Craig's wonderful imitations. In the company were Louis L. James, Ada Harland, Lillie Davenport, Mollie Maeder, Josie Stuchelder, Dan J. Maginnis, Fred Williams, Harry Meredith, James Nolan and Gus Williams in his specialties, the season closed on Aug. 12. In the following Monday, Aug. 14, Mr. James appeared at the Boston Theatre in support of Joseph Proctor in "Ambition." J. J. Sullivan, W. H. Horton, J. H. Connor, Fred Hight, C. Leslie Allen, Mrs. D. R. Allen, Lizzie Anderson and Mrs. Charles Poole were also in the cast. Mr. Proctor played one week, and on Aug. 21, Little Nell, the California Diamond Helen Dauvray, opened in "Katy Did" with practically the same support that appeared with Mr. Proctor, with the addition of John Howson, who then made his first appearance in Boston.

In Arthur Hornblow's "A History of the Theatre in America," Vol. II, is an excellent portrait of Mrs. John Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, in "The School for Scandal."

In the same volume is a picture of Clara Fisher (afterwards Mrs. Maeder), as a young girl, with a statement underneath that she came to America in 1877. Clara Fisher was born in England in 1811, and made her debut on the stage when six years of age. She made a sensation as child actress, and came to America in 1827.

In the cast of "The Rivals," as given at the opening of the Boston Theatre in 1854, Mr. E. L. Davenport is cast as Fag. It was another Davenport who played the part.

Marion Howard Brazier in her book, "Stage and Screen," states that Charles Stevenson made his first appearance at the Boston Museum as Steerforth in "Little Emily." Mr. Stevenson made his first appearance at the Museum as Williams in "Town and County," Sept. 10, 1873. He played Steerforth on Jan. 5, 1874.

I have a Boston Museum program dated June 18, 1869. Heading the program is this notice. "The Boston Museum was established by its present proprietors and opened for the first time on the 14th of June 1841, in a building situated at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets." I have labored under the impression that the first Museum was at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, and still think so, notwithstanding this official notice on a house program.

I presume these errors I have mentioned are due to typographical errors and careless proofreading. But people reading these books for authentic information do not know that. When I get time I am going to dig up more.

JOSEPH H. WHEELER.

Mr. Brailowsky, the pianist, who will give a third recital here, has an accomplished press agent. "For so tempestuous a Titan of dynamic thunder Mr. Alexander Brailowsky is one of the mildest mannered men you would ever meet. He greets you with the kindly courtesy you associate with polite French gentlemen and when he talks to you there is a flavor to his conversation of a Gallic humor. He does not laugh boisterously but rather chuckles to himself. Mrs. Brailowsky is a charming woman of his own age, with a dark and penetrating wit."

We have heard of a brilliant wit, a scintillating wit, but a "dark" wit?

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Frieda Hempel, soprano. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. Eduard Zathurecky, violinist. Corelli, La Folia; Bach, Adagio and Fugue, for violin alone; Lalo, Spanish symphony; Handel-Hubay; Larghetto; Zsolt, Libellules; Paganini, Nel cor più, for violin alone; Schubert-Wilhelm, Ave Maria; Wieniawski, Scherzo Tarantelle. Emanuel Balaban, pianist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. "The Builder," a biblical music-drama; drama by Eleanor Wood Whitman; music by Henry Gideon and the Temple choir. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Julius Durlshkaivich, violinist. Bruch, Concerto, G minor; Tartini, Sonata (The Devil's Trile); Mendelssohn-Achorn, On Wings of Song; Wieniawski, Valse Caprice; Tchaikovsky-Auer, Melody in E flat; Sauret, Farfalla; Paganini-Behm, Caprice 24.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Alberto Sciarretti, pianist. Music by Frescobaldi, Scarlatti, Chopin, Pich-Mangiagalli, Sgambati, Dohnanyi, Franco da Vanezia, Martucci, Liszt.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist. Schumann, Fantaisiestueck, op. 12, No. 8, Fantaisie op. 17 (first movement). Nocturne, op. 21 No. 7; Bach, Sarabande and Prelude from Partita No. 1; Debussy, Jardins sous la pluie; Satie Third Gymnopédie; Ravel, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales; Liszt, Waldesrauschen; Chopin, Mazurka, G minor; Albeniz, Triana.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Daisy Jean, violoncellist and soprano. Boccherini, Sonata, A major; Lalo, Concerto, D minor; Jongen, Dans la douceur des pins, Planelli, Villanelle; Popper, Rhapsody, Songs with the harp; d'Araujo, Les Reves; Georges, L'eau qui court; Messager, La Maison grise from "Fortunio"; Bemerg, Il neige and Aime-moi; Barnett, Drums of the Sea; Mendelssohn, On Wings of Song; Sibella, Girometta. Anne Truesdale, accompanist.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Francis Macmillan, violinist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 11 A. M. Children's Concert. Ernest Schelling, conductor.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Winifred Macbride, pianist. Schumann, Papillons; Brahms, Sonata, F minor; Ireland, Amberly Wild Brooks and Ragamuffin; Palmgren, Bird Song; Howells, Processions, Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, B flat; Chopin, Preludes, F, B flat minor, E minor; Liszt, Gnomenreigen; Etude in F minor, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

"Pinafore," with Geraldine Ulmar, Anna Guenther, Carrie Burton and Messrs. Forrester, Cooper, Pfau and J. A. Gilbert in the cast. S. L. Studley conducted. The Medford band was the orchestra.

"The approach of Sir Joseph Porter, his cousins and his aunts in his barge, manned by trusty oarsmen, will be signalized by a salute, etc etc."

"The action took place in real water." Mr. Taylor writes: "As a member of the Medford band I well remember that we played at the first demonstration of arc lights in Boston, in the Oakland Garden. I also enclose a clipping from The Herald describing the first concert given on the old bandstand on the Common. The roof was unfinished at the time."

The clipping from The Herald is not dated. The band was conducted by J. B. Claus. Mr. Taylor apparently played one of the two B-flat basses. The Herald said: "The delay which appears to be inevitable in constructing anything contracted for by the city has prevented the completion of the bandstand begun two weeks or more ago." So there was then as now the sport of knocking the city government.

John Hancock was the first to give music to the people on the Common. He paid for a band to play in front of his house.

## WALTER HANSEN

At his recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, Walter Hansen, pianist, gave the impression that he has devoted much attention, since his appearance a year or so ago, to music that is both romantic and brilliant. If so the study has proved worth while. He has made great gains in beauty and variety of tone, and he gives every indication of feeling romantic music more keenly than he did; at all events he has strengthened his power to make other people feel it.

Mr. Hansen played a lovely Rondo by Philip Emanuel Bach exceedingly well, with phrasing very musical and with precisely the right degree of expressiveness. The opening of MacDowell's Norse sonata he made mysterious and

impressive; to the best of the rest he brought imagination and warmth, and even in much that is rambling he was able to maintain coherence.

For the first sounding of Gluck's famous ballet air from "Orpheus" Mr. Hansen hit on a just tempo which later he unwisely slackened. Despite a note here and there tapped out instead of pressed, on the whole he made the melody sing. But how Berlioz would have risen in his wrath to hear Friedmann's trivial arrangement of this noble tune!—Berlioz who could never be still when he heard a great composer's music tampered with, who made no bones at the opera of standing upright and calling a man in the orchestra to order if he took a liberty with Gluck!

Mr. Hansen played two pieces by Liszt, the F minor study and the Petrarch sonnet No. 104, in a way to show that their worth is sufficient to make them agreeable even when there is no virtuosity available to raise a blaze. Mr. Gabriowitsch's "Caprice Burlesque," on the other hand, needs

all the virtuosity it can get. To close his pleasant concert Mr. Hansen played a Scriabin prelude, F major, and Liszt's "Campanella." An audience of good size liked the concert well. They

should have, for there was musical playing of a program on the whole that was good.

R. H. G.

As the readers of The Herald probably know, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., declares that the young men of today are effeminate because they do not wear whiskers, Galway sluggers, Piccadilly weepers, Burnseys, Van Dyke beards, zymoes, in short any form of whiskerage. He doubts whether they could raise any form of facial hair. And so, he says, the women in England have the upper hand; they precede the man in entering a restaurant and they bully and swear at the waiters. He does not say that a "Bearded Lady" in a dime museum is necessarily a Hercules.

The following letter is therefore apropos:

### IN RE "BEAVER"

As the World Wags:

Have you ever seriously considered the rare opportunity offered by Symphony intermission for the playing of "Beaver"? Do you feel that Boston concert-goers are alive to the fact that nowhere west of Leningrad, nor east of the bearded Afghan's territory, can a field be found so replete with the raw material necessary for the sport, so dense, we might say, with the required shrubbery, as are the sacred hallways of the shrine of music? Why haven't you? Why aren't they?

"Beaver" develops keenness and perspicuity—it takes no little of these attributes to estimate, from the slope of the ears, whether the portly gentleman walking just ahead is going to fulfil his hirsute promise with a full beard, or merely turn a dull and empty walrus on the anxious observer.

"Beaver" encourages mathematical precision, if properly scored. A regular, dark beard counting five; a gray beard counting 10, a white beard counting 15, a red beard counting 50, and 50 is a "game," all of which must be carried in the head during the stroll around the hall.

"Beaver" furnishes an outlet for pent-up energy and relieves boredom, and in this way eliminates 79 per cent. of the wriggling ordinarily prevalent during the second half of the concert, 83 per cent. of the nervous coughing, and 99 95-100 of the somnolence to which the pedal extremities are prone.

Though "Beaver" is so simple a game that the veriest novice has an equal chance with the seasoned veteran, certain precautions are necessary in view of its exciting nature. One simply must not allow oneself to be so carried away by the heat of the chase as to shriek "Beaver!" in the ear of the gentleman who has just added to one's score by happening past, pushing a Van Dyke before him. Nor should one foul, as did three of my "frat" sisters one evening, when, with the score tied at 40 all, they suddenly came face to



face with three dear old Santa Clauses; the nine immediate "Beavers!" which rent the air knocked nine years off the life of the good old gentlemen.

An evening's inspection will convince one that nowhere does the chin-whisker bloom in such infinite variety, nowhere is there such profusion of luxurious growth, as may be found at Boston Symphony. In Buffalo, for instance, only two beaver-wearing bipeds attend the concerts, and the owner of one of these complete outfits is feeble of step and failing fast. After him, what? Suppose the survivor should have engagement elsewhere for the evening? To the most casual observer, however, it is plain that Boston's Beaver supply is firm and steady, comes in a splendid assortment of sizes, shapes and colors, and must be seen at Symphony to be appreciated. Play "Beaver!" TYRUS.

## JUNE BACCHANAL

(Written in New England in February)

Let who will, go a-Mayning  
I would a-Juneing go  
Gathering ripest berries  
In fields, where roses blow.

In Winter I'd go southward  
Far from my native heath  
Where roses drape the trellis  
And strawberries blush beneath.

Then gaily sauntering northward  
A pilgrim of fruit and flowers  
Rose-wreathed and pinkly juice-stained  
I'd follow June's perfect hours.

For where the roses cluster  
Be it either late or soon  
And strawberries ripen redly  
There is the month of June.

So come, let's go a-Juneing  
Where the year is always fair,  
Page me among the berries  
And the roses—I'll be there.

Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

## "BABES IN THE WOOD"

As the World Wags:

Referring to Mr. Robinson's notes in The Herald of last Thursday regarding "Babes in the Wood," I think his Milwaukee friend is wrong in his statement that the Colville Folly Company antedated El Rire.

Rice Goodwin's "Evangeline" was brought out as I remember it about the middle of '70's, and the Colville Folly Company did not play "Babes in the Wood" and "Robinson Crusoe" until the late '70's or early '80's.

I do not think that George Fortescue was ever in the "Babes in the Wood" company. Lena Merville's sister was Marion Elmore and was the other "Babe."

Referring to Robinson's article, Alice Atherton did not play the Bad Man. She played the Bad Aunt of the "Babes"—and William Gill opposite, as the Bad Man, was Marie (not Mary) Williams, who was a very pretty blonde girl, and dressed in a flaming red costume, and in company with William Gill sang the "Bad Men from the West," a song which always received at least one encore. Another attractive member of the company was Kate Everleigh. I think I sent you about a year ago some of the old programs of the original Globe Theatre (before the fire) when "Babes in the Wood" was played there. FRANK H. BRIGGS.

When the "Rice Surprise Party" played "Babes in the Wood" at the Union Square Theatre, N. Y., in 1879 Alice Atherton played "The Bad Man" and W. A. Mestayer the "Very Bad Man." Edouin, Louis Harrison, Dixey, Marion Elmore, Lena Merville, Louise Searles, two Calet girls, Florence Baker, Marion Slinger and others were in the company. At the Standard Theatre, N. Y., in 1877, Gill was Pantaloon; Edouin, Clown; A. W. Mafflin, Harlequin, and Lena Merville, Columbine. Samuel Colville's second wife was Emma Roseau, who in 1877 was a member of Alice Oates's company. He married Emma in 1883. The Colville Folly Company played "Babes in the Wood" at the Boston Theatre as early as May, 1878.—Ed.

## "O HARK, O HEAR!"

(—Al. Tennyson)

As the World Wags:

"Like an omelette soufflé, beer has its moment, and once started toward the seidel or stein, its flow should be as uninterrupted as the course of a mountain brook that, with muslo and song and freighted with coolness, comes dancing down from the distant hills to slake the thirst of the vale below."—Ellwanger, "Pleasures of the Table."

I trust that "The Long Shot" and Mr. Abel Adams are acquainted with Emerson's "Bevcrages, Past and Present," in two large volumes, a most instructive work, and well worth the passing notice of Mr. Herkimer Johnson. E. J. T.

Andover.

Though Frieda Hempel left her Jenny Lind garb and program behind her yesterday, nevertheless she brought to her concert in Symphony hall a certain old-time air. Mr. Coenraad Bos contributed to it by opening the proceedings with a piano solo, Schubert's B-flat Impromptu, to rouse the higher, by the wise old device of suspense, the audience's eagerness to see the prima donna.

And when Miss Hempel made her entry she was more than ever in her life the dazzling prima donna, gorgeous in raiment and flashing with jewels, in manner full of grace. She sang "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" and Bishop's "Should He Upbraid." Because the audience would have more, she sang Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," with the keen rhythmic sense which, this long while, has placed her on a higher level than that of most other singers, and, furthermore, with a splendor of tone in her medium register which is distinctly a new acquisition.

It showed to still more striking advantage in Schumann's Mondnacht: from light sopranos could cope with it so successfully. Miss Hempel sang with it another Schumann song, the Fruehlingsnacht, Brahms's "Little Sandman" exquisitely phrased and timed, its text enunciated with amazing clarity, and Loewe's rogulsh "Niemand hats gesehen," to which she did full justice. To the jubilate of the old vesper hymn she sang as an encore Miss Hempel attuned her voice exultantly.

To maintain the atmosphere, Mr. Bos played for his next solo a Mendelssohn "Song Without Words," called "Duett," the program stated, and then, very delightfully, the Brahms A-flat waltz, with an encore as well.

After an intermission Miss Hempel returned, accompanied by Louis P. Fritze and his flute, to sing a "Grand aria di bravura," the program had it, "Ernani involami" from Verdi's "Ernani." With astonishing virtuosity she tossed off the brilliant cadenza, in contrast to which, for an encore, she sang the old Welsh "All Through the Night."

After Mr. Fritze had played the air by Auber, another piece and also an encore, Miss Hempel sang with glorious tone for its "Hallelujahs" an attractive 17th century Easter hymn, an old German spinning song, which she did so charmingly the audience would have it again, and the Gavotte from Massenet's "Manon," a wise choice since it is seldom heard in the opera.

Officially at an end, the concert actually was only half over, for nobody stirred to go home. With much grace Miss Hempel sang an old French song about one Jeanneton, The Blue Danube waltz she sang because people clamored for it, and she had all her enchanting rhythm ready at hand, and high tones sweeter than they have sounded for years. To the "Swanee River" she brought her masterful legato and real depth of sentiment, to "Dixie" her rhythm once more and verve, and to "Home Sweet Home" an exemplary simplicity (which Mr. Bos in his accompaniment did not follow) and a feeling truly touching.

It was a true prima donna's concert, with some fine music to be heard, and a prima donna of voice and ability befitting the name. Among Miss Hempel's admirers, however, there are some who will never rest content till she gives, in place of a prima donna's concert, a song recital of the best songs of many schools, a recital really worthy of her magnificent art at its best.

R. R. G.

## Miss Woodman, Contralto, Is the Soloist

At the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon, the People's Symphony, conducted by Mr. Mollenhauer, gave its 15th concert. Ethel Woodman, contralto, was the assisting soloist. The program included Beethoven, Symphony No. 1 in C Major, Op. 21; Saint-Saens's "Night in Lisbon," played it Aria, Amour viens alder, from "Samson and Delilah"; Strauss, "Don Juan" Tone Poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau).

It was a pleasure to hear again the first of the nine symphonies, so seldom played now, perhaps depreciated for its Mozartian form and inspiration its powdered wit and elegance, its radiant formalism. Yet even here there are bold suggestions of the mature Beethoven, in the first of the scherzos with which he tilted his cap at authority, replaced the slower-footed dignities of the minuet; in his several harmonic innovations, in his continuous kettledrum accompaniment of the andante. Even in the first of these, there is no precocity, but resistless vitality, clear eyed humor. The performance was a brilliant one, barring an occasional harshness in the wood winds.

For the rest Mr. Mollenhauer chose a wistful and soothing bacarolle of a

high and sentimental mood. Saint-Saens's "Night in Lisbon," played it again; the aria "Amour viens alder" from "Samson and Delilah" which Miss Woodman sang, and Strauss's "Don Juan," of which the orchestra gave a good performance, rich in tonal colorings, marking the varying moods of the Lenau poem. The audience was large, and demanded an encore of Miss Woodman.

Next week Frederick Joslyn, baritone, will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: J. K. Paine, Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus"; Massenet Recitative and Aria from "Le Roi de Lahore"; Strauss, Waltz "Emperor"; Raff, Symphony No. 5 in E major, Op. 177, "Lenore." E. G.

Will J. A. M. who wrote to this column about sleeping cars kindly send his address to Mr. Charles A. Rice, 45 North avenue, Melrose Highlands, Mass.?

## MORE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

As the World Wags:

This promotion of the dictionary to the rank of a "best seller," an outcome of the cross-word craze, may enlarge one's quantity of words but doesn't seem to help their better arrangement in sentences. Possibly that virtue comes but by fasting and prayer. Even now an enterprising establishment in the retail shopping district offers what it calls "special children's sweaters." What peculiarity may mark these special children does not appear, nor why more than others they need sweaters. Perhaps they are merely over-sensitive to the vagaries of our inconstant weather, though that's hardly a special failing. Heaven knows that most of us need sweaters at times.

Of wider interest is an announcement elsewhere of "average men's false teeth" at a price that should be attractive. Whether it is an average price, or—unlikely admission by any self-respecting dentist—the teeth are only average teeth, is not quite clear. I cannot point out the source of supply, since I do not wish to fall foul of the advertising department, but, assuming that "the puzzle is correct" as it reads, and that the teeth are for average men, if anyone who wants more definite information will admit that he is merely of the average (a statement which of itself would place him above that class) and will send me a self-addressed stamped return envelope, I will—add the stamp to my collection. Obviously, under this condition, no envelope having a stamp printed on the fabric can be accepted, only detachable stamps being of use.

Across the way from the teeth emporium, a dingy card carries the urgent invitation: "Come in, and have your phrenology read." After fixing up his teeth, the average man, for an absurdly small sum, may settle all doubt as to what his phrenology is, and why.

Another more elaborate sign above a cigar stand states with authority that "—cigars pleases thousands and will please you." An attendant, to whom it was modestly suggested that notwithstanding the expensively artistic work of the painter an error had crept in, gazed at it intently and replied:

"Oh, yes; I see. There ought to be one of them things before the last 's' in 'pleases,' so that it would read 'please's thousands.' But it would take a college education to know that."

Cicero somewhere remarks profoundly that "in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs presage certain things," or words to that effect.

By the way, have you noticed the tendency to avoid a solecism (once referred to in this column) by substituting "two-trouser" suits for "two-pant" suits? Somehow the words sound better, but what in the world is a "two-trouser," or even "two-trousers"? Is a trouser single or a pair? And it still remains doubtful whether you get two or four with one of these suits.

HORACE G. WADLIN.

## "TROUSER" OR "TROUSERS"?

"Trousers," Mr. Wadlin, is a substantive plural. The article of dress worn at first especially by sailors, later by soldiers, gradually became common from about 1820. There is a curious note in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1731:

"Instead of Breeches, he proposes that the Ladies should wear Trousers, which will be particularly convenient for those who have not handsome legs."

But "trouser" or "trouser" has been used as a noun in the singular. Sir Walter Scott—"Quentin Durward"—"All the rest was mustache, pelisse and calico trouser." R. L. Stevenson—"The Dynamiter"—"I have scarcely a decent trouser in my wardrobe."

"Trousers" has been used with transferred meaning, as "One melancholy Scotch fir embarrassed by its trouser of ivy."

We find trouser-band, trouser-presser, trouser-stretcher, trouser-button, trous-

er-knee, trouser-legs, trouser-pockets, trouser-stockings, trouser-straps, as we find "trouserless."

## WHO SAID "LAMENT"? (Or How Do Sheiks Travel?)

The men who travel continents so lightly  
Have wisps of hair a-sticking 'neath their hats,  
While palely watered eyes try to look brightly  
And only find a train that's filled with "cats."

Nine thousand spinsters watch, then thank their starlets,  
Ten thousand aunts gaze off into space;  
A million mammas wonder why the car lets  
Their offspring see how some men queer the Race.

Of course, G. S. may be a Rame Navarro,  
If so, he has the very best of wishes;  
I really hope my viewpoint isn't narrow,  
But is his matron fat a-washing dishes?

Yes—underneath his eyelids, romance fluttered;  
Yes—parched tongue pleaded, "Beauty, still my pain."

Well—if he wants the bread that Shubert buttered,  
Let him be wrecked upon that high-priced train.

THE FIVE TWENTY-TWO.  
Dorchester.

## HOWARD ST. 40 YEARS AGO

As the World Wags:

The delightful story of an "Old-Timer" in The Herald has started such a flood of reminiscences in another "Old-Timer," I cannot resist the temptation to record a few. In 1884-5 I was living on Bulfinch street, and Howard street being the only convenient thoroughfare to and from business and the shopping district, was used daily by the family. One side of the street was lined with saloons, and every house bore an unsavory reputation. "The Howard" flourished under the management (I think) of the one and only John Stetson. Jerry Tinkham's undertaking establishment was doing a thriving business. If you were looking for gruesome spectacles you could find them at Jerry's; he seemed to have a monopoly in caring for dead wails and strays. A minister relative of mine, who lived nearby, acted for many years as chaplain at Tinkham's funerals. Just around the corner, on Tremont row, George J. Raymond, with a nondescript collection of odds and ends, managed to keep his head above water until he sold his lease at a fat bonus to Austin & Stone's Museum.

I had a store on the corner of Court and Hanover streets, in the old Concert Hall building now being sliced open to make room for street widening. One evening I came upon an hilarious crowd gazing with rapt attention into the second-story window of a house on Howard street, near Court. The room was unlighted and the curtain up; this gave to the shouting and laughing mob in the street an unsuspected but nearly full view of some startling abolutions going forward in so realistic a manner as to be undecipherable. On another occasion, and very nearly in the same location, a similar mob were climbing over each other to see a popular pugilist of the period lying dead drunk on the floor of a saloon.

Joe's fruit store was a West end institution; he was a genial fellow and did a good business. I often sampled his

fruit, but was never invited to view the tarantula.

It is only fair to say that during our use of Howard street no member of the family was ever subjected to insult, or in any way annoyed by word or act.

GEORGE DANA BURRAGE.

Newton.

## "KID BOOTS"

By PHILIP HALE

Colonial Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Kid Boots," a musical comedy, book by William Anthony McGulre and Otto Harbach; music by Harry Tierney, lyrics by Joseph McCCarthy. Produced by F. Ziegfeld. Louis Gress, orchestra conductor.

Phil Ryley

Herbert Fendleton

Harold Regan

Menlo Manville

Tom Sterling

Polly Pendleton

First Golfer

Second Golfer

Kid Boots, Caddie Master

Beth Berl

Beth

Armen Mendoza

Marle Callahan

Jane Martin

Dr. Josephine Fitch

Randolph Valentine

Federal Officer

It is a play of handsome costumes

young and pretty girls well-trained in

evolutions, a sturdy male chorus, wit

Eddie Cantor, Mary Eaton, the strik



handsome dancer Beth Bert, little agile Marie Callahan, Miss Terry, singing in the name of Carmen Mendez, Harland Dixon, who as a society singer must have spent the greater part of his time in practicing eccentric singing. There are tunes that please the ear and are easily forgotten, as played by a competent orchestra. A there is a plot, a real plot. It's about golf, with a match in which a sum of \$5000 and \$10,000 are carelessly staked; with a girl's hand at stake, for Tom Sterling, a young millionaire, who loves of Polly has masqueraded at a golf club as teacher, plays against his rival, one Regan. There is a mean trick, but Tom, of course, after his defeat, wins the girl. Her father is one of those bluff old fellows never seen except in musical plays, as in old times a rich and choleric uncle from the city, stormed, with his "fleeing remnant of a liver," in English comedies, and now instead of the crowd excited at a horse race with the hero tripping over all sorts of obstacles, including foul play, we have the chorus girls and men breathless about the 18th hole.

All through the play Mr. Cantor pops in and out, cracking jokes a few of them weak, for even he cannot be unreasonably funny for three hours, indulging in philosophical remarks, depicting in non sequiturs from absurd premises, speaking volumes by popping eyes and quick facial changes, singing and dancing, and incidentally doing his best in bringing together Tom and Betty.

He was amazingly funny in the massage parlor act which was reproduced from a scene in "The Passing Show," if you are not mistaken. Now there is an electric chair and Miss Cunningham, an amazonian but graceful and attractive actor, who threw Mr. Cantor about and thumped and mauled him till laughing.

He shock the house. Another very amusing scene was where Mr. Cantor explained the Freudian sex-complex, beginning with what happened years ago in the jungle. His explanation, by display of scientific knowledge and reasoning took one back to the simple speeches delivered by Ad Ryan when he was with the San Francisco minstrels. Toward the end of the entertainment Mr. Cantor, his face lit up, sang several songs to the great delight of the audience, but Mr. Cantor, a white-faced comedian was much more amusing.

Pretty Miss Eaton danced prettily and sang in her simple way, always charming the eye. As we have said, there were many attractive young women in various and beautiful costumes. The stage settings displayed them well and were in excellent taste. Take it all in all, there was less adding in "Kid Boots" than in the great majority of shows in this class; fewer tiresome stretches while the audience yawns awaiting the reappearance of the chief comedian, sourette or dancer. The performance was brisk, altogether pleasing, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by an audience that crowded the theatre. Nor was there any need of censorship. Not even a prurient prude could have objected to needlessly scanty costume; to the quality of Mr. Cantor's cracks, gags and wheezes. Truly a joyous night.

## THE BUILDER' GIVEN

At Jordan hall last evening, the Temple Chorus, directed by Henry Gideon, presented a biblical music-drama in four acts, entitled "The Builder," written by Eleanor Wood Whitman. The chief soloists were Gertrude Tingley, Joseph Lautner, Constance Gideon and Elizabeth Bates. The Durrell quartet assisted them. The cast included: Edward Boatner, Israel Jaffe, John Pratt Whitman, Benjamin Trask, Henry, Edna Maloolf, David Gallant, Henry J. Warren, Cedric Hastings, Mitchell Selb and Raymond Simonds. The book of Nehemiah is not one of the most dramatic in the Old Testament; it is more narrative and descriptive until the unfriendly dwellers of Jerusalem interfere with the reconstruction of the walls of the city. And Nehemiah, despite his stalwart faith and his excellent accomplishment, is uninteresting dramatically. In her dramatic version, Mrs. Whitman has preserved, for the most part, the simplicity of the narrative, although she has extended it, and lent it occasional embellishment. Yet her persons never seem to come to life: they are always the figures of a pageant, at times a richly colored and sometimes eloquent pageant.

But it was in the music, in the choral and instrumental score that Mr. Gideon and his assistants have fitted together, that "The Builder" has its interest. They have called it a music drama, but the music is too incidental, too imperfectly co-ordinated with the play to be all that the term implies. And it was in the music that the peculiar Hebrew flavor of the tale of Nehemiah became uppermost; in the singing of the Palestinian folk songs as the women, led by

Miss Tingley, worked on the walls; in the a capella humming of Cornelius's "Zug der Juden" by the men outside of the forest of Lebanon; in the singing of Gustav Holst's arrangement of the 86th Psalm, by Joseph Lautner and Rae Muscato, and the choir, accompanied by the string quartet, in the traditional melodies, the one grave, the other half humorous, sung by Mrs. Gideon and the women's choir; in Lazare Saminsky's arrangement of the Song of Songs.

A pity that there was not more of this, that the singers could not altogether replace the somewhat rotund measures of the players, although Mr. Whitman played with conviction his role of Nehemiah. A curious melody that was neither play nor opera, yet more like opera than play in the halting of the action for the singers. Miss Tingley was a beautiful and soft voiced queen; a full voiced and tragic singer of the building of the walls. Mr. Lautner, as the wily Tobias, gestured melodramatically, and as an off-stage singer sang with his accustomed ability. Of the others, Mrs. Gideon and Miss Bates deserve mention. The audience was of good size and enthusiastic. E. G.

## Pat Rooney and Marion Bent Appear in "Shamrock"

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent have adorned many a vaudeville program. Now they come in their latest offering, "Shamrock," a tabloid musical comedy, book by Edgar Allen Woolf, lyrics and music by Cliff Hess and Joe Santley. The piece is in five scenes, there is a large company, and there is Pat Rooney's Shamrock orchestra.

Whatever may be said of this latest venture, it is first of all good entertainment. To be sure there is an obviousness about it all as having been "tailored" for Pat. For they have taken his measure in the dance, his chief accomplishment, and they have built the piece around this feature. And sure enough he capered on to the stage to the inevitable strains of "Rosie D'Grady," part and parcel, and by all the rules of the game, Rooneyesque.

Pass over the book lightly, for like many pieces that come and go on the legitimate stage, it is thin and serves more directly the purpose of introducing the specialties that adorn the playlet. "Adorn" is no idle word. For the lithe Miss Gallo in her dances, even though they smack of the contortionist rather than the dancer, is still a pleasurable afterthought. So, too, is the Spanish dance of Miss Nieto, or again the irrepressible Miss Mascagno, in her whirlwind of pirouette and toe.

Mr. Rooney, of course, showed his neatness in the dance, his rhythmic elegance, his playful agility, and Miss Bent sang a song or two, danced a bit, giving freshness to her act that on more recent occasions showed signs of slowing down; and then for good measure, Pat III, fresh from military school, and a wholesome appearing broth of a boy, an agreeable reflection of his mother, danced and received a maternal and paternal kiss. And the predominating color? Green, a screaming vivid green! What else to follow that rich drop curtain, with its generous sprinkling of shamrocks!

For other acts there were Wanzer and Palmer, sounding new a note in East side patter of the dance hall; Bobby Folsom, in "story songs"; Fisher and Gilmore, in crooning melody and comic chat; the Sarattos, European gymnasts, giving vaudeville new life in this style; Mitchell Brothers, banjoists, singers and grinders; Johnson and Baker in hat throwing, and Hector, a dog of many-sided talent.

T. A. R.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Torch Bearers," farce in three acts by George Kelly. The Boston Repertory Company. The cast:

Mr. Frederick Ritter.....Francis Compton  
Jenny.....Mona Glynn  
Mrs. Paula Ritter.....May Ediss  
Mrs. Luro Pampinelli.....Jessamine Newcombe  
Mr. Spindler.....Philip Toner  
Mrs. Kelly Fell.....Elspeth Dudgeon  
Mr. Huxley Hossfrosse.....Alan McGraw  
Teddy Spearing.....Richard Whorf  
Miss Florence McCrickett

Katherine Standing  
Mr. Ralph Twiller.....Victor Tandy  
The Stage Manager.....E. E. Clive  
Mrs. Clara Sheppard.....Ruth Holmes  
A satirical farce, the playbill calls this piece by Mr. Kelly. The theme offered opportunity enough. The aspirations of stage struck men and women to elevate the drama by the primrose path of "Little Theatres." But how can satire hold its own against hilarity? It cannot. If hilarity reigned supreme last night, Mr. Kelly has only himself to thank; he should not have set so many amusing people in such mirth-provoking situations.

The mind began to boggle when told Mr. Ritter of the coming rehearsal; she is not like the usual large madd servant, especially when nearly acted by Miss Glynn. Mr. Ritter, the unsympathetic Philistine who had no illusions in regard to his wife's histrionic powers, kept up his end, admirably played by Mr. Compton.

As for Paula his wife—Mr. Kelly must have a touch of genius about him and Miss Ediss one, too, to make so unbrokenly funny a natural born fool. A still more exuberant fool he drew in Mrs. Pampinelli, the woman who directed the rehearsal and the play, the kind of person who knows the jargon but not the business, who lives by the maxim of Carroll's Duchess: "Take care of the sound and the sense will take care of itself." It is in his portrait of Mrs. Pampinelli that Mr. Kelly showed himself most a satirist; no doubt he cannot abide pretense.

Miss Newcombe, when the friendly audience was at last ready to let her begin, played the role with unctious. How she revelled in technicalities of which she did not know the meaning, rolling them under her tongue like a sweet morsel! Who will forget her demonstration of the "bird-wing" gesture, her instruction of how to attain the "sub-vocal effect"—or the moment when she caught sight of cake and punch in the offering? With all her nonsense she never let her gravity relax; Miss Newcombe knows how to play farce.

So does Miss Dudgeon, for whom Mr. Kelly had provided another amazing fool—his range in this line is astonishingly wide—with an entrance scene calling for something like virtuosity. She met it brilliantly, and the evening through she played brilliantly the silly inconsequential creature who must needs be cackling like those famous geese even if Rome burnt.

To write out the cast would take too long. All the players played well together, with keen feeling for character, or caricature, as the case might be, and with the earnestness that becomes a farce. Surely the scene of the rehearsal is as funny as anything seen on the stage in many a year, and that of the play, though at moments it flagged, was very droll, too. The last act fell off; most third acts do in farces. But the first act alone is enough to make the play worth while. The audience laughed so hard one could not always hear the lines. A pity!

R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Deep Purple," a play in four acts, by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, with the following cast:

Marie Lalloz  
Christine.....Olive Blakeney  
Kate Fallon.....Elsie Hitt  
Doris Moore.....Ralph M. Remley  
"Pop" Clark.....Roy Elkins  
Harry Leland.....Louis Leon Hall  
Gordon Laylock.....William Florence  
Connelly.....Frederick Murray  
Lt. Finn.....Robert Lee Clark  
Mrs. Lake.....Houston Richard  
Ruth Lake.....Bernard Nedel  
Page.....John Collier  
William Lake.....Frank Twichel  
Valet.....Franklyn Abbot

It was 13 years ago this week that "The Deep Purple" was first presented in Boston at the Plymouth Theatre, with Violet Heming in the leading role, but nothing about the play creaked audibly as the bevy of crooks pulled their badger game on the young miner from the West, last night, at the St. James Theatre. This melodrama is a good play for stock, and especially good for the company which is playing it this week, for it is built in the good old sure-fire fashion, with plenty of thrills, gun-play, intrigue and counter-intrigue, and a murder on the stage thrown in for good measure.

There is a sweet and innocent minister's daughter from Buffalo, who has been lured by a dapper cake-eater to the city with the promise of marriage. But he is not going to marry her, he wants to use her as a lure in the badger game, and does so successfully up to the point where justice and the young hero triumph.

The first and last acts take place in the boarding place run by Kate Fallon, an ex-crook, who is now "going straight." There the crooks gather against her will and hatch their nefarious schemes, and it is she who mothers the victimized girl and turns over heaven and earth to save her. She is also mothering a rough-and-ready gunman of the hardy, two-fisted western variety, who also wants to go straight, but is given away by "Pop" Clark, an elderly bunco-steerer in near-clergyman's attire, and his associates in crookdom. The plot has many minor ramifications, but all centres about the proposed badger game, when little Miss Moore from Buffalo is lured into asking young William Lake from Mon-

ging to an apartment for advice on mining. Then the trap is sprung. Supposedly irate husband and father come in, but the young miner, forewarned, soon has their hands in the air.

Laylock, the western train-robber, gets out of jail in time to participate in the final show-down scene, when with the dignity and trigger-quickness of a Bill Hart he drops the cake-eater Leland. Because the somewhat justifiable homicide is established as suicide, he and Kate Fallon are happily united.

In going straight and the young miner falls in love with Doris Moore. Plenty of old-fashioned stage thrills, reminiscent of the Nick Carter novel, were used to hide beneath your mattress. Louis Leon Hall as the western gunman does the best job we have ever seen him do.

H. F. M.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

HOLLIS—"The Swan," Molnar's comedy, with Eva Le Gallienne. Second week.

TREMONT—"Peter Pan," Barrie's play, with Marilyn Miller. Last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Simon Called Peter"; dramatization of Keable's well-known novel. Second week.

WILBUR—"Begger on Horseback," Kaufman and Connolly's satirical comedy, with Roland Young. Third week.

MAJESTIC—"I'll Say She Is," musical revue, with the four Marx brothers. Third week.

NEW PARK—"New Brooms," Frank Craven's play in which he stars. Fourth week.

SELWYN—"White Cargo," Leon Gordon's play, in which he appears. Fifth week.

SHUBERT—"Greenwich Village Follies," sixth annual revue, with Moran and Mack, Toto the clown, and Mordkin, the dancer. Last week.

## ZATHURESKY PLAYS

Eduard Zathuresky, a violinist of Bohemia, played yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. His program, after Corelli's "La Folia" and a Bach adagio and fugue for violin alone, offered Lalo's Spanish symphony, a Handel Largo and arranged by Hubay, "L'bellules" by Zsolt, the Paganini variations on "Nel cor piu," the Wilhelm arrangement of Schubert's "Ave Maria," and a "Scherzo Tarantella" by Weinlawski.

Mr. Zathuresky set forth nobly the theme of "La Folia." Must musically he played the variations, with sweetness when they allowed it always with dignity and with a vigor which made even the most perfunctory engrossing. Probably Handel, who had no patience, it is said, with Corelli's gentle style, could have liked the performance much; at all events the large audience did yesterday.

And Bach, it is very like, would have felt well pleased with Mr. Zathuresky's way with his adagio and fugue. It was the way which some musicians will have it was Bach's own, a plain utterance of his music with little light and shade or none.

They may be right, who can say? Mr. Zathuresky surely did much in support of the theory, for by the sheer magnificence of his tone and the strength that always comes from simplicity and clearness he achieved with his Bach music a fine majesty and splendor. Still it does not follow that his way with Bach is the best.

With Lalo such trenchancy does not suit at all. Mr. Zathuresky and his able accompanist, Emanuel Balaban, played the Spanish music with a rude vigor not at all adapted to Lalo's delicate talent. Mr. Zathuresky has an enormous tone, a tone from its richness a pleasure, in its place, to listen to.

But an over-large tone is not in place in Lalo's rondo, when it's very bulk gets in the way of sparkle and brightness, and one may guess, of the brilliancy of Mr. Zathuresky's technique.

In the course of the symphony Mr. Zathuresky did some very beautiful playing—wherever, indeed, he made simultaneous use of his nice feeling for the musical turn of a phrase and of tone, not over-stressed, that was stirring by its mellowness. The Habanera episode in the first movement he played with especial charm. The audience showed warm enthusiasm.



The concert, probably for the benefit of holiday makers, was set for half past three. People not keeping holiday unfortunately had to leave after the symphony. R. R. G.

Two novels of an unusual nature have been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: "We," by the Russian Eugene Zamiatin, translated into English by Gregory Zilboorg, and "Val Sinestra," by Martha Morton, who died in New York only a few days ago.

Zamiatin is one of the contemporary Russian novelists concerning whom little is known in this country. Even Bunin is a more familiar name by reason of his "Gentleman from San Francisco." Although Zamiatin still lives in Russia, "We," written in Russian, was first published outside of that country, and in a foreign language. Reading the bitterly satirical novel, one understands why this is so, but no bolshevik will be able to repeat Dostoevsky's message to Turgenev: "Are you sure you can see us as well from Berlin? May I not send you a telescope so that you can see Russia better?"

"We" satirizes all attempts to reduce individuality and the conduct of life to mathematical formulas; to regulate daily and nocturnal activities in accordance with a table of hours. Even love-making is appointed for a fixed, determined time, and a man's mate is selected for him. There are no longer family or baptismal names; only numbers, as Mr. Ferguson in a modern hotel is known as No. 879. The "Well-Doer" looks after the behavior of each man, woman and child. One lives only for the glory of the United State. There is no longer any creative individuality. All standards are mechanical. The author is reported as saying that his "We" is "the funniest and most earnest thing" he has written. It is undoubtedly earnest. If it is "funny" so is Swift's description of the Struldbrugs, the Yahoos and the Houyhnhnms, but Swift wrote, hating mankind; Zamiatin wrote out of sorrow and compassion for his fellow-Russians. As the translator says in his preface, this Russian's laughter is "laughter through tears."

The Brothers Capek used Zamiatin's ideas in their plays, "The World We Live In" and "R. U. R.": that Numbers take the place of people; but the Russian elaborates this idea at great length. His hero, D-503, the builder of the Integral, is living in a standardized, legislated world a thousand years hence. The Integral is an airship for carrying propaganda and happiness to dwellers in other planets. D-503 tells his story in 40 records. His style is fantastically impressionistic. He tells how the people all live in glass apartments similarly constructed; they leave bed at the same moment; "at the very second, designated by the Table, carry their spoons to their mouths"—even their chewing is regulated. They all go walking together. Science is developing, and within fifty years "even the noses will be identical." As Socrates had his dæmon, so these Numbers have their "Guardian Angels" who know everything that is going on, as super-spies.

There is a Lex Sexualis. Any Number may obtain a license to use any other Number, and so D-503 has two affairs: there is I-330, a woman of vast experience, capricious, fascinating; there is the gentle O-90, who is short of the decreed Maternal Norm, but nevertheless longs for children.

Happiness depends upon non-freedom, and freedom is criminal. The ancients chose freedom and lost their world. What miserable fellows were their poets and musicians, their Beethovens with their disorderly noise. The Numbers have their standardized music. (Even in 1925 there are concertgoers who wish their music standardized according to the old formulas and shudder at the freedom of the ultra-moderns.) The Well-Doer and the Guardians give subjects to poets: "Those Who Come Late to Work"; "Stanzas on Sex Hygiene."

Alas for this ideal nation; the mathematical square root of minus one could not be destroyed. Some of the Irrational Numbers found they had souls; they fell in love, and other primitive desires were aroused. Inequality cropped up; the great machine was no longer in perfect, inexorable order. Then the Well-Doer and the Guardians determined to make

the Numbers submit to the Great Operation: i. e., the eradication of the Nervous Centre of Fancy. After this operation, peace, order, law, happiness were restored, "the mathematically faultless, hundred per cent. happiness."

Yet D-503 ends his strange and fascinatingly savage satire by regretting that there are still quantities of Numbers who betray Reason. "But on the transverse avenue Forty, we succeeded in establishing a temporary Wall of high voltage waves. And I hope we win. More than that, I am certain we shall win. For Reason must win."

So poetry continued to be "no longer the unpardonable whistling of nightingales for the stimulation of sweethearts but a State Service." As for music, by rotating the handle of a music-meter, any one was enabled to produce about three sonatas an hour. "What difficulties our predecessors had in making Music! They were able to compose only by bringing themselves to strokes of inspiration—an extinct form of epilepsy."

"We" is as instructive as well as a grimly entertaining satire, in its carrying out the idea of a standardized universe to the absurd but inevitable conclusion. It is a hook for thoughtful readers in any country, even in the United States, a country which some would turn into a United State.

"Val Sinestra," by Martha Morton, playwright and novelist, is comparatively short. It portrays conflicting racial instincts and religious beliefs. Floyd Garrison, whose mother was a New England school marm, descended from THE Aldens, marries Julie, a Gonzola—of Spanish Jews converted to Catholicism, though her grandfather clings fanatically to his old belief. Father Cabello tries to keep Julie in the fold and retain her son. The grandfather and the priest lose, for Julie weds a gentle and the boy, tempted for a time to enter the Church, finally decides that as an artist he is beyond and above all creeds. Julie, though married, loves her boy wooer, Martin Steele, who grows up with cave-mantendencies. She finally meets Martin. In the Val Sinestra, Switzerland, Floyd turns up and would shoot him, but Martin falls, half mad, over a pre-arranged girl and finds happiness as a painter in this Switzerland where his people had lived for generations.

This is the cold outline of a passionate novel, written graphically, at times eloquently, with eloquence that occasionally sins from intensity. The early scenes in New York, with the portraits of the leading characters, are the best, for in the later pages we find melodrama instead of tragedy and the long arm of coincidence stretches beyond probability. After the book is read the grandfather, the priest and Julie are remembered. Martin is a more distinct figure than Floyd even if Floyd did set fire to the New York house he loved. No one of the characters found the heart's desire. There is acute psychoanalysis, and certain phases of life in New York are vividly described, more realistically than the occurrences in The Val Sinestra.

## DURLESHKAIVICH

At Jordan hall last evening, Julius Durleshkaivich, violinist, accompanied by Harry Kaufman, gave the following program:

Max Bruch, concerto in G minor; Tchaik. sonata (the Devil's Trill); Mendelssohn-Achlon, On Wings of Song; Wieniawski, Valse Caprice; Tchaikovsky-Auer, Melody in E flat; Smetana, Faralla; Paganini-Behm, Capriccio XXIV.

Although there is an occasional violinist who discovers and dares to play music that is strange and undulled, violin music that is neither mawkish nor commonplace, that has grace and eloquence, imagination and wit, a rich and subtle beauty, it is such a stereotyped program as Mr. Durleshkaivich chose last evening that is the rule for concertizing violinists.

To the warm and poignant melancholy of the Bruch concerto, he brought a fullness and richness of tone, an emotional gravity, and tenderness; to the sharp and flinging vigors of the prelude and finale, a large and sweeping technique, a strength and firmness of tone and of intonation. Yet, in the finale, his phrasing was not always clean, or his tone lucid. In the endlessly repetitious Devil's Trill, he played with technical efficiency and sentiment, never abusive of his strength. There was grace and lightness in his Wieniawski Valse; a pleasant sentimentality in the Mendelssohn music. A capable violinist, who neither wails on his instrument, nor forces it into undue heaviness of tone, yet there was little variety in his playing or nuance. The audience was of good size, and very appreciative. Mr. Kaufman was a competent accompanist. E. G.

Howard Goding, pianist, will play in Jordan hall this afternoon music by Schumann, Bach, Debussy, Satie, Ravel, Liszt, Chopin, Alberiz. Francis MacMillen, violinist, will give a recital in Symphony hall tonight. Born at Marietta, O., in 1885, he studied in Chicago, Berlin, Brussels (where he took a first prize at the Conservatory, being a pupil of Cesar Thomson). He was first heard in Boston when he played in Symphony hall in 1906. He played here in 1910 at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Daisy Jean will play the violoncello and sing to her own accompaniment on the harp tonight in Jordan hall. She was graduated from the Brussels Conservatory, winning the gold medal with highest honors, when she was 15 years old. She played for several years at the Belgian court and was often heard at Antwerp and Ostend. When the war broke out she went to England. There she played in public and private. With the two other Belgians she toured in the United States and Canada for four years, giving concerts for the Belgian Relief. Returning to Antwerp in 1919, she was decorated by the Queen. The Belgians gave her an old Italian violoncello in appreciation of her patriotic work.

The Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening should not disturb the traditional composure of the audiences. Mr. Koussevitzky has prepared a Russian program: Glinka, overture to "Russian and Ljudmila"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 8 (first time in Boston); three pieces by Ljadov; Kikimora; Tchaikovsky, "Romeo and Baba-Yaga"; Tchaikovsky, no Copland, no Juliet. No Stravinsky, no Copland, no snorting locomotive engine set to music by our friend Honegger. We hear the ultra-conservative singing fortissimo: "O Let Us Be Joyful." Nevertheless, dearly beloved brethren, "The music world do move."

Burton Holmes tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will give in Symphony hall the third Travelogue in his series. The subject is "The Italian Alps."

On Saturday morning Ernest Schelling will conduct a children's concert in Jordan hall at 11 o'clock.

Winifred Macbride, a Scottish pianist, of whom there are good reports, will play on Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall music by Schumann (Papillons), Brahms (Sonata, F minor), Ireland, Palmgren, Howells, Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Chopin and Liszt.

Marie Jeritza of the Metropolitan opera company will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. The People's Symphony orchestra next Sunday afternoon at the St. James Theatre will play Raffi's "Lenore" symphony; Paine's prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus" and Strauss's "Emperor" waltz. Frederick Joslyn, baritone, will sing an aria from "The King of Lahore." Mr. Mollenhauer will conduct.

## THE SHOWS WE USED TO SEE

(For Notes and Lines)  
We oldsters like to talk about the shows we used to see, "Two Orphans," "Rosedale," "Pinafore" or "Kit." French opera or minstrels, and we one and all agree The plays today are not exactly it. For Ziegfeld's not Kralffy, nor is Barymore a Booth. "Old Homesteads" don't grow now, nor "Way Down East." We see no melodramas like "The World," "Soudan" or "Youth." And jazz revues are not dramatic feasts.

Remember when the public used to flock to "Led Astray?" You'd notice as you walked along the street, Ecstatic maidens quoting after every matinee, "I have another life I long to meet." Remember "Little Em'ly" with its great cathedral scene. The one in which "O Paradise" was sung? And pretty girls and clever men who played "Evangeline." Some time ago, when you and I were young?

There's one place, "Rip Van Winkle," that we never can forget. Nor Jefferson, who played the title role. And Denman Thompson's Uncle Josh, so like the men we met, That summer in New Hampshire, bless his soul. John Owens's "Solon Shingle," William Warren's "Silver Spoon," James Herne's "Shore Acres," they were classics all. O'Neill in "Monte Cristo" was as certain as the moon. We used to go and see him every fall.

Who saw "In Old Kentucky" with its pickaninny band? Or "Fauntleroy" when that was spick and new? Or "Trilby," with Svengali, whom we none of us could stand? Or old familiar "Fourteen Ninety Two?" The dearly-loved Bostonians, best seen in "Robln Hood?" And Stuart Robson, paired with Billy Crane? The old Globe cast of "Our Boys?" Ah, that was something good. We shall not look upon its like again.

French opera means nothing to the public of today. That consequently knows not what it's missed. For stars like Irma, Tostee, Judic, Theo and Almee Unfortunately do not now exist. And Charley Hoyt's "Rag Baby," "Texas Steer" and "Milk White Flag," "Brass Monkey," all decidedly unique. And Harrigan and Hart, too—well, a fellow hates to brag, But shows like that don't come here every week.

George Rignold, too, in "Henry Fifth," as handsome as a god; Neil Burgess—no one can play his part; Joe Murphy in "The Kerry Gow," in which a horse was shod; And Sothern's Lord Dundreary—that was art. How many shows we saw I never realized before. And candidly, I think you'll all agree. However good the new ones are, we don't get any more. The dear old shows, the shows we used to see. QUINCY KILBY.

## LOUISE MEYERS-DRONE

Notes and Lines:  
Mr. Griffith asked in a Sunday Herald whether Louise Meyers of the old Boston Museum company, who married Eaton S. Drone, managing editor of the New York Herald, is still living. She lived in retirement many years, but retained her interest in and love for the profession and theatre always. Her husband died in February, 1917, and she died some months later. Both are buried in the family mausoleum in Zanesville, O. M. D. C. Boston.

## SCIARETTI PLAYS

Alberto Sciarretti, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. He began his peculiar program with a transcription by Respighi of a Toccata and Fugue for organ in A minor, by Frescobaldi. Dreary musto, archaic in sound. It had little beyond a certain rugged massiveness toward the end to recommend it. It is a question, after all, if an artist planning a concert for the general public shows wisdom in dragging music out of the too distant past.

Sciarretti, of course, is a different matter. Though Mr. Sciarretti, like nine pianists out of ten with a taste for Sciarretti, chose to play the famous Pastorale, he also found two pieces we seldom if ever hear, a Con Spirito e Presto in A major and a Presto in D, music of delicate charm the two of them. Mr. Sciarretti played the delightful group of three engagingly, with a cool, crisp tone that had a distinct individuality of its own; its coarseness did not make impossible a pretty vein of sentiment throughout the Pastorale. Because of nervousness Mr. Sciarretti succeeded, not to well, with the first two movements of the Chopin B-flat minor sonata, though at its second sounding he made the slow melody of the scherzo sing. After a reading of the second part curiously trivial because of an injudicious rhythmic vagary, he finished the funeral march impressively.

Before closing the concert with Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody, Mr. Sciarretti played some little pieces, all out of Italy with the exception of a study in F minor by Dohnanyi. There were three "Mignardises" by Pich Manglagalli, he who wrote the ballet produced a year or so ago at the Metropolitan Opera, a pretty little waltz, a spritely "Con Moto" and a "Vivace." Mr. Sciarretti played them attractively, also a "Serenade Valsee" by Scambati. In "L'Isle des Morts," by one Franco da Venezia, the music of most value in this group, music of imagination, he himself should fancy. A Tarantella by Martucci he played quite as well as it needed to be played, with full appreciation of its rhythm.

Mr. Sciarretti is manifestly a player of fine talent. The degree of his proficiency can be more fairly judged when he brings forward a program better worth while. R. R. G.

Mr. James E. Russell of Lowell asked whether the sign: "Pedal legaments, artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of five cents for operation," of which he



years ago, is to be seen today  
street, Boston.  
writes:  
About opposite the New  
Kitchen and the old Boston  
Exchange."

**FLOYD COLLINS'S CAVE**  
as the ancient song-balls of  
Kentucky were written.)  
say he is buried as deep as  
be.  
shovels thud down on the oily  
Collins slid to a hole in the  
buried thar fur from the gold  
the day.

har's moaning—a moaning  
In the cave,  
Collins's cavern is Floyd  
Collins's grave!

uther crawl to the gateway of  
ork with his Pa who loved him  
well—  
na the earth thar was fairies and  
s  
ey tole him secrets that he  
didn't tell.  
jest beyond, in the turn of the  
le—  
in the damp whar the cave  
ockets hide?  
go and see, Floyd, less' go and  
ey left him to sleep in the tomb  
ar he died.

har's moaning—a moaning  
In the cavo,  
Collins's palaco is Floyd  
Collins's grave!

And he found it—a silver lit hall  
r than Egypt and under a wall;  
mond boulders that dripped with  
d,  
e torches and that wasn't  
y ever saw Floyd's cave afore,  
y crawls in the hole anymore;  
In his deep palace rules thar  
one—  
In his last sleep guards the one  
or.

har's angels a-singing  
In the cave—  
d Collins's heaven is Floyd  
Collins's grave!

—MacKinlay Kantor.

**FOR OUR HALL OF FAME**  
Rust of North Abington, "war  
an and local plumber," is a candi-  
for water commissioner.

**CANDID ADVERTISING**  
om the Stoneham Independent)  
acquainted with our Rock Ridge  
olates and Caramels."  
L. W. Buell writes: "We have  
chocolates and caramels under a  
u that was less apt."

**As the World Wags:**  
lene, N. H., offers us the following  
on a squat, two-story building in  
of the main streets:

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING  
ROOM**  
IGHT HEAT AND POWER.  
W. R. ELAH.

**LILT**  
(For as the World Wags)  
The me little, love me long."  
Dear, what a funny song,  
To loves, I think, today.  
Tomorrow Strephon shall have sway,  
Tha I fancy that I'll go  
To dance with Pierrot.  
Wh I'll wed? Bend down your ear,  
Tommy's ship comes home next year.  
MONTAGNA.

**IGNACIO ZULOAGA**  
As the World Wags:  
Zuloaga holds an exhibition in Bos-  
Press notices herald his ap-  
proach. He arrives, fills two rooms  
with his paintings, the show starts, the  
dus open, the crowds rush in. We  
t to go on the afternoon of the sec-  
nd day, but cannot penetrate the  
long. We are advised that 9 o'clock  
the morning is a possible hour, so  
try again the following morning.  
Is time we succeed in entering. We  
ec for a catalogue. A young woman  
nds us a spectacular orange book  
containing program, appreciation of  
the artist, and some reproductions of  
paintings—a gorgeous book; but we  
ust pay 50 cents. Now we can under-  
and the exhibition. We study it and  
e impressed. The paintings are won-  
derful. They have been praised, and  
thly so.  
But our own artists paint fine pic-  
res. Yet we do not flock to view  
em. We blindly refuse to recognize  
ntus when we have it right at hand.

The foreign, the exotic, the daring.  
Anything else must be forced on us  
American artists are paradoxical. On  
the one hand they must provide money  
for studio rent, models' fees, paint,  
canvas, and general upkeep, not to  
mention family household expense. On  
the other hand, some of our good  
artists affect to shudder at the mention  
of money or anything that might sug-  
gest commercialism, in discussing art,  
and sit dreaming of the time some mil-  
lionaire will drop in and offer them  
\$20,000 for a picture.

Zuloaga is a great artist, but not  
the least of his assets consists of  
a remarkable genius for advertising  
and pushing his wares. We fight to  
see his show. We are even glad to pay  
50 cents for his pamphlet. And why?  
Because he puts himself across. We  
feel sad that he commands such homage  
and such prices, while some of our own  
best artists figuratively starve. But  
after all, they will never enjoy such  
vogue unless they set about creating  
it for themselves. Zuloaga does not  
fear to prostitute his art in advertis-  
ing—so he gets there, and we must  
pay him our respect.

CATHERINE PAMILLA ROBINSON.

**FIRST CLASS IN MYTHOLOGY**  
As the World Wags:  
I have recently been brushing up my  
memories of Greek and Roman mytho-  
logy by reading again the great works  
of Homer and Vergil, but I am mysti-  
fied, as I was of yore, by the names  
and lucubrations of those great alleged  
ditties, Jove and Jupiter.

What I would like to know is which  
is which, or "who's who"? Was it  
Jove or Jupiter who was really the  
"all-compelling power"? Were they re-  
lated to each other—if so how?

Which was it who mixed those babies  
up—Romulus and Remus—at Rome,  
and Greeks and Trojans, so disastrously,  
with the wooden horse, at Troy?

Or is Jupiter only another name for  
Jove, as, with the Jewish race the  
name "Jehovah" is only another name  
for God?

OBSERVER.

The ancient Italian (Umbrian) name  
of Jupiter was Diouis; he was also  
called Dispiter, in both cases "father  
of the day." "Jovis" came from  
"Diouis." You will find further informa-  
tion in the fifth book of Varro's "De  
Lingua Latina." The god who was in-  
terested in the Trojan war was Zeus  
known to the ancient Romans as  
Jupiter, or Jove. Ennius wrote: "Oui  
Jupiter is the same god as the Grecian  
Aer," that is to say the wind that en-  
genders clouds and then rains; when  
comes the cold that brings again wind  
or air. Now all this has been called  
Jupiter, that is to say the god that  
gives life (juvat) to men and all the  
animals."—Ed.

**As the World Wags:**  
The death of James Lane Allen re-  
calls the following lines which ap-  
peared at the time "The Reign of Law"  
was published—there being about that  
time a good many disturbances in Ken-  
tucky:

"The Reign of Law"  
Say, Allen, you're lucky.  
It is the first time it ever  
Rained law in Kentucky.  
B. F. F.

**GODING**  
By PHILIP HALE  
Howard Goding played the piano yes-  
terday afternoon in Jordan hall. His  
program read as follows: Schumann,  
Fantasiestueck, op. 12, No. 3; Fantasie  
(first movement), Novelllette, op. 21,  
No. 7; Bach, Sarabunde and Prelude  
from Partita, No. 1; Debussy, Jardins  
sous la pluie; Satie, Third Gymnopédie;  
Ravel, Noble and Sentimental Waltzes;  
Liszt, Waldesrauschen; Chopin, Ma-  
zurka in G minor; Albeniz, Triana.

Mr. Goding has had excellent qual-  
ties as a pianist for some years and he  
still has them in spite of his activity  
as a teacher. Even romantic pianists  
when they are doomed to the treadmill  
of teaching are too often dry and bore-  
some in the concert hall, or they play  
as if they remembered only faintly  
their former musical enthusiasm. Mr.  
Goding is a noteworthy exception to  
the general rule. Well as he plays to-  
day, we believe that if he should culti-  
vate ambition and work more for him-  
self than for his pupils he could  
broaden his field and take a still  
higher rank as an interpreter. In all  
probability his New England conscience  
would forbid the shirking of pedagogic  
duty, but many virtuosos in the nobler  
meaning of the word have degenerated  
into correct and routine players be-  
cause their spirit has been quenched by  
teaching. The pupils gain by the  
teacher's self-sacrifice.

Fortunately Mr. Goding is still poetic  
and romantic. His recital yesterday  
afternoon gave genuine pleasure. He is

to be thanked for not playing the whole  
of Schumann's Fantasia and for includ-  
ing the pieces by Bach in his pro-  
gram. Mr. Goding is one of the few  
pianists who do not believe that Bach  
is the great Bach only when his organ  
preludes and fugues are transcribed. A  
pianist who is an interpreter and not  
merely a player of notes, is known by  
his treatment of little pieces, pieces that  
to the lovers of the thunderous are only  
ill-considered trifles. No one but an  
imaginative pianist could have played  
Satie's Gymnopédie as Mr. Goding  
played it. There is more beauty in this  
short composition than in many des-  
perately labored fantasies and sonatas.  
Repeated hearings of Ravel's Waltzes  
do not convince us of their abiding  
worth. An interesting program and  
one that was not too long.

**Daisy Jean Also Sings Group  
of Songs That Please**  
Daisy Jean, 'cellist, gave a concert  
last night in Jordan hall, with the  
help of Anne Truesdale, accompanist.  
They played two movements, pretty  
enough, from a sonata by Baccherini,  
which went to prove, if proof were  
needful, that all music of ancient Italy  
does not exercise a charm today.

Miss Jean also played Lalo's con-  
certo in D minor, music of exquisite  
grace, indeed, with as pretty an inter-  
mezzo as one would ask to hear, and  
an introduction to the Rondo of dis-  
tinguished beauty.

Miss Jean played pleasantly, with  
very sweet tone, finely musical phras-  
ing, and a delicate sentiment adequate  
to all but a very few of the concerto's  
episodes, which call for more dramatic  
treatment.

The bass rumblings of a 'cello's tone  
and its honeyed sweetness can after a  
little pall. So what does the sagacious  
Miss Jean do but sit herself down to a  
harp and accompany herself while she  
sang a group of songs. Ever since  
reading of the performances of Flora  
McIvor and Diana Vernon it has been  
the desire of some hearts to hear a  
lady sing to the harp. The opportunity  
came only in 1925.

Miss Jean chose songs with accom-  
paniments nicely suited to the harp.  
There was "Les Reves," by one  
d'Arango; the lovely "L'eau qui court"  
from Georges's "Chanson de Miarka,"  
"La Maison Grise" from Messager's  
"Fortunio," and two songs by Bemberg,  
the familiar "Il neige" and "Aime-moi."  
She sang them delightfully, with a voice  
of individual and lovely quality, a voice  
on the whole well trained, and with an  
exceedingly good musical style. The  
performance was quite as attractive as  
imagination, 40 years ago, had pic-  
tured that of the young Scottish ladies.

The audience, large for a recital,  
liked it well.

Later in the evening, Miss Jean  
played more 'cello solos, one by Jongen  
"Dans la Douceur des Pins," a Vil-  
lanelle by Planelli, and a popular  
rhapsody. She also sang more songs,  
"Drums of the Sea" by Barnett; Men-  
delsohn's "On Wings of Song," and  
"Girrometta" by Sibella. To hear so  
unusual a concert and to applaud so  
diversified a talent as Miss Jean's was  
a pleasure.  
R. R. G.

**MACMILLEN PLAYS**  
Francis Macmillen, violinist, gave a  
concert in Symphony hall last evening  
with Richard Hageman as his accom-  
panist. The program included: Ro-  
mance, Sinding; Prelude and Allegro,  
Pugnani-Kreisler; Symphonie Espagnole,  
Lalo; Barcarolle, Macmillen; Gavotte,  
Chantrelle-Macmillen; Pasacaglia (after  
Handel), Cesar Thomson; Berceuse,  
Faure; Sereade a Columbine, Pierné;  
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso,  
Saint-Saens.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Mac-  
millen last evening; to listen to the  
accompaniments of Richard Hageman,  
accompaniments that were never dull  
or bombastic, ardently self-effacing, but  
musical, intelligent, at one with the  
violinist.

And from the slim romanticism of  
Sinding to the last proud bars of the  
Saint-Saens "Rondo Capriccioso," there  
was a suave beauty, a supple grace, and  
musical refinement in Mr. Macmillen's  
playing. His tones were smooth and  
fine-spun, eloquent, clear and vibrant;

his bowing was firm and flexible; his  
coloratura passages without bravura.  
In his playing there were no rough  
edges nor crudities; his melodies were  
round and tenuous, delicately turned;  
there was perfection in his phrasing.

His own Barcarolle is a well bred,  
graceful little romance; his arrange-

ment of the Chantrelle gavotte reduced  
the courtliness, the fair gaiety of the  
dance. The Pasacaglia of his teacher,  
Cesar Thomson, he played with requisite  
sobriety, bounding out its structure ad-  
mirably. There was an exquisite sen-  
sitivity, a tenuous lyricism in his play-  
ing of the Faure "Berceuse"; there was  
a brave piquancy in the leaping "Sere-  
nade of Pierné"; technical virtuosity in  
the Saint-Saens, a virtuosity that was  
never officious, full of bravura. Per-  
haps there was no deep passion in his  
playing, no mellowness, but there was  
intensity and emotional warmth, an  
imagination that is both romantic and  
intellectual. The audience, when was  
better suited to a smaller hall, made up  
for its lack of numbers by the sponta-  
neity and warmth of its response.  
E. G.

Some one asks: What has become of  
Leonard Merrick? "The Fraud," a com-  
edy by him and Michael Morton, was  
produced in London on Feb. 10. The  
Times said it is a play "full of ordinary  
people who do exactly the things that  
one would expect folks of their type to  
do in certain situations." It is "clever  
and often quite convincing."

Mr. A. B. Walkley, having read a new  
reprint of Mrs. Plozzi's Anecdotes, has  
come to the conclusion that she was not  
only an accomplished but "a thoroughly  
charming" woman who has been "much  
misunderstood and stupidly maligned."  
Her first husband, Thrale, was a dull,  
heavy man, and unfaithful to her. Mr.  
Walkley suspects Dr. Johnson of having  
an "amitie amoureuse" for her.

"I suppose it is the severe principles  
and pompous gravity of Dr. Johnson's  
character, his strict piety and general  
"awfulness" that have made suggestions  
like these appear unseemly and almost  
unthinkable to past generations. . . .  
I cannot but think there is a little more  
in the story of Mrs. Thrale and Dr.  
Johnson than meets the eye."

On our table is a curious book by Hes-  
ter Lynch Plozzi published at Dublin in  
1794: "British Synonymy; or, an At-  
tempt at Regulating the Choice of Words  
in Familiar Conversation." It is written  
partly in stately Johnsonian manner,  
partly in humorous vein. In her preface  
she says: "I well remember an observa-  
tion made by my earliest, perhaps my  
truest, friend, Dr. Arthur Collier, that  
women should learn rhetoric to persuade  
their husbands, while men studied to  
render themselves good logicians for the  
sake of obtaining arms against female  
oratory."

**THE GENTLER SEX**  
Miss Mistinguett, famous in revues,  
especially for "Atalanta's better part,"  
slapped a fat man who was in her way  
at a ball. The fat man sent a friend to  
ask if the actress knew a male who  
would give him satisfaction. Not ob-  
taining an answer, the emissary re-  
marked: "Then my friend's wife will  
come and settle this affair." The  
World's Paris correspondent added in  
his report: "The theatrical world is  
agog to learn the developments, won-  
dering if it will see the first feminine  
duel in Paris."

It will not be the first. So far back  
as 1665 two noble dames of the court  
fought with pistols. When the King  
was told of it he laughed and said that  
his law against duelling was only for  
men. Guy Patin tells the story in his  
358th letter. Did not two Frenchwomen  
of high degree fight over the Duke de  
Richelieu? There was a painting by a  
French artist of two modern French-  
women fighting with rapiers.

Mlle. Maupin of the Paris Opera, who  
died in 1707 at the age of 23, attending  
a ball in the costume of a man, flirted  
too vigorously with a young woman,  
whose three male friends remonstrated.  
Mlle. Maupin called them out, sword in  
hand, and killed the three. Early in  
the 17th century in France there was an  
admitted right on the part of women to  
fight, under certain circumstances, duels  
with their husbands.

**SOCIETY NOTES**  
(From the Lincoln (La.) Tribune.)  
Born to Frank Iluges and wife, last  
Friday, a pure bred Hereford calf.  
We are very sorry for Elden Harden,  
as it seems he is out of luck with the  
girls, for just as soon as he gets started  
to get a solid girl, some one has to in-  
terfere with his arrangements.

**IN THE BATHTUB**  
As the World Wags:  
A short time ago my wife tried out  
some new bath salts on me. I don't  
know just why such bath salts are,  
but they are, and I don't know why  
friend wife should meddle with my  
bath, but she did. These bath salts, of  
an unknown brand, were a Christmas  
present, and my deliberate judgment is  
that they were made and bottled in a



Christmas cigar factory. The bottles label told of all the choice flowers from which these salts had extracted fragrance. I studied the label diligently to determine what the fragrance was, but I could recognize no flower thus labelled, and my conclusion was that the wrong label had been placed on the bottle. The tub was filled with this fragrance, and so was the room; it hung in festoons, and yet in respect for conventions I must keep the door and windows closed. I set foot in the tub possessed by a subjection which comes only to the man who has paid his bills and is ready for anything. As the ablutions progressed I became conscious of fragrance in my ears and mouth, and the washcloth—or was it a pain brush?—became a fearsome thing to be held only at arm's length. I sizzled in fragrance but I couldn't call for help; the door was locked.

New it so happens that soap manufacturers have this fragrance notion, too. Mere man is more or less helpless when in a bathtub. Nobody hears his complaints as to alleged comforts of the bath, nor at such a time would the neighbors listen to him, unsympathetic as neighbors sometimes are. It is a matter of keen regret that just at a time when he can talk convincingly he cannot have a bathtub argument with his neighbors. He is utterly alone.

I couldn't have heard my neighbors' arguments anyhow, however; all I could hear was the crash and clash of soap and salts fragrance, a sort of Kilkenny affair which turned the bath into a panic and then into a rout. I dressed hurriedly and broke from the room in search of a pulmotor, with feeling as though I had just emerged from the depths of a sea of paint. I've seen ladies on the street who apparently had emerged from the same sea, but they have worn a look of contentment which, since my bath, I've been unable to comprehend. Curious how folks differ in tastes and definitions.

Where is it that certain soap and salts manufacturers find these certain flowers of such certain fragrance? Friend wife expostulates and avers that I am unappreciative of Christmas presents, but somehow I cannot agree that a bath is a resuscitated hothouse. In my humble opinion a bath should be a bath, not a fragrance which would cut holes in granite or push through the walls of the house and destroy shade trees. If my tub of these fragrant salts were located out in an open field, where I'd need protection from hay fever and mosquitoes, I would accept the situation, but otherwise—never again!

Pitchburg. H. C. P.

## GLAZOUNOV'S SYMPHONY NO. 8

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Glinka, Overture to "Russian and Ljudmilla"; Glazounov, Symphony No. 8, E flat; Ljadov, "Kikomor"; "The Enchanted Lake" and "Baba-Yaga"; Tchaikovsky, Overture Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet."

In his earlier years Glazounov dreamed of imaginative fantastical music. His suites and tone-poems told of carnivals, funerals, the gorgeous, voluptuous Orient; the forest with wood-sprites, water nymphs, will-of-the-wisps; the ocean, the Kremlin of Moscow with its holy and dramatic associations. He saw Stenika Rasin, the terror of the Volga, his captive Persian princess, who was sacrificed to the great river unlike any river in the world. The ballet tempted him and for a time he found in it the fullest and freest form of musical expression; not the ballet as it was known to us before the arrival of Diaghilev and his company; not the old ballet, too often stilted, dull, or the "labored intrepidity of indecorum," but the ballet of Russia when Petrograd-Leningrad rejoiced in the name of St. Petersburg.

Little by little, the Russian blood in his musical veins became thin and pale. There was a transfusion of German blood. He grew more and more academic, freeing himself from the influence of Schumann who for a time was dear to him and delivering himself into the bondage of Johannes Brahms. Legend and fairy tales, historical events and Nature's handiwork no longer inspired composition. He determined that music should be created not by outside suggestion, but as the German evolved a camel from his inner consciousness. And so an admirer wrote of him that gradually nearing "his promised land, wherein music is absolutely self-sufficing," he reached his destination with his eighth symphony.

This symphony was played in Boston yesterday for the first time. Written in 1906, it was performed in New York the next year, and it has been heard in Chicago. There can be no dispute over its solid structure, the scholarly workmanship, the technical skill displayed. The thematic development is more significant than the thematic material, except in the chorale-like beginning of the Finale.

There are examples of ingenious orchestration in the Scherzo. There is a more effective employment of contrasts than in the other movements. The second is not without a stately, one might say epic, grandeur in its melancholy mood. One finds, however, in the whole work few pages that make a strong emotional appeal; few pages of haunting beauty; few pages that take one outside the concert hall, outside of one's self. The prevailing impression while the music is playing is similar to that made by the tragedian's performance of Hamlet when Pip replied to his question, What did you think of it? Pip answered, prompted by his friend: It was massive and concrete.

Glinka's overture is pleasant music in a Berliozian manner somewhat Italianized, good music for putting an audience in a cheerful mood at the beginning of a concert. The three pieces by Ljadov, ingeniously scored, were delightfully played, for Mr. Koussevitzky has as fine an appreciation of the delicately fanciful and of the whimsically humorous as he is master of music that it deeply emotional, stormily imposing, or fiery in its passion. That there was no irresistible appeal to the soul in Glazounov's symphony was not the fault of Mr. Koussevitzky, not the fault of the players.

The performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" was one long to be remembered. When Nikisch brought out this Fantasia in the old Music Hall, the effect produced was overwhelming. That was 35 years ago this month. No succeeding performance equalled it until that of yesterday. Some had been led to think in the mean time that Tchaikovsky's music had grossly deceived them years ago; or that in their green and salad days of concert-going they had lacked judgment. Mr. Koussevitzky surely convinced any doubting Thomas that the first opinion was well founded.

For Shakespeare's tragedy was eloquently sounded forth in music. Some have said, and with a certain authority, that the opening section pictures Friar Laurence's cell; others that it symbolizes "the burden of fate." It is enough so say that these measures strike the tragic note, the solemn warning of that which is to come, as the ending is the epitaph on the tomb of the lovers. In the pages depicting the strife of the two families, the feud that worked the woe, there was the furious encounter in the street, the clash of steel. And the great love theme, with the sobbing syncopation for the horns, as sung by this interpreter, was it not the very hymn of triumphant love?

"Love, that is all the earth to lovers—

love that mocks time and space,  
Love, that is day and night—love, that  
is sun and moon and stars,  
Love that is crimson, sumptuous, sick  
with perfume."

The program was Russian, yet Tchaikovsky, the musician, was reproached by the "Five" for being a cosmopolite. This being interpreted today means that in "Romeo and Juliet" he wrote for the musical world, not as a "Nationalist."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be as follows: Weber-Mahler, Intermezzo from "The Three Pintos"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Wagner, Prelude to act III of "The Mastersingers"; Strauss, Salome's Dance.

## HOLMES SUBJECT "THE ITALIAN ALPS"

Burton Holmes gave the third of his illustrated Travelogues in Symphony hall last evening. His subject was "The Italian Alps."

Artemus Ward, describing Reuben Pettingill, the hero of "Pyrotechny," said that he was an extraordinarily skillful young man in the use of a common claspknife. "With that simple weapon he could make, from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also. I remember his masterpiece. It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.' Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps. An Alp or two more would have improved it."

Mr. Holmes's Travelogue was far from being "short of Alps." Not only were there many views of the Italian mountains, including the Matterhorn, but there was a remarkable panorama of Swiss Alps as seen from an airplane flying from Zurich, almost grazing the Matterhorn, and there were pictures of Mont Blanc and the glaciers of the

Mont Blanc chain.

Leaving Rome, the audience was first shown the joy of motor travel when the chauffeur is an experienced cook. After roadside luncheons, Mr. Holmes conducted the audience to Milan and Turin. The castles of the old Counts of Chalcant, the autocratic rulers and the milder ones, strongholds still standing in the Aosta valley, were visited. A window in one of them reminded opera-goers of the scene in "Pelleas and Melisande," where the letter is read. The mountains, Monte Rosa towering above the range, came into view. And here was introduced a thrilling series of pictures, showing two Alpinists, greatly daring on skis, climbing almost vertical ice walls, jumping crevasses, swiftly descending.

The memorial tablets in the piazza of Valtouranche were a proof of the dangers run by native guides. There was also a monument to the many men that left this lonely valley to die in the great war, and a fountain bore testimony to the affection in which the village priest, still living, is held.

This Travelogue, which is of great interest from the beginning to the end, will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week will be "Along the Riviera." P. H.

Mr. Frank W. Tucker writes: "I have been eating 'cold slaw' for many years. Now they tell me it is 'cole slaw.' Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson anything to say on this subject?"

Fortunately Mr. Johnson is in town. Ever ready to aid those in bodily, mental or verbal distress, he sent us notes taken for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," vol. 7, part 2 (elephant folio; sold only by subscription). The word "slaw," also "slaugh," is adapted from the Dutch "sla," a shortened form of "salade." "Cole-slaw" is the preferred spelling, though "Cole-slaugh" and "Cold-slaw" are allowed. The English compound noun is from the Dutch "Koolsla," a reduced form of "Kool salade" from "Kool," cabbage, plus "salade," pronounced "sala'e, sla." "Cole-slaw" or "Cold slaw" is an American term, not English.

### MODERN SALESMANSHIP

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph)

The new salesman, although very enthusiastic, could not be described as altogether convincing.

"This," he said, "is one of the finest blankets produced today. In material and in construction it is far above anything at present on the market. For the price there is nothing to touch it."

"What is the price?" his customer inquired.

"Just a minute and I will inquire," was the reply.

### WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, WATSON?

(From the Nebraska State Journal)

TWO NO EQUAL Silk Garments lost by saleslady, with Mabel inside. Please return to 442 Nat'l Bank Commerce. Reward.

### AND THE COAT CAME BACK

As the World Wags:

An anecdote has been handed down from my great-great-grandfather, for 70 years pastor of the "Old Ship" Church at Hingham, illustrating that upon a certain occasion he pursued a novel course in apprehending a thief. The latter had been making periodical visits to his barn, removing each time as much hay as he could well carry off. The reverend divine, discovering his loss, followed the miscreant one night, and withdrawing the lighted candle from his dark lantern placed it in the bundle of hay on the man's back and retreated without making his presence known. The ensuing day he was waited on in penitential mood by the offender, who confessed that he had committed a grievous sin, and that the Almighty had punished him by "sending down fire from heaven" which had set ablaze the bundle of hay which he was carrying away from the minister's barn. The offense was pardoned on condition that it should not be repeated.

I was lately confronted with a somewhat similar situation, this time involving the loss of an overcoat, with suspicion pointing to my Jap valet as having converted it to his own use. I had received, a few days earlier, a postal from a woman friend urging contributions to a rummage sale for a worthy charity, with men's apparel especially desired; to which I responded that I was sending by my valet a fall overcoat "in good condition." It chanced some evenings later that my friend and I sat next each other at dinner, when she ventured to say that the overcoat I had sent was ragged and worn, which she would not have presumed to mention, had I not referred to it as being "in good condition." The true state of affairs flashed upon us both at the same instant—the Jap, fancying that no one would be the wiser, and he the better off by the exchange, had retained my nearly new

overcoat at his lodgings and delivered his own well worn one in its place! It was a delicate situation—conversion rather than actual theft—yet I did not propose that the offender should receive the benefit that I had intended for charity. So we plotted "over the walnuts and the wine" (?) that my valet should call again, when the overcoat he had left would be returned to him. I then informed him of the meeting with my friend, that I had told her I found "I needed my overcoat after all and would remember her charity in some other way (which, indeed, there was need of doing), and that she had arranged to have the garment in readiness to return when he should call for it." A conscious flash of the eye across the oriental calm of his features was the only effect of this announcement, but the desired result was not the less brought about. His old overcoat was returned to him upon his calling for it. Was then by reverse process exchanged for mine at his lodgings, and my own garment returned to me safe and sound! This time I was my own messenger and the rummage sale benefited accordingly.

The episode bears a certain parallel to that of my worthy ancestor two and a half centuries ago. In each case we saved the face of the culprit, who was apprehended without his knowing how it was brought about, but the advantage on the whole would seem to be in my favor, inasmuch as the venerable divine lost some of his hay, while, by a method of painless extraction, I retrieved my overcoat unharmed. E. H. G.

### IN THE OLD WEST END

As the World Wags:

In the spring of 1888 I went to work at the corner of Green and Pitts streets, West end, and remained there until the spring of 1896. Those were the West end's palmy days. All the street car traffic from Harvard square came to Bowdoin square, which was the terminus of that line, and returned via Green, Chambers and Cambridge streets to Cambridge again. General business was excellent, so was the rum business. Nearly every basement housed a bar-room, and when, at 11 P. M., the patrons were pushed, fired or thrown out, there was "somethin' doin' in the old West end." A street fight the length of Green street from Bowdoin square to Chambers street on Saturday night was no uncommon sight. There were no patrol wagons in those days, and it was a fine job to drag the drunks to station 3, especially the lady drunks.

Patrol wagons came into vogue during the time I was there. A patrol box was placed upon the building where I was employed. The first night the wagons were used at station 3 they nearly killed one horse bringing in the drunks. As fast as they landed a load they returned for another. That's history and not a fairy tale. The first patrol wagons were not covered, so many a funny scene could be witnessed as they went along the street. I remember one day of seeing the patrol wagon going through Bowdoin square conveying a lady passenger to the station. She sat demurely on one side of the wagon, the officer as demurely on the other side. When they were opposite the Revere House the lady let out a yell and jumped across into the officer's lap and began to hug and kiss him. I always imagined the officer was a bit peevish over the lady's caresses; that he might have chided her for her conduct; still I am not sure; policemen are human, after all.

OLD TIMER.

### AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?

(Fredonia, Kansas, Herald)

A hog bit part of John Eisenbrandt's left thumb off Monday while Eisenbrandt was engaged in putting a ring in the hog's nose on his farm near Fort Scott. Whether it was the quickness of the bite or the sharpness of the animal's teeth is not known, but it is a fact, according to Eisenbrandt, that he did not know that the hog had bit him until he chanced to look down and saw the end of his thumb was missing. It was the sound of the hog's teeth clinking together that caused him to look down.

### JORDAN HALL

March 11, Wednesday, 8:15 P. M.—George Smith, pianist.  
March 12, Thursday, 8:15 P. M.—Ethel Leginska and the N. Y. string quartet. Music by Smetana, Franck and Leginska.  
March 14, Saturday, 8 P. M.—Guilomar Novaes, pianist.  
March 14, Saturday, 8:15 P. M.—Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitch, pianists. In aid of the Boston relief committee for suffering Germans.  
March 17, Tuesday, 8:15 P. M.—Alfredo Oswald, pianist. Music by Villa-Lobos, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Bach.  
In aid of the South End Music school.  
March 19, Thursday, 8:15 P. M.—Wellington Smith, baritone. Songs by Brahms, Korby, Duparc, Chausson, Monsigny, Bux, Gretry, Vaughan Williams, Dobson and others.  
March 21, Saturday, 8 P. M.—Bruce Simmonds, pianist.  
March 24, Tuesday, 8:15 P. M.—Rose Zulaian, contralto. Songs by Rossi, Bach, Purcell, Gilbert, W. S. Smith, Schubert, Wolf, Georges, Griffes, Rachmaninoff, Watts; also Armenian songs by Melikian.



r. Koussevitzky apparently is preparing what are known as "unit" programs. A better term would be "national" programs. We have already had a Russian and a French. Next week we are to have a German program, strictly orthodox one, including even the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's music for "Midsummer Night's Dream." The only contemporary German composer represented is Richard Strauss. It is rumored that there will be an "American program." An "Italian program," comprising works by Italians now living would be interesting, and surely, one in honor of English composers could be easily arranged. A Scandinavian might follow, even with a symphony by Sibelius—nationality being stretched a little in his case.

The danger in arranging programs according to nations is that they may be lacking in contrast, and contrast is the life of a program. Some conductors have thought it served an educational purpose to put symphonies by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven in a row to show symphonic development. This has been done in concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, but many in the audience yawned while the music was playing and sought relief by a diligent perusal of the advertisements in the program book.

Program making is a great art. No program pleases everyone, and a conductor may expect to hear from this or that quarter: Why did you put that symphony (symphonic poem, overture)? Mr. Gericke was in the habit of spending a month of his vacation in preparing programs for the forthcoming season, and for the out-of-town concerts. Theodore Kuchar was a skilful program-maker; so was Mr. Henschel while he was in New York. To learn his trade as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, one must have had conductors in the past whose programs were apparently made by drawing titles, blindfolded, from a hat.

The Menestrel of Feb. 6 stated that the management of the Concertgebouw at Amsterdam is in correspondence with Mr. Monteux as to his conducting the concerts of 1925-26 during Mr. Mengelberg's sojourn in New York. Dr. Muck, it is said, does not wish to conduct the concerts in Amsterdam next season.

The Quill for February: "Mascagni, the noted Italian composer, has written a new opera which he will call 'Si.' Mascagni's 'Si' was produced in Rome in 1919.

I. S. D. writes: "In a local newspaper's review of a song recital which took place recently in London, the writer makes this comment: 'The resonance of the piano enwrapped the voice of the singer.' What a delightfully picturesque way of saying that the accompaniment was melodious."

Mr. Howard Gould sends to The Herald a clipping from the New York Times about a book entitled "Fish and Actors." Mr. E. Lacy Wilson explains the title:

"A stranded theatrical company which possessed not the lucre whereof to reach their next 'stand,' set out to get there on shank's pony. As they stumbled along a canal tow-path a horse-drawn barge came along in the opposite direction and the out-of-luck thespians begged the bargeman for a ride."

"A little later the bargeman was hailed by a friend from the shore. 'Hello, Bill!' sang out the friend, 'what cargo have you got aboard?' 'Fish and actors for Runcorn,' was the reply. 'The old actor laddies'—in recounting this little story—would usually conclude by adding that at least the bargeman might have put the actors in the fish!"

Mr. Gould writes:

"Seeing the enclosed clipping in the New York Times I was delighted to see one of the old friends of my novitiate over 40 years ago, and I am sure that it was very ancient then. Of course you know that the fish of the canal barge was not 'fish,' nor was his cargo. It was the fish of the real reply of the Old Guard at Waterloo when called on to surrender."

"In the interesting reminiscences of Howard street in the 80's I wonder that no reference was made to the lady with the lions who lived in the house—I think—at the corner of Howard and Somerset. As I remember it she was the widow of a lion tamer who died and left her with these two very young cubs, which she brought up so tame that they ran around the house like kittens. I myself have seen her standing at the door talking to some one with this lion head peeking around her skirts. When they grew so large that the neighbors grew skittish, the police compelled her to dispose of them: How, I do not know. I remember also seeing them on exhibition in the Bates hall of the old public library, just before it was demolished. The lady sat in an open space with the lion cub at her feet."

"My! My! Never did attar of roses smell as divinely as the reek of the saparilla out of Fairbanks's bottling works under the old Howard."

To the Dramatic Editor of The Herald:

Under date of the 19th in "Notes and Lines" I see that L. R. R. has made a couple of statements that I would like to correct. It was Dan Quinn who played the part of the Jew in "The World," not Robert Reed. Mr. Reed had played in a comedy called "Cheek." Then Ko Ko in "The Mikado." Next a comedy called "Humbug." He played an engagement at the Park Theatre in that comedy and between the acts sang. He was the first one to sing anything from "The Mikado" here in public. It was at the opening performance. I had heard some of the songs sung in private, even when the company was holding rehearsals in New York.

I have made statements to several persons of late. Though they are of my age and they claim to have seen about all the good old shows, they do not seem to remember that there was a time when the old Windsor was called the National. I remember seeing Wilson's "Humpty Dumpty" there. I also recall the engagement of Nick Roberts's Clown Minstrels at the Howard Athenaeum.

HANK.

To the Dramatic Editor of The Herald:

I particularly like the missionary in "White Cargo" because he is not at all a stage missionary, but is real and typical, so far as my observation of those men in the tropics goes. The other characters, with the possible exception of the half-caste siren, Tondaleyo, are also photographic, but I mention the missionary because he is so seldom accorded this treatment, even in plays otherwise realistic.

The missionary in "Rain," the tropical play that has had so long a run in New York, is conceivably real as an individual, but is the farthest removed from typical, though probably taken as such by the audience, whatever the author's intention. He no more represents real missionaries than any abnormal or neurotic individual represents his class or occupation.

Mr. Leon Gordon's missionary is no saint or martyr—not even a hero, nor is he a joke or caricature, a sentimentalist, weakling or bigot. He is just a normal average sensible man with no wall of separation between him and the other white men of the West Coast of Africa. He is doing a job that, on the whole, seems to him worth doing. He is doing it as best he can, realizing all the while that he is not accomplishing so very much. He has a sympathetic realization of the conditions that partly excuse many white men for doing as they do in the tropics. In short, he is neither a caricature nor an idealized portrait, but just a photograph.

WALTER O. McINTIRE.

"The Miracle of the Wolves," the French film play that was produced at the Paris Opera on Nov. 14 of last year, is now shown in New York, but the reviewers fail to say whether Henri Rabaud's music is played. Vanni Marcoux, the baritone, pleasantly remembered here as a leading member of the Boston Opera Company, takes the part of Charles the Bold in this spectacular French screen play.

The Theatre Arts Monthly for February contains an interesting article "On Some of the Old Actors" by Walter Prichard Eaton, in which he says: "I have heard it said, by the way of reproach, that the 'old-time actor' played for points. But the actor who doesn't play for points never makes any. The acted drama is a succession of points, as a motion picture is a succession of static images—which possibly gets us a little on our way toward an explanation of why the 'old-timer' seems so often to be a better actor—the ultimate reason, of course, being that he is a better actor! Other interesting articles are Levinson's study of the essential elements of the dance as an art, and Antoine's "Recollections of the Theatre Libre." It may be remembered that Antoine's "Mes Souvenirs sur le Theatre Libre," a volume of 324 pages, was published in Paris three years ago. His story is there told in the form of a journal, from Jan. 16, 1887, to Sept. 8, 1894, with an introduction and an epilogue. There are other books on the Theatre Libre as Adolphe Thalasso's, with a preface by Jean Jullien, published in 1909.

P. H.

## The Old Howard

### Old Days and Players at a Theatre Once "Legitimate" and Fashionable

We make room today on this page for letters about theatres and players of years ago.

To the Dramatic Editor of The Herald:

The reminiscences of Howard street recently published in The Herald recall the fact that I was born on this short thoroughfare on the site now occupied by what is popularly called "the Old Howard." But there was an older Old Howard than the present one. It was a big barn of a place that was the old Millerite Temple, where followers of Miller thought they were going to heaven on a certain occasion that did not materialize.

The house where I was born preceded those structures. It was an old mansion that had been reconstructed for a hotel and was managed by my enterprising young father, then in his early twenties. He did a good business there mainly, I am sorry to say, on tick, for he could not resist the pleas of the Harvard College students for credit, after they had walked over Charles river bridge, and the Harvard bridge was then in the frolicsome future. Some of the collegians did foot their bills. Among them was George Cabot, the uncle of Henry Cabot Lodge, who after my poor father's decease, nobly came forward and paid my mother five or ten dollars a week until the bill was cancelled.

Of the hostelry where I was born I have no recollection, for it was burned down after my father with his family had removed to New York, and was experimenting in keeping a hotel in the lower part of Broadway somewhere near St. Paul's and the Astor. There was, however, a panic on the wing, and back we all retreated to Boston, where in another old mansion, the Stackpole House, our father set up business again, probably thinking, like Richelieu in Bulwer's play, that in the bright lexicon of youth there was no such word as fail.

It was then, or shortly after, that I first saw a play in the Millerite Temple which had then become a theatre, having lost heavenly pinions and spread earthly wings about profane players, who surely were good histrions, for they included among others Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in Justice Talfourd's classical "Ion." Mrs. Kean was still in appearance the slim Ellen Tree of the London stage. She enchanted me as the founding of Argos, but, alas, years after when she appeared at our "Lofty Academe" she was the fat supporter of her husband as the interpreter of the hypocritical monarch of French historical renown. She was no longer slight, but the character she enacted was surely that and nothing more.

When I was a member of the Avon Dramatic Club the rehearsal of the tragedy of "Macbeth" was held at the present Howard. The play was to be for the benefit of disabled and needy soldiers of the civil war.

When the members of the club got thirsty, which was not too often, they would adjourn to Jimmy Gethins's saloon opposite, where the pious barkeeper, who sold nothing but pure Monongahela, would attend to their wants. Only one member was declared undesirable. He had done time, as the saying goes, over in Charlestown, and James Boyle, long the

March 23, Wednesday, 8:15 P. M.—Julius  
man, violinist.  
March 26, Thursday, 8:15 P. M.—Mildred  
soprano. Songs by Bantock.  
Wolfe, Scott, Sasnowsky and  
March 28, Saturday, 3 P. M.—Julia Culp,

March 31, Tuesday, 8:15 P. M.—W. F.  
Richardson, baritone. Songs by Scar-  
latti, d'Albert, Paladilite, Rene-Bato-  
Padilla, Schubert, Jensen, Schoenberg, W.  
S. Smith, Dargomizhsky, Elgar, Foote,  
Morris.  
April 2, Thursday, 3 P. M.—Joseph Cole-  
man, violinist.  
April 4, Saturday, 3 P. M.—Myra Hess,  
pianist, with a program composed  
wholly of neglected music.

April 8, Wednesday, 8:15 P. M.—Dorothy  
George, mezzo-soprano.  
April 9, Thursday, 8:15 P. M.—William  
Bachaus, pianist.



designer for the Cocheco Print Company, declared that he would keep company with no such character. The culprit was dismissed and the air apparently purified. His advent was due to the fact that A. Wallace Thaxter, who led a blameless life himself, was always with the under dog in the fight for existence.

Occasionally the members would see William Warren go by, with his naturally distinguished bearing, from his home at Mrs. Fisher's, 2 Bulfinch place. The performance of the club was at the Boston Theatre, for a time called the Academy of Music. As Maj.-Gen. Malcolm I stimulated Macduff, played by J. Edward Hollis, long a leader in insurance circles. The First Witch was Billy Mellen, a locksmith, who manipulated many of the keys of Boston. The Second Witch was William Brown, the brother of Charles Barron, who might have been a prominent pianist if his innate modesty had not prevented him from cultivating his musical talent to its utmost capacity. The Third Witch was Henry Day, a teacher of drawing of no little note.

Now back to the Old Howard. I saw there, among many others, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., an attractive romantic actor, and renewed my boyish acquaintance of years before when he lived with his father on Sullivan place. The senior Thorne was trying to run at one and the same time the Howard Athenaeum and the Beach St. Museum. After he had attained manhood the junior Thorne had the morals of a he-goat, to borrow the phrase which the elder Justin McCarthy applied to the Italian ruler of his day.

Many others I knew at the Old Howard in its legitimate days when E. L. Davenport held sway. It was then a real temple of drama. John Brougham brought out there his burlesques of "Pocahontas" and "Columbus."

So farewell to the Old Howard that has not known me for at least a couple of decades. I have no doubt that its present patrons enjoy its entertainments as much as I did when I went gypsying a long time ago. Other times, other manners. At the Old Howard the audiences of 1925 crave straight variety and they get it to the full and running over.

JOHN W. RYAN.

The Howard Athenaeum was opened on Oct. 13, 1845. Charles Kean and his wife first appeared there in November of that year. The theatre was burned on Feb. 25, 1846. The new building was opened on Oct. 5, 1846, with a performance of "The Rivals," in which Warren played Sir Lucius, and Crisp, Bob Acres. This was Warren's first appearance in Boston. The elder Thorne leased the theatre for the season of 1849-50 and managed it for one year, though he continued to act there for some time. The Beach St. Museum was first known as the Dramatic Museum. It was near the United States Hotel and was opened in the fall of 1848. The name was changed, and as the Beach St. Museum drew large audiences when the "Female Forty Thieves" was performed with Miss Mestayer. Col. Clapp wrote in 1853: "It was opened by several adventurers, at intervals, for a year or more, and is now occupied by the Catholics, the basement being used as a market house."—Ed.

To the Dramatic Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Robinson's article about the Colville Folly Company reminded me that I also had seen that company. It was at the Boston Theatre, May 25, 1878, and was billed as the Colville Folly Company, succeeding and comprised of the members of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, in "Babes in the Wood, and the Good Little Fairy Birds, or Who Killed Cock Robin." The cast I saw was as follows: Falcontrina, Mlle. Eme Roseau; Tommy, Willie Edouin; Sally, Marion Elmore; Prince Prettyfellow, Lina Merville; Sir Rowland Macassar, William Forrester; Lady Macassar, Alice Ather-ton; A Bad Man, Maria Williams; A Very Bad Man, William Gill. Other parts were played by Ada Lee, Eleanor Deering, Kate Everleigh, A. W. Mafflin, etc. Among the songs were "Two Bad Men We Are," "Little Don of Spain," operatic selection in Italian by Mlle. Eme Roseau, who also sang "Baby Mine," "Johnny Morgan," "Whoa Emma" and "The Man in the Moon was Looking."

On May 7, 1881, I was among those present at the Boston Theatre when Edward E. Rice's "Babes in the Wood" was the attraction. I think it was the same burlesque that the Colville company played. At least, the characters were about the same. Tommy and Sally were played by George W. Howard and Jennie Yeamans. The two Bad Men by Topsy Venn and Henry E. Diney. Sir Rowland Macassar, John Gourlay; Lady Macassar, John A. Mackay; Falcontrina, Marion Singer; Prince Prettyfellow, Carrie Perkins.

Nov. 7, 1892, Eugene Tompkins made a grand production of "Babes in the Wood" at the Boston Theatre, which ran 13 weeks. It was "An Old Story Told in a New Way" by Lawrence McCarty. The Babes were Arthur Dunn and Mamie Gilroy. Two Bad Men, Bells Blackie and Tim Cronin. There was a large cast, including Charles Wayne, Nannie Morse, Grace Tabor, Mamie Conway, Fannie Daboll, Ada Walker and Gilbert Sarony. There was a harlequinade, with George Melville as Clown and T. M. Riley as Pantaloon. It was some show.

JOSEPH H. WHEELER.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Maria Jeritza, soprano; Maximilian Rose, violinist, and Emil Polak, pianist. See special notice.

**St. James Theatre**, 3:30 P. M. 16th Concert of the People's Symphony orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Mr. Joslyn, baritone. See special notice.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Georgina Shaylor, contralto. Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Horn, "I've Been Roaming"; Scarlatti, "O Cessate di Piagnere"; Pergolesi, "Se tu m'ami, se sospiri"; Jensen, "O lass dich halten, go'dne Stunde"; Schumann, "Der Nussbaum"; Tchaikovsky, "Er liebt mich so sehr"; Brahms, "Meine Liebe ist gruen"; G. Faure, Clair de lune; Piere, L'Adieu supreme; Leroux, Le Nil; Carpenter, "The Day Is No More"; Shaw, The Bubble Song; Dunhill, The Cloths of Heaven; Martin, "Come to the Fair." Frances Weeks, accompanist.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Gladys de Almeida, soprano. Weber, Recitative and Aria from "Ines de Castro"; Horsman, "You Are the Evening Cloud"; Engel, Sea Shell; Hageman, At the Well; Aubert, Vieille Chanson; Georges, La Pluie; Bax, "Je suis mise en danse"; Hahn, Fetes Galantes; Duparc, Invitation au Voyage; Guetary, Mi Nina; Spanish aria by LaForce, La Golondrina; Portuguese Folk Song, "Corre, Corre Cordeinho; Da Motta,

Pastoral; Sarti, Papoulas. Watts, The Little Shepherd's Song; Griffes, "By a Lonely Forest Pathway"; Repper, Carmenita; Titcomb, The Changeling. Henry Levine, pianist.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 18th Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, playing music for two pianos in aid of the Charity Fund of Miss Hersey's School Association. Clementi, Sonata in one movement; Brahms, Six "Liebeslieder"; waltzes (arr. by Mr. Maier); Schuett, Scherzino; Schumann, Andante and Variations; Bach, Concerto, C minor; Dohnanyi-Maler, Wedding Waltzes from "The Vell of Pierrette"; Berners, Chinoiserie. Strong, The Enchanted Spring; Blake, Irish Dance; Duvernoy, Pinwheels; Pattison, The Arkansas Traveller (old fiddler's tune).

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

## WINIFRED M'BRIDE

Winifred Macbride, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. This was her program:

Papillons, Schumann; Sonata in F minor, Brahms; Amberley Wild Brooks, Ragamuffin, John Ireland; Bird Song, Palmgren; Procession, Herbert Howells; Jeux d'eau, Ravel; Prelude in B flat, Rachmaninoff; Prelude in F, Prelude in B flat minor, Prelude in E minor, Chopin; Gnomesreigen, Etude in F minor, Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 12, Liszt.

Since Miss Macbride wished to play a program something longer than now is customary in our concert halls, she showed good judgment in placing her least familiar pieces comparatively early in its course. Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" is not played every day; Ireland's music comes seldom to a hearing; the piece by Herbert Howells cannot have figured often on a Boston program.

There is really little reason why it should, though its forthright rhythm and its honest melody make it pleasant to listen to. Ireland's "Ragamuffin" is agreeable in quite the same way, so long as its sturdy rhythm holds; its character is not striking when the composer seeks to express other traits than those the term "ragamuffin" usually suggests. He succeeded more happily with the rush and hurry and dash of the "Amberley Wild Brooks"; the music has real fancy in it.

Miss Macbride played these pieces excellently, with a strong tone that sounded well, firm technique and admirable rhythm. In the Ravel she added real brilliancy to her equipment, and the Rachmaninoff prelude she played with warmth.

Though Miss Macbride played parts of the "Papillons" nicely, she seemed not to feel too sympathetically the poetic element which must of necessity be brought to the fore. Some of its episodes she failed to play rhythmically.

As for the Brahms sonata, who is there who can play it satisfactorily? It calls for a pianist of many qualities, virtuosity among them, to meet the demand for brilliancy; and musical intelligence and imagination, to make crabbed places plain; bounding, beating rhythm for the scherzo and the finale; tenderness and a singing tone for the andante, a touch at least of grandeur to cope with the first movement's majesty.

Though Miss Macbride played much of the sonata well, notably the second part of the andante, it cannot be said that she is equipped to deal with it as a whole.

She had an audience of good size which evidently liked her much.

R. R. G.

## SCHELLING GIVES FOURTH CONCERT

At Jordan Hall yesterday morning, Earnest Schelling, with his accompanying members of the Symphony orchestra, gave the fourth of his series of concerts for children. For his illustrative program he included the following: Grieg, "Peer Gynt" suite; Mozart, Andante from Horn Quintet; trumpet calls by K. Schmeisser; McDowell, "To a Wild Rose"; Hadley, "Irish" from Silhouettes; Foster, "Old Folks at Home"; Boildieu, "Duty and Pleasure of Youth"; Wagner, opening of the third act from "Lohengrin."

A slighter program than his others, Mr. Schelling commented this time on the ways and means of the brass section; on the horn, the trumpet and the tube; summoned various of the symphony players to illustrate each point; Mr. Valkenier as the soloist of the andante from Mozart's horn quintet, Mr. Schmeisser for various trumpet calls and a gentler melody; the Messrs. Adam, Mansebach and Kenfield in Boildieu's music for three trombones, and, supplemented by the deeper tones of Mr. Sydow's tube, in a brief quartet from Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique."

The concert closed with a joint singing of "Swanee River," and the orchestra's playing of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin."

The last of these concerts will be given on Saturday, March 28, when Mr. Schelling will present the most authoritative and appreciative of his listeners and the staunchest keepers of notes with prizes and honorable mention.

## 'ABBE CONSTANTIN'

**JORDAN HALL**—Ludovic Halevy's "L'Abbe Constantin," presented in French by Ernest Perrin's "Educational French Theatre," with the combined forces of the Harvard Cercle Francais and Le Cercle de Mademoiselle. The cast:

L'Abbe Constantin.....Ernest Perrin  
Jean Reynaud.....Emile P. Etting  
Paul de Lavardens.....Ernest Iselin  
De Larnac.....John D. Lodge  
Bernard.....Eduard Andrade  
Madame Scott.....Rosamond Murray  
La Comtesse de Lavardens.....Nancy Patten  
Berthe Perduval.....Louisa James  
Pauline.....Mary Murray

Despite his many works for the stage, those that were written alone, and those in which he collaborated, Halevy is probably remembered most frequently and amiably for his mild mannered and slightly ironic portrait of this old abbe, whimsical, erratic, devoted to his poor and his parish and his garden; for his kindly treatment of the chateau-devouring Americans; an abbe with little of the salty grace of the skeptic fathers of Anatole France.

Yet it was not until he had deserted his dramatic writing that Halevy wrote "L'Abbe Constantin," which has been dramatized by Hector Cremieux and Pierre Decourcelle. And because of its amiable tone, its lack of innuendo, its freedom from the taboos of Gallic sophistication, it has long been a favored tale in the schools, and for the dramatic purposes of the amateur with conventional leanings.

Last evening's performance, on the whole, went well; there was a slight monotony in the voices of the women, a lack of tone color and a tendency to deliver their lines in a conversational manner that did not carry them far beyond the first ten rows of the orchestra. Only Miss Murray, as the taccato Pauline, enunciated clearly, talked with round volubility. The men, and in particular Mr. Perrin, whose Abbe had a charm and mellowness, a resonance of voice, and point, were generally more dramatic. Mr. Iselin played Paul with a jovial wit, an infectious gaiety—of course both he and Mr. Perrin, as Frenchmen, were not under the same disadvantage as the others. Mr. Etting drew the regimental Jean, whose father had been the village doctor for many years, surely, and with appreciation. Mr. Lodge swaggered capiously as DeLarnac. And there was an appreciable improvement in the mise-en scene, from that of the first performance of the Cercle Francais earlier in the season.

E. G.

It once amused learned men, deep thinkers, to write books, or pamphlets entitled "The Praise" of this or that. In the "Eloge des Perruques," by Dr. Akerlio (his real name was de Guerle) there is a long list of these writings. The "Praise of the Ass" in its day excited attention, but the most famous of the books was "In Praise of Folly," by the great Erasmus, which, written in Latin, contained a letter addressed to Sir Thomas More, whose habitual ironical speech did not forsake him on the scaffold.

Mr. Pascal Covici of Chicago now publishes in sumptuous form the translation of this book into English done in 1633 by White Kennett of Oxford, who became Bishop of Peterborough, a voluminous writer, whose constant introduction of politics into his sermons caused him no end of trouble. He deserved a note in this new edition of his translation, if only to include the story of a pictorial rejoinder to one of his sermons. The rector of White-chapel employed an artist—so the elder Disraeli tells the tale—to place Kennett's head on Judas's shoulders in the picture of the Last Supper painted for that church, and to make the figure unmistakable, placed the patch worn by Kennett on his forehead, to conceal a scar due to the bursting of a gun. Kennett's sermon at the funeral of the Duke of Devonshire led Pope to write:

"When servile chaplains cry that  
blush and place  
Endue a peer with honor, truth  
and grace,  
Look in that breast, most dirty



can you find out one such  
ked therof?  
still, not heeding what your  
at can teach,  
to church to hear these  
terers preach."

"dirty D—" was the third  
D of Devonshire of whom Horace  
Wolpe wrote, "The Duke's outside  
unpolished, his inside unpollish-

Yes there should have been at least  
a par about this translator of Eras-

of Horace Bridges contributes a  
interesting and valuable introduc-  
in praise of Erasmus, beginning  
a familiar phrase about the history  
world being the judgment of the  
is a deadly and detestable heresy,  
taken to mean other that what-  
as happened was bound to hap-  
that the mere fact of a cause  
been lost is proof that it was  
worth winning or dying for." The  
of Erasmus was "one long, losing  
in the attempt to preserve "the  
and spiritual unity of the human  
Mr. Bridges thinks this was a  
better worth losing than any  
in that age was worth winning.  
essay is an able and eloquent argu-  
in support of this proposition.

Lers of Charles Reade's "Cloister  
the Hearth"—that greatest of his-  
novels in English—remember the  
atures of the parents of Erasmus,  
were not married, for the church  
wed marriage even to men in the  
orders. There is no doubt that  
Erasmus was born out of wedlock. Mr.  
Reade adds: "There is grave doubt of  
truth of the pretty tale about his  
suits which is turned to such excel-  
account in Reade's great novel."  
is doubt well founded?

Hemles of Erasmus spread dishonor-  
reports about the circumstances at-  
tending his parents and his birth, but  
erd, the father, did not take priestly  
s until he heard at Rome the false  
rt that his betrothed was dead. On  
return, learning the truth, he lived  
in honesty with regard to her,  
she dreamed only of rearing well  
he son without any thought of mar-  
riage. Pierre Bayle discusses the facts  
attending the birth of Erasmus in the  
Historical and Critical Dictionary."

r. Covici has included in the re-  
ent the pictures etched by Holbein  
the author's time and has added "Mr.  
Amarola's conception of the period and  
drawings by way of contemporary com-  
ment by Gene Markey, Esq." Some  
would be satisfied without these addi-  
tional drawings.

What a pleasure it is to read the  
spicy English of old Kennett!  
And indeed to jog sleepily through  
the world, in a dumpy, melancholy  
picture, cannot properly be said to live,  
to be wound up as it were in a  
winding-sheet before we are dead, and  
to be shuffled quickly into a grave,  
and buried alive."

We doubt if women in any age would  
miss the remarks of Erasmus about  
their nature and their behavior. Early  
in the book Polly declares that the sol-  
emnizing of marriage is brought about  
by Madness, the waiting-women of  
silly. "Those who had once dearly  
sought the experience of their folly,  
could never re-engage themselves in  
the same entanglement by a second  
match; if it were not occasioned by the  
forgetfulness of past dangers."

Did the fact of his illegitimacy rankle  
the breast of Erasmus? "Is not Cu-  
d, that first father of all relation, is  
not he stark blind that, as he cannot  
himself distinguish of colors, so he  
could make us as mope-eyed in judg-  
ing falsely of all love concerns, and  
needle us into thinking that we are  
ways in the right? Thus every Jack  
bocks to his own Jill; every tinker  
steers his own trull, and the hoo-  
lailed suitor prefers Joan, the milk-  
maid, before any of my lady's daugh-  
ters. These things are true, and are  
ordinarily laughed at, and yet, how-  
ever ridiculous they seem, it is hence-  
my that all societies receive their  
ement and consolation."

"What is or can be more silly than to  
be lovers and admirers of ourselves?  
And yet if it were not so there will be  
no relish to any of our words or ac-  
tions. Take away this one property  
of a fool, and the orator shall become as  
dumb and silent as the pulpit he stands  
in; the musician shall hang up his un-  
touched instruments on the wall; the  
completest actors shall be hissed off  
the stage; the poet shall be burlesqued  
with his own doggerel rhymes; the  
painter shall himself vanish into an  
imaginary landscape, and the physician  
shall want food more than his pa-  
tients do physic. So every deformed  
Thersites takes himself for a handsome

Nireus, every semit Nestor for a reju-  
venated Phaon, every sow for a Minerva  
and every rattle for a polished citi-  
zen."

No one is spared by Erasmus. The  
shafts strike unerringly philosopher,  
courtier, soldier, student, merchant,  
ruler, lover, noble damo. No folly, no  
humbug is left unexposed. Yet there is  
no poisoned arrowhead. The archer is  
not raging with malice in his heart.  
Erasmus was not a hater of mankind.  
He was not so contemptuous as Cor-  
nellius Agrippa writing "On the Uncer-  
tainty and Vanity of the Arts and Sci-  
ences." As Mr. Bridges well says: "I  
like to think that that living and radi-  
ant portrait by Holbein shows him as  
he looked when penning this glorious  
trout of all the follies and humbugs of  
his age. One shines, behind those  
veiling eyes, eyes luminous with fun  
and satire, with insight into the ab-  
surdities of mankind, yet with love for  
mankind in spite of them."

"The follies and humbugs of his age."  
And of the present age. Erasmus in this  
book gives strong corrective medicine  
to the soul, and Folly is as immortal  
as the soul, of which Erasmus, like Sir  
Toby Belch, thought nobly.

## JERITZA SINGS

Maria Jeritza, soprano, appeared in  
Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, be-  
fore a very large and enthusiastic au-  
dience. She sang, to the accompaniment  
of Emil Polak, the great air from Mas-  
senet's "Le Cid"; Schumann's "Wild-  
mung"; the "Liebestreu" of Brahms;  
Strauss's "Cacellie"; an arlous by Dell-  
bes, "Thou Great Mighty Sea"; "L'At-  
tente" by Saint-Saens; La Forge's "I  
Came with a Song"; Mrs. Beach's "The  
Year's at the Spring," and the air  
"Face, dio mio" from Verdi's "Forza  
del Destino." Of course she had to add  
many more songs.

There were also solos by Maximilian  
Rose, violinist, who played a Handel  
Larghetto arranged by Hubay; a Moz-  
art-Kreisler Rondo, a "Meditation" by  
Tchaikowsky; "Le Coucou," by Da-  
quint, arranged by Manen, and Sara-  
sate's Gipsy Dances. Since the audience  
wanted more, Mr. Rose played two ad-  
ditional pieces.

Mme. Jeritza, as everybody knows, is  
the idol of at least two opera houses  
where the audiences are exigent, the  
Metropolitan and the state establish-  
ment in Vienna. Since by all accounts  
she is an actress of skill, with personal  
good looks and youth in her favor and  
a bearing both dignified and gracious—  
not every opera singer makes so fine an  
appearance in Symphony hall—it is not  
to be wondered at that Mme. Jeritza is  
successful in pleasing two exacting  
publics.

By her voice and her skill in song,  
as she exhibited them yesterday, she  
could scarcely do it alone. An opera  
singer first and foremost, no doubt Mme.  
Jeritza needs the excitement of the  
stage and the freedom that dramatic  
action gives to produce the best tones  
of which she is capable. Ill at ease  
through the early part of the concert,  
toward the end and especially in the  
Verdi aria she was able to sing tones  
throughout one octave, from f to f, of  
excellent quality, if she sang them with  
moderate strength.

Of vocal technique Mme. Jeritza is not  
a remarkable mistress, though her  
enunciation of English and German is  
commendably distinct; nor as an in-  
terpreter is she notable. But what does  
it matter? She has beauty, charm and  
personality, and her stage fame is wide  
enough to attract a vast audience dis-  
posed to applaud everything she does.  
R. R. G.

## Mollenhauer Conducts, Frederick Joslyn Is Soloist

At the St. James theatre yesterday  
afternoon, the People's Symphony  
orchestra, conducted by Mr. Mollen-  
hauer, gave its sixteenth concert, with  
Frederick Joslyn, baritone, as the solo-  
ist, and a program that included: J. K.  
Paine, prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus";  
Massenet, recitation and aria "Le Roi  
de Lahore"; Strauss, waltz, "Emperor",  
op. 437; Raff, symphony "Lenore" No.  
5, in E major, op. 177.

A program from the concert halls of  
the late nineties, commencing with  
Paine's dark and melancholy prelude to  
Sophocles' "Oedipus Tyrannus," digni-  
fied music, suggesting tragedy, yet bare  
of the relentless katharsis, the magnifi-  
cent tragic irony of the first of the Sop-  
hoclean trilogy. Mr. Mollenhauer played  
it with appreciation of its gentler epis-  
odes, although the performance was at  
times loose and lagging.

In his excerpt from "Le Roi de La-  
hore", Mr. Joslyn sang decorously, with  
most resonance in his lower notes, and

for once, he sang Paine's evocative  
to the Evening Star from "Tann-  
hauser". But for this his voice was not  
large or opulent enough.

Through the faintly dissolving meas-  
ures of the Strauss waltz, played with  
zeal and grace, supplemented by an-  
other, Mr. Mollenhauer led to the Raff  
symphony, with its excellent romancing.  
Its innocuous gaiety, its fluency of  
theme and orchestration; its Tennyson-  
ian sentiments. There is still pleasure  
in the light flutings of the andante, in  
the rhythmic evolutions of the march,  
in the diabolical suggestions of the  
dance of skeletons and of uncovered  
graves in the finale. Yet with so much  
music, both ancient and modern, that  
is more worth the playing, one wonders  
why Mr. Mollenhauer has captured it  
again for a program in 1925.

At next week's concert Germaine  
Schnitzer will be the solo pianist, Mr.  
Mason the conductor, and the pro-  
gram will include: Beethoven, sym-  
phony No. 8 in F major, Op. 93; Franck,  
variations symphoniques for piano and  
orchestra; Smetana, "Vltava" (The Mol-  
dau); Lewis, symphonic prelude to  
Browning's tragedy, "A Blot on the  
Scutcheon," Op. 7; Chabrier, "Espana"  
rhapsody for orchestra.

## "Bachelors' Brides" Pro- duced for the First Time in Boston

By PHILIP HALE  
Tremont Theatre: First performance  
in Boston of "Bachelors' Brides," a  
comedy in three acts (with five scenes  
in the Dream Fantasy in Act II), by  
Charles Horace Malcolm. Presented by  
the Maltby Producing Company, Inc.  
Produced at Stamford, Ct., on Feb. 25,  
1925.

Robert.....Walter Kingsford  
Mary Bowing.....Ottola Nesmith  
Capt. Percy Ashfield.....Geoffrey Kerr  
Lady Ashfield.....Aline McDermott  
Rev. Thomas Blaenky.....Leslie Palmer  
Catherine Tweed.....Ann Deibel  
Margot.....Olyre Caldwell  
Mr. Chauncey Hammer.....Ben Johnson  
Mrs. Cecil Combemere.....Beatrice Terry  
The Earl of Allerton.....Horace Sinclair  
Mr. Cecil Combemere.....Charles Brown  
Last Post.....Harry Hickey

This comedy is really a farce, com-  
pounded after old recipes that have  
served playwrights in many lands. Nor  
is the idea of the perplexed hero dream-  
ing fantastically at all new. In Boston  
"A Beggar on Horseback" is still play-  
ing, but the idea was by no means origi-  
nated by the writers of that amusing  
satire. A list of plays in which actual  
events are shaped curiously by the sub-  
conscious mind at work in sleep would  
be of some length.

The farce now being discussed brings  
in our old friend, the resourceful valet  
(or butler), who plays a prominent part:  
another old friend, the baby, whose  
parentage, attributed to the young  
hero, temporarily causes consternation  
and leads to ingenious lying; the sport-  
ing parson; the stage American, this  
time one that prides himself on his  
shrewdness as a psycho-analyst. There  
is the noble dame, under whose bed  
the young hero was found sleeping—  
how and why he was found there is  
not explained. There is the innkeeper's  
daughter, who, at the farmer's ball,  
where our hero Ashfield danced wildly,  
was as radiant as a Cleopatra. The  
spectator is invited to believe till the  
end draws near that the baby was the  
result of the dancing. Even the ex-  
perienced butler, Robert, accepts this  
solution. Here and there are situations  
and lines in the dialogue that one as-  
sociates with the Palais Royal. It's  
a hodge-podge, often amusing, but the  
company playing it deserves a better  
play.

It is much easier to praise this com-  
pany than it would be to write seriously  
and at length about the farce. Let this  
be said: that though there is a race,  
and there are doubts about the condition  
of the horse on which Ashfield, Robert  
and the Rev. Thomas Blaenky have  
bet, the horse does not win, contrary to  
the traditions of the stage. What  
would happen to the farce if it were  
not performed by the players who, men  
and women individually capable, shine  
by their team work?

At first and for a few minutes the  
lines were not distinctly heard, possibly  
by reason of the nervousness attending  
a first performance in any large city.  
This fault soon disappeared, and the  
lines, good, poor or indifferent, were de-  
livered with their due effect. It is hard-  
ly necessary to speak at any length of  
Miss Terry and Messrs. Kerr, Kings-  
ford and Johnson, for their artistic  
worth is known to all. It may be said  
that the others in the company did full  
justice to the intentions of the play-  
wright.

Forgetting the comedy itself, one re-  
members gratefully the portrayal of the  
butler by Mr. Kingsford, who has, as

Let the farceful situation, and line  
are concerned, the latter part, the first  
appearance of this Terry in the Ash-  
field's house and her behavior there;  
Mr. Johnson, as the American rising up  
young Ashfield when he first met him  
and his subsequent questioning; the  
apparition of Miss Deibel as Cleopatra  
in the dream, a fantasy ingeniously  
conceived and carried out. Nor did Mr.  
Kerr fail in showing the anxiety, per-  
plexity, despair of Ashfield from the  
time the baby was sent in as a wedding  
present. Why Catherine boxed her baby  
and sent him to the house is not ex-  
plained, but if everything that happens  
in a play of this nature could easily  
be explained, the play would cease be-  
ing a farce.

The large audience was evidently  
amused, and the performance was ap-  
preciated.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Kid Boots," mu-  
sical comedy, starring Eddie Can-  
tor with Mary Eaton. Second  
week.

HOLLIS—"The Swan," Mol-  
nar's comedy, with Eva Le Gal-  
lienne. Third week.

PLYMOUTH—"Simon Called  
Peter," dramatization of Keable's  
novel. Third week.

WILBUR—"Beggar on Horse-  
back," Kaufman and Connolly's  
satirical comedy, with Roland  
Young. Fourth week.

MAJESTIC—"I'll Say She Is,"  
revue starring the four Marx  
brothers. Fourth week.

NEW PARK—"New Brooms,"  
Frank Craven stars in his own  
play. Last week.

SELWYN—"White Cargo,"  
Leon Gordon in his own play.  
Sixth week.

COPLEY—"The Torchbearers,"  
satirical comedy by George Kelly.  
Second week.

## KARYL NORMAN IS KEITH'S FEATURE

Karyl Norman, "The Creole Fashion  
Plate," presenting "The Tuneful Song  
Shop," heads a stellar bill at Keith's  
Theatre this week. Norman is as-  
sisted by Keno Clark and Bobbie  
Simonds. The act is beautifully staged.  
The costumes are gorgeous and the  
offering is unique.

Anatol Friedland presents a minia-  
ture revue, entitled "Anatol's Affairs  
of 1925." The popular composer has  
divided the act into six scenes, Jazz-  
land, Toyland, Loveland, Russia-Land  
and Fried-Land.

As the scene titles indicate, jazz and  
song predominate. The young women  
in the cast are comely and they can  
sing as well as dance. Friedland, pre-  
siding at the piano, works constantly  
and consistently throughout the entire  
act.

Al Herman, in blackface, billed as  
"The Assassin of Grief and Remorse,"  
made good his sobriquet. In an up-to-  
date topical monologue, Herman takes  
the foibles of the day and with clever  
lines "puts over" an unusually clever  
entertainment.

An act out of the ordinary was the  
one offered by Billy Hallen, in "It's  
All Applesauce." He is able to con-  
vert into most alarming and at the  
same time amusing expressions. Hallen  
has a line of patter that produces  
laughs every minute.

Edwin George, a clever juggler, is on  
the bill. He sings a little, talks a little.  
Boyd Senter, assisted by Jack Russell,  
is a real saxophone virtuoso. He plays  
several other musical instruments with  
skill. Others are Margaret Steward  
and Company in poses and the Tom  
Davies Trio, sensational motorists.

## 'GREED' FILMED AT

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Greed," filmed  
from Frank Norris's "McTeague," under  
the direction of Eric von Stroheim.  
Scenario by Mr. von Stroheim and June  
Mathis. The cast is headed by Gibson  
Gowland as McTeague, and Zazu Pitts  
as Trina. Others are Jean Hersholt,  
Sylvia Ashton, Chester Conklin, Dale  
Fuller and Joan Standing.

It was said, in the early stages of  
the filming of "Greed," that von Stro-  
heim, in his zeal for realities, not only  
those that are apparent, but for the  
subtler psychological processes that  
cause them, invaded Death valley with  
his hordes that he might instill in his  
players the pitch of its horror, its tor-  
turous heat, its vast and unyielding  
barrenness, its leaden loneliness. And  
he has succeeded.



From the first introductory gumples of the bullock-like McTeague, stodgy, swept by sudden and incomprehensible passions, yet infinitely gentle, through the stages of his slow and inevitable dissolution to the last dull waiting in the desert, chained to his dead pursuer, the gold scattered on the caked sands, Mr. von Stroheim has conceived largely, and in the round.

He has never allowed his players to become one-streaked, "movie" wise, to assume the guise of the trained puppet, to preach moralities through sub-titles; he has never stooped to comic relief. Yet there is humor here, rich and subtle; in the voiceless gaiety of the be-fagged party of German picknickers, carousing madly on merry-go-round and in the shooting gallery; in the pompous and tragic gait of the wedding party led by the strident Junker father, steeped in food afterwards. Here is a civilization and a philosophy summed up briefly in less than two hours, harshly at times, yet never exaggerated; and through the reels of the film, human beings yield to the changes of circumstance, live in a perpetual flux, never static.

McTeague practises his trade of "painless dentistry" in the San Francisco of the early 20th century, an unwitting quack; falls in love with his patient, Trina, whom her cousin, Marcus, glibly and in a moment of renunciation professes to him; goes through the stages of courtship, the family outings, the tete-a-tete on the stone sewer interrupted by a sudden rainstorm that leaves McTeague unabashed, rain-drenched and passionate, and Trina, yielding, uncertain, ridden with inhibition.

Trina becomes the possessor of a small fortune from a chance purchase of a lottery ticket. They marry and Trina, enamored of her gold, grows crafty, miserly, shrewd in the cloaking of it. McTeague may no longer practise his profession, warned by the licensors of the city through the wrath of Marcus, who has lost the fortune and Trina. Slowly, they become estranged, embittered, ugly, McTeague disheartened by his wife's miserliness and refusal to help him; and Trina, undone, by her creeping passion. And the end is in the desert, where McTeague, pursued for his theft of Trina's gold, unable to go further, accepts his fate.

The scenario is continuous, despite the necessary cutting that reduced the film almost one half. There is intelligence and brevity in the use and the writing of titles. There is a subtlety in each detail of the direction, in the use of the cast suggestion, although this has been slightly overdone, in the eloquence of the pantomime, the innuendo. And for his purposes Mr. von Stroheim had an excellent cast, from the McTeague of Gibson Gowland and the supple Trina of Zazu Pitts to the least of the company. Miss Pitts, for so long relegated to the slight roles of the abused slavery, has at least a part worthy of her, and to which she gives richly of her keen wit, her unerring flair for characterization, her sometimes awkward grace, her mobile beauty, at times suggestive of Lillian Gish. A film rigorously and artistically done, yet condemned to the lesser light of a "second run" theatre.

Elsewhere on the program, there was vaudeville including the following acts: "Seminary Scandals," Creighton and Lynn in "The Follies of a Side Street"; Cooke, Mortimer and Harvey in "A Ball Game in the Dark"; Haig and La Vere, Mabel Drew and Rogers and Dorkin in "Dance Items." E. G.

## "NIGHTIE NIGHT"

ST. JAMES THEATRE - Boston Stock Company in "Nightie Night," a comedy in three acts and prologue, by Martha Stanley and Adelaide Matthews. Staged by Samuel Godfrey.

The cast:

Trixie Lorraine.....	Olive Blake
Phillips Porter.....	O. Frankel
Billy Moffat.....	Bernard Nedell
Ernestine Dare.....	Robert Lee Clark
Mollie Moffat.....	Elsie Hitz
Dr. Bentley.....	Roy Ekins
Philip Burton.....	John Collier
Jimmie Blythe.....	Houston Richards
Norah.....	Anna Layne

The program has its comedy, but the piece is not long under way before there is a decided turn to farce, and this latter phase it holds unto the end. Good old-fashioned farce it is, and there is a continual uproar on the stage as well as in the auditorium. The prologue is an ingenious idea, for the exposition on the rear platform of an observation car is a departure from the beaten path. Thus in the first act there is begun a steady crescendo that reaches its climax in the second act—an act unusual in its complications, in predicaments, in up-arious situations. The third act falls

to carry out the pace, and here there is scurrying to corners for a final curtain.

The Misses Stanley and Matthews have shown a keen insight into the technique of the stage. True, they have had recourse to the convenient doors of stereotyped farce, but they have made their exits and entrances as a part of the logical course of events and there is no evidence of straining, of irrelevancies. They have provided a very funny dialogue, situations that call for tact, for effective tableaux, and these features have been met admirably by the cast. And the piece, despite the chorus girl running amuck in screaming corse pajamas, is as clean as the driven snow, the tite of the farce to the contrary notwithstanding.

For the very reason that the piece is so complicated, so infinite of detail, it is out of the question to relate the story in toto. Let us be content to say that Trixie, the chorus girl, who had just married for the second time, left her husband, and he left her, three hours after the marriage ceremony just because she had not told him she had been married and was the mother of a child. Billy, an old friend, meaning

well enough, himself happily married, offers to help her and bring about a reconciliation. And there the trouble starts. How she engages apartments occupied by Billy, how she is overt of her gown, how Billy's wife comes on the scene, how her own husband appeals to Billy as a friend, how she is tossed about the apartment, how she dives into the oriental rug and is rolled in its folds, how she hides in the set tubs, how she tumbles out of the pantry amid a carnage of crockery—all this and much more must be seen rather than related.

Mr. Nedell played Billy, despite a heavy cold, and visualized the tormented soul to a nicety. Mr. Richards, for once seen in a "straight" role, was the Jimmy that the authors themselves might applaud, and Miss Hitz was seen as Mollie, depicting her ever changing moods and petulance to the point of conviction. But for outstanding feature there was the Trixie of Olive Blake. Hers was a chorus girl of the phlegmatic type, positive, comical, insinuatingly logical. A part that called for nicety of detail in which the actress neglected not the slightest opportunity. Mr. Dooley, witnessing this characterization, might turn to his friend Hennessey, with the compliment: "Hennessey, she's a 'jool'!" And this would not be enough. T. A. R.

Mr. Horkimer Johnson was angered by a quotation in the first chapter of Professor Wilbur C. Abbott's "New Barbarians." Professor Abbott had quoted from a hostile critic of the United States:

"This vast undifferentiated herd of good-humored animals, Knights of Pythias, Presbyterians, standard model Ph. D.'s, readers of the Saturday Evening Post, admirers of Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry, members of the Y. M. C. A. or the Drama League, weepers at Chautauquas, wearers of badges, 100 per cent. patriotic," etc.

Mr. Johnson remarked, say rather spluttered: "I read the Saturday Evening Post, and so do over 2,250,000 men and women. I gain from it much valuable information about contemporaneous life and manners. Take for example Mr. Earl Derr Biggers's thrilling romance, 'The House Without a Key'—I can hardly wait till Thursday to find out who killed Dan Winterslip. In the number for Feb. 28 Mr. Biggers represents his heroine—one of them, for there are three or four women in the story—this one is Carlotta Egan and I hope John Quincy Winterslip will marry her—as refusing a ride in an automobile, although she likes the young man inviting her.

"I'm sure I'll never own a motor car, Carlotta said, 'and it might make me discontented to ride in one. The trolley's my carriage, and it's lots of fun. One meets so many interesting people.'"

"What do you say to that?" said Mr. Johnson. "Is not Carlotta the heroine? Did ever girl answer in that fashion except in a novel?"

"There are other good stories in this number, 'Almost a Gentleman' and 'Parleyvoo.' I'm not speaking of the so-called serious articles by Messrs. Hergesheimer, Child, Roberts, Williams and others. As for me, I stick to the stories, love stories, crook stories, Mr. Cohen's negro yarns. I'm not a magazine hound; I must be careful in my expenditures; but when I have a spare nickel I know where to put it for mental improvement.

"Some years ago I heard a woman speak contemptuously of 'the sort of people that eat rice pudding.'"

"Well, I like rice pudding when I can get it; in fact I am addicted to it, but it must have plenty of raisins and not all of them at the bottom. More than once I have eaten rice pudding with a copy of the Saturday Evening Post open on the table. They went well together."

### PROFESSIONAL WHISKERAGE

As the World Wags:

Poor, blind, deluded undergraduates! They perjure their souls to obtain permission from co-ed college authorities to visit Boston on Saturday night. They rack their frail bodies on the cushionless accommodations of the Elevated; they overrun their allowances at the price of Symphony concert admission may be met—all to find a happy hunting ground well stocked with "Beavers" and to play the noble game they pour into town from the colleges and universities, mind you—from the seats of learning famous throughout this great American republic as the very hotbeds of whiskerage.

We adjure you, sir, point out the error of their way. Show them that when simultaneous conception of sanitary laws and the safety razor cleared society of its facial underbrush, the colleges of the country opened their doors to the refugees and made free a place for the bearded intellectual. Let these young people see that, as it was then, so is it now; the academic pasture is the outstanding place where a man may safely park with his personal "excelsior."

In return for shelter from hungry steel, they are not without their uses on the field, those hairy shrouds. They serve to distinguish the begrimed professor of chemistry from the janitor of the engineering buildings. They effect those savings on haberdashery expenditures which are vital to the scholar's slender budget. Last, but not least, they form most admirable media through which the New England-born instructor in foreign tongues may filter his native twang and have it emerge purified and sweetened in the liquid of Italian, or the guttural of Teutonic dialect.

So then we find beards in countless numbers at learning's shrine. There jet Tyrus and the others seek them out and hunt them down by day, in fair battle, and on their own ground. In that way we shall keep the intermission at a Symphony concert safe for the visiting artist or the stray pedant; we shall not wake of it a beaverish shambles.

Peabody. MATTHEW ROGERS.

### IN A NEW BUSINESS

Mr. Stork is the translator into English of Bengt Berg's "The Motherless." He ought to be able to do something for them.

### BUT O THE DIFFERENCE TO ME

As the World Wags:

Allow me to add to your learned discussion of trousers on Feb. 24 the distinction between trousers and "pants" as given to me by an old Dartmouth graduate.

A student of his time asked the professor of English the difference. The professor replied: "If you go to our local tailor and ask for a pair of 'pants' he will charge you \$3.50. If you ask for a pair of trousers he will charge you \$5. Ergo, the difference between trousers and 'pants' is \$1.50." Explicit?

CHARLES ST. C. WADE.

Taunton.

As the World Wags:

Now that Trinity College of North Carolina has received those millions from Mr. Duke, it can start a co-educational department and call it "Duke's Mixture."

Schenectady, N. Y.

As the World Wags:

Re the "Petal Legaments" on Charles street: it is true that the sign is still there, but with what a difference. Where that humble nickel once stood, a bit of paper is now pasted which reads "Ten Cents." There is nothing left in the world that you can buy for 5 cents except a yeast cake, and there isn't the Wick even in that that there used to be.

MT. VERNON VILLAGE.

As the World Wags:

If Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, syntactologist and Rhadamanthine solecist of your columns, is disturbed by a harmless, necessary compound like two-trouser, he is succumbing on the first lap. There is still a long stretch before the bell rings for the final circuit.

Just to help the runners on their course, will he, Mr. Eyrington, or other benevolently truculent guardian of our waywardly inclined speech, tell us how a two-months-old baby becomes a two-year-old child. Or doesn't it?

SILCOX BASSETT.

As the World Wags:

Mother Sackville Stoner maintains that a cow can't jump over a fence, let alone the moon. I once had a cow, a very fine cow, that could jump any fence, and stone walls as well. When it comes to a cow jumping over the moon, it's all in the way you look at the cow. Doesn't our Mother Goose slayer realize that?

I'd like to recommend to Mother Sackville Stoner's perusal some of the rhymes and folk tales of the land of my birth, Ireland. She might find them hard to understand. But, like all things Irish, when you come to know them they are very enjoyable. I shall continue to tell them, and all the Mother

Goose and Jack the Giant Killer stories, to my children for all the reformers and factifiers in the world. Mother Sackville is going to have a very devil of a time of it with her children if she doesn't do likewise!

New York. ALLEN McQUHAE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 19

## MISS SHAYLOR

By PHILIP HALE

Georgina Shaylor, contralto, sang last night in Jordan hall with Frances Weeks playing her accompaniments. The program read as follows: Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Horn, "I've Been Roaming"; Scarlatti, "O Cessate di Piagarmi!"; Pergolesi, "Se tu m'am, se sospiri!"; Jensen, "O lass dich halten, gold'ne Stunde"; Tchaikovsky, "Er liebt mich so sehr"; Brahms, "Meine Liebe ist grün"; Faure, "Claire de lune"; Plerne, "L'Adieu Supreme"; Leroux, "Le Nil"; Carpenter, "The Day Is No More"; Shaw, "The Bubble Song"; Dunhill, "The Cloths of Heaven"; Martin, "Come to the Fair."

When we were young and were doomed to the study of Nathan Richardson's "Method for Piano Playing," a maiden aunt, to broaden our musical taste, would play Beethoven's "Dream" waltz, "The Wrecker's Daughter" quickstep, "Falling Leaves" and "Shower of Pearls." She would also sing songs that were then popular: "Love Not, Ye Hapless Sons of Clay," "Leonore," and Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming," the song at the head of Miss Shaylor's program. It's a simple, pretty song and our aunt sang it simply and sweetly.

Miss Shaylor sang it as if it were charged with esoteric meaning. Too often a singer shows a certain proficiency in the mechanism of vocal art, but is a dull interpreter, singing one song after another, the same grist coming from a smoothly working mill. It is seldom that a singer sins, as Miss Shaylor sinned last night, from over-interpretation. Spohr's little song assumed portentous proportions. Every phrase, every note was interpreted; so were the periods, semicolons and commas of the musical sentences. And with this result: the melodically rhetorical line was constantly broken, and when there was cause for legitimate expression, this expression was lost.

What was true of her reading of Spohr's music was true of many songs that followed. Take Horn's joyous outburst. The song were treated as if it were a little dramatic cantata. It was not so distorted by rhetorical embellishments as Spohr's suffering rose, but there was not the unsophisticated, frank, straightforward delivery demanded by the music and the verse.

It might be said by Miss Shaylor's many friends in the audience that if her anxiety to sing continually "with great expression" was a fault, it was a step at least in the right direction; and why should a step a few feet over the line be censured? The answer is: Because the singer thus laid herself open to the suspicion, no doubt an erroneous suspicion, of affectation. A singer who is faultless in technique and null in the art of interpretation is a weariness to the flesh and spirit of the hearer. A singer who exaggerates and over-emphasizes so that legitimate effects are absent, though her vocal resources might otherwise obtain them, should consider her ways, study repose, poise, the true value of musical phrases as voicing the sentiment of the poet and the composer.

Twelve Books of Martial's "Epigrams," translated by J. A. Pott and F. A. Wright, with introduction by the latter, form a stately volume added to the "Broadway Translations," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York. It will be noted that this volume does not contain the verses on the public shows or the 13th and 14th books of epigrams, which are merely mottoes or devices to be affixed to presents offered to friends or distributed at festivals, as this one accompanying a wallet: "This wallet entreats that it may not be obliged to carry the beggarly food of a long-bearded, half-clad philosopher, or serve as pillow to his mangy dog."

But the twelve books of epigrams are given intact; though some of the poems are not translated, the original Latin stands on the page. The good Jesuit Matthew Radecus annotated copiously the epigrams in a huge folio; but he omitted the text of many of them. Biye praised Francois Sylvius for an edition by which scholars could profit without being corrupted by the poet's impurities. There was a Venetian gentleman in the time of Leo X, who on his birthday solemnly burned the works of Martial; not through squeamishness, but as a sacrifice to the memory of Catullus. Ralph Waldo



on giving a list of books that he read, included Martial's "Epigrams," giving a graphic description of his life and manners, but the Concord added that these manners were sometimes bad. Byron spoke of the epigrams as "nauseous" when he told of young Don Juan's love.

was taught from out the best edition, purged by learned men, who plucked, from out the schoolboy's vision, the grosser parts; but, fearful to deface much their modest bard by this omission,

plying sore his mutilated ease, only add them all in an appendix, in fives, in fact, the trouble of an index;

there we have them all 'at one fell swoop,' instead of being scatter'd through the pages;

stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop, meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,

some less rigid editor shall stoop and call them back into their separate cages, instead of standing staring altogether, in garden gods—and not so decent, either."

Wright, editing this volume of the new translations, does not mention the former translations or Byron's comments on the unnamed edition. He writes that Martial was an extreme poet; that he shrank from nothing, and consequently many of his poems are extremely offensive to a delicate reader. He adds: "But the blame is not theirs, if blame must be allotted; this volume they are mostly left in their original Latin—does not rest solely with Martial; part must be assigned to the realistic method, part to the Roman character, and part to life itself." The objectionable epigrams did not shock that exquisite gentleman, Mr. the younger, who mourned the death of Martial as a true friend. "He gave me what he could; he would have given more if he had been able." One can forgive the poet everything except his vile attack on the character of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, Julia, wife of great Pompey, the noble sister of Brutus; nor did he spare Heretia. Yet this same Martial wrote beautiful poems on the death of ill-fated Erolon.

In these epigrams we meet all sorts of conditions of men, from the Emperor to the crook; from Regulus, the great orator, to the "recitator," the amateur poet who bores his friends by reciting his verses. To quote from Mr. Wright's introduction:

"We visit the baths, public and private, each with its own regular clientele, and watch the masseurs jostling and rubbing down their customers, while sly thieves look for their opportunity to filch some bather's gown. We sit among the audience in the theatre and smile as Lettius or Caeus, the two chief ushers, touch some upstart on the shoulder and eject him from the rows of seats reserved for senators and knights. We smell the odor of the circus mingled of the blood of slain animals, the scent of liquid affron and cinnamon, and the press of the great crowd. And finally we hear all the gossip of the town; the shameful behavior of the priests of Cybele, the unfortunate accident that befell an Etruscan at the sacrifice, how one boy was killed by a falling icicle, another by a snake lurking within a hollow statue, how a tame lion mauled the circus attendants, how a hare escaped unharmed from the arena." Martial's wit is always light, sparkling, keen; the shorter, the more biting in attack, with the sting often reserved till the last word; two-line pieces that are so perfect that they defy translation.

Is Martial translatable? In the Bohn edition there are translations by many hands, including verses taken from manuscripts of Elizabeth's reign. There are many names of translators; even Elphinstone is not ignored. The epigrams are translated first of all into English prose, but when a faithful translation was deemed intolerable, the Italian of Graglia was used. The editor of the Bohn translation objected to French translations from 1655 to 1843: "None of them have used the least refinement and, indeed, have sometimes rather exceeded their author in his worst properties." He might have added that Menage said the title of the Abbe de Marolles' translation should have been "Epigrams Against Martial."

Mr. Wright in his translations often turns the Roman into an English epigrammatist. Note these lines from "To a Lady Who Apes Foreign Fashions," which is "In Laetiam" in the original (X. 67):

"You were not born in Paris nor yet Armentieres, And you live in a flat near Park Lane, it appears. Your father I know was a native of Thame, And your simple old mother from Somerset came, Yet though you're as English as honest Queen Bess, As 'cheri' and 'mon chou,' all your men you address."

And so Mr. Pott in "The Newsmonger" ("In Philomusum")—in which Philomus is shown trying to secure a dinner by inventing news and retelling it), we read of Ferdinand's design discussed in Bulgaria, Haig's last dispatches, "how many pounds of maize or meat America has sent to us," the next Nobel awards, etc., etc.

The two translators more than once are detected skating dexterously over thin ice. To those who cry out against even this dexterity, let us recommend Martial's lines, "Ad castam Matronam," as translated here:

TO A MATRON  
"These pages were not meant for you, That was distinctly understood. Yet you are reading them—I know You would."

"Dear prude, through many plays you've sat, Read on, nor fear my coarsest verse; The scenes you often chuckle at Are worse."

The motto of the Boston Symphony orchestra's program this week is "Made in Germany." Weber began an opera, "The Three Pirates," but he never finished it. His widow insisted that he did; that Weber took the complete work to London when he brought out there his "Oberon"; that the score was lost in the confusion attending his death; but this story is hardly credible. Meyerbeer was asked to complete the work. He promised to do so, but finally said he was too busy. Jules Benedict, a pupil of Weber's, refused. Finally Weber's grandson persuaded Gustav Mahler to put the opera in shape, and it was produced at Leipzig in 1888. Mr. Koussevitzky has put the Intermezzo from the opera on the program, but this piece is wholly Mahler's. When Antoine Seidl brought it out in New York late in 1888 Mr. Krehbiel then declared that it could not be by Weber, and German critics have been of the same opinion.

The symphony will be the third by our old friend Johannes Brahms. The Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" will be followed by the Prelude to the third act of "The Mastersingers." The concert will end with the Dance of Salome from Strauss's opera. It might be a pleasure to hear the music Glazounov wrote for this dance in the play. It would surely be interesting if during the performance of Strauss's music this week room would be made on the stage for an intrepid dancer—with the permission of the censor—or there might be a portrayal of the dance on the screen.

Burton Holmes will talk about the French and the Italian Riviera, and picture it, tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon in Symphony hall, and on Saturday morning at Tremont Temple Edward Howard Griggs will lecture on Thomas Jefferson, "the Democratic American."

Messrs. Maler and Pattison will play music for two pianos in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of Miss Hersey's school fund.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will sing for the first time in Boston at the Symphony hall concert, assisted by Beatrice Mack, soprano.

At the St. James Theatre, the same afternoon, the People's Symphony orchestra will play music by Beethoven (Symphony No. 8), Smetana (The Moldau), Lewis (Symphonic Prelude to "A Blot on the Scutcheon") and Chabrier's "Espana." Germaine Schnitzer will play Franck's Symphonic Variations for the piano. Stuart Mason will conduct.

Next Sunday night Abraham Haitowitzsch, the blind violinist, will be heard at the Copley-Plaza.

"Mr. Haitowitzsch lost his sight in early childhood, as a result of a fall that paralyzed the optic nerve and caused total blindness. As a child, he amused himself with a violin and disclosed an intense passion for music. After a preliminary training at home in one of the small towns of Russia, he was sent to Leningrad to study. Through a special decree he was admitted to the Imperial Conservatory of Music, from which he was graduated with the high-

est honors two years later. A good part of his native land followed him rapidly established his position as one of the ranking virtuosi of the younger generation. When the great war broke out, Haitowitzsch, who, on account of his blindness, could be of no service to his country, went to Japan, and from there came to the United States." He has already been heard in Boston.

TO QUINCY KILBY  
How can I best express my appreciation of your verses, "The shows we used to see," than by asking where, now one would find the pathos, as also melody of La Perichole in her letter, "O mon cher amant je jure, quo jetaime," etc. I am confident from your phrasing that you heard Almeida—I rejoice that her memory is still fragrant.

AN OLD-TIMER.  
Does "Old-Timer" know "In Memoriam—Jacques Offenbach," by A. E. Watrous?  
The fan no longer flutters  
And the whisper knows control.  
For the full contralto utters  
The Letter of Perichole.

But the critics, clever people,  
They laugh. You're light, so light—  
(And so's the rain on the steeples,  
And the leaves that lift at night.)

And Chopin, Wagner, Handel  
(Outgrown the Southern crew)  
Are stars. Your fame's a candle  
Death quenched in snuffing you

But for all the fan ne'er flutters,  
And the whisper knows control,  
When the full contralto utters  
The Letter of Perichole.

Notes and Lines:  
The comic and sentimental songs of 1869 and that period, as sung in circuses, by minstrels, theatre companies and at popular concerts, were a shade tougher than the similar songs of today. This chorus came from a circus clown while the Mormons still flourished in Salt Lake City:  
Old Brigham Young has twenty wives,  
While I'm content with one;  
Old Brigham says he's bound to go  
The whole hog or none.

The songs imported from the London music halls were not rough. "The Man in the Moon," "Up in a Balloon" and "Champagne Charley," sung by Lydia Thompson's troupe or Emily Soldene's, could be heard by a man and his daughter without offense. So, too, of "Sarah's Young Man," "The Charming Young Widow" and "The Fellow That Looks Like Me." Not so of the present-day New York output. Then there were the Lingards, with "On the Beach at Long Branch."

The Vokes family, doubtless well remembered by Messrs. Kilby, Ryan and Robinson, were always amusing, and no listener had occasion to wince. I wonder if either of the above-named delivers in the past recalls the gifted Holmans, brothers and sisters from England, the Holman opera company, which played for years at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto?

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.  
Many of the songs sung in London music halls and not imported were decidedly rough. See George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man" and W. R. Titterton's eulogy of Marie Lloyd in "From Theatre to Music Hall."

F. H. B. sends to The Herald the song of The Two Bad Men sung by Marie Williams and William Gill in "Babes in the Wood," concerning which there has been discussion in this column.

"It's two bad men we are  
From the West we came afar  
And we beat our way from there upon  
The cars;  
We've of pistols half a score  
And of knives as many more  
Which we carry in our pantaloons and  
coats.  
Chorus  
"With our bowie knives in belt,  
Our presence many felt  
By the odor of the crime which round  
us shoots;  
And of us it may be sung  
That if we should not be hung  
You can bet that we will die game in  
our boots."

## GLADYS DE ALMEIDA

Gladys de Almeida, soprano, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall, to the accompaniments of Henry Levine. This was her program:

Recitative and aria from "Inez de Castro," Weber; "You Are the Evening Cloud," Horsman; Sea Shell, Engel; At the Well, Hageman; Vieille Chanson, Aubert; La Pluie, Georges; Je suis misée en danse, Bax; Fetes Galantes, Hahn; L'invitation au Voy-

age, Duparc; Mi Nina, Guesard; La Golondrina, arranged by Laforgue; Corre, Corre Cordellano, Portuguese Folk Song; Pastoral, Da Motta; Papoulias, Alberto Sarti; The Little Shepherd's Song, Watts; By a Lonely Forest Pathway, Griffes; Carmencita, Repper. The Changeling, Tittcomb.

One phrase of the Weber recitative was enough to show that in Miss de Almeida a singer of unusual excellence had come to a hearing. Miss de Almeida is blessed with an exceedingly pretty voice, a light soprano of long range, with low notes of a delightfully individual timbre, a medium, very warm and full, and high notes at their best strong and clear. Except

for an occasional uneasy tone at the transition from medium to head, she has developed a singularly even scale, a scale most singers might envy.

She sings with a smooth legato and a neat attack. For distinctness of enunciation, the distinctness, furthermore, that enhances rather than damages beauty of tone, Miss de Almeida has few singers to equal her, even among artists of note. She has indeed acquired an admirable technique.

Of a musical nature, one may guess, she has also acquired musicianship. She feels the force of rhythm; she is sensitive to the proper shape of a melody; within a still somewhat narrow range she colors her tones to fit the spirit of a song or phrase. One principle of good singing she has made her own which escapes too many people, that of singing for the most part in a tone of moderate force which can be diminished or strengthened at will. Her medium at its best is so agreeable that Miss de Almeida will be wise not to run the risk of monotony by indulging too frequently in a pianissimo almost bodiless; to use it must be a temptation, it makes so fine an effect and travels so easily.

It is a temptation also to run on too long about Miss de Almeida's charming singing. For as well as voice, technique, intelligence and musicianship she has a quickness of feeling which lends life to all she sings. She has humor for folk songs and Arnold Bax, delicacy and fancy for "La Pluie," coquetry where it is called for, the element of exoticism needed in Mr. Tittcomb's Gipsy song, true poetry for Duparc. Deeper emotions she did not approach last night; no doubt she presently will.

The large audience liked her much. Several songs she had to repeat, including Mr. Repper's graceful "Carmencita." Mr. Repper, as well as Miss de Almeida, was heartily applauded. Singularly beautiful accompaniments from Mr. Levine had much to do with the success of the occasion.

R. R. G.

March 6 1925

Mr. George Washington Adams Lee is greatly perplexed by a clause in the Personal Exemption and Credits Section of the Federal Tax Instructions. The clause relates to changes in the status of a taxpayer during the taxable year.

We publish Mr. Lee's letter verbatim.

Miss As the World Wags:

I was married twice last year the first time on February 13 to a light Jamaica gal what aint no ways culled, but I discovered later she was already married to another man so of coars that doan count no ways and den on May 23 I took a Widder Woman what had som propy to wife an she runned off an left me when she hearde I was already married to the light Jamaica gal. So is I married or aint? An do I have to pay Taxes as married or Singular? Will you splain what it means on the Tax Blank when it say in case the status of a taxpayer changes during the taxable year, the personal exemption shall be the sum of an amount which bears the same ratio to \$1000 as the number of months during which the taxpayer was single bears to 12 months, plus an amount which bears the same ratio to \$2500 as the number of months during which the taxpayer was a married person living with husband or wife or was head of a family bears to 12 months.

Yours truly respectfully

Geo. Wash. Adams Lee

P. S. The Jamaica gal done come back on me November 19 with twineses, both dependent. Was I exempt or is it I gets \$28.50 a week cleaning fish an Saturday afternoons off.

As the World Wags:

The first time I was in Lowell I asked a bird if he knew where the postoffice was. "Sure," says he, and went on his way. BONES.

Our friend's experience was like that of Thackeray, who said to a Bowery B'hoj: "I'd like to go to such and such a street." To which Mose answered, "Why in hell don't you go there, then?" ED.



## WHY NOT SLEEP AT HOME?

(From the Everett Enlightener)  
Rev. Mr. Haynes is minister of the First Universalist Church, Lowell. You will want to hear that address. Quite certain that our friend and brother will let you go to sleep.

## SHAKES AND QUAVERS

(For As the World Wags)  
'Quakes in the old Bay State? My word!  
The thought is utterly absurd.  
This heavy trucking on the road  
Makes Atlas grumble at his load.  
Cambridge. R. K. OLOGIST.

## HOLBEIN AND ERASMUS

As the World Wags:  
In your entertaining comment on Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," reference is made to "the pictures etched by Holbein" for Mr. Coville's reprint. Doubtless the word "etched" is merely a slip for "sketched," as Holbein made no etchings and none of his contemporaries translated his drawings into that medium. He did, of course, furnish many designs for the wood cutters (Formschneider) and his most intelligent cutter, Hans Luetzelburger, just barely rescued from anonymity and no more, now shares a little of his master's fame for his wonderfully sensitive cutting of the Dance of Death series. But that is another story.  
What I wanted to ask was whether Mr. Coville had reproduced those lively and humorous pen-and-ink sketches drawn by Holbein himself on the broad margins and even straggling over the notes of Erasmus's own copy of the "In Praise of Folly" now in the Basle museum. If so, the sentence "and has added Mr. Angarola's conception of the period and drawings by way of contemporary comment by Gene Markey, Esq.," becomes more ominous. For on the title page of this unique volume one reads in 16th century handwriting "Erasmus possessed for his own amusement this copy of the 'Moria' drawn in 10 days." Certainly let Erasmus speak again through the lusty tongue of White Kennett and by the vigorous pen of Holbein, but why in the name of Folly drag Angarola and Markey back into the scene? Could they, for example, show as delightful and naive a touch as Holbein did in drawing his two donkeys rubbing against each other to illustrate Erasmus's figurative expression on flattery—"Mutuum Muli Scabunt"? Or what conception of Mr. Angarola could equal the comical grandeur of Folly and the expressive twist of her hand as she descends from the lecturer's chair while her listeners gaze after her in wonderment.  
O. PIP.

We quoted "etched in the author's time" from the title page of Mr. Coville's reprint. Mr. Pip will find the picture of the two asses—"It is pleasant to see how the asses rub and scratch one another"—on page 89. We do not find the picture of Folly descending from the lecturer's chair. Mr. Markey's illustrations are certainly not in keeping with the text. We should prefer the reprint illustrated only by Holbein, though it seems ungracious to find any fault with this handsome reprint of a book, delightful in the original Latin and in old Kennett's English.—ED.

## THAT EARTHQUAKE

As the World Wags:  
Here is an earthquake reaction that did not suggest itself to Otto Grow. I asked a lady yesterday if she had not been alarmed by the quake. She thought a moment and then said joyfully: "Now I remember! My chair began to go round in circles, and I said to myself, 'oh, bother! this is another billious attack.'"  
E. C.

As the World Wags:  
I was listening enraptured to the loud speaker yesterday morning telling how to make something that had butter and sugar and a teaspoonful of this and a tablespoonful of that—and all of a sudden the loud speaker etopped and still talking in a beautiful ladylike voice said: "I will read now a letter from a mother who says that her children demand a better solution of their origin than the silly story about the stork. I told her—"  
FOR SALE—OUR BEAUTIFUL RADIO SET complete. R. H. L.

## A PAIR OF CORDUROYS

As the World Wags:  
Another great cycle of the stylee has come upon us. The prep schoolboys are taking to the almost forgotten corduroy trousers. Nineteen years or so ago they were quite the mode with well-dressed college cubs. I don't know where this kind of pantaloon was originated, but I like to think it was in San Francisco. After the earthquake the town was a mass of debris, and corduroy seemed to be the only cloth that would stand the harsh treatment of the millions of broken bricks that lined the streets.

Those were the days when wide cuffs were affected, and they apparently grew wider the farther West one went. Some of the Fillmore street sporting fraternity wore them six inches deep. Since peg bottoms were also in vogue, the pants looked like inverted tents.  
The real doggy lads had their cuffs faced with leather. It gave a certain Mexican vaquero effect that somehow wasn't so inappropriate.  
WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

## BORN FOR HIS JOB

Mr. F. E. Penn, Jr., is the passenger representative of the Pennsylvania railroad system. Pennsylvania building, Washington, D. C.

## 18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Weber-Mahler, Intermezzo from "The Three Pintos"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Wagner, Prelude to Act III, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Strauss, Salome's Dance from "Salome."

Weber, dying in 1826, left his opera, "The Three Pintos," unfinished. He had stopped working on it some years before, apparently having lost interest, but two years before his death he spoke of completing the score. At the wish of his grandson, who wrote a new libretto based on the old one, Gustav Mahler utilized and revised Weber's sketches and without doubt wrote original music for the opera, which was produced at Leipzig in 1888.  
The Intermezzo was written by Mahler. Weber left no sketch that even suggested it. In the latter part of the Intermezzo Mahler wrote measures in the manner of Weber's bravura flourishes, but the prevailing harmonic

and melodic schemes and the instrumentation are not in Weber's vein. The music is light and pretty, well suited to a comic opera; to put an audience in good humor at the beginning of a concert. (Glinka's overture last week served the same purpose.) It was played in a graceful and sparkling manner, with effective finesse.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a remarkable interpretation of the symphony by Brahms. Some might argue against it by reason of certain "liberties" taken, but if Brahms had not intended his music to be so imposing, so poetic with its "respectable melancholy" in the third movement, so charged with wealth of interesting details, he should have so intended. We have heard many performances of this symphony. We were present in Berlin when Brahms conducted, and the performance was the duller of them all. He simply beat time, but his facial expression was beatific.

It was a pleasure yesterday to hear the opening, fiery measures thundered forth. For in this symphony Brahms storms and rages as well as sings. The purely lyric passages were treated lovingly, and the transitions from force to tenderness were shrewdly managed. Mr. Koussevitzky believes in giving the players freedom of expression in romantically lyrical measures; liberties in tempo, breathing (as if they were singing), punctuation of phrases. His scheme of contrasts, of preparing changes of mood, of building climaxes is carefully thought out, but in performance there is the effect of spontaneity. And so in the interplay of wood-wind instruments, where in this symphony there is too often hurried and jumbled complexity, there was for once delightful clarity. Brahms has been accused, and in many instances justly, of over-elaboration in the development of his thematic material; of treading water, as it were, until he could swim boldly to the next thematic recurrence. Yesterday his technical padding was made interesting; it had color and life. In a word, the interpretation of the whole symphony was emotional. If it did not follow in all respects the Brahmsian "tradition," so much the worse for the tradition. It may be questioned whether Brahms himself had any fixed ideas, any Draconian laws as to the performance of any one of his works. Traditions are born after the composer is dead so he cannot protest against them. It should also be remembered that the disciples of a master seldom agree as to his precise words even when he is alive. Take, for example, Wagnerian "traditions" concerning the tempo of pages in "The Ring," "Tristan," "Lohengrin." Were Richter, Levy and Mottl ever in agreement? Mr. Koussevitzky interpreted Brahms's symphony as it appealed to him. The great audi-

ence rejoiced in his interpretation.

We cannot applaud the incredibly slow pace at which the prelude to the third act of "The Mastersingers" was taken. The performance dragged. No body of singers could have sung with any effect the choral greeting to Hans Sachs. It is barely possible that Mr. Koussevitzky took this extraordinarily slow tempo to emphasize the brilliance and dash of the opening measures of Salome's dance, which followed, but if Strauss gained thereby, Wagner suffered.

There was a dazzlingly virtuoso performance of the Scherzo by Mendelssohn, who is now treated with almost reverential respect by some of the French ultra-moderns. Mr. Laurent, the excellent flutist, distinguished himself so greatly that he was obliged to rise twice from his seat in acknowledgment of applause.

The curious thing about Salome's dance as conceived by Strauss, is that the music is never sensuous, never voluptuous, never sensual. It is glittering and exotic enough, possibly oriental in its languorous first theme, but there is no irresistible quickening of the senses. This music, not thematically conspicuous, but ingeniously orchestrated as a tour de force, as far as seductiveness is concerned, might accompany Salome as represented in old windows of stained glass and in ancient illuminated manuscript, walking on her hands, clad decorously and without thought of the seven veils to be thrown off to excite the neurotic Herod and thus cost John his head. The magnificence of the performance could not conceal the inherent poverty of the music.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be out of town. The program for March 20 and 21 will be as follows: Roland-Manuel, Symphony from (or overture to) "Isabella et Pantalon"; and "Tempo di Ballo"; Borcard, "L'Elan"; Caplet, "Epiphanie," for cello solo and orchestra (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5.

A few days ago, writing about Erasmus—did anyone during his life call him "Rastus"?—we attributed Malvollo's famous remark about the soul to Sir Toby Belch. Why? Sheer carelessness, dear sir. We knew better. The wonder is that we did not put the speech in the mouth of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. And we could not say in defense, that "Malvollo" and "Belch" are spelled the same way but pronounced differently.

Richard Grant White called the trick of thus blundering "heterophemy," writing or saying one thing when thinking and intending something else. It's a high sounding name for carelessness.

We sympathize with Mr. Whiting in his effort to put "Ben Jonson" into his delightful column although the linotype persists in spelling "Ben's" surname "Johnson"—a clear case of "Too Much Johnson." Strange to say, Mr. Herklimer Johnson never appears in print as "Jonson." The linotype probably thinks it would be sacrilegious to take liberties with the name of the world-famous sociologist.

For many years we have tried to put the word "professorial" into this column. The word always comes out "professional." Probably it will this morning.

## AN IDEAL CONCERT

As the World Wags:

I quote from the announcement of the New Jewish Forum published in a Boston newspaper:

"There will be a musical program each night from 8 to 8."

This is about the right length for some musical programs.

N. H. asks:

What is this woman's business?

"I am a woman. I am looking for a partner, for the essential to finance wholesale connections with other things in which I am now interested. This will require \$5000. Best of references furnished. Address ———"

## THE SECRET PLEASURES OF THE WATCH AND WARD SOCIETY

As the World Wags:

From a recent resolution of the society:

"Resolved, That in the retirement of the Rev. Frederick Baylies Allen from the active presidency of this society, the people of the New England states suffer a loss which it is our duty and our pleasure to record."

I cannot refrain from sending this choice bit to your joyous column.

J. W. S.

## THE CLAMOR OF THE CLAMMER

(For As the World Wags)

The oyster rests serenely in his geologic bed—

He needs no voice to champion his will—

Because our health's defenders have emphatically said

That his germ-transporting qualities are nil.

But his brother-clam, the wanderer, is a very naughty lad,  
For he loads himself with typhoid germs that kill,  
And the board of health admonishes that digging clams is bad—  
Hence the clamor of the clammer will not still.

The clam, who does not genuflect to health department laws,  
Moves to beds where rank infections make him ill.  
But his sturdy independence must be curbed and given pause  
Or the clamor of the clammer will not still!

—H. A. J.

## HE ONCE LIVED HERE

As the World Wags:

To some of us, who, like Mr. Herklimer Johnson, have been reading Earl Derr Biggers's "House Without a Key," the story presents a mystery quite as engrossing as the enigmatical murder. Why does Mr. Biggers point the finger of scorn at Boston and at Boston institutions? Why does he regard as piffing every one of the traditional preoccupations of Beacon Hill? Why has he never detected a single primitive passion flaming under our billed shirt-bosoms? In short, what did Boston ever do to Mr. Biggers?

One can but conjecture that it was something pretty fierce. Perhaps a precious portion of his play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," was deleted by a watchful mayor, for the good of our souls. Or were not mayors so watchful then, or our souls so fragile? Perhaps Mr. Biggers was locked up for disturbing the peace, or something. Or perhaps he was fined once for spitting on the sidewalk. Who knows?

Obviously he believes that no Bostonian, no mere pork-and-beaner, could have killed Dan Winterslip. And so I am betting on Cousin Amos, who may have learned a little something of what red-blooded men may feel. In Hawaii, of course; never in Boston. And if Cousin Amos killed Dan Winterslip I am sure that he had the very best reasons.

But what about the mystery of Mr. Biggers? Who, ah, who will solve that? Jamaica Plain. E. W. GOULD.

No, Mr. Gould, the sour Amos was not the murderer. The mystery was solved last Thursday, and now every one is saying: "I knew Jennison did it." Mr. Biggers put up many misleading elgnposts in the course of his story. Did any Chinaman ever talk as Chan talks? "Gentleman I meet once say Boston are like China. The future of both, he say, lies in graveyards where repose useless bodies of honored guests on high." Why should Mr. Gould be disturbed by Mr. Biggers poking fun at Boston? Is Boston a sacred city? Would Mr. Gould have Mr. Biggers caught, brought to Boston in chains, and then hanged or thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil at high noon on Boston Common with amplifiers to carry far his groans and yells? Stay—we remember that many respectable persons were horrified because fun was made in verse of President Coolidge.—ED.

## WHILE YOU WAIT

As the World Wags:

The Lawrence bootlegger's plan of carrying around apparatus so that he might distill at his customer's house has its parallel in the Malta custom of leading milk goats before the door of prospective purchasers; the latter can thus insure the milk being fresh and from a healthy animal. They cannot be expected to know more than did the agricultural department years ago. It made researches on the most productive breed of goats and selected that of Malta. A consignment of these goats it distributed through the country and, then only, learned the cause of a mysterious disease on the ship and where the goats had arrived, viz: that Malta goats are the hosts of the parasite causing Malta fever, which latter fact had been well known before the above importation. Worse poisons lurk in new liquor distilled under the absence of precautions made impossible by the Lawrence, and similar, methods.

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD ABB.

## "ALONG RIVIERA"

The subject of Burton Holmes's illustrated travelogue last night in Symphony Hall was "Along the Riviera."

Starting from Marseilles, where the audience went with him by the "ascenseur" up to the church on high, from which there was a noble view, Mr. Holmes showed the Chateau d'If from which Dumas's hero, Edmond Dantes, made his famous escape. Then to Cannes with views of the foolish battle of flowers. Grasse is the place where perfumes are distilled. Then came a succession of beautiful views. Having climbed to Gourdon and dropped down to the Wolf's Gorge, the spectator saw



thoroughly and then made his to Monte Carlo, with impressive beautiful scenery along the different of approach. "Little Africa" is a delightful place to live in one can afford a villa. James Bennett thought so; and so does Count d'Harnoncourt, an Austrian gentleman, deprived by the war of everything save his charming dwelling place.

Monte Carlo at length was reached, seen in every way with one sad exception. It is not allowed to take photographs of the gambling halls when they are empty. Truly, a thoughtful provision for those who do not wish to be seen in their home at the tables. Picturesque scenery of the Riviera was shown at length until San Remo came into sight, the town where the real Italy begins.

Mr. Holmes began his talk with a phrase of that admirable saying: "He would be endurable, were it not for his pleasures." Yet thousands along the Riviera find it unendurable without pleasures. Mr. Holmes was in a jocular mood, which added to the audience's enjoyment. Monte Carlo gave him a text for a sermon on gambling. He pointed his moral by relating his own experience after he had invented an "infallible" system, by which he thought he could rival "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo."

The audience was not only entertained last night; it gained information imparted in a pleasant manner. And there were many feasts for the eyes. A travelogue will be repeated this afternoon. The subject of the one next week, the last one of the regular series, will be "Czecho-Slovakia."

On Friday evening, March 20, Mr. Ince will repeat "Immortal Rome"; on Saturday afternoon, March 21, "Sitzlerland." P. H.

We do not know why the dramatists gave this title to their amusing and satirical comedy, and we fail to see any reason for the title. The proverb is a very old one. You will find it in the fourth edition of Ray's "Complete Collection of English Proverbs" (1768): "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll a gallop." Claudian expressed the same thought: "Asperius nihil est humil cum surgit in altum." The French say: "There is no pride to be compared to the enriched beggar," and the Italians: "The ennobled peasant will not own his kindred or parentage." But the more common form of the English saw was quoted by William Cobbett in his "Political Register": "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil." It is true that in the comedy the hero when he weds in his dream a rich girl is most unhappy and is unable to compose music. Thus perhaps he may be said to be on horseback and riding to the devil. The application of the proverb in this instance seems to us far-fetched; but what's in a title? Artemus Ward lectured on "The Babes in the Wood" and in the course of the lecture never mentioned them.—Ed.

#### QUEST

(For As the World Wags)

I quested for God,  
All the world over,  
They said, He is here, He is there,  
God is a rover.  
I asked the sea-surges,  
I knelt to the hills—  
Spring came to my garden.  
In a bed of blue squills,  
I looked from my window,  
One Aprilly day,  
And there in my garden  
I saw God at play.

MONTAGNA.

#### "ITOIST"

As the World Wags:

I make haste to object to J. A. S. Ist's adroit attempt to give to a winner in a recent cross-word puzzle contest the credit for the invention of the word

"Itoist"; because if that sort of thing gets started, it might rob somebody else of the wreath of distinction in the field of neology; and that somebody else might be I. In the present instance, the honors of the real inventor are apparently safeguarded. It does not require the services of an I-spectalist to discover the word "Itoist," duly defined, in the I-section of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. EGOIST.

#### CROSS-WORD AND SONNET

As the World Wags:

Cannot the X-word puzzle be associated with the sonnet, which has seemed to amuse writers from way back?—Milton, Shakespeare, Browning, of the great, and many a poetaster? But how studied and stiff is the product, and not always entirely happy; even Keats apparently slipped when substituting "stout Cortez" for historic Balboa in the much vaunted sonnet "To Chapman's Homer." Yet it is a fascinating game to decorate an idea in that way, and the undersigned prefers it to the X-word puzzle, though not taking himself seriously—as the following is meant to imply:

#### THE SONNETSMITH PERFORMS

He loves to dawdle with the sonnet form,  
To marshal in his mind illusive rhymes,  
And ring weird changes on dull verbal chimes,  
Responsive to the edict of the norm.

Then, too, the rhythmic citadel to storm  
He every point of scheming vantage climbs;  
But if his shifty leader falls betimes  
Defeated rhyming has perforce to gorm.

Which is a pretty pass for artisan  
Of limerick or sonnet, and the ilk;  
If rhymes to -orm defy resourceful man,  
The technique of the lines must come to bilk.

So doth the dawdler on his lyre strum—  
Mechanical and altogether bum! B. T.

#### CHASING PHANTOMS

As the World Wags:

"You never can tell where a Boston man will break out," was again demonstrated at a real estate hearing last week at the State House. Many hard-headed business men of affairs spent two days in showing how wide may be the divorce between reality and reality. The "Wild Huntsmen" from one camp rushed after the lure that the acknowledged abuses in the business could be abolished by a license, with the seal of the commonwealth, displayed in the office of each of a self-chosen few. The other and larger set of ghost-chasers disclosed that they had, during the past twelvemonth, freed themselves from that delusion, but incidentally revealed their obsession of belief in the magic power of the word "realtor." To this shortened, ugly word they attribute a potent spell because of its misspelling; and they would keep its virtues to them-

We are told that "Spindrift," which will be performed on the New Park Theatre tomorrow night is based on the younger Dumas's "Le Demi-Monde," brought out in 1855, which showed women not recognized in polite society hoping to be reinstated by marriage, but doomed to defeat. Edmond Got in his journal wrote of Dumas's triumph with this play, which was even more successful than the preceding "Dame aux Camelias" and "Diane de Lys." Got wrote: "Great king, cease to conquer! But it's just, for the play is well conceived, and so is the title. A little wordy at times, but a strong play well acted by the Gymnase Company, Mme. Rose Cheri, Berton and my comrade Al. Dupuis leading."

When "Le Demi-Monde" was played in Paris at the Theatre Francais in 1910 Adolphe Brisson wrote a long article, beginning: "It was an interesting and somewhat melancholy evening. It is always distressing to find new wrinkles in a loved face"; but he ended by saying that the play still stood firm. "Time has faded, not destroyed it. . . . In it is a drama of passion, the incidents of which are developed without wearying the spectator during the five long acts. (We are no longer accustomed to these copious, abundant works.)"

In 1855 the powers that were, wished the comedy to be produced at the Theatre Francais. It was read to the Emperor and all agreed that it was not to be accepted. They were shocked by the dialogue and the realistic scenes. For Scribe still directed the dramatic taste. One demanded only circumspect entertainment on the stage; respectable love stories, happy endings, ingenious plots, superficial observation of manners and morals. Dumas came along, smashing the idols, audacious in a surprising manner; but he no longer glorified the courtesan; he showed her vainly trying to force her way into society.

Was Olivier de Jalin a cad? To save de Nanjac, a mere acquaintance, from a disastrous marriage, he argued in this manner with the woman: "You are deceiving cynically this good fellow. He thinks you are a widow; you are not. He thinks you are a baroness; you are not. He thinks that your large income comes from a pure source; it comes from an old gentleman. If de Nanjac weds you, he will be disgraced, for it will be supposed that he is led by motives of interest. If he ignores your treachery, his reputation will be ruined; if he discovers it he will be still more unfortunate. Opposing this crazy union, I save the two of you; I spare you the cruellest sufferings in the future. You should thank me."

The comedy is still played in French. There have been several translations into English. The translations have had various titles, as "The Fringe of Society," "Deception," "The Froth of Society." As "The Crust of Society" it was performed here at the Globe Theatre in December, 1892. John Stetson's company was composed of Messrs. Haworth, Edgar L. Davenport, Whiting, Saint-Maur; Carrie Turner, Jane Stuart, Helen Kinnaird, Elita Proctor Otis.

In the list of Bostonians in the audience the first night we find, according to the Boston Journal, "Major Frank H. Briggs and lady; Mr. Ernest Fenellosa and wife." "Genteel" reporting often furnishes amusement.

The translation was made by Louise Imogen Gulney, but as the original was too long for the patience of an American audience, William Seymour shortened the comedy. "In removing the scene of the play from France to England it was necessary to make some changes in the author's text." This has a familiar sound.

In one of the companies playing "The Crust of Society" in 1894 Lydia Thompson and her daughter, Zeffie Tilbury, took part.

"Deception" was translated by Mattie Sheridan. Col. Brown stated that it was translated from Dumas's "novel." The Baroness Elizabeth L. Blanc made her first appearance in New York in this play.

"The Fringe of Society," translated by Charles Wyndham and John Moore, was brought out in London in 1892.

There was a burlesque, "The Fringe of the Froth of the Crust of Society," produced in New York in 1893. Note the characters: Woman with a Past, Kate Davis; Impassioned Lover, Ed J. Connelly; Knowing Friend, W. J. Fitzgerald; Guileless Benefactor, Jacques Kruger. Would that we had seen Kate Davis as the Woman with a Past.

Dumas put the word "Demi-Monde" and "demi-mondaine" into the French language. It is interesting to note the various definitions.

Loredan Larchey (1878): "A woman born in high society who preserves its manners without respecting its laws." In 1863 Larchey said that this woman was called in 1841 a "femme dechue," a woman that had fallen from her estate.

Alfred Delvan: Demi-monde. "The world of gallantry in Parisian society, according to the slang of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, who made a play on the subject."

Hector France: "A woman or girl who has received a certain education and has fallen into elegant prostitution."

selves through its being copyrighted. Doubtless any competent trademark lawyer would advise them that any such a copyright, especially in the way it is used, is legally worthless; its possessors, however, seem content to put themselves into the position of the English curate, introducing his bride to his bishop, saying: "A poor thing, but mine own!" ALFRED ELA.

As the World Wags:

I was having my lunch at that famous place, noted for the pulchritude of its serving girls and the quality, not quantity, of its food. The diner at my right was blessed with breadth of shoulders and a heavy overcoat. Wedged in between me and another fat neighbor, he was making heavy going getting his food home. Finally giving it up as a bad job, he turned to me with the remark: "The wise cracker who laid out the format of these seats must have pulled his masterpiece in mid-summer by lining up 15 skinny guys in their Palm Beaches and BVDs, jammed them together and called it a day. This is no cold weather dump, believe me." S. A. PRISTI.

#### "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"

As the World Wags:

One of us is of the opinion that Messrs. Kaufman and Connolly did not invent the phrase "The Beggar on Horseback," yet none of us can tell where else in our literature it occurs. A reference to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" failed to trace it. Perhaps you, Mr. Herkimer Johnson would know whether the title of the play is an allusion to any previous use of the phrase. Perhaps other readers of As the World Wags and Notes and Lines would be interested in the answer to this question. WILLIAM N. BOURNE.

## MAIER-PATTISON

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison gave a recital for two pianos yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Their fame and the good of the cause for which the concert was planned, the Charity Fund Miss Hersey's School Association, attracted a very large audience.

Since they write some of their music themselves, and transcribe more, probably Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison would not assent to the recent statement of the two Miss Sutros that music exists for two pianos in abundance. Where do the ladies keep it hid? Mr. Pattison and Mr. Maier, by all accounts, find it no easy matter to freshen their repertory year by year. The marvel is they succeed so well.

Who else would have ferreted out of the past a sonata by Clementi? They were fortunate in finding one that did not recall too painfully those early days of enforced practice at the keyboard. Lucky, too, they were in laying hands on so short a sonata that its fragile charm had not time to pall. If



Dumas himself wrote that this "half world" was an island lying between two continents. The woman encountered there is neither the virtuous woman nor the prostitute; she is the declassée; her misfortunes and her faults made her fall from her social rank. She is not a courtesan, for in love she remains disinterested. In other words, she is not venal.

The French word "demi-monde" is thus defined in the great Oxford Dictionary: "The class of women of doubtful reputation and social standing, upon the outskirts of society. Sometimes, though improperly extended to include courtesans in general." There is a quotation from Fraser's Magazine (1855): "Demi-monde is the link between good and bad society . . . the world of compromised women, a social limbo, the inmates of which . . . are perpetually struggling to emerge into the paradise of honest and respectable ladies."

"Froth of Society." And so we find the title "Spindrift" for the play to be seen tomorrow night.

"Spindrift, (a variation of spoon-drift, due to local Scottish pronunciations of 'spoon'; the form 'speen' is northeastern; 'spin' southwestern.) Continuous driving of spray." The lexicographer adds: "Common in English writers from about 1880, probably at first under the influence of W. Black's novels."

But the word occurs in Sir James Melville's Diary (1600). He was Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to Mary, Queen of Scots.

In spoon-drift, the "spoon" comes from the verb "spoon: in sailing to run before the wind or sea."

And so the title "Spindrift" suggests characters in the play that are as "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame." Let us hope that "the blackness of darkness" reserved for them, according to Jude in his epistle, is not "for ever."

William Archer asked apropos of "The Squire of Dames" which R. C. Carton translated from Dumas's "L'Ami des Femmes": "By what sorcery does Mr. Wyndham suppose that a bad old French play can be transformed into a good new English play? His experiment with 'Le Demi-Monde' surely did not result very brilliantly. Yet 'Le Demi-Monde' was in itself a better play than 'L'Ami des Femmes.' The fact is Mr. Wyndham does not care whether a play is good or bad, French or English, antiquated or modern. He simply looks for a showy part and takes it wherever he finds it."

In that extraordinary novel "We" by Eugene Zimiatin there is a description of music as it will be cultivated in Russia a thousand years hence. Mathematics will be the cause, music the effect. The musicometer will give concerts: "By merely rotating this handle any one is enabled to produce about three sonatas per hour. What difficulties our predecessors had in making music! They were able to compose only by bringing themselves to strokes of inspiration, an extinct form of epilepsy. Here you have an amusing illustration of their achievements; the music of Scriabin twentieth century. This black box (a curtain parted on the platform and we saw an ancient instrument) 'this box they called the 'Royal Grand.' They attached to this the idea of regality. Which also goes to prove how their music, 1,300, (for in Russia men and women will be numbered, not named) was dressed in the fantastic costume of the ancient time."

She began to play something wild, convulsive, loud, like all their life then, not a shadow of rational mechanism. . . . Yes, epilepsy, a mental disease, a pain. A slow, sweet pain, bite, and it goes deeper and becomes sharper. And then, slowly, sunshine, not our sunshine, not crystalline, bluish and soft, coming through the glass bricks. No, a wild sunshine, rushing and burning, tearing everything into small bits.

"Like all the other Numbers," says the hero, "I heard the senseless, disorderly cracking of the chords. I laughed; I felt too light and simple. The gifted phono-lecturer represented to us only too well that wild epoch. With what a joy I listened afterward to our contemporary music. It was demonstrated to us at the end of the lecture for the sake of contrast. Crystalline chromatic scales converging and diverging into endless series; and synthetic harmony of the formulae of Taylor and McLaufen, wholesome, square and massive like the 'trousers of Pythagoras.' Sad melodies dying away in waving movements. The beautiful texture of the spectrum of planets, dissected by Fraunhofer lines . . . what magnificent, what perfect regularity! How pitiful the wilful music of the ancients, not limited except by the scope of their wild imaginations!"

P. H.

Mozart, who held no opinion at all of Clementi's playing or of his sonatas, had heard this little movement yesterday, ten to one he would have relished it.

Most likely Brahms would have been pleased with Mr. Maier's arrangement of the "Liebeslieder" waltzes and their delightful performance. A Scherzino by Edouard Schuett, with a vigorous episode in its course, came as an excellent contrast to what had gone before.

In the Schumann Andante and Vari-

tions, Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison had to repeat themselves. What else could they do, since this music stands on a plane of its own in the repertory of pieces for two pianos? Those many persons, according to Mr. Maier, who begged for the Mozart sonata instead of the Bach concerto announced, showed no knack at program-making. And why should they tease artists to overturn their arrangements? Though Mr. Pattison and Mr. Maier played the sonata exquisitely, at the moment it could not fill the place of Bach.

Attractive "Wedding Waltzes" by Dohányi, from the "Vell of Pierrette," came next; Mr. Maier arranged them. Then came a "Chinoiserie" by that playful nobleman, Loré Berners, amusing music which gained much from the gravity of the players, a gravity equally suited to tragedy or to farce. They played "The Enchanted Spring" by Templeton Strong, an Irish dance by D. G. Blake, and, by Duvernoy, "Pin Wheels"; are these players old enough to have been put to work in their youth

on Duvernoy? The program ended, unfortunately too late in the day for everybody to hear it, with "The Arkansaw Traveller," by Mr. Pattison. But it is a safe guess that the concert did not end so soon.

These several years Mr. Maier and

Mr. Pattison have had at their command every quality desirable for playing two-piano music. Yesterday they were at their best; they seemed even to have gained a still finer freedom of utterance. The audience displayed lively enthusiasm.

R. R. G.

## "WM. H. SHAKESPEARE"

To the Dramatic Editor of The Herald:

Let us get this right. Mr. Whiting on March 4 referred to the "occasion in Boston not so many years ago when a man, prominent in politics, at the close of an eloquent address shouted out his tribute to the greatest of all writers, William G. Shakespeare." I was among those present "on that festive and festal occasion and remember distinctly that the orator of the day referred to "William H. Shakespeare." One of my friends, who can repeat whole plays of the immortal bard, asserts that he "heard with his own ears" the climax, "worked up to the disclosure that the honorable speaker was naming none other than "William Henry Shakespeare." When critics fall out who shall decide? Must it be put up to the writer,

## "For the Honor of Boston"

### Roy R. Gardner Discusses the Question of Local and Permanent Opera

"If Boston cannot be the biggest American city, why not make it the best from the cultural point of view?" So queried an editorial writer in The Herald a month or more ago. In true construction spirit he suggested several fields of effort toward the recovery of our lost prestige. But he made no mention of a permanent opera.

Perhaps he thinks fortnightly visits from the Chicago and San Carlo companies answer very well, since opera stands not on quite so high a musical plane as the best of orchestral and chamber music. An intelligent performance, none the less, of a good opera affords rare pleasure to musical persons of fine taste; of still greater consequence, it offers pleasure to people of less fine taste, thereby raising the average of taste in a community—surely a desirable end. Since nothing so pointedly suggests a city's provincialism as its dependence for artistic enjoyment on organizations from abroad, a permanent opera here, be it ever so modest, would go far toward bettering our musical status.

If opera were to be established, the first necessity would be a body of responsible directors, able, intelligent men and women who would really direct, not merely lend their names and leave the direction to a more or less incapable, wholly self-seeking man. These directors should scour the earth till they find a man of probity who knows his business. Then, with the exception of financial matters, they should give him full authority and hold him responsible for the results. A man of fitting quality would have to be well paid.

So would two conductors. Men of real ability would be needed, men who by their skill can bring out the best of a small orchestra and of singers of moderate pretensions. Such conductors do exist. And, whatever his price, the most competent stage manager available should be secured. The worth of able producing has been proved time and again. Who remembers those undistinguished actors who first did "Fanny's First Play" here? They had been so cleverly trained they made us all sit up and stare. The Russian opera company, without a fine artist in its ranks, lent their performances a life that has not been equalled since. The Moscow people and the Irish Players, by no means strong actors individually brilliant, contrived an ensemble that carried the world before it. A stage manager of merit the opera must have.

Director, conductors, stage manager—they would prove expensive. But expenses otherwise need not be heavy. There is a theatre of suitable size and convenient situation which probably could be rented at a reasonable price. Scenery need not be dear. If Mr. Hampden and Mr. Barrymore can play "Hamlet" with little scenery or none, why should "La Bohème" or "Il Trovatore" so set out prove less agreeable? There is a wide repertory even without "Aida" and the Wagner operas which make exigent scenic demands. If a man of taste and imagination were to do what can be done with lights, simple drops fittingly colored and curtains, he could devise a setting for many an opera which would satisfy all persons but those who place opulence first. Costumes, by the same token, need not necessarily cost much. For after all the play is the thing, not the garb and fixings.

There's the point—let it be a play. Most of the operas that hold the stage have stirring drama in them, or, it may be, lively comedy. Then the stage manager should see, in Wagner's way, that the drama comes by its own. Let the operas be sung in English—new translations, if need be. Let that manager put his foot down that the words, at all events those that are significant, shall be clearly pronounced; they can be, and every singer knows they can. Let him insist that a lover shall look as much like a lover as may be, and in any case that he shall behave like one. After the pattern of the Russians, let him train his chorus to impersonate human beings, not sticks of wood.

Even "Lucia" has ardor in it, a spirit of poetic romance always overlooked in present-day performance. "La Traviata," if properly played, retains the vitality of "Camille." Of Puccini's stage craft it is not necessary to speak; it always makes its way. So do many operas of modern France.

The singers? From the music schools and studios in Boston the director could surely cast every opera two or three times over with young men and women of fresh and well-trained voices. To some extent this

or rather the deliverer, of that now famous eulogy? For the sake of historians and future declaimers, let us have this settled, while we may, in this generation.

In an editorial on the same page I find reference to H. C. Bunner's "Mul-

leary." Let the editor of Puck in its palmy days speak for himself:

"Shake was a dramatist of note; He lived by writing things to quote. He long ago put on his shroud, Some of his works are rather loud. His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose, I know there's dust upon his nose. I'll have to give each nose a sheath— Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe."

Another ancient wheeze, out of sight and out of mind of late, might be re-framed and hung on the walls of your "Corridors of Time." "John Barabara, Tonsorial Artist—Hirsute appendages and capillary excrescences removed with celerity and without pain—(to the operator)."

Please "add appropriate music." When our army occupied Havana during the Spanish war the tune, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," was quite in vogue in "the States." The Spanish papers reported that our troops entered the capital playing, "It will be quite warm in the city this evening."

LAVENGRO.

## IS THIS TRUE?

"The Boston Symphony orchestra has asked permission of Mana-Zucca, Miami composer, to play one of her works and has invited her to be present when it is produced in Boston this spring. No other woman composer has been given this recognition by this noted musical organization.

"'Piepa' is the composition selected by Mana-Zucca for a place in the repertory of the Boston Symphony orchestra and she is planning to go North, probably in May, to hear it given.

"Miami has the distinction of being the home of Mana-Zucca, who is in private life Mrs. Irwin M. Cassel. Mazica Hall is the name of the charming villa that is her home. In the great music room with softly toned walls hung with blue draperies this interesting and gifted young artist is working on themes that will add to her fame in the musical world.

"Mana-Zucca is a girlish young woman with a wealth of bronzed hair and sparkling eyes. She is a radiant type unspoiled by success and brimming with happiness. Since her childhood she has devoted herself to her



...ory has been proved true, for in the most recent local operatic venture the singers who pleased best were products of Boston teaching. They liked, there is no denying, the valuable asset of experience. But want experience, with enthusiasm to lend its aid, may answer better than routine.

From these young people the director could establish his company, training those who, after public trial, gave best satisfaction. They could not expect, till they had proved their worth, high salaries. The chorus, recruited from the same sources, could almost be asked to take their pay in training for the stage. The orchestra as well, except for a few trained leaders, could be drawn from pupils here in town. With a steady engagement of many months—almost the year round if some out-of-door place could be found for summer operetta—and their gain in orchestral experience, they too could not demand much money at first.

Here are theatre and forces provided for—what so easy as plans on paper? There is the public, though, to be thought of. There does exist in some degree a public for opera in English; past attempts have proved the point. To extend it, by the attractiveness of their performances, would be the job of the director and his musicians. So long as most of the singers were from Boston or hereabouts, their sisters, cousins and aunts would fill the theatre for many a night. If the performances were, dramatically, excellent, and, musically, reasonably good, it is hard to believe that the latent taste for opera would not grow.

This scheme would cost money. In the length and breadth of Boston there ought to be enough. The Symphony orchestra gets what it needs; the People's orchestra holds its own, so does the Art Museum. Why not have an opera as well? Though unpretentious, even humble at the start, better days come, it would be our own, a theatre where we could hear a dignified repertory intelligently performed, where the young singers our teachers teach could have opportunity to sing, our young players a chance to play.

Let somebody make the move, if only to do away with one element of our provincialism. Let somebody make it, to quote again the editorial, "for the honor of Boston."

ROY R. GARDNER.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. First time in Boston. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Copley-Plaza Hotel, 8:15 P. M. Abraham Hantowitsch, violinist. Jesus M. Sanmore, pianist, Beethoven, "Kreutzer" Sonata; Tchaikovsky, Air of Lenky from "Eugen Onegin"; Pergament, Serenade. Rubinstein-Binder, Chant and Dance from "The Macabees"; Fibich, Poem; Brahms-Hochstein, Waltz; Rimsky-Korsakov, Hymn to the Sun; Sarasate, Zigeunerweisen.

**MONDAY**—Grace Horne's Galleries, Stuart street, at Dartmouth. Alton Foeter's costume song recital. Russian songs. Moussorgsky, After the Battle and The Semnarian; Gretchaninov, The Captive. Poems of China and Japan. Griffes, So-Fei gathering flowers and a Feast of Lanterns; Crlet, The Moon Child, Watching, Unfortunate, Bald Head Lee; Salt Water Ballads, Keel, Mother Carey and Trade Winds; folk songs from the Kentucky mountains, by Wyman and Brockway, William Hall, Billie Boy, Frog Went a-Courting. Eleanor Leutz Diemer, violoncello; Elsa Strasser Currie, piano; Hure, cello sonata, F sharp minor; G. Faure, Elegie; Scott, Lullaby; Glazounov, Spanish Serenade.

**TUESDAY**—Symphony Hall, 8:15. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist. His third recital. Chopin program. Sonata, B minor; Nocturne, G major; Waltz, F major; Ballade, G minor; Three Mazurkas, F minor, C major, A flat minor; Scherzo, C sharp minor; Fantasy, F minor; Three Etudes: G sharp minor, G flat major, A minor; Waltz, A flat major; Andante Spianato and Polonaise.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the 54th season of the Apollo Club. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. W. Clifton Johnson, tenor; Henry C. Jackson, tenor; Dr. Wm. M. Parks, Jr., baritone. Members of the club will assist. Carmela Ippolito, violinist. Part songs: Kirchl, Awake! "Tis Morning; Schilling, Clouds, Sunshine; Gerlicke, Chorus of Homage; Gretchaninov, Nunc Dimittis; Parker, The Leap of Roushan Beg (tenor solo by Mr. Johnson); Stock, Route Marchin'; Protheroe, Shadow March; Gibeon, A Song to Music (solo by Messrs. Jackson and Parks); Offenbach, Beateque Night (with violin obligato); Brambach, Chorus from "Alceste." Violin solos: Senalle, Allegro, Granados, Spanish Dance; Chopin-Thomson, Mazurka opus 7 No. 1; Sliding, Romance; Paganini-Loeffler, Witches' Dance.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Smith, pianist. Handel, "Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations; Schumann, Fantaisie, C major; Chopin, Mazurka, E minor, Polonaise A flat op. 53, Nocturne, F major, Ballade, A flat; Debussy, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin; Heilmann, Fountains Nos. 2, 3; Moussorgsky-Rachmaninoff, Hopak; Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebesleid; Saint-Saens, Study in the Form of a Waltz.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan Hall. Ethel Leginska, pianist and composer, and the N. Y. String Quartet (Ottokar Cadek, Jaroslav Siskovsky, Ludvik Schwab, Bedrick Vaska).

**SATURDAY**—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Guilmar Novaes, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata op. 81 A; Chopin, Impromptu F sharp, op. 361, Etude, op. 10, No. 7 Sonata B flat minor; Rameau, Tambourin and the same piece as arranged by Godowsky; Albeniz, Ronda and Tango; Villa-Lobos, Polichinelle; Hood, Berceuse; Debussy, Poissons d'Or; Szanto, Etude Orientale.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch giving a two-piano concert under the auspices of the Boston Relief Committee, Inc., for the relief of suffering in Germany. Bach Fantasia and Fugue, A minor (transcribed by Bauer); Mozart, Sonata, D major; Saint-Saens, Variations on a Theme by Beethoven; Reinecke, Improvisation on Schumann's "Manfred"; Arensky, Romance and Valse. Schuetz, Impromptu Rocco.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Polish Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

...art, beginning her career at six or seven years. Her compositions have been widely recognized and her texts are in very general use. Her songs are in high favor with Miami audiences and are in constant use in the repertoire of local singers. Mana-Zucca's husband, Mr. Cassell, is also a musician and has written many of the lyrics for which she has written the musical scores and has been a sympathetic and understanding aid in her work.

Orchestral music by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Ethel Leginska, Lili Boulanger has been played at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and has not Miss Lang been represented?

March 9, 1925

If you are forced to plead your cause in public, I shall pity you with all my heart. If you think of submitting yourself without necessity to its verdict, I shall say you are a fool. Remember that the malicious public is eager to laugh at your expense; it is wholly indifferent concerning the rendering of justice to whom it is due. Nor is this indifference so opposed to natural equity that one cannot justify it: By what right do you think you are of enough consequence to make me waste my time by your bickerings?—Baron de Grimm.

At least a dozen have written: What's this about the senators wearings their hearts upon their sleeves for Dawes to peek at?

### As the World Wags:

I wonder if Mr. Herklmer Johnson has any statistics showing the depressing influence of beards upon the haberdashery business. It is well known that the late King Leopold of Belgium grew and nourished an ample beard to hide the fact that he wore no necktie.

W. E. K.

In the sixties many men of dignity and importance sported a long, silky or bushy beard and wore no cravat. We knew a man in Albany, N. Y., a prominent citizen in the business world, who never wore a necktie, nor did he have a beard; but his collar button, for he did wear collars—Albany is not far from Troy—was a huge and bulging diamond.

—Ed.

### BUT IS BEAVER PLAYED TODAY?

As the World Wags:

I think that neither Tyrus nor Matthew Rogers have hit upon the most fruitful fields for the pursuit of the bewhiskered male. While the symphony concert and the campus may provide an atmosphere advantageous to the production of vast areas of facial foliage, nowhere is a more plentiful supply of multi-colored "beavers" to be found than on the streets of old Chelsea, where the wearing of one's own personal alfalfa is not an affectation but a religion. On a Saturday evening stroll through the most densely populated districts, in a few blocks one may easily roll up a score far beyond the wildest dreams of the most insatiable beaver fan.

PANSY.

### WHY MARRY?

(Adv. in a Boston Newspaper)

**RESTAURANT**—If you are a man and wife or a man looking for one to run call —

### "THAT" OR "WHO"

As the World Wags:

President Coolidge said in his inaugural: "The men and women of this country who toll are the ones who bear the cost of government." Mr. Brisbane in his daily column persistently uses "that" instead of "who." My old grammar tells me to use "who," but I am coming to think that "that" sounds better and reads easier.

A. F. S.

The editor of this column is not a grammarian, not even the son of a grammarian, but is not "that" the defining relative, and "who" the non-defining one? Is not "the man that picked my pocket" preferable to "the man who"? On the other hand, you would not say, "My Uncle Amos that left Hockanum Ferry yesterday," unless you had another Uncle Amos who had left from a different place. Years ago it was customary to use "that" for everything. Even De Quincey, a gorgeous rhetorician, wrote: "But by her side was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings." Here "that" introduces a non-defining clause. Euphony should also be considered. "That" soon followed by another "that" is disagreeable to the ear: "The King's English," by the Fowlers, and Mr. George B. Ives's "Text, Type and Style" contain instructive pages on this subject. These writers would probably change the "who's" in the inaugural to "that's," or write, "The men and women of this country that toll are the ones who," etc. But it might be asked: "Why be so beastly particular?"—Ed.

### NEAR THE "OLD HOWARD"

As the World Wags:

In the recent reminiscences of Howard street that you have printed no one seems to recall the old bar-room in the basement on the corner of Stoddard street almost directly across the street from the "Old Howard." It was run by Frank Hanson of the old team of Fields and Hanson, and it had upon its walls many interesting old programs and theatrical photographs and prints. Then, in what is now the St. Leon on Bulfinch place, there was a theatrical boarding house run by Toby Lyons and his wife. Toby, if you recall him, was a burlesque and variety performer and a singer of ribald songs and parodies, among them "Hinky Dee" and a parody on the "Goo Goo Man" from the Isle of Spice. These songs were the cause of his arrest and subsequent fines in many places. I remember hearing him sing these songs in a small city near Pittsburgh about 25 years ago. It was in the days before the burlesque shows had cleaned house; the women in the audience all left the theatre, and Toby was arrested and fined the next day. The published sheet music of the "Goo Goo Man" had a printed note upon it. "Extra verses by Toby Lyons." The verses were unprintable. F. E. H.

Frank Hanson and his partner, one Smith, made their first appearance at the Boylston Museum in Boston. Hanson's partner afterwards was Rich. The team of John F. Fields and Hanson was

formed in 1878. In 1883 the two appeared at the Howard Athenaeum. Having played for 16 weeks in European cities, returning to this country, they began their last season as a team with the Howard Athenaeum company, until in 1885 there was a separation. Mr. Hanson then went into business in Boston. He was born at Oaspee, N. H., in 1860. Fields took another partner but retained the name Fields and Hanson.—Ed.

### SPRING, GENTLE SPRING

R. P. Root, M. D., having read Edgar A. Guest's verses, "Promise," was moved to send for this column the following "poem":

Here's a Spring Poem, I declare!  
Poem about the Spring, for fair!  
All about the "epaees bare"  
Right out in the open air!  
Read these verses, and I swear  
You will go right out and tear  
"Open spaces" in your hair,  
And up on your hind legs rare.  
Editors don't have to pare  
Down expenses, they don't care  
Long as Edgar's dally blare  
Seeks them out right in their lair.

Here's a Spring Poem, I declare!  
Make you wriggle in your chair,  
Make your eyes pop out and stare,  
Make you want to die or dare,  
Poem about the Spring, for fair!

It's a bear.

### ECHOES OF THE EARTHQUAKE

As the World Wags:

Two mauls in the Back Bay were asleep a week ago last Saturday night. When the earthquake bumped them, they rushed into the street and told the police that the "Lone Wolf" was under their bed.

M. C. M.

(The Caledonian Record, St. Johnsbury, Vt.)  
"No steam or water pipes were broken and while many were in a highly nervous state for some time, there are no serious results."

### OVATION FOR GIGLI

Beniamino Gigli, the famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. He pleased his large audience to a degree beyond the power of any concert performer who has appeared here this winter. People greeted him on his entrance with long applause. After his first air they yelled. Before ever he finished his songs they burst in with their noisy clapping. On the broad grin they watched his comedy. They clamored for extra pieces without limit, calling out in no bashful tones what they wanted to hear. Mr. Gigli had every reason to be satisfied with his success.

It would be interesting to know if he wins his unquestioned successes in New York in precisely the same way that he won that of yesterday. If so, the public of the Metropolitan is not so exacting as one would naturally assume. Mr. Gigli did not sing uniformly well. Of "M'appari" from "Marta" he made sorry work. In the arioso from "Pagliacci" he forced his tone unwisely; he did so again in the air from "Andrea Chenier," besides quite misconceiving the character of the music. Even further abroad he strayed in "La Donna e mobile"; the Duke of Mantua after all was a man of breeding and manners, though of very highly doubtful morals.

On the other hand Mr. Gigli is blessed with a beautiful voice, when he sings with due regard to his present powers. He can deliver moderately strong tones in his middle register of amazing richness and sweetness. A fairly good pianissimo he can manage. But the moment he gives too much voice he coarsens its quality. His high tones, though loudly acclaimed, are either thin or hard and dry. There can be no need of this, for at the end of the Verdi air Mr. Gigli sang a high note with a splendid ring about it. It would be interesting to know why he is so often content to do less well than his best.

As well as arias Mr. Gigli sang various songs: "Come Love, with Me," by Vito Carnivalli, his spritely and able accompanist; Buzz!-Peccia's "Povero Pulcinella," "Rimpianto" by Toselli, and several unnamed songs. Though not of much musical consequence, they demand effective singing. That Mr. Gigli gave them, with a nicety of phrasing, too, a feeling for rhythm and a clearness of enunciation which showed how exceedingly well he can sing when he chooses to. He proved his fine abilities to still greater advantage in the slow part of the "Rigoletto" duet, a really beautiful piece of singing.

Miss Beatrice Mack sang Gilda's part of the duet, the mad scene from "Hamlet," "La Pastorella," by Schubert, "Winterabend," by Schwartz, and Si-



bell's "La Grometta." Though with a pretty voice to her credit and neatness of execution, Miss Mack is not yet so well equipped to deal with Thomas's music as she is with Sibella's song, which she sang extremely well, or her encore song, to which she lent a pretty sentiment. R. R. G.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

At the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon the People's Symphony, conducted by Stuart Mason, and with Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, as the soloist, gave its 17th concert with the following program: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8 in F major; Franck, Variations Symphoniques for piano and orchestra; Smetana, "Vltava" (The Moldau); Lewis, symphonic prelude to Browning's tragedy, "A Blot on the Scutcheon," op. 7; Chabrier, "Espana" rhapsody for orchestra.

Although Mr. Mason and the orchestra played the Beethoven symphony con amore, there was no ebullency, no melodic glow in their performance. At times in the allegretto there was a slim and whistling grace, but in the minuet the dance seemed too quickly paced. It was Beethoven played perfunctorily, without change or nuance.

An excellent pianist, of imagination, ardor and restraint, and a rare poise, Mme. Schnitzer lent some of her sensitivity to the orchestra in the Cesar Franck variations. In her brief solo passages she played meditatively, with a richness of tone, an exquisiteness of intonation; with the orchestra, there was no futile struggle to contend or compete. Each supplemented the phrase, the rhythmic variation, the mood of the other.

The performance of Sinetana's "Vltava," sensuously exultant, closing tumultuously with its suggestion of the rapids that interrupt the river near Prague, was a restrained one, at times monotonous. For the rest, Mr. Mason played for the first time Mr. Lewis's prelude to "The Blot on the Scutcheon," sonorous muslo, or orchestral fluency, although at times it seemed labored and inchoate. Chabrier's "Espana," with its episodes of languor and of mad dance, closed the program.

Next week Mr. Mason will again conduct, and the soloist will be Mildred Cobb, soprano. The program will be as follows: Dvorak, Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 95 (from the "New World"); Faure, "Pelleas and Melisande," suite for orchestra; Puccini, aria, "Un bel di vedremo," from "Madame Butterfly"; Chadwick, Anniversary Overture. E. G.

## Abraham Haitowitsch Gives Interesting Recital

Last evening at the Copley-Plaza, Abraham Haitowitsch, a blind violinist, with Jesus Sanroma as his accompanist, gave the following program before a large and applauding audience: Sonata op. 47 (Kreutzer), Beethoven; Air De Lensky, Tschalkowsky-Auer; Serenade, Pergament; Chant and Dance of the Maccabees, Rubinstein-Binder; Poem, Fibich; Waltz, Brahms-Hochstein; Hymn to the Sun, Rimsky-Korsakow; Kreisler; Perpetuum Mobile, Ries; Zigounerweisen, Sarasate.

Mr. Haitowitsch set himself a difficult program, commencing as he did with the Kreutzer sonata, which he encompassed with no little skill and an emotional sincerity that made the listener forget his sometimes faulty technique. His tones were often pure and lovely, and there was vigor and conviction in his playing of the finale.

In the dour little "Air de Lensky" of Tschalkowsky-Auer, he played with a tender melancholy; in Pergament's capricious and waltz-like "Serenade" he caught the rhythm of the dance; and there was warmth and zest in his "Chant and Dance of the Maccabees" with its luxuriant oriental measures, its frenzied sweep at the close.

As his accompanist, Mr. Sanroma had a tendency to lose himself in abrupt flashes and a heaviness of touch; otherwise his playing was intelligent and appreciative.

## "SPIN-DRIFT"

By PHILIP HALE

THEATRE—First performance at Boston of "Spin-Drift," a play by A. E. Thomas. Cast: D. Wh. Laurie St. Ives, Wallace Edinger, North, Lyonel Watts.

The Marquis de Bourne... Edward Emery  
John Talbot... Gilbert Douglas  
Rogers, St. Ives' man-servant  
Guy Cunningham  
Mrs. Harley-Guest... Margaret Lawrence  
Lady Avalon... Henrietta Crossman  
Mrs. Camilla Claiborne... Elizabeth Risdon  
Alice Darnley... Ruth Findlay  
Nathalie, maid to Mrs. Harley-Guest  
Mary Ellen Perry  
Fallon, maid to Lady Avalon  
Willie Frederic

The playbill contained this note: "Spin-Drift" is an entirely new play with no relation to any drama of similar subject, but Mr. Thomas duly credits its basic motif to the theme of a comedy Francaise classic by Alexandre Dumas fils, originally presented in America by John Stetson as 'The Crust of Society'."

Mr. Thomas took not only his "basic motif" from the younger Dumas, "Le Demi-Monde," he took the leading characters, turned them into English men and women; he also took incidents

and dialogue. The comparison of the women in the "half world" to baskets of peaches; many other lines in serious vein; situations, as the business with the letters—all this is Dumas's. It is true he cut down the lines of Dumas, as when St. Ives tells North that Mrs. Harley-Guest is not a widow, and never was one, but Mr. Thomas does not go on with Dumas's exposure and tell North the source of her money. It is not necessary to point out the heavy debt Mr. Thomas owes Dumas. It is much more than a "basic motif" and when Mr. Thomas says that his play is "entirely new—with no relation to any drama of similar subject" the spectator wonders if Mr. Thomas believes that older playgoers have completely lost their memory. He might say that much of his "humorous" dialogue is new and his own. No one will dispute it, but this new dialogue is hardly a recompense for the loss of Dumas's cynical wit. Furthermore Mr. Thomas in his eagerness to write a 'new play has turned Lady Avalon, the Suzanne of Dumas, into a sweet and almost sympathetic character who weeps at the end as she writes a farewell letter to North, knowing that the Marquis will open his eyes, whereas in Dumas's comedy the lover knows at last her unworthiness, declares that he was mad, and hardly speaks to her as she leaves the stage, while de Jalin (St. Ives) points a moral by saying how with a little of intelligence she could have worked good instead of evil.

It would have been fairer to Dumas if Mr. Thomas had frankly said of his play "based on the 'Demi-Monde' of Dumas."

Putting "Le Demi-Monde" out of the mind, one might say that Mr. Thomas has written a drama that holds the attention by the strife of wits between St. Ives and Mrs. Harley-Guest. Studying Dumas's characters, their actions and their talk, one exclaims: "What a mess!" And in Mr. Thomas's drama two men having had the last favors of a woman succeed in preventing her from an advantageous marriage by detaining her to her honest but rather dull lover. They argue in each play that men of their position cannot bear to see one of their class so deceived. They argue that the marriage will be unhappy. In Dumas's play Suzanne is frankly an adventuress, but her two lovers were not disgusted with her until she was resolved to wed. Their opinion was that this sort of thing should not be done. They could not endure the thought of one of their set being fooled. Mr. Thomas makes his heroine with a decided past look forward to a happy home and children that would be reared according to the laws of respectable English society, if not in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

In Mr. Thomas's play the characters, except North and Alice, are a shady lot in spite of their fine talk. His Camilla, with her vaudeville slang, might be in any farce comedy of American life. Lady Avalon's character is sandpapered and polished until it is far from being the woman in the French drama. And so, one thinking about Mr. Thomas's play, cannot help going back to the demi-mondaines of Dumas. The company at the Park is in many respects an excellent one, though it is not easy to accept Mr. Eddinger as the counterfeit presentment of an English nobleman. His performance might be described as amiable and discreet. Mr. Watts was the honest North, loyal but perplexed. He was surely English. So was that admirable actor, Mr. Emery, as the Marquis. It was refreshing to see him and Miss Crossman together on the stage. She had little to do, but how well she did it. Every gesture, every intonation had its significance, and though her part in the drama was apparently of little importance there was a finished portrayal of character that the dramatist had only sketched.

Miss Lawrence, no doubt following Mr. Thomas's scheme, made Mrs. Harley-Guest a lovable woman, whose plots and counter-plots were only to secure for herself years of domestic happiness. One felt that she had been a sadly abused woman; that the world, personified by St. Ives and the Marquis, had been harsh, even cruel towards her. Ac-

cepting this view of her nature, one pitied the poor thing, and was inclined to drop the tear of sensibility, so natural and affecting was her disappointment at not being accepted as a British matron in good and regular standing.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Goose Hangs High," a comedy in three acts by Lewis Beach, produced by the Dramatists Theatre, Inc. Directed by James Forbes. The cast:

Bernard Ingals... Norman Trevor  
Eunice Ingals... Lorna Elliott  
Noel Derby... William Seymour  
Leo Day... Fred Nelson  
Rhoda... Roberta Bellinger  
Julia Murdoch... Peggy Whiffen  
Mrs. Bradley... Mrs. Thomas Whiffen  
Hugh Ingals... William Handley  
Ronald Murdoch... Norman Hofer  
Lois Ingals... Elizabeth Wella  
Bradley Ingals... Eric Dressler  
Dagmar Carroll... Jean Spurney  
Elliott Kimberley... Harry Cowley  
Dazzler... (By Himself)

Again the reckless and dilettante gabble, the heedless and adventures of the younger generation, and the skeptic eyes and uncompromising self-sacrifice of the older, but Lewis Beach has dealt honestly with them, and "The Goose Hangs High" is a sincere and adroit little comedy, plausible for two acts, and then slipping into sheer sentimentalizing and theatrical convention.

There is little of the carking cynicism of the Lewis Beach of "The Square Peg" here, although as in the earlier play, he writes of the middle class American home, in this instance one touched with the inheritance of "the Bradleys," of its peculiar difficulties, its harassed struggle for existence, its strange dislike of facing life frankly.

So the Ingals, until interrupted, have comparative poverty, despite the caustic advice of the grandmother Bradley. And as the play opens they are awaiting the three incorrigibles for the Christmas holidays. Hugh arrives, unexpectedly, tells casually of his engagement to Dagmar; the twins, Bradley and Lois trample everything under foot as they sweep in boisterously, shouting their college patter.

Restless, irrepressible, they indulge in all of the accustomed antics of the flapper, both male and female, disturb the mild tenor of their parents' ways, disgust their sharp-tongued grandmother. Yet Mr. Beach never exaggerates, or writes without meaning, and his comedy is well timed, sharply paced, and real. He sees the ebullient younger generation rather glamorously, honest and well intentioned, demanding only the occasion to test their sportsmanship. And when Mr. Ingals, appalled at the increasing dictation of various of the councilmen to whom, as city assessor, he is responsible, resigns his position abruptly, they bear him out, become completely converted, unbelievably sentimental and devoted. Each insists on some act of self sacrifice; Hugh will postpone his marriage; the twins will not return to college, despite their parents' protestations; Lois will go into advertising, and Bradley to carrying a spear in a local stock company "to gain practical experience on the stage" in preparation for his scenic designing.

But unfortunately they are forestalled and with the help of the grandmother the Ingals are partially reinstated, provided that they will not squander money on the children, and in a mild theatrical glow the piece ends.

Although there have been changes in the company, the ensemble is still a good one, and Mrs. Whiffen, clamorously greeted, played the clear eyed grandmother who sees the ridiculousness of self sacrifice and petulance, as only Mrs. Whiffen could do her, without effort, delicately and with zest. Mr. Trevor as the harassed father, abrupt in his boyish flashes, insistent that the twins return to college even to their former extravagance, plays excellently, making the most of each fine and dramatic turn. And the others support them well. The audience was large and demanded Mrs. Whiffen enthusiastically. E. G.

COPLEY THEATRE—"A Bill of Divorcement," play in three acts, by Clemence Dane; the Boston repertory company. The cast:

Margaret Fairfield... Jessamine Newcombe  
Hester Fairfield... Elspeth Dudgeon  
Sydney Fairfield... Katherine Standing  
Bassett... May Edies  
Gray Meredith... Alan Mowbray  
Kit Pumphrey... Philip Tonge  
Hilary Fairfield... F. E. Clive  
Dr. Allot... C. Wordley Hulke  
Rev. Christopher Pumphrey... Victor Tandy

This play made a stir when it was produced in London in March, 1921, a stir that repeated itself on its New York production some seven months later. Many New York critics, taking high ground, would have it the finest dramatic effort of a season. The public, in full accord, flocked to the theatre for months.

For the seriousness of her effort to treat worthily a theme of real significance, Miss Dane surely deserves all the praise that has fallen her way. In many respects, too, she succeeded well in her attempt. She wrote an exceedingly able first act. She drew her

characters with a science of genuine theatrical effectiveness.

That she failed to make the second and third acts move smoothly and inevitably toward a climax does not signify greatly: in life as well as in Miss Dane's play there is a deal of backing and filling. Some flowers of speech too suggestive of the stage, some wearisome, dogmatic talk did no real harm; Miss Dane had views she wanted to set forth. It was in her choice of a theme she erred.

The theme is Insanity. A man 16 years insane, incurably so, his doctors agreed, suddenly recovered his reason, made his way home from a mad-house to find his wife, recently divorced, about to marry again. To rub in the horror, his daughter, a girl with some interest in eugenics and heredity, herself engaged to be married, is brought face to face with the fact that she, of an unstable temperament like her father's, is no fitting mother of children. So much of the tale must needs be told.

But Miss Dane should never have told it. Tragic it is, God knows. No doubt, if she were to confide with heads of insane asylums she could hit on still worse. In hospitals for bodily ills she could also find piteous instances to serve as matter for drama. The one case would be no worse than the other. Drama should surely be based on human character, not on physical and mental ailments. If so unhappy a theme must be made into drama, the task should be left to Germans like Sudermann or Hauptmann, or to Ibsen. They at least could refrain from treating it hysterically.

The acting last night bettered the play. Mr. Clive, one can easily believe, had thoughtfully considered the bearing of a man that day escaped from a mad-house. In several harrowing scenes he played with genuine power. Miss Newcombe did well with the role of his harassed wife, a skillfully drawn portrait of a kindly, weak woman who wanted only to do what was right.

In the part of the daughter Miss

Standing did what not one woman out of a hundred can do, she actually portrayed, without either exaggeration or silliness, the behavior of a young girl. When her troubles came fast upon her, she rose nobly to the occasion. Mr. Mowbray managed the sturdy lover fairly well; Miss Dudgeon uttered with point and vim the opinions Miss Dane rather one-sidedly attributed to the old school: Mr. Hulke and Mr. Tonge were successful in their parts. Miss Dane and Mr. Tandy between them made a ridiculous caricature of the vicar.

The acting was good. The play is emotionally stirring. People who like to be harrowed should not miss it. R. R. G.

SHUBERT THEATRE—F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest present Ballet's "Chauve-Souris." Conceived by Nikita Ballet. Staged by Alexander Sanin. Dances directed by Boris Romanoff. M. Zlatin conducted. The principal performers were Mmes. Deykharanova, Tchoukleva, Karavanova, Birse, Ershova, Fechner, Komissarjevskaya, Sperantseva, Zlatina, Zottoff and Messrs. Anfimoff, Dalmatoff, Ermoloff, Marlevsky, Okorotchenko, Shetel, Stoinovskiy, Touchnoff, Wurtzel, Zottoff, Davidoff, Gorbetsky and Anfimoff.

The performance was lengthened beyond the program, and three of the old favorites, including the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," were thrown in for good measure.

Since a majority in the audience, it is safe to say, were unfamiliar with the Russian tongue, it is the more remarkable that this performance should be so easily understandable by all; that the principals were able to hold an audience fascinated by their facial play, poise and pantomime of a style little less than grand. To be sure, there was the rotund and smiling Ballet, who made the announcements, the observations in comic style, helpful indeed to the onlooker, despite the obviousness of a fuller command of English at his disposal than perhaps he would like to admit.

With the 13 scenes—you are aware that this is Russian vaudeville—and the three added numbers, it is beyond question to analyse each act. From dancé to song it went, from stark tragedy to burlesque, with buffoonery and comedy as well, and standing out beyond all the profound sincerity of the performers.

Thus the entertainment had its tragic start in "Stenka Razin," a legend of the Volga, in which jealousy, drunkenness, murder has its fling, ending with a gay celebration over a gruesome episode. Next, "The Rendezvous of Love," then "A Winter Evening," a duet in the glow of the fireside, framed in snow and pointed icicles. Then comedy, "Love in the Ranks," the way of a maid and the triumph of military seniority. Came an "Ancient Cameo," silhouetted from black recesses, a picture to carry with one. Now the "Shepherdess Interlude," a pictorial treat, a triumph of the piping shepherd over the proffered bulging caskets of jewels. Still more of the Cossacks, "The Zapo-



rozhtsi," a bolsterous skit on tracing an insult to the Sultan, the dialogue lost in the roaring performers who would outdo each other in sting and wit. The single incongruous feature was "The Arrival at Bethlehem." Many, no doubt, looked on this as sacrilegious, despite the sincerity of the performers. There was the rebuff at the inn, and the open door to the stable, and the Mother flooded in light, gazing down at the infant. A scene, more appropriate in the Sunday school, where the illusion would leave nothing to question. Again to comedy, "Scylliana," strolling troubadours in song and merry quip. Tragedy once more, "The King Orders the Drums to Be Beaten," in which a nobleman patriot yields his wife to the king. But the queen would have it otherwise and offers flowers to the unfortunate woman, who inhales and expires. Tragic-comedy now in "The Four Corpses," duels galore, convenient and well timed deaths, reviving the dead, and dead again once and for all. Then the "Quarrel of Two Dutch Women," a catty spat, a whacking dance and reconciliation. And finally, "A Country Picnic in a Distant Province of Russia." Commencing with tragedy, ending in a picnic, this is running true to form in vaudeville, Russian or American. Novelty it is indeed. Send us more such as this from Russia!

T. A. R.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company in "Pollyanna," a four-act play by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, adapted from the story by Eleanor H. Porter, staged by Samuel Godfrey, with the following cast:

Mrs. Carmody	Olive Blakeney
Miss Carroll	Marie Lolley
Mrs. Gregg	Barbara Grey
Nancy	Robert Lee Clark
Aunt Polly	Anna Layng
Pollyanna	Elsie Hitz
Jimmie Bean	Houston Richards
John Pendleton	Bernard Nedell
Bleeker	Ralph Remley
Tom Chilton	Louis Leon Hall
Chauffeur	G. Frankel Abbott

Pollyanna made a good start toward a week's inextinguishable gladness last night when she returned to Boston boards after an absence of seven years. Elsie Hitz scattered profuse and assorted rays of certified sunshine over the cast, the stage, the audience, and the wide world in the role of the little orphan girl, who has had to imagine all her good times, so has trained her imagination to meet all exigencies, even to extract cheer from the fact that a doll is snatched from her arms to send to the alleged heathen, and to be glad that she was run over and paralyzed, because when she got well she thought so much more of her feet.

"Pollyanna" has become more than a hook or a play; it is a cult, and as such will charm its adherents by the really fine performance given by the local company. Others may laugh and recall the cartoonist's Pollyanna, the maid lying beneath the wheels of a motor car, and saying, "Oh, I'm glad it's a limousine!"

A large audience entered well into the spirit of gladness last night as the little unknown came into the austere and hidebound circle of New England villagers, with their shocked reserve and grudges of decades' standing, and subjected them all to the sunshine of her smile, teaching them her game of always finding something to be glad about, until one man forgot his cough, another threw away his crutches, a legless man rejoiced in his plight, because it gave him, perforce, a sedentary occupation, and withal the doctor sadly shook his head as old and profitable cases slipped from his grasp.

There is a strange man who lives next door to Aunt Polly—a man who is stern, dark and cynical and keeps the sunshine barred out with blinds. And there is a secret tunnel under the wall to Aunt Polly's house, a tunnel with a sad, romantic tale of planned elopement and thwarted love. The stern man's intimate friend, the doctor, has also a seared heart, for he loves Aunt Polly and they haven't spoken for 20 years. You know the story—"a little child shall lead them," and she does most delightfully, turning the world upside down in amazing fashion and remoulding it nearer to everybody's heart's desire.

The play was exceptionally well cast and moved smoothly and without serious flaw. Miss Hitz was admirable, Anna Layng's Aunt Polly was a character well developed, as was Houston Richards' orphan boy and Miss Clark's servant girl Nancy. Other parts were adequately taken. "Pollyanna," play and cult, receives its due. H. F. M.

## MAY IRWIN 'STOPS SHOW' AT KEITH'S

May Irwin, one of the greatest comedienne of the stage, has lost none of her greatness since her retirement.

At B. F. Keith's theatre last night, she stopped the show with a playlet by George Ade called "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse" that is just made to order for the versatile Miss Irwin. The situations which arise after she, in the role of a famous reformer, has taken

a couple of "shots" of 40-year-old stuff; the appearance of a jealous wife and the liding in closets are indeed ludicrous. Miss Irwin was forced to sing one of her old-time songs, also to recite about "an old silk dress" before she was able to leave her enthusiastic audience.

The rest of the bill is well balanced featuring Holmes and Levere, who have a song and dance number showing them first entering a box on the stage to witness a show. They fall asleep, the stage darkens, then they appear and do their act. At its close the box is shown again with the performers still sitting there. They are supposed to have dreamed that they were actors. Puck and White in "From Opera to Jazz" score heavily, as usual with these entertainers; Edward Stanshoif and Gracie, assisted by the Six Tivoli Girls, have a speedy and graceful dance act; Lillian Norton, dainty comedienne, offers songs; Millard and Martin in "Honeymooning" are pleasing, while Larry Stoutenburgh makes all kinds of trick pool and billiard shots. Harry Tsinda does stunts with tables, rubber balls and chairs.

The news reel and film table pre up to their accustomed standard.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

Tremont—"Bachelors' Brides," farce by A. E. Thomas, with Geoffrey Kerr, Ottola Nesmith, Ben Johnson, Beatrice Terry and others. Last week.

Colonial—"Kid Boots," Ziegfeld's musical production, starring Eddie Cantor and featuring Mary Eaton. Third week.

Hollis—"The Swan," comedy by Molnar, with Eva Le Gallienne. Last week.

Wilbur—"Beggars on Horseback," Kaufman and Connolly's satirical comedy, with Roland Young. Fifth week.

Majestic—"I'll Say She Is," musical revue, starring the four Marx brothers. Fifth week.

Selwyn—"White Cargo," Leon Gordon acts in his own play. Eighth week.

Mr. Irvin Cobb's telegram to the New York World: "I hate to disappoint any one, but the Chicago report that I am dead is, so far as I can learn, entirely unfounded," of course reminded readers of Mark Twain's describing a similar report concerning himself as "greatly exaggerated."

But there have been even happier replies in England. Dr. Venn of Calus College found himself mentioned as dead in a book of current biographies. He wrote for further information. "I am not disputing the fact," he said.

Whistler, having read an obituary of himself in the Morning Post, wrote to the editor about "your gentlemen of the ready wreath."

### THE GENTLER SEX

L. R. R. read this paragraph:

"A Chicago newspaper announces that women have tackled all jobs but three. In order all interested may not be forced to neglect their cross-word puzzles while figuring this out, let it be said the jobs in question are stevedore, bass singer and female impersonator."

It writes: "Women load coal into steamers at all oriental ports. That's 'stevedoring' with a vengeance. They climb ladders with bags on their shoulders. A hodcarrier has a snap in comparison."

Yes, we have seen pictures of these women at work; perhaps in the National Geographic Magazine, which comes to us, as we have been made a member of the society, to quote B. L. T.'s wheeze of some years ago.

### NO "WASH HER THIRTEEN!"

As the World Wags:

When I was young I lived in Boston. There were then 14 hand fire engines. Mazeppa 1, Perkins 2, Eagle 3, Cataract 4, Extinguisher 5, Melville 6, Tiger 7, Boston 8, Maverick 9, Dunbar 10, Barnicoat 11, Tremont 12, Spinney 14. Why was the number 13 omitted? From superstition? Perhaps some old-timer can answer.

Brockton.

As the World Wags:

About that word OOWAH. The Postal Star says that Mark Antony used this word when he first beheld Cleo. He is wrong. If he will read his Bible he will find that the first mention of the word occurs in the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den. When Daniel was chucked in the hungry lions sprang fiercely at him, smacking their lips. But Dan gave them such a stern and masterful look that all the lions shouted "OOWAH" and slunk away.

CHARTER OAK.

We do not find any authority for this story in the commentaries on the Book of Daniel, nor even in Frederick Braunschorn's huge quarto published in 1613, in which he gives "new explanation of the prophecies in the Old Testament"; yet this good German, a deep thinker and a Protestant, foretold the end of the world as arriving in 1711. Nor do we find any allusion to the lions shouting "OOWAH" in the Talmud. We know several stories about Daniel, all of them to his credit, as the report of his sparkling conversation, when in the den, with inquisitive King Darius, who surely thought well of the prophet, for, according to Josephus, he made him ruler over 360 cities.—Ed.

### WHILE YOU WAIT

As the World Wags:

A copy of the Dental Digest strayed to my desk the other morning. I have no more than glanced at it. Can it be that such a publication indulges in the quaint conceit of the dear old phrase: "And you, dental reader—?"

SAGE OF DONHAM'S GATE.

Cambridge.

### CASKETS

(For as the World Wags.)  
Caskets are for money and corpses  
And O yes,  
Jewels, too.

Is there anything else to be put

in caskets?

Faded poetry of a sentimental age.

As,

"A casket of gems"

Rococo

In format

and content,

Like the money

and baubles

They make caskets for.

Brookline.

M. L.

### LOST OR STRAYED

As the World Wags:

In the United States Register for 1839 among the list of postoffices and postmasters in Massachusetts I noted that there was an Ireland, Mass. The postmaster was one Chester Crafts, and he received the large stipend of \$75.92 for one year's work. Can you or any of the readers of this column inform me where this postoffice was located? I do not find it in late lists.

G. F. O'DWYER.

Lowell.

### HUNGRY COLLEGIANS

As the World Wags:

The versatile book reviewer falls into the same error as the erudite editor of a Saturday evening magazine-newspaper in commenting on C. Fox Smith's "Return of the Cutty Sark." Our cousins on the other side of the herring pond know her works well. This most interesting writer on ships, and those who go down to the sea in them should be referred to in the same gender as the ships. And who better than one on the shears and distaff side could write cutty sarks?

A Whiting, or a Browning may write facetiously of a cafeteria in Memorial hall (or can it be cafeteria?) but the subject demands solemnity, prayer and fasting from the unappeased sons of John Harvard, who are even now stretching out hungry hands over three rows deep at the crowded lunch counters. A Phi Beta Kappa man—and surely the truth must abide in him—tells me that old "Mem" was crowded last fall, and that the stiff prices must have been for the new small tables and attractive waitresses, for the food did not warrant it.

Given a building, rent and heat free, and it would seem as if a good manager might make a success of a business where sales are certain. Hard-headed outsiders are rushing to meet the demand. Would it be considered lese majeste to refer the authorities to the fact that there is a graduate school of business administration connected with the university, whose staff of investigators goes far afield to show our obtuse money kings how to conduct their businesses with efficiency and profit? Possibly they could be employed to sleuth this trouble and give the answer. Could we imagine Oxford giving up so easily an institution as time-honored as the Commons?

DEE DEE.

### BOSTON IN SONG

As the World Wags:

He's done it again! Who? Frank Silver, responsible for "Yes, We Have No Bananas!" At precisely 1:15 this morning the new atrocity was released via the air from radio station WTAM, Cleveland. The chorus, and incidentally it is extremely catchy, runs along something like this:

"What"—decided emphasis on this "what"—"do we get from Boston?" And after citing the delicacies which come from Paris and London et cetera, the answer comes: "Beans, Beans, BEANS!" At last Boston takes its place in the world of popular songdom.

OLIVER JENKINS.

Certain books that were once regarded as dangerous to morals now seem inoffensive. Young women in the Fifties, guarded by prudent mothers in New England, read "Jane Eyre" secretly, often in the garret, hoping to escape the watchful eye. We have heard novels by Charles Dickens denounced from the pulpit as hostile to Christianity and encourage of drunkenness. The preacher, an eloquent man and not unacquainted with literature, had Chadband and Suggs in mind; also the joyous drinking in "Pickwick" and later novels. This was in the Sixties.

Leland tells in his egotistical but amusing memoirs how once in Boston the name of Casanova came up at a dinner or supper party of Cambridge and Boston literary lights. They all disclaimed acquaintance with the Venetian adventurer, except Dr. Holmes, who chirped up and admitted he knew something about him. Today the memoirs of the entertaining gambler, swindler and amorist are read freely, and he is discussed as openly as if he were Howard, the philanthropist, or saintly John Wesley. Nor are highly respectable women ashamed to say that they have read him. Yet Thackeray, borrowing from him freely for his "Barry Lyndon," was unwilling to acknowledge his indebtedness, but Thackeray was shocked, or pretended to be shocked, by "Tom Jones," although in the preface to "Pendennis" he said that no writer of fiction among Englishmen since Fielding had been "permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drap him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art." This was written in 1850. English writers and readers, male and female, are bravely over this timidity. If Thackeray were living today his story of Arthur Pendennis and Fanny Bolton would probably have had a different ending.

For many years "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" by Choderlos de Laclos was regarded as a singularly immoral book. When it appeared in 1782, even the Baron Grimm, not a prudish person, wrote a long article against it and its influence, though he admitted its brilliancy. Asking whether Valmont was really in love with the amiable Mme. de Tourvel, he likened him to Lovelace and asked whether Richardson's hero was in love with Clarissa. The French women were angry with the author. Mme. de Genlis, the mistress of the Duc d'Orleans, "nearly died of despair" because some one ascribed to her the authorship of the "Infamous" book. The Marquise de Coigny, the mistress of Lauzun, would not open her doors to Laclos, who was then and has been through the ages denounced as a shameless rake, whereas he was for his time a doting husband and the author of an essay on the education of women. On the other hand the old Bishop of Pavia, a good and intelligent person, told Laclos in 1801 that he thought the "Liaisons Dangereuses" a moral book, "very fit to be put into the hands of young ladies." Gabriel Peignot, five years afterwards in his "Critical, Literary and Biographical Dictionary of Books Condemned to the Fire, Suppressed, or Censored" classed Laclos's romance with other productions, "funestes pour la jeunesse."

And now this book, once thought by the great majority to be hideously immoral, translated into English by Richard Aldington, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, as a volume in the stately series of Broadway Translations.

We doubt if anyone, old or young, could be harmed by reading the story of Valmont's pursuit of Mme. de Tourvel and the almost incredible malignity of the atrocious Marquise de Merteuil. Anyone hunting for garbage will be bitterly disappointed. The fact that the story is told with infinite detail in the form of correspondence will deter mere seekers after excitement, who are unable for this reason to read the interminable novels of Richardson. Those, however, who wish to study character and the lack of character will be richly repaid by reading carefully and thoughtfully this tragic tale and will find a subtlety of psychological analysis not unworthy a countryman of Stendhal, Flaubert and Balzac. With the words here quoted Mr. Aldington ends his long, elaborate, and interesting introduction.

This introduction is in the nature of a vindication rather than an apology or a defense. The life of the author-soldier-politician is first described. His life, something of an enigma, is "made rather more mysterious by his voluble biographers." It is supposed that he knew at Grenoble the originals of the principal characters in his novel, when he was in garrison at that town. He came under the influence of Rousseau, and was struck by the character of Richardson's Lovelace. Not dissolute, not immoral, he was "a clever political



## French Music from an American Angle

By Philip Hale

MODERN FRENCH MUSIC. By Edward Burlingame Hill. With eight portraits and an autograph score. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

MR. HILL was well qualified for the appointed task. For many years, he has been interested in French music, which has beneficially influenced his own orchestral pieces. He has met French composers of whom he writes, and has discussed with them subjects of which he treats. Although he is an instructor at Harvard University, his Alma Mater, his mind is not narrowly pedagogic. If his mind is receptive, it is also critical.

This study of French music since the Franco-Prussian War is based on material collected for courses of lectures at Harvard and in the Lowell Institute series. The book itself must necessarily be, in large measure, as far as the biographical portion is concerned, a compilation. Mr. Hill has frankly acknowledged his indebtedness, especially to "Octave Séré" (Jean Poueigh). The strictly critical portion of the book, while it will be of more interest to the general reader, who will hurry over the catalogue of this or that Frenchman's compositions, is not so valuable to the student of music as the purely biographical.

A German writer, over a century ago, said that next to hearing music, hearing talk about it was the most disagreeable thing in life. If a critic writes in an entertaining manner and reveals, while he is judging others, that he himself is a man of parts, one having authority, his opinions may outlast the year that gave them birth, if only for the literary value.

Music is a fluid, changing, restless art, the expression of a period, a decade, except when some work appears that by its masterful individuality is accepted as the one supreme expression of a universal, time-rocking emotion. No two generations hear alike; no two persons hear alike. As Whitman chanted: "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments." The "vulgar and tavern" music that aroused in Sir Thomas Browne "a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer" only urged the tosspots in the tavern to call the louder for more sack. As the old story goes: "I like port," said Mr. George Moore to Mr. Andrew Lang. "Oh, do you?" said Mr. Lang to Mr. Moore; "I much prefer sherry."

Mr. Hill, dwelling on the fact that for many years the genius of the French was busied in the opera house, describes the genesis and early years of symphonic and chamber music in France. He gives due credit to the flippantly abused Saint-Saëns and the scantily appreciated Lalo. One finds the things that undoubtedly should be said, and are certainly expected, about César Franck, d'Indy, Fauré, Duparc, master of song, Debussy, Ravel, and is pleased to note Mr. Hill's hearty admiration for Chabrier, whose influence on the ultra-modern French composers has been great, though not openly acknowledged by them. (A few weeks ago when Chabrier's "L'Éducation Manquée" was performed in Paris, with additions by Milhaud, the young lions roared in disapproval and declared the operetta, a minor work, it is true, "old hat.")

One is surprised that Mr. Hill gives so much attention to Dukas, Magnard, Séverac, Roussel, Lili Boulanger, when Raoul Laparra receives only four lines, Gabriel Dupont only eight. On the other hand, it is of advantage to learn so much about the extraordinary Erik Satie — we first saw his name in a novel by the still

more extraordinary Sar Peladan — and the works of "the Six" (now "Five").

When a writer criticizes the music of a composer, it is a fair question to ask whether he has heard the operas, symphonies, and so forth, or knows them only by reading the score. A play is not a play until it is on the stage; an opera is not an opera until it is in the opera house. Who can derive any idea of Verdi's "Falstaff" or Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" from reading the score? "Music must sound," said Mozart. There is this to be said about Mr. Hill's opinions: They are not dogmatic; they are not hysterically rhapsodical as are those of M. Jacques Rivière; there is no deliberate attempt at fine and surprising writing.

For its biographical matter, "Modern French Music" has decided worth. It is pleasing to know what Mr. Hill thinks about this composer and that one after an intimate or passing acquaintance.

agent and a sentimental family man." He often suffered from poverty. He was disappointed in his military career. He was in turn an Orleanist conspirator, Jacobin, prisoner in Revolutionary jails, a general under the Consulate. When he died in 1803 he was a pathetic and miserable figure. During the latter part of his life his ruling passion was ambition, and this ambition was constantly frustrated. He craved power, which was denied him.

"The singular union of voluptuousness, false sentiment and arid utilitarianism was not uncommon among the makers of the Revolution," which was far from being a Puritan movement. The social life was cynical. Lacroix was a failure, for he did not accomplish any one of the great things he longed to do. He is remembered only by his novel, an early edition of which was found among Marie Antoinette's books; "It was richly bound, but, as a sacrifice to modesty, bore no title on the outside." This recalls a short and disagreeable story by Marcel Prevost in which a woman carries about a vile novel by Gervaise de Latouche bound as if it were a religious manual.

Mr. Aldington thinks that the story of "Dangerous Acquaintances" — the title of the translation — is so ingeniously unfolded, the interest is so well kept up that one is compelled to read on "almost feverishly" to see what will happen next. The characters are as real as if they now were known to us in our daily life. The very negligences of the novel, "which are intentional, reveal some trait of character, some psychological detail." It is the most modern of 18th century romances, less remote from us than even "Manon."

"There is a possibility that the reader who picks up this book will have some feeling of prejudice against it. I beg him not to be misled by the timidities and prejudices of 'official' criticism — so often made without direct contact with the book criticized — but to read it and to judge it for himself with an open mind. I am confident Lacroix's book can endure triumphantly any reasonable test."

Rousseau was always in the mind of Lacroix, and his novel is an attack on civilized woman as controlled by social customs. "The characters all become unfortunate and unhappy. Why? Because all more or less have erred. And how have they erred? By a greater or less departure from the Rousseau-esque laws of nature."

Mr. Aldington describes at considerable length French society at the time Lacroix wrote. In his opinion the novel is "the revenge of a man with disappointed ambitions and the polemic of a disciple of Rousseau." Its object is not "a mere aimless and wanton harrowing of our feelings, an almost devilish display of cynicism."

## APOLLO CLUB GIVES

The Apollo Club gave its third concert of the 64th season in Jordan hall last night. Carmela Ippolito, violinist, assisted and there were incidental solos by Messrs. Johnson and Jackson, tenors, and Dr. Parks, Jr., members of the club. The part songs were as follows: Kirchl, Awake; Schellins, Clouds, Sunshine; Gerlicke, Chorus of Homage; Gretchaninov, Nunc Dimittis; Parker, The Leap of Roushan Beg (tenor solo by Mr. Johnson); Stock, Route Marchin'; Protheroe, Shadow March; Gibson, A Song to Music (solos by Mr. Jackson and Dr. Parks); Offenbach, Beateous Night (with violin obligato); Brambach, Chorus from "Alceste"; Violin solos: Senalle, Allegro; Grenados, Spanish Dance; Chopin-Thomson, Mazurka, op.

## 4 LEAP TO DEATH AS TINY TOT SOBS FOR SUBWAY JAM

Thousands Flee Heat When Thugs Seize Woman Lost Fifteen Years With Marked Bills

## VICTORY SURE, HE SOBS

All Night Searchers Held on Heavy Bail as Heroine Sweeps City

They buried Jimmy Lefkowitz yesterday, and all Pearl Street was in mourning. When the hold-up men entered the place, each flourishing two guns, the telephone operator bravely remained at her post, making sure that all the guests had been aroused. In scanty attire more than 100 men and women fled through the smoke-filled halls and escaped to the street, while firemen battled with great sheets of flame that swept in from the open sea at a velocity of sixty miles an hour. At the suggestion of the Mayor, however, the indorsement was made unanimous.

Searchers combed the entire countryside in an all-night hunt, but could only report that tens of thousands visited the beaches to obtain relief from the sultry weather. She could no longer endure the mistreatment of her stepmother, Jennie said, and so she took \$1.63 from her toy bank and was appointed Secretary of the Transit Commission after an acrimonious debate on the part that women will play in the national election. Conservative estimates placed the damage at \$10,000. At the hospital the victim said his attention had been called to the assault shortly after the gangster had shot him down.

Climbing slowly to the dizzy height of the upper span while the breathless crowd watched in an agony of suspense, the man poised for a fleeting second and then plunged into a mass of correspondence which had accumulated during his absence. An immediate blood transfusion operation was decided on.

"I shot him because I loved him," the woman chuckled, according to police, who found her loitering in the subway station with \$15 in marked bills and a State bonus application blank. She said it was the roughest voyage of her sixty years' experience in the North Atlantic. "And besides," she added with eyes a-twinkle, "I never said that the Prince proposed to me."

The label on the bottle was marked "Cyanide," but despite the forty-minute tie-up, the speaker predicted an overwhelming majority in the event the prisoner was released on bail. There was no insurance.

QWERTY

7, No. 1; Sinding, Romance; Paganini-Loeffler, Witches' Dance.

The routine of a season would be ill carried out without the Apollo Club concerts. "Routine" may sound business-like, but as the business house could not exist without it, so the musical season in Boston would be incomplete without the concerts on which the community has, through the years, learned to count.

Last night, the club sang with its usual efficiency a selection of songs covering a wide range of moods. The "Shadow March" by Protheroe, particularly, was rendered with fine imagination. The Brambach chorus from "Alceste," on the other hand, was not so well attacked as other pieces on the program, and the balance between the chorus and the instruments not so well maintained. But one piece does not make or mar an evening of song, and the evening as a whole was much enjoyed by the large gathering of friends of the club.

Miss Carmela Ippolito's violin pieces were well received. Miss Ippolito has a good tone and plays well, though her selections, except the Granados "Spanish Dance," held no great charm. She was well accompanied by Miss Myrtle Jordan.

The incidental songs by members of the club, too, were much applauded. Frank H. Luker, the club pianist, was given a special welcome of appreciation on his entrance for the second half of the program, and it was highly deserved.

The next Apollo Club concert will be on April 28. H. L.

## CHOPIN PROGRAM FOR BRAILOWSKY

Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, gave the following program in Symphony hall last night, to a small but stoutly enthusiastic audience that demanded and received many encores aside from the set program: Sonata, B Minor, op. 58; Nocturne, G major; Waltz, F major; Ballade G Minor; Three Mazurkas: F minor, C major, A flat major; Scherzo, C sharp minor; Fantasy, F minor, op. 49; Three Etudes: G sharp minor, G flat major, A minor; nocturne, E flat major; Waltz, A flat major; Andante Splanato and Polonaise.

For his third concert here, deserting the more cloistral and reticent spaces of Jordan Hall, Mr. Brailowsky chose an all-Chopin program, and an exhaustive one that ranged from the well paced stretches of the B minor sonata through the ballade in G minor, to several of the lesser played and sharply accented mazurkas, the etudes in G sharp minor and in A minor, the Andante Splanato and Polonaise.

A pianist, he, of rare impetuosity, of virility and a searing intensity; of a mood that is romantic, attuned to the dark pessimism, the lingering melancholy, and the dramatic soarings of Chopin, yet his playing last evening was uneven, at times rhythmically wayward. And it was not until the last half of the program that he played with the ardor and emotional warmth of his initial concert.

But with the first of the mazurkas and its gently turning rhythms, and then on through the Scherzo and the Fantasy, the three etudes, the first of which was demanded again, to the E flat major Nocturne and the Waltz, he played with his earlier intensity and exquisite lyricism, feeling more than the surface moods of his music, playing the Scherzo and Fantasy as they are rarely played, as a romantic and an individualist. E. G.



## In the Green Room

FRANCIS WILSON'S LIFE OF HIMSELF.  
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

THE TRUTH AT LAST. By Charles Hawtrey. Edited by W. Somerset Maugham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$5.00.

THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING.  
By Marie Dressler. New York:  
Robert M. McBride & Co. \$3.00.

HERE are three books in which three comedians write more or less frankly about themselves and what they have done in their efforts to amuse the public. Hawtrey died before he published his autobiography; he was in a measure reticent. This cannot be said of Mr. Wilson or Miss Dressler. The latter is as boisterously confidential in telling her story as she was in the rôles that made her famous. Mr. Wilson takes 444 pages to describe his adventures on and off the stage, his friendships, and to give his opinions about life and manners.

Mr. Maugham, who wrote a few pages concerning Hawtrey's last years, contributes a short and informing introduction. It gives one a closer view of Hawtrey than the comedian allows. Mr. Maugham, of course, could speak of Hawtrey's character in a way that the comedian could not, for he was a modest man, realizing his own limitations, though from the autobiography itself one quickly comes to an appreciation of the gentle and generous qualities of this man whose passion was

not the stage, but the race track. Hawtrey writes with a livelier gusto about horses, jockeys, bookmakers, and bets than he does about the plays that he has produced and in which he shone. He did not take the actor's life too seriously, though his apparent ease and his jauntiness as a light comedian, which gave the impression that Hawtrey was a "natural-born actor," were the result of patient labor.

He became an actor when he was hard up and at his wit's end, for he had thought of the church, law, medicine, architecture, the army; he even tutored, for he had been at Eton, Rugby, Oxford; all this time he was attending race meetings and making bets. He left the office of a law firm, disgusted because the senior partner sported a black velvet collar on his frock coat, and later was delighted when he learned that this pride of the bar was jailed for fraud.

As a comedian, he was incomparable in the rôle of an unabashed, magnificent liar. He was a refutation of Oscar Wilde's lament over the decay of that art. He was at times fortunate in his productions as he was in his bets, yet he could not be persuaded to bring out "Charley's Aunt," and he was a prey to money lenders until he died. There is no record of his frequent appearances in the bankruptcy court.

The lover of statistics, the "date-hound," the compiler of casts, the inquirer into an actor's opinions about plays, his own art, and that of his contemporaries, will find little to entertain him in this volume, but he will become acquainted with a lovable man, easy-going, companionable, rather irresponsible, generous, seeing the humorous side of life, anecdotal, but not boresomely so, a man who was delighted when at Columbus, offered only fried eggs and cereals at a hotel, he found six large bottles of excellent Pommery, a vintage champagne. The autobiography is the record, agreeably and modestly told, of racing experiences, a joyous life, triumphs and failures in the theatre where he pleased by his uncommon personal charm and polished

technic; it is well worth reading. As a contribution to the literature of the stage, its value is slight. Mr. Maugham, who writes the introduction in an affectionate but discriminative manner, thus sums up as a friendly judge: "He took neither life nor himself with unbecoming gravity . . . he enjoyed himself and he gave enjoyment to others. I can imagine no more pleasing recollection to leave the world."

Francis Wilson, speaking of his first marriage, tells how he endeavored to surround his young wife and prospective children with every comfort, but his wife's views of home life did not include the idea of children, so he was puzzled and discouraged. Fundamental differences led to the conclusion that husband and wife were singularly ill suited. They lived in "alternate storm and calm" until she died. Mr. Wilson regrets that she was "cheated out of the serenity she would have enjoyed with another man. We talked about it; she also regretted it."

Marie Dressler writes: "I have had a couple of marriages, but like every other woman, I had a perfect right to them. I think it is quite safe to say I shan't do it again, although I have known several persons who seemed to derive comfort and satisfaction from a number of mates. I have been acquainted with De Wolf Hopper's complete set of wives, for instance, and they were all fine women that filled me with respect for Mr. Hopper's choices."

We prefer Miss Dressler's way of describing her marital life to Mr. Wilson's unbosoming of himself. Miss Dressler adds unblushingly that she's never out of love, never expects to be, never wants to be.

Mr. Wilson as a boy dreamed of being an actor. Perhaps the most refreshing pages in the thick volume are those about his early, strolling days, when with Jimmy Mackin he was a negro minstrel — the "team" Mackin and Wilson, dancing and singing in the 'seventies. He has a great deal to say about the art of acting, — there is a chapter "Advice to Beginners," — he discusses the theatrical syndicate and the actors' strike at length, but many, not connected with the theatre, will pass over those chapters to revive their memories of "Erminie," to read the anecdotes about Walt Whitman, Eugene Field, Jefferson, Booth, and the gossip at the Players. Mr. Wilson is known as a bibliophile, an appreciator of the higher literature, yet we find him rather condescending in his view of "Leaves of Grass" and speaking of "pornographic passages." "Pornographic" is a word that might have been used by the Harlan that dismissed Whitman from governmental service; but Mr. Wilson surprisingly applied it to "Children of Adam."

Mr. Wilson's book and Miss Dressler's have this first of qualities: they are eminently readable. Mr. Wilson's is rich in anecdote; Miss Dressler's is as breezy and reckless as she was and is, on the stage. Mr. Wilson has his likes and dislikes, and is fortunate at times in characterization. Heinrich Conried: "He was short, pompous, not distinguished-looking, and ridiculously vain. He thought it a great pity that German was so slow in becoming the chief language of America."

Miss Dressler accepts the universe with all that therein is; accepts it bravely, though her early life on the stage was a rough-and-tumble struggle; accepts the universe and loves it. Her book is deliciously informal. It is the woman talking, laughing, slapping the reader on the back. Mr. Wilson at times wears a frock coat and the reader forgets that the comedian's renown in the future will rest upon his Cadeaux in "Erminie." Mr. Wilson is careful about his literary style. Miss Dressler slips easily into slang; not abhorring those words described by Mr. Charles Whibley as "loafers and foot-pads of speech," one would not have her

write otherwise; it becomes her. If Mr. Wilson carefully recounts tributes paid him, Miss Dressler tells impartially of her pats and knocks. A cheery, courageous soul, full of animal spirits, an honest soul that won the respect of titled and untitled aristocrats, as she is at some pains to tell the world.

PHILIP HALE.



